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THE GRAPH

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1904



THE CORONATION OF KING GEORGE V. THE PAGE (COURTESY)

Topics of the Week

The present situation between Liouyang and Mukden resembles very closely the Jull which preceded the unexpected attack on Anping, and the bold attempt of General Kuroki to envelope the army of General Kuropatkin just a month ago. It does not necessarily follow from this that we are on the eve of a similar attack on Mukden and of another turning movement. It is true that the telegrams from the seat of war seem to indicate that this is what the Japanese are contemplating. Their outposts are exceedingly busy, and there is a great deal of marching and counter-marching and even attacks on passes and other Russian positions lying in the probable line of Japanese advance. All this helps to lend colour and substance to the rumours of huge Japanese reinforcements pouring into Yentai, and of vast enveloping operations in progress both east and west of Mukden. The truth, no doubt, is that the Russians know as little of the dispositions of the Japanese troops and the intentions of the Japanese generals at this moment as they knew before the battle of Liouyang. At no time since the beginning of the war has the Russian Intelligence machinery managed to pierce the screen behind which the Japanese hide all the remarkable *cunning* of their victories. Of this we have had proof over and over again. The disastrous attack on the Mottening would, for example, have never been undertaken had not General Kuropatkin been convinced that the bulk of the Japanese force was before Port Arthur, and that only a skeleton force was holding the passes. The same want of accurate information lulled the Russians into a delusive assumption of security on the very eve of her battle of Liouyang. Once again the double objective of the Japanese deceived them, and so convinced were they that Marshal Oyama was only bluffing that they actually contemplated an offensive movement against him. If the Russians do not know what the Japanese are really doing then certainly nobody else knows. Consequently, it is not very easy to forecast the probable development of the war in the immediate future. There are, however, a few elements of the problem which admit of no doubt. One of these is that Marshal Oyama is for the moment under no pressing necessity to advance against Mukden. Once the army of General Kuropatkin effected its escape from Liouyang that stage of the campaign was over. To follow up the Russians after an exhausting seven days' battle was to court serious risks without much chance of large gain. At the best the Japanese might have gained another victory, but they could not have prevented the retreat for a second time of the Russian Army intact. Hence their halt—a halt which may very well be continued for some weeks yet, seeing that General Kuropatkin cannot receive the bulk of his promised reinforcements from Russia before the middle of November. This halts enables Marshal Oyama to perfect his own plans for the advance when it does take place. It also permits him to give a closer attention to Port Arthur, where, as we know, 11-inch guns have lately been mounted on the Japanese batteries, and the grand assaults have been renewed. If there is a chance of capturing Port Arthur within the next week or two we may be certain that, with all the prancing of outposts of which we hear, there will be no advance on Mukden until that transaction is settled.

The scheme put forward by Lord Dunraven and his friends for the reform of Irish Administration cannot fail to have a very serious effect on the Home Rule controversy. Hitherto the Irish landlords have resolutely set their faces against any scheme of Home Rule. Now we find Lord Dunraven, Captain Shaw Taylor, Lord Rossmore, and other prominent members of the landlord party advocating a scheme which, if it cannot be called Home Rule, is very much like it. Lord Dunraven, it is true, does not propose to create a separate Irish Parliament, but he does propose that there should be established in Ireland, in the first place, a Financial Council to control Irish expenditure, and, in the second place, a statutory body to deal with such legislative questions as concern Ireland alone. Both of these proposals have much to commend them in theory. Difficulties only arise when we come to deal with the practical application. In the first place, the question of financial control must raise two very serious difficulties. The first of these was experienced with Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bills. The difficulty, in a word, is this:—that Englishmen and Irishmen take extremely different views as to the amount of money which belongs to Ireland. Mr. Gladstone's financial proposals were never accepted by the Irish Nationalists, and would probably

have sufficed to wreck his second Home Rule scheme, if it had not been certain that the Lords would throw out the Bill. The other difficulty is an internal one. If an Irish Council is to exercise financial control over the Irish Administration, this Council will have to deal with the important question of patronage for employment in Government service, and this will involve a fierce struggle between Catholics and Protestants. The difficulties that arise with regard to the statutory body for dealing with legislation are not perhaps so serious, for the subjects which Lord Dunraven proposes to delegate to his statutory body are mainly of the kind now dealt with at Westminster by Private Bill legislation, and it is universally agreed that these subjects would be better dealt with locally. Indeed a step in this direction has been made by the creation of a local tribunal in Scotland for dealing with Scotch Private Bill legislation. The really important point, however, with regard to Lord Dunraven's proposals is not the merits or demerits of the proposals themselves, but the fact that any scheme in the direction of Home Rule should be proposed by a landlord organisation. This fact cannot fail to mitigate the bitterness of feeling which has hitherto been aroused by the Home Rule controversy, and may conceivably lead to some solution in the future which will be satisfactory to all parties concerned.

Another Hague Congress
 President Roosevelt is always so sincere in his political utterances that he must be credited with believing that much benefit would accrue to the world at large from assembling another International Congress at The Hague. This resuscitation of the defunct Congress is needed, he considers, to give finish to its achievements. There is full occasion, it must be admitted, for that endeavour; it would not be easy to mention any instance in which the dissolved Congress made the world its debtor. There was confusion in international affairs, especially in the conduct of armed hostilities, when it first came together, and this confusion remains to the present date, as witness the conflicting views of belligerents and neutrals' rights. There is this to be said, however, for the President's proposal—its acceptance by those "other nations" he purposes to invite to The Hague would not bind them either separately or collectively unless they so desired. Our own country, for instance, could not permit any international tribunal to dictate what would be allowable if the population were in danger of being starved into submission by the stoppage of imported food supplies. That is a matter of such vital consequence that the United Kingdom must always reserve the right to employ any means for smashing the obstructive cordon.

Placial Imperialism
 Sharp as is the tone of Mr. Chamberlain's critical analysis of Lord Rosebery's recent speechifying, its truth cannot be called in question. That clever Peer keeps on "giving himself away," so to speak. It has been said of him that he follows the Apostle's advice by being "all things to all men," but it is only for a brief while that he is anything to any man who wants guidance in politics. His latest achievement, as Mr. Chamberlain very clearly shows, is to take all the body out of the "Imperialism" he so loudly professed when running against Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. He evidently seeks to bring into being, as a political cult, an emasculated form of Imperialism devoid of operative meaning. What could be a more flabby conception than to dream of a vast Empire, constituted of the most incongruous materials, being permanently held together by sentiment alone? Mr. Chamberlain recognises the imperative necessity of creating supplementary bonds, and, in his opinion, the best of all methods of Imperial unification lies in commercial reciprocity. Under an equitable system so framed, every part would benefit to an equal degree, the foreigner being made to bear all the loss. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the level-headed Premier of Canada, has suggested the arrangement of commercial treaties between the Motherland and every Colony and dependency as one way of solving the momentous problem. That is, at all events, a statesmanlike contribution to the controversy; but, as Mr. Chamberlain pungently writes, "Imperial Liberalism, as represented by Lord Rosebery, has degenerated into a series of sneers at the motives and intentions of the Colonies in supporting a preferential policy with the Mother Country."

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"Send in,"—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

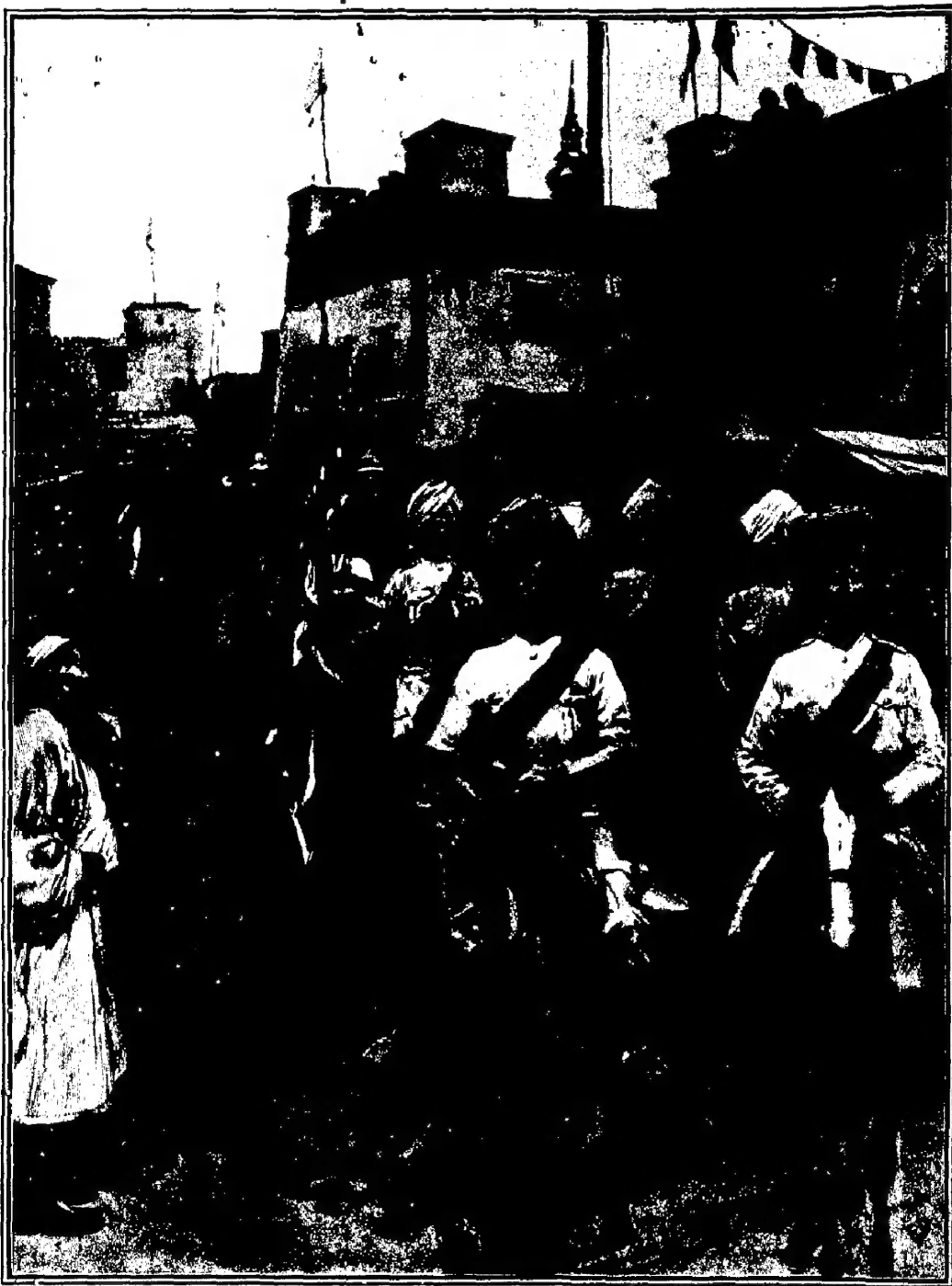
It is rumoured there is to be a change in evening dress for the Inferior Sex. Well, it is about time. We have stuck to the eternal watered-fannel garments for too long, and any alteration will be warmly welcomed. Among the few novelties I can recall in this direction in my time was the blue coat with gold buttons which a few attempted to introduce. It was a very effective costume, and it is surprising to think it never caught on. Then there was the velvet coat, which never satisfied any vague whatever, and there was the white waistcoat, introduced years ago, but which has become very fashionable in the present day. These are about all the variations I can remember. The new innovation, however, is to be something more startling. It is nothing less than the assumption of knee-breeches and silk stockings. The rumour that such an important alteration in evening dress was in contemplation has, I understand, caused the greatest consternation among those young men who, like a certain character of John Lubbock's, are "not grand in the leg department," and many inquiries are being made for the best system of muscular development. Rinkling and dancing were two excellent developers, and produced many a symmetrical leg, but such exercises are not in vogue nowadays, and neither cycling nor motorology are of much use in this direction. But the youth of to-day need not be discouraged. Let them betake themselves to the theatrical costumier and interview the maker of tights, and if he cannot turn them out with a pair of the most symmetrical calves you could wish to behold, I shall be very much astonished.

When notepaper and envelopes are so cheap, why will people endeavour to inflict unnecessary annoyance on their correspondents? Lately there has been introduced a terrible form of notepaper, which, if folded in a particular way, enables the writer to dispense with the envelope. This is doubtless pleasant enough for the sender, but it is terribly embarrassing for the recipient. He has delivered to him an attenuated oblong misshapen, lightly gummed all round, with no suggestion as to where it should be opened. The consequence is you slash wildly in all directions, and by the time the letter is open you will find you have cut it in four. The whole thing is infinitely more inconvenient than the old-fashioned folded post that was in use before envelopes were invented. Why people should return to such useless old fashions it is difficult to say. The beauty of the envelope is that it is entirely distinct from the letter. I earnestly entreat my countless correspondents to spare me the infliction of their "combination" stationery.

Did it ever happen to you to tell a good story to an acquaintance, and a few weeks afterwards have that same man tell the story to you as something exquisitely funny and entirely novel? I suppose we have all experienced this, and have, moreover, found how our pet anecdote has been absolutely ruined and all the points omitted, but knowing accurately where the laugh ought to be, we have laughed at the right moment, and have converted what might have been a ghastly failure into a mild success. I have been reminded of this lately by seeing a story, which I was the first to tell in this column years ago, has been revived in several papers lately. It is the story of the man who punched his wife in the eye in order to get damages out of a railway company. As originally related, it was very amusing, but I suppose it has been told so many times since, and each time with some variation, that the latest version seems to be well-nigh pointless, and all the fun has evaporated.

A courteous correspondent, who evidently knows what he is writing about, suggests that those who turn on their heels may have had a military training. He writes, "A very few minutes' education in 'Right or left turn' would suffice. The instructions are, or used to be, 'Raise the toes off the ground and turn on the heels.' I have never known a case of any novice, either sitting on the ground or otherwise, hurting himself during the process of turning on his heels." There is nothing like practical experience in these matters, so on a recent wet morning I devoted considerable attention to the matter. I marched up and down the room and practised turning on my heels, and I cannot say that I have been very successful. The first time I very nearly came down on the back of my head—that thrilling fall that the learner of skating knows so well—the second time I trod on my right foot with the left and the third time I sat on the floor. No doubt with constant practice I shall improve, but it is difficult to adopt an entirely new method all at once. I can recall that a graceful member of the *corps de ballet*, who was good enough to perfect me in the art of waltzing years ago, always insisted on the importance of using the toes in dancing. Possibly this may be the reason that I have neglected the heel. For I find, on investigation, that I always go both up and down stairs on my toes, and my shoes effectively demonstrate that I use my toes more than my heels.

During the holiday season I have visited a great many country churches, and I am sorry to find that the hand of the restorer is too evident in many of them. Why does the restorer always insist on gaudy tiles, glittering brasswork, and pale oak benches? If wooden pews have to be cleared away, why not fill their places with movable chairs, which doubtless was the method of seating in all ancient churches. Why is it in so many of these venerable buildings you are charmed with the exterior, but directly you enter all charm vanishes and you are reminded more of a modern ecclesiastical warehouse than anything else? If you want to see how an ancient church should be properly treated you should visit St. John the Baptist at Ingelham, on the Thames, near Lechlade. Its preservation is in all respects perfect, and there is no attempt at "restoration" whatever in its modern aspect.



DRAWN BY FRANK DAUD, N.Y.

After visiting the Chinese Amban, Colonel Younghusband and his escort visited the principal markets of the city and previously entered. The crowds were everywhere enormous

and seemingly good-natured. With Colonel Younghusband was Mr. White, the Agent-General of Sikkim, in official uniform. In front of them was a Tibetan carrying a large Union Jack.

THE BRITISH IN LHASA: COLONEL YOUNGHUSBAND PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS FOR THE FIRST TIME.



When General Macdonald, with his staff, arrived through the city on a visit to the Chinese Amban, the streets were even more crowded than on the occasion of Colonel Younghusband's visit. A Chinese escort on foot was provided. Our illustration, which is from a photograph by a British officer, shows the General and his staff riding through the escort outside the city.

WITH THE BRITISH MISSION IN LHASA GENERAL MACDONALD GOING TO VISIT THE CHINESE AMBAN

Royal Photographic Society's Show

While the "Salon" at the Dudley Gallery devotes itself wholly to art—or the striving after art—in photography, the show of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, in the New Gallery, covers so far as the limits of space will allow, the whole domain of photography. The central part is given up to apparatus and material, the gallery is levelled to science and process work, the West Room is hung with competitive exhibits in pictorial photography, the North Room is filled with selected works of a few great firms of professional photographers, and in the South Room are collections invited from four foreign photographic societies. Among the leading exhibitors of apparatus are Messrs. Duimeyer, Mr. C. I. Goetz, the Kodak Company, and the Platinotype Company, the last named giving daily demonstrations of platinotype printing, which will be useful to tyros. In the science section are some admirable portraits of birds and beasts taken by Mr. Douglas English, and others some wonderful radiographs by Mr. Thurston Holland, and a series of interesting illustrations of radio-



The first ploughing match held in the Drummum district for fifty years took place last week. In the competition, which was held on a fine day, there were eight or nine entries. At a stake of £50, nearly every man was fifty years old or upward. One old man, William Baker, who turned a beautifully even and straight furrow, and who won one of the principal prizes, was seventy years of age. He took part in the last ploughing match, which was held in the same field fifty years ago. Our photograph was supplied to the Graphic by the Photo Agency.

A VETERAN PLOUGHING CHAMPION AT DUNMOW

activity by Mr. W. M. Martin, while Mr. Carl Hentschel displays the various stages of the three-colour process, by which his excellent black illustrations are printed. In the first and second rooms the exhibit which attracts most attention is a collection of portraits of the most famous of the past, as he appears in the *Illustrated* of 1850, 1860, 1870, 1880, 1890, and 1900. It is by Messrs. J. Illingworth and Co.

The average visitor, however, will spend most of his time in the West Room, where the English past and present are hanging. Here the display of the past is hanging as a rule, where the present is hanging after art there has been a mind to failure to reach that highest art which is the consummation of art. It is very questionable, indeed, whether the works are not the most successful which are confined to what many still regard as the only legitimate object of pictorial photography—to bring the mirror up to nature.

—works such as Mr. Henry Lewis, "In an Old Orchard" or as Mr. P. H. Austen, "Cute the Little Girl," for which a medal has been given. That the society gives at its exhibitions an element to its members, as work is shown by the best of a medal upon Mr. Arthur Marshall, for his "Devotion," a study of a girl kneeling before a shrine.



On the arrival of the Mission at Lhasa, Colonel Younghusband received a visit from the Chinese Amban, who made the troops a present of some food. He also collected supplies for two days and

provided for others more. The supplies were subsequently brought in by a party of women, carrying their burdens on their backs. Our photograph is by a British officer.

WITH THE BRITISH MISSION IN LHASA HOW THE SUPPLIES WERE BROUGHT IN

"Place aux Vaines"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

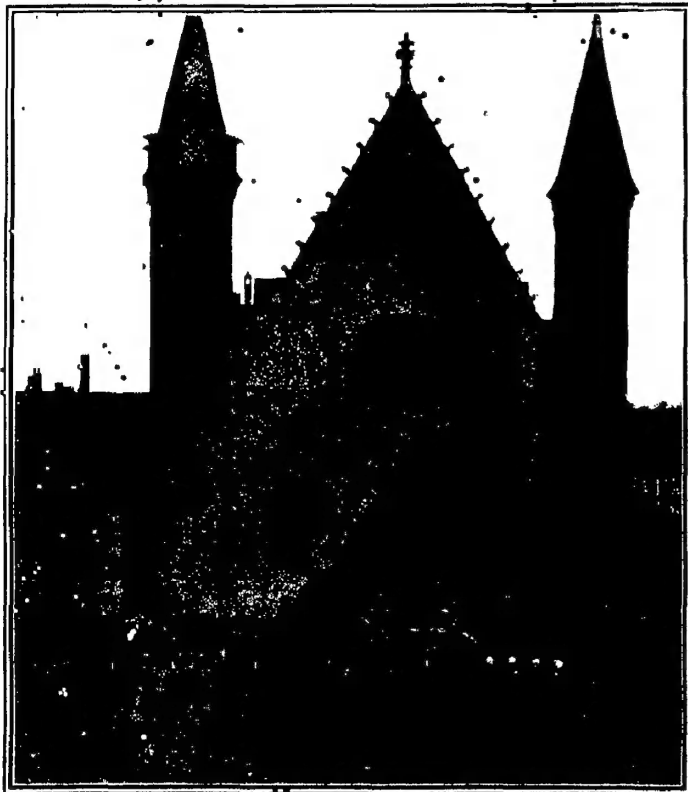
Some people consider autumn a sad time, and perhaps as heralding the end of the summer it may be so; but autumn has a wonderful glory of its own, and its worshippers are, to the full, as enthusiastic in its praises as are the votaries of summer. Consider the fresh dewy mornings, with their invigorating crispness, the mists clearing off into a gorgeous day of sunshine, the purple of the heath, the golden glory of the gorse, the *rumex* and reds and yellows of the foliage, glorious with a richness and exuberance of colour that enchants the painter's eye; the riotous luxuriance of the garden, where dahlias and chrysanthemums, gladioli, sunflowers, and sweet geraniums, or the flaunting marigolds, varying from darkest brown to palest yellow, throw vivid patches of colour against the dark green background! People make trips to C. nada only to see the tint of the maple trees in autumn, but even in England the marvellous variety of colour is a keen pleasure to those who use their eyes. Then the autumn scents, the hot teasens, the dying strawberry leaves, the violet leaf, the heliotrope on the wall, the hot spang of jessamine and mignonette—all possess a distinctive savour of their own, a savour that brings back memories of happy days.

Autumn, too, is the bicycling and motoring season *par excellence*. Quiet country towns wake up to unmounted life and brightness as the troops of cyclists whirl through the old-fashioned street, and the horn beats on the fresh air, while the rustic hostelry drives a busy trade in drinks and teas. The bicyclist is, alas! diminishing in numbers; many ladies have given up riding altogether, for fashion had the greatest share in their enthusiasm. Still a good many people are yet fond of the long peaceful trip on country roads, and among the picturesque and quiet lanes. Many women complain of the discomfort of the ordinary ladies' saddle, which is made the same length for everybody. Without the necessity for comfortable riding, but length, and I have myself long ago given up ladies' saddles and found content in a small youth's saddle which gives the length required. This question of the saddle is, I am sure, at the root of many people's dislike to cycling, an amusement which combines health with economy, and is nearly, if not quite, as exhilarating as motoring.



The Queen and Prince of Wales arrived from Bergen at Copenhagen on board the Victoria and Albert. The Royal visitors were received by the Kings of Denmark and Greece and other members of the Danish Royal Family, the Prime Minister, and several other Ministers. Mr. Edward Gieseler, the British Minister, and members of the British Legation. Our photograph is by Ezeret.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO HER FATHER: HER MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL AT COPENHAGEN



The Dutch States-General were re-opened last week by Queen Wilhelmina, who was accompanied by the Prince Consort and the Queen Dowager. The ceremony took place in the old Hall of the Knights, which has lately been restored. Our illustration is from a photograph by St. Courie, The Hague.

THE OPENING OF THE DUTCH PARLIAMENT: QUEEN WILHELMINA LEAVING THE OLD HALL OF THE KNIGHTS AT THE HAUSE

Lady Curzon's serious illness has excited the most widespread sympathy. Friends and strangers alike are unanimous in expressing the deepest regret for the wife of the Viceroy of India occupies a unique position, and her personality and popularity are every year matters of great importance to the vast country over which Lord Curzon wields authority. The wives of Governors can do much to help their husbands, by their tact, sympathy, and womanly feeling. Heavy in itself, such beauty as Lady Curzon possesses, is a passport to public favour, and the vast influence every woman must exert in her own home, good or bad, wise or unwise, must always be counted as a factor in a man's successful career. Experience teaches us that every great statesman, William Pitt perhaps excepted, has been under the good or baneful influence of some woman, and it is this very important influence that women who try to ape men will inevitably lose. History would read far differently were women eliminated from the biographies of men.

In the correspondence that has taken place anent the handicap of marriage, which is supposed to press more heavily on men than women, I have not seen it noticed that married men, according to statistics, live longer than unmarried men; also that widows are almost invariably marry again. The young bachelor, no doubt, has many advantages, but the old bachelor, as a rule, rather than to the tender mercies of a wife, is left to the tender mercies of a wife-keeper, anxious to secure a will in her favour. He is lonely, unloved, and uncared for. The present generation has little sympathy with the old and now with the bereaved, whereas the patience of some wives with dull or invalid husbands is truly beautiful. If women do not care to marry as very young girls, owing to the liberty they seek now and the craving for pleasure and variety, often of an extremely morbid and unwholesome kind, they naturally have fewer chances later on; and it is largely owing, as John Oliver Hobbes says, to the fact that women "give men no time to miss them, or an opportunity to need them," that men have become more critical and more discerning.

The remarks I made about Scotland as the Land of Cakes seems to have caused some misapprehension to my readers. I never supposed, as one correspondent suggests, that English people breakfasted on Bath buns and Banbury cakes, nor did I deny to Devonshire its well-known excellence of pies and cakes and clotted cream. In all big towns such as Glasgow and London the confectionery reigns supreme I am well aware, and the housewife neither wishes nor attempts to compete with him; what I referred to was the home baking, almost extinct in England, which is to be found in country districts of Scotland, among the farmers' wives, the gentry, and in the rural inns. Go to tea in a Scottish cottage or manse, and you will still find the smothering porridge, the tasty potato-and-bacon scones and the homely cake. At any small Scottish inn you will have put before you, lammas and oat-cakes, while the variety of dainty scones that grace the tea-table of the Scottish lady are unsurpassable in excellence. At an English inn it is rare to find rolls of any kind on the breakfast table. Even the old French roll seems to be dying out, and the still popular muffin is rarely to be met with except in London, and even there, the cheerful thistle of the muffin-man's bell threatens shortly to become extinct. Nowadays, to save trouble, everything is bought; hand-made linen, home-made jams, cakes, and marmalade have given place to the machine-made under-linen and the shop-bought stores.



MAJOR-GENERAL ARISAKA
Inventor of the Arisaka Gun.



COMMANDER ODA
Inventor of the Oda Submarine Mine, which blew up the Petropavlovsk.



VICE-ADMIRAL IGURI
Inventor of the Iguri Fuse.



PROFESSOR SHIMOSE
Inventor of the Shimose Powder.

MAKERS OF THE JAPANESE VICTORIES

New Engines of War and their Inventors

BY H. W. WILSON

One of the most interesting features of the present war lies in the extreme ingenuity displayed by both sides, and in the number of new engines of war which have been employed on a large scale for the first time, with very striking results.

As was to be expected from their national character, the Japanese have shown themselves the more ingenious of the two combatants. The Shimose powder; the Oda mine; the Iguri fuse; the Arisaka quick-firing gun; the Arisaka rifle are all now familiar to readers of the newspapers. The first two are responsible for much of the damage to the Russian fleet, and the Shimose powder has proved so deadly and terrible in its effects that attempts will probably be made by Western nations to acquire its secret.

The powder is not used as a propellant in guns, but as an explosive in shells. It seems to be some variant of gun-cotton, though it differs considerably from gun-cotton, is superior to that compound in destructiveness, and is stated to be inferior only to blasting gelatine in explosive effect. It was first used by the Asama in her action with the Varag off Chemulpo, when shells charged with it in a very few minutes put out of action every officer and man on the Varag's upper deck. The sides of the Russian ship were full of minute holes, which foreign observers after the battle imagined had been made by shrapnel bullets. But actually no shrapnel had been employed. It is one of its peculiarities that Shimose powder blows the steel case of the shell to innumerable fragments, each about the size of a large pea, and these fragments had caused the terrible carnage. In some cases deep punctured wounds were inflicted, which looked as though they had been caused by a bullet, but when the wound was examined there was no fragment of metal in it. Exactly how or why these wounds are produced by Shimose powder is still something of a mystery.

Shimose powder is used by the Japanese artillery on land as well as at sea, but on land its effects do not seem to have been so remarkable, possibly because it has been fired from guns of small calibre, in the projectiles of which high explosives rarely give the most satisfactory results.

The Iguri fuse is the invention of Vice-Admiral Iguri, second in command of the General Staff of the Japanese Navy, and well-known in England, which country he visited at the time of the

Coronation review, in command of the Asama. Its merit lies in its simplicity and certainty of action. The proportion of shells which fail to burst with it is exceedingly small, though this is a result most difficult to obtain, as was seen when our fleet bombarded Alexandria. On that occasion a very large percentage of the shells either failed altogether to burst, or exploded prematurely, before striking the target.

The Arisaka gun, with which the Japanese field artillery is armed, is of the same calibre as the British field gun employed in South Africa, three inches, and fires either shrapnel or common shell, the shrapnel weighing thirteen pounds and containing 230 balls. The initial velocity of the gun is small, as power is sacrificed to mobility. It stands very low on its carriage, and has, for this reason, a peculiar appearance, like certain of the Schneider guns used by the Boers in the South African War. The recoil is controlled by a hydraulic brake. On the proving ground a rate of fire of twelve shots a minute has been attained, but in the field the number of shots that can be fired is not much above four or five. The breech is closed by a screw block. The weight of the gun is 3,500 pounds, and that of gun and carriage complete only 5,500. It is described as admirably adapted for work in mountainous country, where the roads are bad. The mountain gun is a reduced copy of the field gun, firing the same projectile, but is much lighter, and can be carried on mule-back.

The Arisaka rifle is a modification of the Mauser, with an extremely small calibre—255in.—which is nearly .05 of an inch less than the Lee-Enfield.

But by far the most celebrated of the new engines used by the Japanese is the Oda mine. A mine of this type it was which destroyed the Petropavlovsk. The Oda mine adjusts itself automatically to any depth of water, and from what descriptions of it have reached the outside world, appears to be very similar to the mine invented by Captain Oxley of our navy, and widely used in the British service. It is claimed for it that it carries an enormous charge of explosive, so that if a ship should touch it, that ship is certain to be destroyed. Large numbers of these mines have been laid near Port Arthur, and they have accounted for several Russian vessels besides the Petropavlovsk, which sank in a little over a minute after the explosion of the mine. In the case of the Petropavlovsk, however, the magazines of the ship were destroyed by the mine.

Taking a leaf out of the Japanese book, the Russians employed precisely similar tactics against Admiral Togo, though to effect their

purpose they were guilty of a grave offence against the law and custom of nations—laying mines upon the high seas, in a fairway used by neutral shipping. On the night of May 14, the Russian mining steamer Asama laid a number of mechanical mines ten miles to the south of Port Arthur, and next day the Japanese, passing over the mine-field, struck two mines in quick succession. The first had but insignificant effect; the second, however, exploded under the mainmast and detonated the magazines, with the result that the ship split into two and sank in eighty seconds.

Only two battleships have so far been destroyed in the present war, and in each case the mechanical mine has been responsible for the damage. It is clearly much more deadly than the torpedo, which has not hitherto come up to anticipations, but has failed to disable any ship permanently or to sink her on the spot.

The extensive use made of wireless telegraphy is another new and striking feature of this war. Wireless telegraphy, however, has proved an enemy as well as a friend; it was from a wireless message sent on August 18, that Togo learned that the Russians, in using wireless

telegraphy to maintain their communications with their batteries, erecting an installation on neutral Chinese territory at Chilo and thence sending and receiving messages. The Japanese, in their indirect bombardments of Port Arthur, employed wireless telegraphy to signal the fall of the shells. A cruiser off the harbour watched where the projectiles alighted, and then signalled exact particulars to the battleships which were behind the Liaoshan gunnery and out of sight.

On land also Russians have employed two new agents in warfare—land mines and electric defences. The effect of the land mines is as yet a little doubtful, but they appear to have done considerable damage to the Japanese in the assaults upon Port Arthur, though probably the loss which they inflicted has been greatly exaggerated in the Russian reports. They are said to have been made by laying the heads of torpedoes some feet underground. Similar mines were employed at Manahan, but not with any great success, as the Japanese found out the mine location and destroyed them.

charged with electricity, and accounted for the death of twenty-eight men.



FINISHING TOUCHES BEFORE STARTING

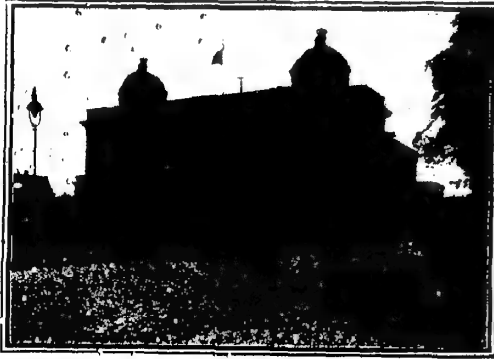
Major Spelterini, in his attempt to cross the Alps in a balloon, made his ascent from the Bigor Chateau State on the Jungfrau Railway. The balloon crossed the Jungfrau towards Yvelin, but was then driven back into the Bernese Oberland, and a landing had to be effected on the Engadine Alps, near Adula. Captain Spelterini had splendid weather, and was able to photograph the Jungfrau Group.



OFF OVER THE JUNGFRAU

the Rhodanese, the Bernese, and the Wildstrubel. A thick fog afterwards prevented him from taking his bearings. The maximum height reached was 20,000 ft., the temperature being then 50° below freezing point. Our photographs are by Gustave Bonin, Bernese, Switzerland.

BALLOONING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS: STONOR SPALTERINI'S ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE ALPS



This is the Palace that was built under the supervision of Queen Nathalie. It used to be called the new Kiosk, to distinguish it from the old Kiosk, in which the late King and Queen were murdered, and which has since been pulled down.

THE ROYAL PALACE AT BELGRADE



There was a reception after the Coronation at the Palace, where the King received the congratulations of the State officials and distinguished dignitaries and others.

THE METROPOLITAN OF BELGRADE AND THE KING GOING TO THE PALACE



A magnificent coach and four, with powdered coachmen and lackies, conveyed the Crown Princesses of Montenegro and Princess Helen, the King's daughter, from the Palace to the Cathedral.

PRINCESSES ON THEIR WAY TO THE CATHEDRAL



The King was accompanied by the Crown Prince of Montenegro, who rode between His Majesty's sons, Prince George and Prince Alexander.

THE KING'S SONS IN THE PROCESSION



In front of the King in the procession were two officers bearing the emulsson and standard of His Majesty.

THE KING'S EMULSSON AND STANDARD IN THE PROCESSION



After the Coronation the King returned to the Palace on horseback, wearing the crown and carrying his scepter. The orb was carried on a cushion by an officer in a carriage.

AN OFFICER CARRYING THE ROYAL ORB FROM THE CATHEDRAL TO THE PALACE

THE CORONATION OF KING PETER OF SERBIA AT BELGRADE

From Photographs by the Berliner Illustrations Gesellschaft, C. Chauveau Flaviens, Paris, and Beloit Oden, Belgrade



"Get you gone, gin," roared the Colonel, "or I will have you arrested for insubordination."

CHAPTER XVI.

FAVERSHAM RECEIVES HIS LETTER

The Earl of Chatham lay with his army before Flushing, wasting invaluable time in the siege of that port, when he should have been pushing hard for Antwerp to strike simultaneously at the

enemy's feet and capital. From sea and land the breaching cannon roared all day, and in the night Gilbert Faversham could see from his camp the flare of fires in the unhappy city. Flushing threatened to fall in ruins, but the ruin would do no good to the English cause. It was understood by many of the subalterns that there was a disagreement among the senior generals, and the matter came much into common talk.

"Sir John Hope," said a young smoke-burned captain of

artillery, "is well known to be against it. What are we doing here?" "Damn it," they say he said, "fighting, sure enough; but, damn it, I could catch 'em all in a trap further up."

"They say that Lord Chatham is set on taking Flushing," observed another.

"Well," said Faversham, laughing lightly, "I have no opinion on the matter, but I hope they won't shift us now we've begun."

"Oh, you need not fear that," said the artilleryman, "we've

Lyndhurst, then, he at once proceeded, turning in his tracks for the second time that day.

At Lyndhurst, which he reached when all were asleep, and the night was full of stars, he had some difficulty in arousing the landlady at the paring-room, and when he was awake he was in no good temper. To Faversham's questions as to a chaise that had reached the village on the previous evening the innkeeper answered curtly that many chaises had passed there.

"Two came together," cried Gilbert anxiously, "and about nine o'clock, I should guess."

"Maybe they did, and maybe they didn't," says the inn-keeper, snappishly. "I don't keep all things that happens in my mind."

"Damn, Redgrave, think of it, man," bemoaned the youth anxiously.

"What, isn't you, Mr. Faversham?" said the innkeeper in surprise, and with quite another voice proceeded, "I thought you were in Flanders. Are you back from the wars, sir? Welcome, sir, I'm sure, and glad we all be to think they're over."

"Yes, I am back," assented Faversham shortly, and asked again, "What of the chaises?"

"Now I remember, Mr. Faversham," said the landlady in his most affable tone, "there was two come up about the hour you say last night, and one was drove by Jim Kenyon. Will it be that, sir?"

"Yes, yes," cried Gilbert eagerly; "and the other?"

"Why I'd not did not stop, sir, but rolled past on the way to Brockenhurst."

Redgrave was astonished at the abruptness with which the young man departed, leaving behind him hardly so much as a thank you or a good-night; but after staring down the dark road he went back to his bed, being the third man who had recognised Faversham since his return to the Forest. There was to be yet another, which was no other than the ostler at the Rose and Crown, at which hostelry the impetuous young man was forced to pull up on his hurricane way from Winchester. He knew no more of Sir Pier's carriage than that it had run upon the Brockenhurst road. He must make inquiries here. The ostler, an old friend, did not resent being fetched out of his bed, and, lighting the facend of a pipe, was agreeable to chat with Mr. Faversham. Now he came in think of it, there had been the noise of a chaise running through late on the previous evening, but the village being chiefly in virtuous retirement he had not heard any guests as to its identity. "For the matter of that," suggested the ostler, "it might ha' been any gentlemen from the north making for Lyndhurst."

But Gilbert Faversham knew better.

"Lyndhurst!" he said, and pondered. The chaise had gone through Brockenhurst, but had not reached Moyden.

Was it to Lyndhurst it had gone? or was it Christchurch?

"It was Sir Pier's Blakiston's chaise," he said, frowning thoughtfully at the ostler. Upon which he had the reward of his confidence.

"Why," says the ostler, pulling at his pipe, "then he must ha' been on his way to Sir Thomas Rankin's, which they do say he has bought."

"Sir Thomas Rankin's!" echoed Gilbert.

"By Beaulieu Creek, sir," explained the ostler, "it's a mighty dull place, they say, and Sir Thomas is never there; but 'tis known Sir Pier is after it, as he has stayed there of late."

Faversham was afoot again, as abruptly as he had left the landlady in Lyndhurst. But the slow-minded ostler did not resent his precipitate departure.

"Why, I might have asked Master Gilbert about the wars," he said to himself as he knocked out his pipe and went to bed again in some disappointment.

But Lieutenant Faversham was driving fast across the moor towards Boldre. He passed the lane that turned into the Moyden Woods and climbed up the hill beyond the river. Already the night promised the dawn, and the weary homes went at a sickening speed. Once upon the heath, however, they mended their pace, and in the grey of breaking morning Gilbert Faversham drew up with his groom before Sir Thomas Rankin's desolate house.

Not a sign of life marked it; the chimneys were smokeless, the blinds and curtains drawn, and the trees surrounded the dreary mansion like dispirited and vacant ghosts. A wind of dawn blew over the waste garden, waking whispers in the leaves. Gilbert rapped on the door and rung, and in a window above presently a light shone. A head was thrust forth, and a voice called to know who knocked.

"Tis I, Gilbert Faversham, and I would speak with Sir Pier's Blakiston," he answered loudly.

The voice returned in answer that Sir Pier was not there.

"Tis a lie," says Faversham harshly. "He was here last night. Open, or I will break the door down."

After that there was silence, the head was withdrawn, and a consultation was indicated by a conference of whispers.

"I will give Sir Pier's Blakiston three minutes to open the door, and if 'tis not done, then I will burst through," cried the young man, all a-shore and trembling. "He knows who I am. I am Lieutenant Faversham, of Deenty, and I am here to call him to account for what he knows full well."

He waited until the three minutes were almost up, and then the door was slowly unbarred. A woman of middle age, hastily dressed, appeared in the opening.

"Sir Pier's Blakiston is not here, sir," she repeated in a frightened voice.

Faversham pushed by her roughly and entered. He made the woman attend him, and she followed him from the hall into that further room wherein Rankin's had made her discovery some four-and-twenty hours previously, and from which she had fled in terror and in shame. With an imperious gesture Faversham commanded the woman to set down the light she held.

"Call Sir Pier's Blakiston at once," he said. "My business will brook no delay." She opened her mouth to speak, but he cried:

"I will search every room in the house."

"You are at liberty to search every room, sir," she answered, not without some dignity, "save that, I trust, where my daughter lies. But Sir Pier is not here."

Silenced, if not convinced by her acquiescence, Gilbert paused to consider.

"He was here yesterday," he said presently, and turned on her sharply. "I have evidence to prove he was here yesterday."

"Then, sir, if you have evidence, you are convinced; and if you will, you shall have evidence now that he is not here to-night—the evidence of your eyes."

Again he considered. He was puzzled and mortified by this rebuff; and at the same time what she said were true, there was nothing to be gained by further parleying. He fired a raffish shot at her.

"How many people arrived in Sir Pier's chaise last night?"

"Maybe, sir, it will be easier for your witness who know of Sir Pier's arrival to tell you that," was her reply, to which she added,

"This is Sir Thomas Rankin's house."

She was secretive, as he guessed, and prudent, and she had the remains of a bold beauty, though she was past middle age. Gilbert

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disturbed her. Yet he could do nothing more that night, and most reluctantly quitted the melancholy house. As he did so the dirge of the creek rose higher and louder on the nocturnal air, as if it called him, called him back from the moon to its dark shores and ominous gables. But the horses' heads were set westward, the chaise started with a jerk, and Gilbert Faversham quitted his back on the murmuring creek in which the tide was once more pulling toward the water of the Solent.

(To be continued)

The Prince Regent of Lippe-Deimold

Count Ernst of Lippe-Deimold, Regent of the German Principality of Lippe-Deimold, was in his sixty-second year, having been born at Otter Kassel, near Bonn, on June 28, 1842. The greater part of his life was uneventful, and it was only the circumstances attending his installation as Regent of Lippe-Deimold, in July, 1897, and the dynastic struggle very connected therewith that brought him into public notice. The main points in the history of the conflict may be briefly enumerated here. On March 20, 1895, the reigning Prince of Lippe-Deimold died. In ordinary course he would have been succeeded in the government by his younger brother, Prince Alexander, now aged seventy-three, who, however, was, and still is, insane. The institution of a Regency was necessary, and for the office of Regent the late Prince Wilhelm had by an edict dated October, 1890, nominated Prince Adolphus of Schaumburg-Lippe, a younger brother of the present reigning Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, and a brother-in-law of the Emperor William through the Prince's marriage with Princess Victoria of Prussia. Meanwhile Count Ernst of Lippe-Deimold, who maintained that his line was older and nearer the Throne, entered at public protest and claimed both the Regency and the ultimate succession. Ultimately, says the *Times*, the controversy was submitted to a special Court of Arbitration, composed of six members of the Supreme Court of the Empire, with the late King Albert of Saxony as president. The princely Schaumburg-Lippe line and another line of Counts, those of Lippe-Deimold, contended before the Court that the claims of the Lippe-Deimold line had been vitiated by the fact that the grandmother of its head, Count Ernst, had been a lady of the *petite noblesse*, named Modeste von Warth; but on July 22, 1897, the Court of Arbitration decided that Count Ernst of Lippe-Deimold was a member of the ruling house.

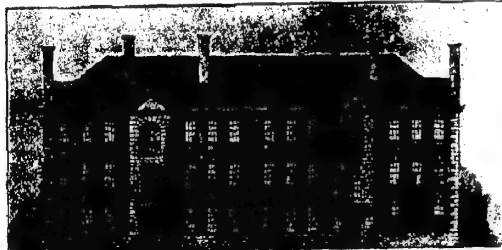
With the assumption of the Regency, however, the dynastic and constitutional controversy was not ended. The verdict of King Albert of Saxony and of the Court of Arbitration had established the claims of Count Ernst himself to the succession; it had contained nothing with regard to the claims of his descendants, and the practical question now arises whether Count Leopold of Lippe-Deimold, who was born on May 30, 1871, and is a lieutenant in the Prussian Army, will be allowed to succeed his father in the Regency.

THE *Times* claims a larger number of victims year by year, and the season of 1904 bears the record by far. Nearly 300 accidents have occurred this summer, while last year the number only reached 128. In fact, the accidents have increased rapidly within the last seven years. It is fairly fair to add that most of the accidents do not betfall regular climbers, but the inexperienced, without guides, and especially young people attempting to gather oysters in dangerous places. This last reason is largely responsible for this year's death-toll.

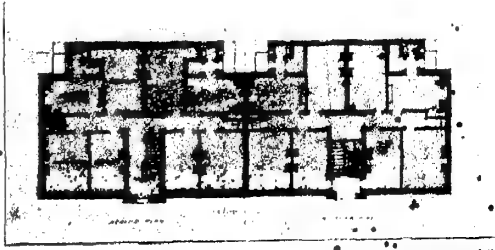
THE COLOURED MAN in the United States is fast yielding to the white race. The death-rate among the negro and half-breed population is double that of the whites, nor do the coloured people live to such a great age. Fewer negroes are in the Army than of yore, and they are largely deserting the country for the big cities, with the result that urban life destroys their health. At present the black population of the States exceeds nine millions, and of these nine-tenths live in the Southern States and a third in Georgia, Mississippi and Alabama alone. Two-thirds of this population follow agriculture and the rest adopt various professions, the largest number being school teachers, carpenters and barbers.



THE LATE COUNT ERNST OF LIPPE-DEIMOLD
Regent of Lippe.



The pretty blocks of buildings which are springing up on the site of old Wimbeldon, on the common branch of the Midland and Bedford Railway, are to be known as the 'Queen Alexandra Centre'. The buildings are not yet completed, and, although they are intended to be a handsome and commodious, they are at present very much like a collection of shacks. The buildings are to be used as a centre for the poor, and the site is to be a model of the best that can be done in the way of housing the poor.



that her income must be less than £100 a year and more than £50. The scheme is an attempt to do what the 'Queen Alexandra Centre' has done in Wimbeldon. The plan is to build a large number of small houses, each with a garden, and to let them to the poor. The houses are to be built on the site of the old Wimbeldon, and the plan is to be a model of the best that can be done in the way of housing the poor.

FOR OFFICERS' WIDOWS AND DAUGHTERS: PLANS OF ONE OF THE BLOCKS OF "QUEEN ALEXANDRA CENTRE" NOW BEING ERRECTED AT WIMBLEDON



HEARD BY FRANK GRAB

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR HAMILTON

A WOUNDED RUSSIAN SOLDIER RELATING HIS EXPERIENCES IN ANSWER TO AMERICAN INQUIRIES

BACK FROM THE FRONT: ARRIVAL OF A RED CROSS TRAIN AT LIAOYANG

SIX K.C.B.'S

The accompanying photograph must be well-nigh unique. In the first place, a group of six Knights Commanders of the Bath must be a rarity, and, in the second place, all are distinguished men, and all are either naval or military men. Sir Claude MacDonald, who is now British Minister at Tokio, began life in the Army, though he is better known as a diplomat. He is just over fifty-two years of age. He was educated at Uppingham, and joined the Highland Light Infantry in 1872, and retired in 1896, after serving in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882 (mentioned in despatches, medal with clasp and bronze star, and brevet of major), and in the Sudan in 1884, when he was attached to the Black Watch (two clasps and 4th-class Mejidieh). On leaving the Army he went into the Consular Service. His first active diplomatic work was done at Zanzibar, as Agent and Consul-General there, in 1887. In the following year he was appointed H.M. Commissioner on the West Coast of Africa, and afterwards Commissioner and Consul-General in the Oil Rivers Protectorate. In January, 1896, he was appointed British Minister at Peking, and was in that city during the siege of the Legation during the Boxer outbreak in 1900—a somewhat unusual experience for a diplomatist. After the trouble was over Sir Claude MacDonald was transferred to Tokio. He was created K.C.M.G. in 1892, a Civil K.C.B. in 1898, G.C.M.G. in 1900, and a Military K.C.B. in 1901. Lieut.-General Sir William Nicholson is the British Military Attaché with the Second Japanese Army (General Kuroki's) but has had to return to Tokio on account of his health breaking down. He is one of the many distinguished Engineer officers. He joined the "Sappers" in March, 1865, and has seen a good deal of service. He served in the following campaigns: Afghan War, 1878-9; Egyptian War, 1884; Burmese Expedition, 1886-7. In 1897 he was Chief of the Staff in the Tirah Expedition, and was made a K.C.B. During the late war he was Military Secretary to Lord Roberts, and has since been Director-General of Mobilisation and Military Intelligence at Headquarters. Lieutenant-General Sir Ian Hamilton is one of those officers who made a reputation for himself in South Africa, in which he commanded a Division, and was a most successful general. He joined the Gordon Highlanders in 1853, and his former services include Afghanistan, 1879-80; South Africa, 1881; Sudan, 1884-5; Burma, Chitral Relief and

Sir William Nicholson. Sir Claude MacDonald. Sir Ian Hamilton.



Vice-Admiral Iguchi. Sir A. B. Tulloch. Major-General Fukushima.
SIX K.C.B.'S: A NOTEWORTHY GROUP AT TOKIO

Tirah. He has been Commandant at the School of Musketry, Military Secretary at the War Office, and Quartermaster-General at Headquarters. He went out to Japan as British Attaché with the First Japanese Army (General Kuroki's) but has lately been invalided home. He was created K.C.B. in 1901. Major-General Sir Alexander Bruce Tulloch is on the retired list. He was born in 1838 and joined the Army in 1855. He served in the Crimean Campaign after the fall

of Sebastopol, in the China War 1859-60, and in the Egyptian War 1882. He has since commanded the local forces in Victoria. He retired in 1895, and was created K.C.B. in 1903. He is an Attaché with the Second Japanese Army. Both the Japanese officers in the group will be remembered as having arrived over here in the "Carnegie" year. That year was also the year in which the Anglo-Japanese Agreement was signed. Vice-Admiral Iguchi commanded the Armada which came over here for the Coronation Naval Review. A full-page portrait by M. Paul Remondet appeared of this officer at that time in *The Graphic*. He was created an honorary K.C.B. during his visit. So, too, was General Fukushima, who attended the Coronation ceremonies as a military representative of the Emperor of Japan. He is a very distinguished officer, and is now serving on the General Staff of Marshal Oyama. In 1895 General Fukushima, who was then a major, rode on horseback from Berlin to Pusan. His thorough knowledge of European tactics has proved most useful to the Japanese Army, and has been the cause of his rapid promotion.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT SEASON.—The forty-ninth annual series will begin on Saturday, October 8, and from the list of engagements already announced, Spilgham concert-givers will be well catered for during the forthcoming autumn. On October 8 a violin recital will be given by the boy violinist, Floritz Von Teuker, whose first appearance it will be at the Crystal Palace, and who will be assisted by Miss Martha Cunningham, and Mr. Warren Wythe, pianists. Miss Evelyn Smart, solo pianist, and Mr. Charles Keith accompanying. Miss Muriel Foster, too, it will be remembered, scored such a success at the Palace Jubilee Concert last June, is down for a vocal recital on the following Saturday afternoon, when Miss Polydora Fletcher will be the solo pianist and Miss Katie Eadie the accompanist. Kubelik is announced on October 22, together with Miss Muriel Gough, Miss Goodson, and Mr. Ludwig Schwab. For October 29 a vocal and violin recital by Mr. Munkett Greene and the violinist Zacherewitch (first appearance in Spilgham) has been arranged. The concert on November 12 will be given by a trio of well-known English artists: Miss Fanny Davies, Miss Maud MacCarthy, who made her debut at the Crystal Palace as a violinist at the early age of ten years, and Mr. Frederick Austin, a baritone.



No word but that of praise has been spoken of the admirable organization of the Japanese Army of Rail Oron trains in the large towns tells its own tale. Japan, though victorious has had to pay a Medical Department. Every provision has been made for the sick and wounded. The frequent arrival of heavy prizes for some of her successes. Our illustration is from a photograph by T. H. Smith, London.

VICTORY'S VICTIMS: WOUNDED JAPANESE ARRIVING AT HIROSHIMA STATION



FROM A PHOTO BY COL. OFFICIAL ARMY, A. PRODUCE.
 AT THE CORONATION OF THE SERBS. King Peter was led by two attendants, and his robes were held by four others.
 KING PETER'S CORONATION AT BELGRADE, HIS MAJESTY RETURNING TO THE PALACE AFTER THE CEREMONY IN THE CATHEDRAL.

Battles and their Bloodshed

BY CHARLES LOWE

It was the leading theory of the late ingenious M. Bloch, as propounded in his stupendous work on "La Guerre"—which is said, among other things, to have suggested to the Tsar his summoning of a Peace Conference—that war in the future would be rendered impossible by reason of its very murderousness and costliness. As for its costliness, we ourselves, who spent close on two hundred and thirty millions over our South African conflict, have every reason to sing a doubtful enough song; but had M. Bloch lived to the end of the Boer War, and still more to be a witness of the present struggle in the Far East, he would doubtless have found cause, like so many other philosophers, to rectify his theories in accordance with the facts. His contention was that our modern "arms of precision," would render war so bloody as to make mankind shrink in horror from having recourse to it.

But, as a matter of fact, it has been proved on all the battlefields of the last fifty years, or from Königgrätz to Liaoyang, that the magazine rifle and the quick firing field gun are not to be compared, as "weapons of precision," with the Roman short sword, or even with the bows and bills with which we won Creçy and Agincourt.

terrible "arms of precision" than a repeating rifle at five hundred yards or a pom-pom at a thousand. It sounds paradoxical to say so, but the flint-lock of Waterloo, and even our Brown Bess (*quasi* "brasserie Büchse") of the Crimea, was a far more murderous weapon than our present Lee-Metford magazine, and for the simple reason that they were only used at short range—rarely or never over a hundred yards. In the eighteenth century opposing musketeers never gave fire until they could almost see the white of each other's eyes.

Take Fontenoy, for example. Who does not know the pretty story of Lord Charles Hay doffing his hat in front of his English Guards to the Marquis d'Auteroche of the Garde Française and bidding him open the hall? "No, monsieur," was the reply, "we never fire first." "Is not this a bit of modern chivalry?" asks Carlyle. "Was ever such politeness seen before?" The world long thought with Carlyle, but it has now been conclusively established that the Frenchman's answer was not dictated by the promptings of an ultra-chivalrous politeness, but by the principles of tactics as then inculcated by Marshal Saxe, who laid it down in his drill-book that "the troops shall be taught not to fire the first, but to stand the fire of the enemy, seeing that an enemy who has fired is necessarily beaten when his adversary has his powder left." After the volley at white-of-the-eye range came the layonet as the *vilains rufes rigens*, and that was a weapon of precision if you like.

of the forces engaged vary, but we may strike an average by assuming that the Russians and the Japanese pitted against one another at Liaoyang totalled something like 400,000, and that the losses on both sides amounted to 40,000. This gives a loss of only one in ten, which must be held to be exceedingly small considering the fearful nature of the assaults, the faithful nature of the gun and rifle fire which raged through several days and nights, and, above all, the wire-entanglements—the most dreadful of all modern war contrivances—through which the Japanese had to cut and crawl their way in the teeth of an inferno of magazine fire.

But even supposing that the combined loss at Liaoyang was a little higher than above assumed—one in ten—this would still place that set of battles, in bloodiness, far below the most sanguinary conflicts of the last century—to go no further back. At Eylau, for example, where only 160,000 men were engaged, the total loss was 55,000, or more than one in three, which was also the proportion at Borodino in 1812, and Gettysburg in 1863; while at Königgrätz in 1865, when the needle-gun first came into proper play, the loss was only one in sixteen out of a total of nearly 450,000 combatants—very much lower, that is to say, than at the "Völkerschlacht" of Leipzig, in 1813, which lasted three days, and engaged about the same number of men. At Eylau the loss was one in five, at Solferino one in ten, which was also just about the percentage at Gravelotte, by far the bloodiest battle of the Franco-German war



An officer, with the Tibet Mission, who sent this photograph, writes:—"The mountain streams near Tuna abound in trout, which, by the enthusiastic, are called whitebait. The method of catching these delicacies was rather primitive, but we succeeded very well. Three of us, accompanied by

a Sikh orderly, who brought a stable basket with him, in which to carry the 'catch,' managed to secure a fine supply of these little fish by means of a butterfly net and a walking stick."

CATCHING "WHITEBAIT" FOR DINNER; ANGLING EXTRAORDINARILY NEAR TUNA, IN TIBET

For every man who is killed outright in action now lays from four to five are wounded—most of them recovering from their wounds; but on a Roman battlefield practically all the casualties were deaths. At Cannæ, in six hours, the Carthaginians stretched dead upon the plain, according to Livy, between 40,000 and 50,000 Romans, or more than the total number of Germans who died of wounds or disease throughout the war with France, which lasted over six months. At Creçy, according to Froissart, our Black Prince, with his little army of 30,000 men, slew considerably more than this number of their French foes, which ran to something like 120,000; while at Agincourt the slaughter was proportionately great for the numbers engaged.

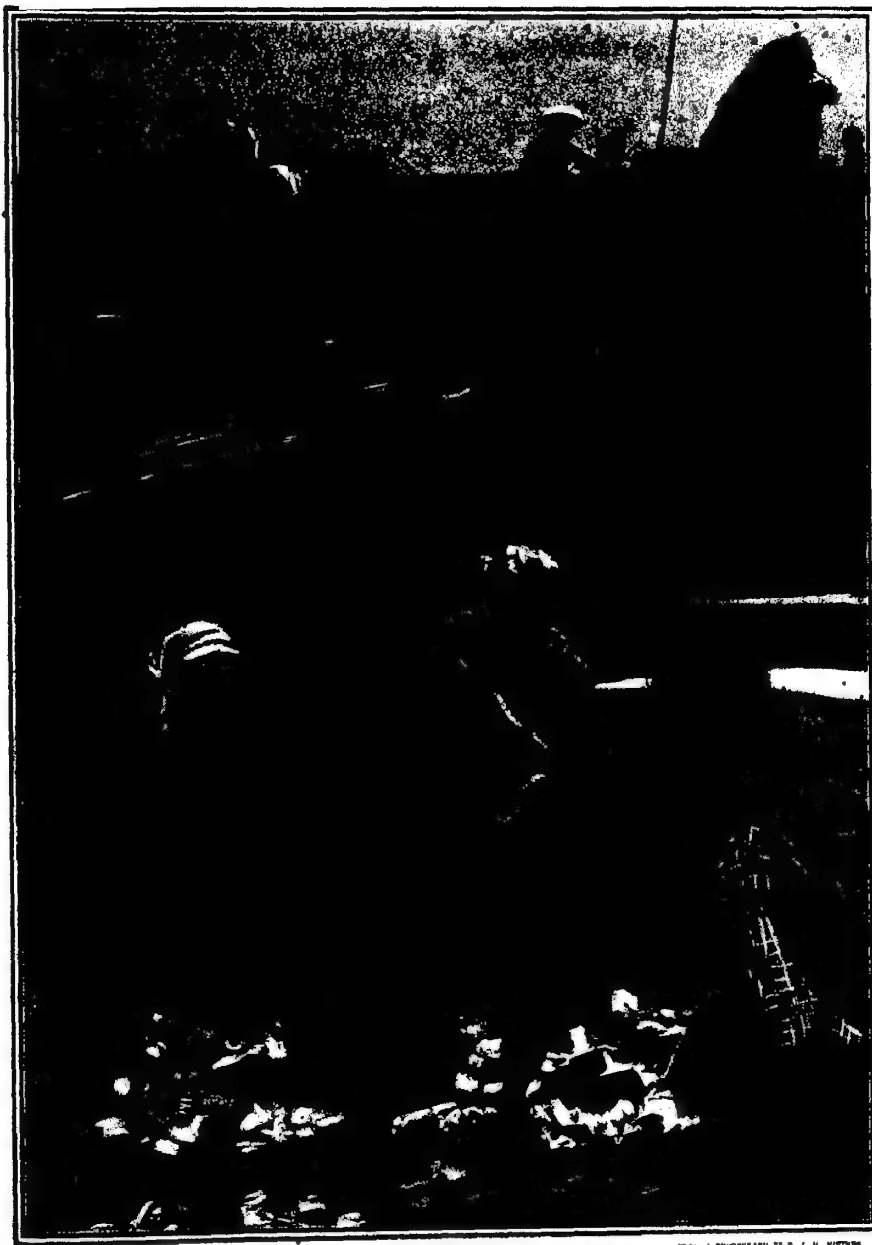
The casualty figures as to ancient and mediæval battles are not always to be relied upon, but there can be no doubt that those battles were always far bloodier than modern ones, dating, say, from the time of Marlborough, when war statistics become fairly trustworthy. It is only, indeed, with the introduction of what may be called long-range warfare that slaughter-like began to grow shorter, proving that cold steel at close quarters was a far more

The deaths from swords and bayonets at Waterloo were probably more than from the bullets of Brown Bess; but, anyhow, out of a total of about 186,000 combatants on both sides, 46,000 were down, or one man in four. At Albuera, one of the bloodiest battles in the Peninsula, we lost more than one in three, when, according to Napier, "only 1,800 unwounded men, the remnant of 6,000 unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the hill." At Waterloo, as above stated, in the course of one day the Allies, numbering 186,000 men, lost 46,000, or more than twice as many as we lost by wounds, disease, and other causes during the Boer War, lasting over two years and a half. Out of about 250,000 men in South Africa we had only 5,774 actually killed in battle, and about four times as many wounded, of whom only 2,000 succumbed to their hurts; while those carried off by disease of various kinds numbered over 13,000, or between two and three times as many as were killed.

On the whole our total loss throughout the whole war was only about one in twelve, or about the same, as far as can be judged from present statistics, as the combined loss of the combatants on both sides in the battles of several days around Liaoyang. Accounts

In this one battle—much more sanguinary than Sedan—the Germans, according to Moltke, lost over 80,000, which is far more than the Russians—who were nearly twice as numerous as the Germans—lost at Gravelotte—were up to having lost.

We have no absolutely trustworthy figures as to the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, though it was certainly far more bloody than the present conflict in the Far East; but we know that the siege of Plevna could not possibly have cost the combatants less than about 100,000 men, while the Shipka Pass accounted for another 80,000. From all this the moral may be drawn that war, in spite of, or rather perhaps by reason of, its so-called "arms of precision," is much less deadly than it used to be; while, on the other hand, it has been greatly humanised. But a little more deadly than it is in the casualties due to a cause more deadly than bullets—as witness the 13,350 of our men who died of disease in South Africa compared with the 5,774 who were killed in battle; and the Russians, if they only had the candour to confess it, could doubtless now tell a similar tale.

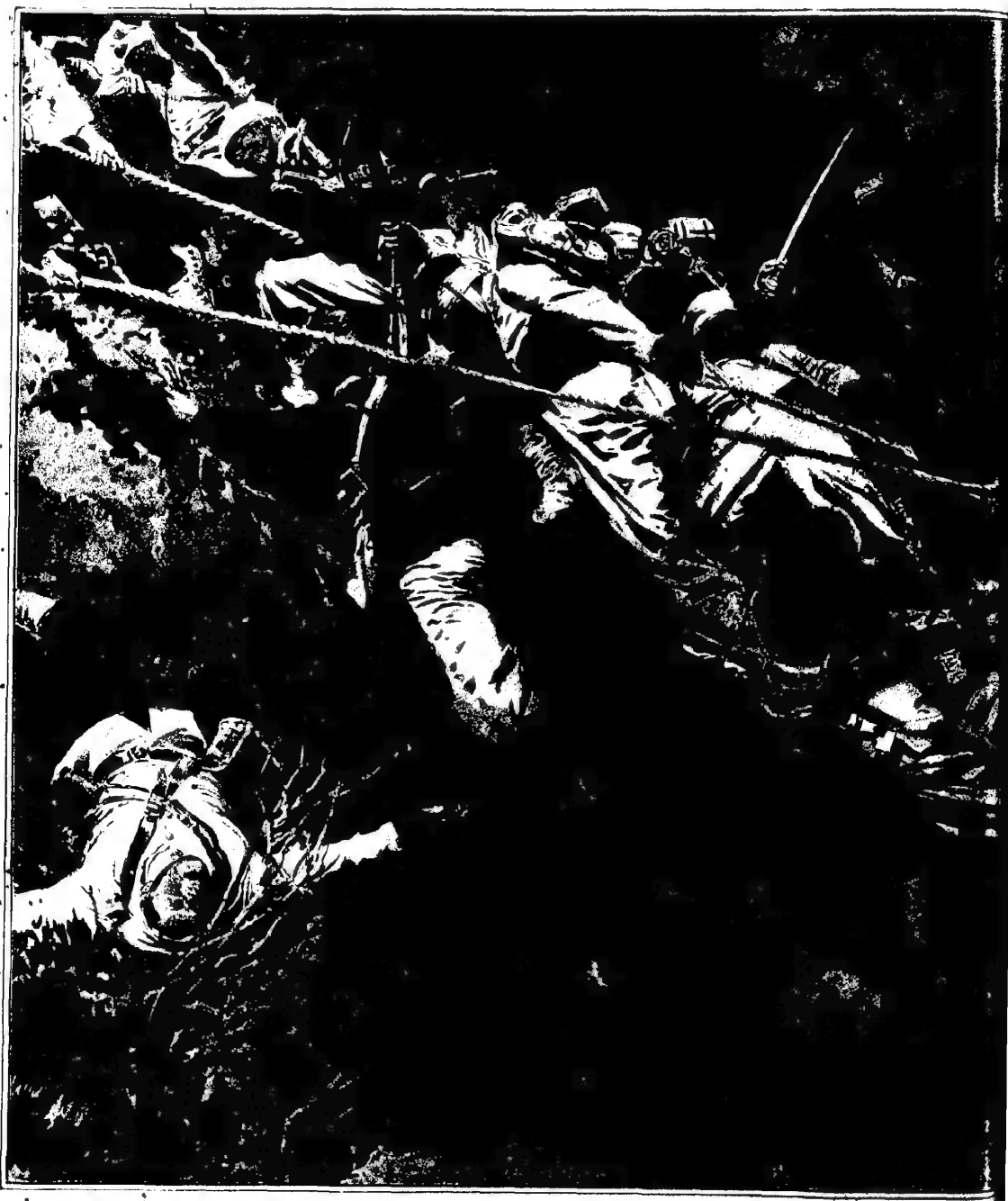


MADE BY W. HAWKINS, S.S.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. J. H. HUTTON

Among the poorer classes in Japan, it is usual to see the women working at tasks that are generally looked upon as fit for men only. On the other hand, it is the rule in Japan, rather than the assumption, to see men "housewife."

WOMEN LABOURERS IN TOKYO, MAKING THE ELEVATED RAILWAY



DRAWN BY F. MATANIA

The Japanese have been indefatigable in taking their guns up seemingly inaccessible places, and as soon as a height is gained, with the minimum loss of

THE INVESTMENT OF PORT ARTHUR: JAPANESE GUNNERS.



FROM A SKETCH MADE FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY A WOUNDED JAPANESE OFFICER

with artillery, and as week by week the faithful cordon round Fort Arthur draws closer, but the spirits of the gallant garrison do not seem to fail.

GUNS UP A CAPTURED HILL TO COMMAND THE FORTRESS



A LITTLE EXERCISE BEFORE THE BATH



A PROCESSION TO THE SEA



JUMPING THE WAVES



DIDÉ AFTER HIS BATH



A SWIMMING LESSON: PRELIMINARY INSTRUCTION

SEA-BATHING IN FRANCE: SNAPSHOTS AT OLLONNE (VENDEE), ON THE ATLANTIC COAST

From Photographs by G. Chusseau Flavens, Paris



BATHING EN FAMILLE



RETURNING FROM A SWIMMING LESSON



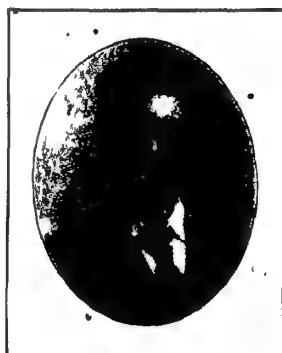
THE ARRIVAL OF A GIRLS' SCHOOL: DISTRIBUTING BATHING-DRESSES AND TOWELS
SEA-BATHING IN FRANCE: SNAPSHOTS AT OLLONNE (VENDÉE), ON THE ATLANTIC COAST
From Photographs by G. Chommes Flatters, Paris



Our Portraits

Mr. Walter Severn, president of the Dudley Gallery Art Society, was born in Kome in 1840. He was educated at Westminster School, and began life in the Civil Service, but became known as a amateur artist, and made a reputation as a water colour and oil painter. He also made a vigorous effort to resuscitate the craft of art needlework and embroidery, for which he earned medals at South Kensington, and received much encouragement from Mr. Ruskin. Our artist is to be found in the Baker Street

M. Neudhardt is the Governor of Odessa, whose life was attempted the other day. He has held his present post for a little over two years. He was previously Grand-marshal of a Hotel in Poland. His Excellency was appointed to the Governorship of the South Russian capital in succession to Lieutenant-General Count P. P. Schouvaloff. M. Neudhardt is a member of a wealthy Moscow family. Our portrait is by D. Adamowitch.

[illegible]

Mr. William Digby, C.F.I., was senior partner in the firm of William Hutchinson & Co., 1 East India merchants, London, and was well known in political and journalistic circles. Mr Digby was also prominently identified with the Indian National Congress and Indian questions generally. He was the author of numerous publications on India and his first book, 'Prosperous British India' created considerable attention and discussion. He was editor of the *Madras Times* from 1877 to 1879 and the Compañamiento of the Indian Empire was conferred on him in recognition of his honorary services in India. He was a member of the Indian Councils for 16 years. He was the first secretary of the National Liberal Club. His motto was 'Nitya Niv' - Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry. Ring, Street.

Mr. Hudson was born July 28, 1861, in a small settlement in North Dakota, one of the most promising, but unfortunate of the dry. He had a brilliant career at Cambridge, being the Senior Wrangler of six years ago, and following this, two years later by becoming Smith's Treasurer. He was appointed Lecturer at Liverpool University, and was afterwards elected to the University of London, where he has been for the last five years. He is considered by his reputation by his original work in higher mathematics. Mr. Hudson was only twenty-seven years of age and is one of a family of mathematicians. His father was the distinguished Professor of Mathematics at King's College, London, and a former Treasurer, who is also a well-known mathematician. He has three children, two women, two of the daughters of Professor Hudson have also distinguished themselves at Cambridge in mathematics. At the time of his death Mr. Hudson was climbing Llangynydd, a well-known mountain in North Wales, and fell while trying to reach the top.

Professor Thomsen who has just died at Copenhagen, was only forty three years of age, but for more than half of that time he had been ill from liver and heart troubles. He adopted the most severe methods to keep himself alive. He was operated on a number of times, all his food and drink were carefully weighed, he spent the last three years lying on his back. Professor Finsen who we have looked upon his suffering with grief and horror. He studied



THE PHONE OF MR. HARMON'S FATAL ACCIDENT: THE INYIL'S MURDER

It is a fact worth noting that with Prince Hohenlohe-Harnacker disappears the last survivor of the Congress of Berlin, of which he was a member as secretary for the German delegation. All the others predeceased him. Baron von Werther and Prince Hohenlohe, the representatives of Germany, Count Andrius and the Marquis of Salisbury of England, the Marquis of Lansdowne of the United Kingdom, the Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Odo Russell, the representatives of England, M. Waddington, the Comte de Saint-Aulaire and M. Desprez, the delegation of France, Count Corti and the Comte de Launois, the Italian representatives, the Comte de Salm, the Comte de Salm-Reifferscheidt-Ronsdorf, the Comte de Salm-Reifferscheidt-Ronsdorf, Baron d'Auriol for Russia, and the representatives of the Sultan, Catharadour Paasha, Sadoolah Bey, and Mehmet Ali Paasha. But if all the actors of the congress have disappeared, some of the nearest spectators remain. One is the Comte de Salm-Reifferscheidt-Ronsdorf, Ambassador in Rome, who was at Berlin as correspondent of the *Republique Francaise* and the *Manchester Guardian*, and M. Charles Rouvier, now French Minister to the Portuguese Court, who represented the Havas Agency in the German capital. They are both living proofs of the fact that in France journalists were not sent, purely and

THE KING OF ITALY
WITH HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

THE QUEEN VICTORIA

QUEEN MARGHERITA



PRESENTING THE LITTLE PRINCE TO HIS GRANDMOTHER, QUEEN MARGHERITA, IN THE PALACE AT RAVENNA •
THE BIRTH OF AN HEIR TO THE ITALIAN THRONE

DRAWN BY A. BIANCHI



It is not unusual to see a stranger come with what not even means of making an honest penny is taken in Paris. Now this is the way it is. The river has many *petite maisons* by which a man can live. These are those of the *dogonier* or *rapporteur*. At night, these strange occupations are those of the *dogonier* or *rapporteur*. The *dogonier* who catches the fish and the *rapporteur* who catches the fish. Dogs of all kinds in

Paris are trimmed after the fashion of poodles and on the banks of the Seine may be seen men whose almost sole occupation is the clipping and grooming of these pets. The scene is watched by the admiring owners. The banks of the river were so dirty and so full of operations because the river is handy for bathing the animal when his clipping is done.

A RIVERSIDE INDUSTRY POODLE BARBERS IN PARIS

DRAWN BY N. TENBOM

COUGH LOZENGES.

SOUTHERN (On Front Cover, 2nd Floor)
VICTORIA HOTEL

"The Graphic" Diary of the War

The great battle that is expected near Mukden has not yet been fought, but neither side is idle, if we may judge from the scraps of news that are allowed to reach us. Both south of Mukden and at Port Arthur there have been some sharp engagements, as will be seen in the diary given below. The Russian force on the Mukden road extends from Shuhling, eighty miles north of Yentai, to Tsung-tai-tze, five miles to the north-east, with the river Hun as their direct front. It is on this river that it is expected that a great battle will be fought. Kuroki's headquarters are said to be close to Pashihio, while Oku's and Noto's are near to Yentai. Pashihio is about forty miles south-east of Mukden, a mile or two north of the Tai-tse River. Mukden, Pashihio and Yentai may be regarded as at the angles of an equilateral triangle, whose sides are, roughly, forty miles. At Port Arthur the Japanese are still persistently making assaults.

SEPTEMBER 18.—The laying of the rails between Kutsuk and Bakal, on the Circum-Baikal Railway, completed.

SEPTEMBER 19.—According to a report brought by steamer to Chifu from Daisy, there was an assault on Port Arthur which lasted over fifty hours, and resulted in the capture of three important positions, together with six small forts between Shu-Shi-Yen and Erh-lung-shan.

SEPTEMBER 20.—General Haraguchi, commanding the Japanese troops in Korea, recalled to Tokyo.

SEPTEMBER 21.—Two Japanese divisions attacked the Russian left bank on the Hun River, but were, according to an official despatch from Mukden, repulsed after three hours' fighting, losing over 700 men.

SEPTEMBER 22.—The Russian auxiliary cruiser Terck (formerly a German liner), having anchored at Las Palmas to coal, was refused permission for coal, water, or supplies to be sent on board. She subsequently left for an unknown destination.

Official Russian Note shows that the Russian casualties at Liaoyang were 1,810 men killed and 10,811 wounded. Of regimental officers, fifty-four were killed and 252 wounded. Two generals were killed and three generals were wounded, and five officers were left on the field.

The Japanese occupied Taling Pass, about forty-seven miles south of Mukden.

A St. Petersburg telegram denies that Admiral Alexeeff is about to resign his command as was recently stated.

SEPTEMBER 23.—The Russian Volunteer Fleet cruises, Peterburg and Smolensk arrived at Suifu.

Two destroyers reported to have returned to Vladivostok with a Japanese transport, which they captured. The Russia and Gromobol, with three destroyers, reported to have left that port for Genzan.

SEPTEMBER 24.—Cholera said to have broken out in Port Arthur, where it is said there are 15,000 sick and wounded.



While the Ohamo was carrying out a full-speed trial in the Gulf of Patras one of her new blades came off and, plunging the vessel, caused her to sink. The Ohamo was one of the batch of forty-five 20-knot destroyers ordered in 1900 as an improvement on the original class of 27-knot destroyers introduced in 1898. She was built by Messrs. Palmer and Co., at Harrow, and was completed in the financial year 1901-02, when the vessel made on her measured mile official trial 20.78 knots. The Ohamo carried a crew of about 100 men and a photograph is by R. Critch, Newcastle.

THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER OHAMO, WHICH HAS BEEN SUNK IN THE GULF OF PATRAS

The British merchantman Loch Tay arrived at Port Said and reported that she had been stopped forty miles north of St. Vincent by the Russian cruiser Terck. After her papers had been examined she was allowed to proceed.

The British steamer Crusader reported to have been seized by the Japanese in the Tangua Straits.

SEPTEMBER 25.—General Gripenberg, commanding the military district of Vilna, appointed to the command of the Second Manchurian Army. The Tsar wrote him saying that he had found it advisable to divide the troops destined for active service in Manchuria into two armies, one to be commanded by General Kurapatkin and the other by General Gripenberg. The Russian cruisers Peterburg and Smolensk left Port Said for Lisbon. They were allowed to take in sufficient coal and provisions to reach that port.

Skirmish at Inpu (between Hien-tai-pu and the railway) reported to have occurred. Many casualties.

SEPTEMBER 27.—The Black Sea Fleet reported to have sailed from Sevastopol.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.—A class will be opened on Monday, October 3, at the Royal Female School of Art, 43, Queen Square, W.C., as an extension of the L.C.C.'s Technical Classes for Women. For many years this work has been carried on at this School of Art by the Chromo-Lithographic Art Studio, the reproduction having been highly commended by artists and publishers. It is gratifying to hear of the development of the late Sir Philip Gulliford Owen's original scheme for the practical issue of art students' training, and the establishment of women as chromo-lithographers.

Paris Settings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

If the French Republic should ever be sick it will not be for want of doctors to look after its health. About one-third of the Chamber and half the Senate is composed of practisers of the healing art. But they are there in their capacity of legislators. But the various Ministries have at their disposal duly qualified members of the faculty. The recent appointment of Dr. Gestelet to the position of Doctor of the Ministry of Public Instruction brings their number up to sixty. The Ministries of War, Marine, Colonies, Commerce, and Agriculture feel sufficiently robust to do without medical aid. The Ministry of the Interior, however, does not share this feeling, for it has no more than four physicians. The Ministry of Public Instruction has two, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs has four, the Ministry of Finance has six, and the Ministry of Public Works seven.

The Ministry of Justice—Justice being blind and lame—employs the aid of a surgeon, Dr. Jules Bernier. But the record is held by the Under-Secretariat of Posts and Telegraphs. The ladies who preside over the telephone in Paris are notoriously on a war footing with the subscribers. This probably affects their nerves, for M. Berard, the amiable Under-Secretary of State, has at the disposal of his department no fewer than twenty-seven doctors, two surgeons and five lady doctors. The Ministry of Colonies has no doctors on the staff, but, on the other hand, it indulges in the luxury of four architects. Their presence does not seem of much avail. For ten years past the building of a home for that department of State has been projected, and the Ministry is still being knocked about from pillar to post, and lodged wherever temporary room can be found. At present it occupies the unlighty wooden barracks erected as the temporary quarters of the Commissary-General of the Exhibition of 1900.

It looks as if the agitation in Paris against the reckless automobilist, who made the Champs Elysees an avenue to be avoided by all but the most agile, were bearing fruit. But the chauffeur, in his haste to flee to the frontier, is more reckless than ever. At least this is the opinion of the inhabitants of the peaceful town of Oloron. A few days ago, while the clients of the Café Anglaise were enjoying the pre-prandial ablutions, an automobile came rushing into the establishment like a cyclone, smashing everything on its passage and frightening the constituents of M. Barbon out of their wits. It was a wonder that no one was killed. But the most extraordinary part of the performance was the *sang-froid*, not to say *sans peur*, of the driver. He simply threw two kials on the counter, reversed his motor, backed out of the café, and disappeared down the road in a cloud of dust before anyone had the presence of mind to take his number.

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is represented merely by a church in Kensington, where the ritual is subjected to religious interference, with the result of sending one of the curates to Rome. Its affairs have nothing to do with the world, as identified with a little set of people who represent it lastingly. The principal personage is a painfully weak-minded and weak-kneed young man with a good income, a beautiful terra voice, and conscience too tender to let him find pleasure in his self-indulgences, but not robust enough to restrain them. Engaged to a commonplace girl, who is much too good for him, he dies of a chill caught at a football match, leaving his "innocent," as she is called, to struggle herself with an amiable clergyman who continues a boy's breadth of theology with a lorry for Munich glass and red candles instead of the usual ecclesiastical colour. As one of the characters remarks, "On *peu* replace *unjour*," a morbid passion for French which was never made in Paris being a special point of the set that Mr. Bailey describes. The language of the church seems to be even worse than that of the world, if it was really one of the clergy of St. Hyacinth's who introduced "St. Simon Stylites" into a sermon, and not some absent-minded printer. There is a great step up to this, which seems to mean the son of a half-soldier, who let his *famili* pass years in the certainty of his pre-lent death, and then got her to believe, without question, that his disappearance had been only a test of her constancy to his memory. That is hardly one of the ways of the ordinary world. The motive of the novel, namely, the wisdom as well as the prudence of mental honesty as well as of outward honesty—is worthy of all respect, and the style is agreeably simple and plain.

#### THE EVOLUTION OF THE MOTOR-CAR

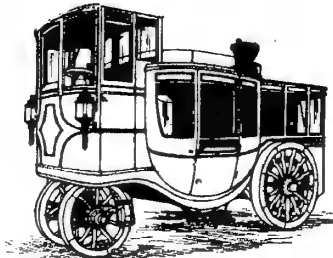
When one opens Mr. Fison Young's new book, "The Complete Motorist," the first impression is not so much of admiration at the efforts of the inventor, who, in the early days of the carriage which moved "lightly," fought valiantly against all the popular prejudice and superstition of their time, as of wonder at the extraordinary progress made by the motor-car during the last few years. One wonders when and where the internal combustion engine, not only as applied to motor cars, is going to end. In "The Complete Motorist," Mr. Fison Young deals with the history of the motor-car from the days of Richard Trevithick and the locomotive, and of Crocley and Hutton. And throughout the whole of this history there is interwoven a strong romantic element that seems to take the edge off his cold

\* "The Complete Motorist," By A. B. Fison Young. (Methuen, 12s. 6d.)

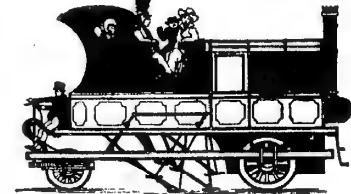
hard facts and figures. All the early attempts at self-propulsion utilised steam as the motive-power. Of the illustrations which we reproduce from "The Complete Motorist," that of David Gordon's carriage is interesting, as showing one of the earliest successful inventions since Telford and Macadam had improved the roads of the country, and had thus rendered feasible travelling by these clumsy vehicles. Gordon's steam carriage was made in 1824, and had legs to assist its propulsion. We are not told how fast it travelled or how long its career lasted. Hancock's steam coach, which was put upon the road in 1833, was a very much more practical machine. Its engine was vertical, with two cylinders, and drove a crank shaft geared to the main axle—not by cog-wheels, but by a chain of improved construction. He built several of these coaches, all differing slightly in design, and he worked a most successful service of cars between the City and Paddington. Randolph's steam carriage of 1872 was a very wonderful-looking contrivance, which was, we are told, the only one of many attempts, which carried the evolution of the motor-car much further than it had been brought by Hancock. Interesting as are the stories of the early attempts at perfection—the old steam coaches, "vast unsightly bodies perched on uncouth frames and monstrous wheels," . . . top-heavy and ill-balanced, grotesque



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THE HAND PULLING THE LEVER  
TO PULL THE COVER DOWN,  
OUTSIDE THE RIM



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From "The Complete Motorist."



STEAM CARRIAGE, BY DAVID GORDON, 1824  
From "The Complete Motorist."

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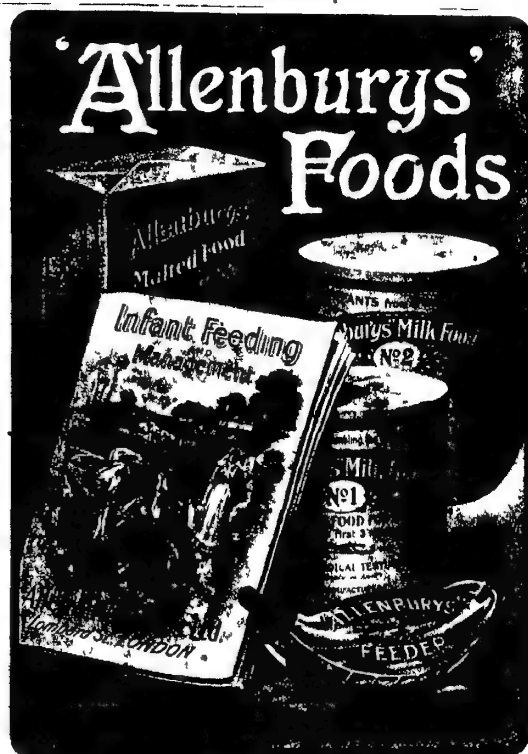
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### "COMING HOME TO ROOST"

Mr. G. Manville Fenn's name on a title-page is sure warrant for a good, healthy, stirring story, without any unbecoming fear of vulgarity—a matter about which, after all, nobody really cares so long as things move smoothly and swiftly enough to prevent notice from being taken of any thin places. "Coming Home to Roost: a Tale of a Welsh Haven" (F. V. White and Co.) is concerned with submarine engineering, and, in particular, with the juncture of a professional diver in his search for an Armistice treasure, plus a rival in love whom jealous passion maddens into a mortal foe. The many characters, Welsh and English, serious and humorous, are outlandish with vigour; and nobody of unspoiled taste has yet been found who likes to lay down a story by Mr. Fenn before reaching the end.

### "THE DUKE'S HEIR"

Miss Annetta Price, English governess at a school in Vienna, with no other or better prospect before her, went out on her cycle for a holiday, and suddenly found that she had ridden straight into the heart of the Middle Ages—not in the sense of visiting some still old-world town, but into the wild life of sovereign Dukes and Princes in far-Eastern Europe as romance might picture it some four hundred years ago. L. A. Tallant tells the story (Harper and Brothers) of hope, after many startling experiences, Annetta became the consort of the splendid young Prince of a happy and adoring people, with all the seriousness of an artist in drama. That a governess even has time or inclination for romantic fancies of her

own, we must not have the impertinence to suppose. But, were such a thing possible, we cannot help thinking that the author of "The Duke's Heir" has very pleasantly and cleverly suggested what sort of fancies they might be.

### "GINEVRA"

Most novelists of any mark have been perceptibly dominated by some one characteristic idea, of which the influence can be traced throughout their work in more or less varied forms. It is this that confers what is vaguely termed the note of distinction; and, in exceptionally happy cases, of originality also. Mr. Charles Marriott's dominating idea seems to be the "throw-back" in a dramatically extreme phase: the appearance under present-day conditions of a man or woman (a woman by preference) who ought to have lived ages ago, perhaps even in those of fable, in order to be in harmony with his or her surroundings. He put out his whole idea in its full strength in "The Column" (it appears with certainly less force, and perhaps less intention, but quite as unmistakably, in his "Genevra" (Methuen and Co.). Genevra Joslin is a lady of the Land's End—Cornwall seems almost a matter of course at present—who, to whatever period she belonged, certainly had little in common with ours. Possibly she is meant to incarnate the Celtic spirit before it became self-conscious and modernised. The descendant of a once famous Cornish family, but the daughter of a yeoman-farmer, she had received from a queer old scholar and cynic, Uter Penrose—the best piece of character in the novel—a sound training in English literature from Chaucer to Fielding, but

no further: she knew Homer by heart, could read French; and she had cultivated for herself, unknown to her teacher, an intimacy with modern poetry which he would have scouted. But, when she made poetry for herself, it was not through imitation. "She went through the history of the race in little. Her earliest poem recalled the cliff drawings of some forgotten people in their crudity, their shocking truth, and almost brutal feeling for comic beauty." "She don't write verse; she bleeds it," said an eminent critic. No wonder that she found herself all at sea when she fell in love with a painter who put "Art" first and nature, apparently, nowhere. Their conflict constitutes the story, which we think will please and interest the reader, on the whole, better than its predecessors.

### "THE PRINCESS PASSES"

"The Princess Passes: a Romance of a Motor," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson (Methuen and Co.) is, as the descriptive part of its title indicates, a very up-to-date romance indeed. Not first the romance is confined to a motor: the best of it is associated with pedestrianism, two donkeys, and a pack-mule: nor can we help a notion that the best of romance will never take quite kindly to machinery. The digression with the natural locomotors, biped and quadruped, during which young Lord Lane mysteriously mistakes a chance-met girl comrade in boy's clothing for a boy, is pretty and pleasant; but the main charm of the book is in its lively and vivid touching pictures of Switzerland and Savoy—mostly familiar ground enough—but it is always the familiar things and places that gain the most when we are brought to see them with fresh eyes.

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# New Lemco Cookery Book

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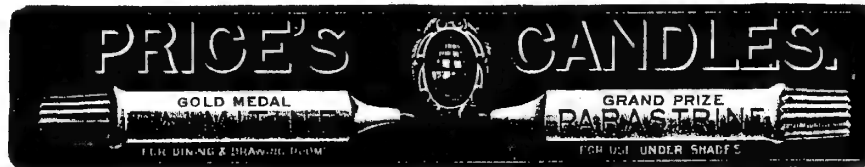
BILLY BLANTINE

## STORING FRUIT

THE GRAPHIC, OCTOBER 1, 1924

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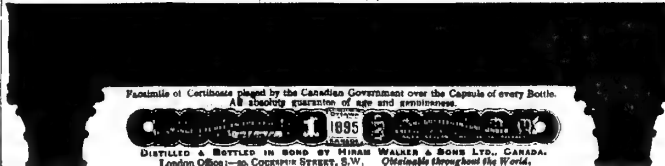
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# THE GRAPHIC

No. 1,819.—Vol. LXX.

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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1819. VOL. LXX.  
Published as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY OCTOBER 3, 1903

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY THE PUBLISHERS



F. VAN DE WALLE, R.A.

The Russian fleet at Port Arthur made a desperate effort to break through Admiral Togo's line on August 27, fighting themselves to be able to join the Vladivostok squadron. The Japanese continued their chase, and a sharp night battle began. From our vantage point, the Russian battleship Rurik gave chase, and a sharp night battle began. From our vantage point, the Russian battleship Rurik gave chase, and a sharp night battle began. From our vantage point, the Russian battleship Rurik gave chase, and a sharp night battle began.

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THE LAST SURRENDER FROM PORT ARTHUR: A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER

## Topics of the Week

The strategists and military experts are not quite clear as to the way in which the new arrangement of the Russian forces in Manchuria is to work, even when some four or five months hence—it comes into operation. One fact, however, is very apparent. The moral effect within the Empire which the creation of a Second Manchurian Army, under General Gripenberg, was intended to produce, has failed lamentably. From the beginning the war was profoundly unpopular in Russia, and day by day it has been watched by the people with deepening discontent. It was consequently necessary for this, among many other reasons, to make an effort which would hold out some prospect of a termination of hostilities within a reasonable period. This end was hoped to be served by the creation of the Second Army, as was made abundantly clear in the Tsar's rescript to General Gripenberg. To-day everybody realises that it is a *coup manqué*. Nothing whatever is changed in the situation, and the prospect of peace on any honourable terms remains as blurred as on the morning of Liaoyang. The idea of the decisive effect of the creation of another Army of 50,000 men was based on that incredible misconception of the resources of Japan and the fundamental conditions of the war which even during the diplomatic negotiations a year ago led the Russians into one fatal blunder after another. The Tsar's rescript to General Gripenberg was responded to with dramatic effect by the Mikado. By an Emergency Ordinance the Conscription Law was amended, and straightway 500,000 enthusiastic Japs, burning to enrol themselves with the national colours, were at the disposal of the recruiting sergeants. Thus the balance is more than retrieved, and an early termination of the war is as much a dream as ever it was. Moreover, the great advantages already enjoyed by Japan are bound to be increased long before the new Manchurian Army can get to work. \*The Japanese will probably be far north of Tieling, if not at Harbin itself, before General Gripenberg's legions can co-operate effectively with General Kuropatkin. If that should be the case, the Russians will be in no very enviable position. They will be dependent for their supplies on the Siberian Railway alone, while Marshal Oyama will be able to draw almost all the food he needs from Manchuria itself. Again, while the Russians will have to bring their reinforcements, guns, and ammunition over some 7,000 miles of railway, the Japanese need only bring theirs over some 1,500 miles of railway and sea communications. What this means need not be incanted. In numbers and in powers of equipment and victualling the Japanese are now, on the new basis, far superior to their adversaries. The quality of their generals and their soldiers also leaves nothing to be desired, and in the matter of financial resources there is no sign of exhaustion in Japan. In these circumstances the prospect of an early triumph for Russia, or, indeed, of a triumph at all, seems scarcely within the field of practical politics.

The death of Sir William Harcourt deprives the Liberal Party of one of the most brilliant leaders they have possessed during the past generation; it deprives the House of Commons of a debater of rare ability, and it deprives the country of the services of a politician who was equally respected by all parties. In more than one sense Sir William Harcourt belonged to a past generation. His style of oratory, whether in Parliament or on the platform, was based rather upon the practice of our countrymen a century ago than upon the less formal habits of the present day. In his opinions, too, Sir William Harcourt was largely out of touch with the current mood of the nation. He accepted neither Tory Democracy nor modern Radicalism. He was essentially an old Whig, and to the day of his death insisted upon the paramount importance of the Whig ideals of peace and economy. These views brought him into conflict both with the Imperialist section of the Liberal Party, and also to some extent with the Labour section. It was only, however, with the former that the struggle had time to declare itself, and there is some reason to believe that the bitterness of the conflict was partly due to personal considerations. Even if it were so, Sir William Harcourt could hardly be blamed. In 1894, when Mr. Gladstone resigned the Premiership, Sir William Harcourt, as his first lieutenant, was fully entitled to expect the reversion of the command. Instead it passed to Lord Rosebery, and though Sir William accepted the situation in silence, his friends did not attempt to disguise the bitterness of his disappointment. That disappointment necessarily embittered

the relations between him and Lord Rosebery, and helped to emphasize the differences between the Imperialist and the Little Englander school of Liberalism. Possibly, if Sir William Harcourt had been spared to enjoy a few years' retirement, he would have had the pleasure of seeing the views he advocated partly justified by experience, for there can be little doubt that in the Liberal Party the costliness of Imperialism has created a reaction in favour of limiting the expenditure of the nation to strictly national ends. Curiously enough, however, Sir William Harcourt's greatest achievement in constructive statesmanship, namely, the introduction of the Death Duties, furnished the means by which his successors in office were able to obtain with comparative ease many millions a year for an Imperial and foreign policy to which he himself was so strongly opposed. But whether his opinions were right or wrong, he was a great parliamentary figure, and his disappearance leaves the political stage appreciably bare.

From a recruiting standpoint, there is no more serious problem than what would be the best method to insure the soldier permanent and fairly lucrative employment after retirement. All experts agree that there would be no lack of recruits of good quality were this object attained. Of ever-increasing importance, therefore, is the problem of the soldier with some technical knowledge by which to earn a living in after life. But it is not so easy to accomplish as to advocate in general terms. Owing to professional exigencies, only a limited time is available for tuition, while the regimental curriculum has necessarily to be confined to a few industries not needing any manufacturing plant for their teaching. For these and other urgent reasons, the private who desires to acquire some handicraft must either take up with tailoring in the regimental workshop, or if his battalion is fortunate enough to be endowed with garden plots, he can make sure of combining pleasant recreation with some little present profit and the means of earning a living when he sinks back into the civilian ranks. The spade labour also hardens his muscles and strengthens his health, while it is well known that the soldier gardener is usually a model of good conduct and a steady depositor in the savings bank. Whatever he produces, whether vegetables, fruit or flowers, meets with ready sale among the married officers, who also, if they have gardens of their own, hire his services as an expert cultivator. Lord Roberts is said to attach very high value to this humble handicraft as a moral agency, and Field-Marshal Evelyn Wood has long shared that opinion. It would be right well, therefore, both as a stimulant to recruiting and for the formation of good habits, if every corps possessed a sort of allotment ground for cultivation by its own members exclusively.

At last the semi-barbarous country lying east of the Transvaal, which the Boer Government so desperately struggled to secure, is to be given a fair chance of proving its intrinsic worth. Up to the present its fate has been to be exploited by white adventurers, who cared absolutely nothing for the development of the unhappy land, their ambition being limited to obtaining valuable concessions for resale. That line of business, now ends, and if the country contains anything like the mineral wealth with which it is credited, the Rand may find a formidable rival close to its own doors eagerly bidding for Kaffir labour. It is more likely, however, that agriculture will form the staple industry, with sea-fishing as a helpline. There is a long stretch of littoral, with one or two promising sites for harbours, and as the warm waters washing the coast teem with edible fish, a steam-trawling company should make good profits, especially if the mineralogists are right in crediting Swaziland with fine coal measures just under the surface. In the interior the climate is reasonably healthy, but the lagoons near the littoral must be shunned by Europeans if they aspire to longevity. It is singular, and not altogether creditable to England, that this highly promising and substantial slice of territory should have been consigned to the cold shade of neglect for such a lengthened period.

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## The Bystander

"Stand by,"—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

Though doubtless there are many who love to take a holiday in the month that has been designated "chill," with the beginning of October the holiday season may be considered at an end.

Farwell, O, farwell to the Holiday Season!  
(You returned the farewell just back from the sea.)  
Has glad to return unto rhyme and to reason!  
In London once more I'm delighted to be!  
And now, when the clock becomes cheerful and crowded,  
When men are returning all heavy and brown;  
Then round with the wagner horses are shod—  
"The dearest delight to get back to town!"  
Farwell, O, farwell, for dear London is pleasant—  
No longer I feel inclination to roam—  
I think, as I sit up the clock hands descend,  
I'm happy, indeed, to be once more at home!

Everyone looks forward with the greatest delight to his annual holiday, but I scarcely imagine it is a period of greater jubilation than the occasion of his return. Then you discover what advantage you considered mere necessities have been transformed into absolute luxuries. It is then you appreciate more than ever your own bedroom, your own tub, your own books, your own easy chair, your own den, and your own friends.

Of course, there are some drawbacks in returning to town. First and foremost among these I would place letters. Letters are always a drawback to peaceful enjoyment, but they are more so than ever when you reach home after a lengthened absence. There are the piles of prospectuses of companies, which go speedily into the fire, there are the heaps of second-hand booksellers' catalogues, which you carefully put aside for future perusal, and there are countless town, country and foreign newspapers, studiously sorted with blue and red pencil. Also you will find full envelopes containing tickets for private views, theatrical entertainments and other shows, many of which are numbered among the events of the past long before you break the seal of the packet. In addition to these you will find a large collection of epistles that have already answered themselves, and a multitude of bills which, unfortunately, will have to be answered in a less pleasant but more substantial fashion. It is said that if you keep all your correspondence for a year, you have no occasion to open it, as by that time all the letters will have answered themselves. This is very likely, but I think it would be a somewhat dangerous experiment to try, as sometimes hurried in the uninteresting heap you might find a communication of the greatest importance.

I knew a case of a man who made it a rule never to open a letter. By this means he gained great peace of mind, but he lost several substantial cheques which he committed to the flames. As a general rule, when you receive a packet of letters in the morning, you can tell all about them by glancing at their exteriors. You can tell which should be opened immediately and which need never be opened at all, you can tell which brings you a remittance and which solicits a loan, which is delightful and which is repulsive, which will bring you joy and which sorrow. I have seen a merry party at a country-house utterly changed by the arrival of the morning's post at breakfast-time. I have heard of a hospitable host who absolutely refused to allow any letters or newspapers to be delivered till after breakfast. No doubt he was perfectly right. Letters and journals should form no part of the matrimonial meal. The combination of obscure calligraphy and omelette, of clipped and correspondence, of peached eggs and paragraphs, of buttered toast and banality, of kidgee and criticism, of lamb chops and leading articles, of broiled ham and laid news is distinctly a mistake. It is because we persist in this silly custom that we find nearly everybody's digestion is out of order in the present day. I should very much like to hear the opinion of the *Lancet* on this matter.

When the autumnal show of berries is plentiful, we may, according to popular tradition, expect a hard winter. If there is anything in this belief, the prospects for December, January and February are anything but encouraging. For never do I recollect seeing such a brilliant display of berries as may be seen in the country just at the present time. This, combined with the autumnal foliage, which is daily becoming more beautiful, invests with an unusual splendour the hedges and the fields. It is surprising to me that these berries are not more extensively used for ornament. This year they are in such magnificent profusion that it would probably be worth while to have a quantity brought up to town to be used for the dinner-table and other decorative purposes. The preservation by these berries of a certain amount of permanence renders them especially valuable in the direction in hinted. Now the farmers are complaining so much I venture to suggest the above as a new source of income.

The other day I congratulated myself and everybody else on the disappearance from society of "the brilliant conversationalist." It would seem, however, according to the papers, that my congratulations were somewhat premature, and that at any rate in the clubs belonging to the Superior Sex the irrepressible talker is by no means extinct. It is not often you hear the fair sex take exception to talk, but when everybody chatters at once, the energetic cannot get a word in edgeways, will naturally complain of unworldly garrulity, and those in search of peace and quietness will sigh for a room where the rule of silence shall be perpetually maintained. It is said that a club is about to be started where members may enjoy the cessation of crossfiring cackle and obnoxious "the brilliant conversationalist" is especially encouraged. A good title for the latter might be "The Chatterbox," or what do you say to "The Magpie"?

# The Theatres

## HIS HIGHNESS MY HUSBAND AT THE COMEDY

The new venture at the Comedy Theatre is a highly ingenious adaptation made by Mr. William Boosey from the French of "Xanrof and Chancel." It is a delightful compound of farce, comedy and sentiment, with, on one occasion, almost a dash of tragedy. It is charmingly staged and admirably acted and there is no reason why it should not enjoy a long and successful run. Briefly it is a problem play treated in a farcical spirit. In the original French it would unquestionably have shocked our Lord Chamberlain, but Mr. Boosey has neatly eliminated the risky element so that only the funniest and harmless trifles of it remain, and thus without spoiling the humour of the play, which is as such to his credit as it is unusual. The heroine is the young Queen of Corsica, who when she decides to marry for reasons of state, makes a love match with Prince Cyril, son of the despotic courtly ex King of Ingra—a monarch modelled as plainly on one well known figure in modern history as the Queen is modelled on another. All is well for a brief time and then the spirited young husband finds how intolerable is the position of a Prince Consort. He is a capable, a walking gentleman, and a walking gentleman who always has to walk behind. The young Queen is independent and high spirited and much though she loves her husband, she has no intention of foregoing any of her authority. It is only when the Prince reveals, and decides to go away, that she realises how degrading is his position and there is a very serious dramatic scene as he is forced to face, in the face of the high spirited young people, the people of the court, and neither will give way. Left alone the Queen soon sees the point of view. She re-arranges the country's constitution to the benefit of her husband and gives her consent to an equal view with herself in affairs of State and as we are given to understand that very shortly the succession will be assured her majesty promises to resign in the Corsican Court. In real life it is to be feared the constitutions of states may not be thus hurriedly revised to smooth domestic complications, and the lot of royal consorts is still likely to be bedged around with difficulties. Miss Miriam Clements makes a charming Queen and Mr. Leonard Boyne, though a trifle heavy as the Prince is dignified and gives a performance full of character and strength. Miss Louise Vane at the Queen's side is a sprightly lady anxious to secure a fourth husband—keeps the house in excellent humour all the while she is on the stage. But the most finished performance of all is Mr. Eric Lewis's ex King of Ingra a monarch who is anxious about securing an adequate allowance from the royal house into which his son has married, whose type to Paris are so frequent as to be painful and free as almost to amount to a scandal and who only uses the palace as a hotel. His is a most finished effective little study, delightful in every detail.

Of Mrs. Brown Potter's ill starred venture at the SAVOY it is unnecessary to say much now. No amount of preliminary puffing, or details with regard to the number of yards of gauze in emotional dresses can quite compensate for lack of drama in a play or veil its puerilities. Children in conception childlike in the writing. *The Golden Light* was extinguished by derision. The play was to see one or two good actors labouring with its facilities.

*Merely Mary Ann* has become a pronounced success at the DUKE OF YORK'S, and the delightful impersonation of Miss Eleanor Robson is charming all London. We have so few clever young actresses in this country that this could with that Miss Robson was going to appear in some other character before she returns to America. Mr. Charles Cartwright, who is far too seldom seen in London now, has relinquished his part of the German music publisher Brahms, Mr. E. Dagnall taking his place.

Mr. Pinero's new play will be produced by Messrs. Froman and Chudleigh at WYNDHAM'S next Wednesday week. It is called as previously stated *A Wife Without a Smile*. It is a humorous play in the author's *Magnificent* and *Dandy Dick* vein. The action takes place by the riveride, and in and around a boat house.

*The Duke of Althorpe* has found its way back to the CRITICION once more now that *Winnifred* has gone on tour, and is still pursuing its merry course after nine months of uninterrupted success. The cast remains practically the same, except that Miss Marie Illington has left to take up a part in Mr. Pinero's play mentioned above.

The new Tottenham Court Road Theatre which has risen on the ruins of the famous home of the Bancrofts is being built by Dr. Diah Madick as an investment according to the *Pull Mail Gazette*. It has been suggested that it should be given the name of the QUEEN'S Theatre, thus being the name of the old theatre originally before the Bancrofts resumed it the PRINCE OF WALES.

The Royal Italian Opera at HERIQUA'S, Argyl Street under the spirited management of Mr. Horace Livermore and Signor H. Volpi is admirably sustaining the old tradition of the place. There is a marvellous company of cleverly trained artists who display singing intelligence, and some of them even give very creditable performances in little plays. A monkey called "Fasolin" does a "turn" on the flying trapeze which is really quite marvellous. The programme is bright and bustling from start to finish.

The ninth season of fancy dress balls at COVENT GARDEN opened last week, under the management of Messrs. Frank Randle and Neil Forsyth, and the floor of the house was again filled with a throng of prettily attired dancers. An elaborate Dan Grey's orchestra furnished the music; the players were seated in a handily arranged balcony brilliantly illuminated with electric light. There was the usual valuable list of prizes, the first being a diamond and opal crescent.

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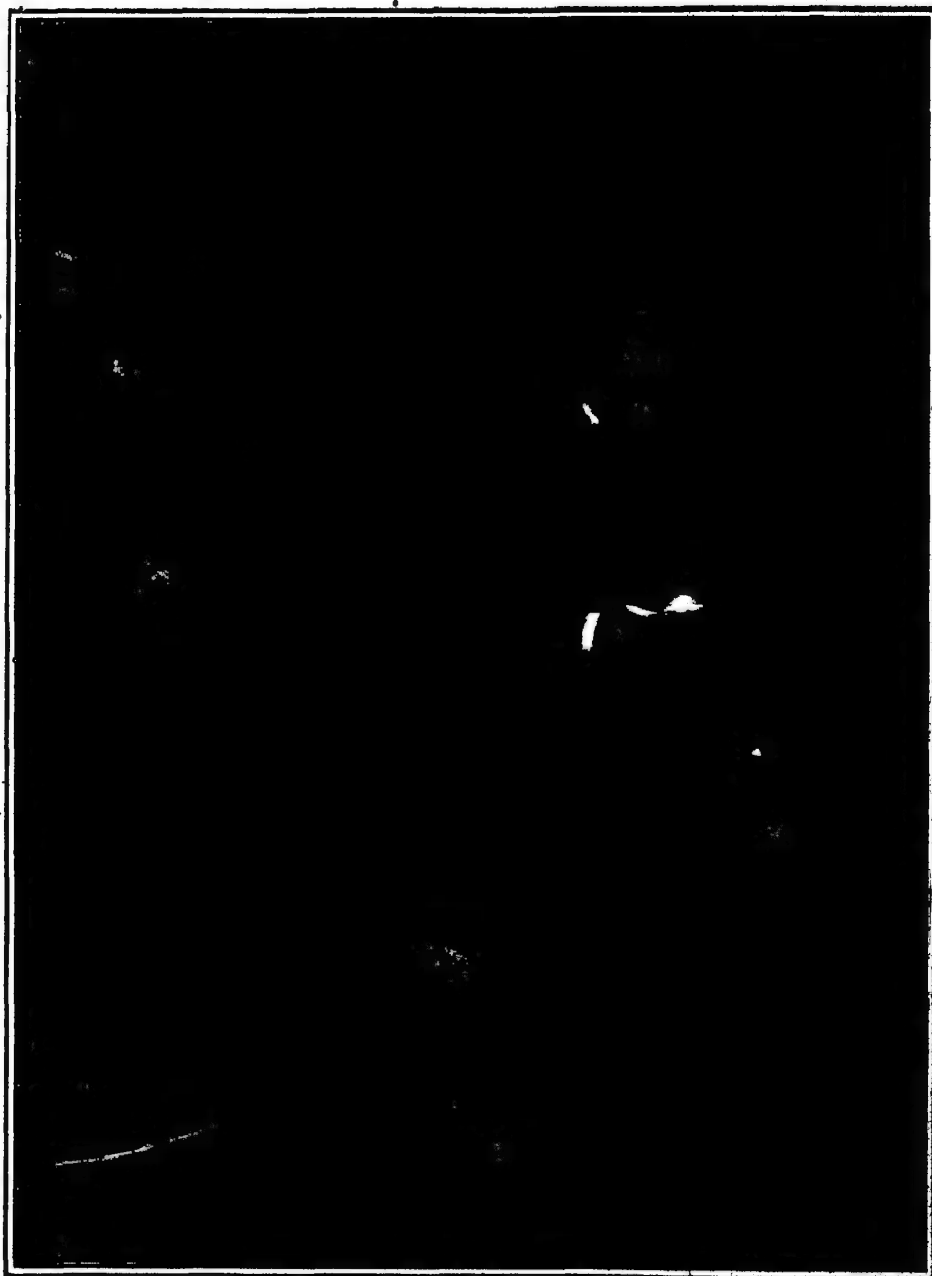
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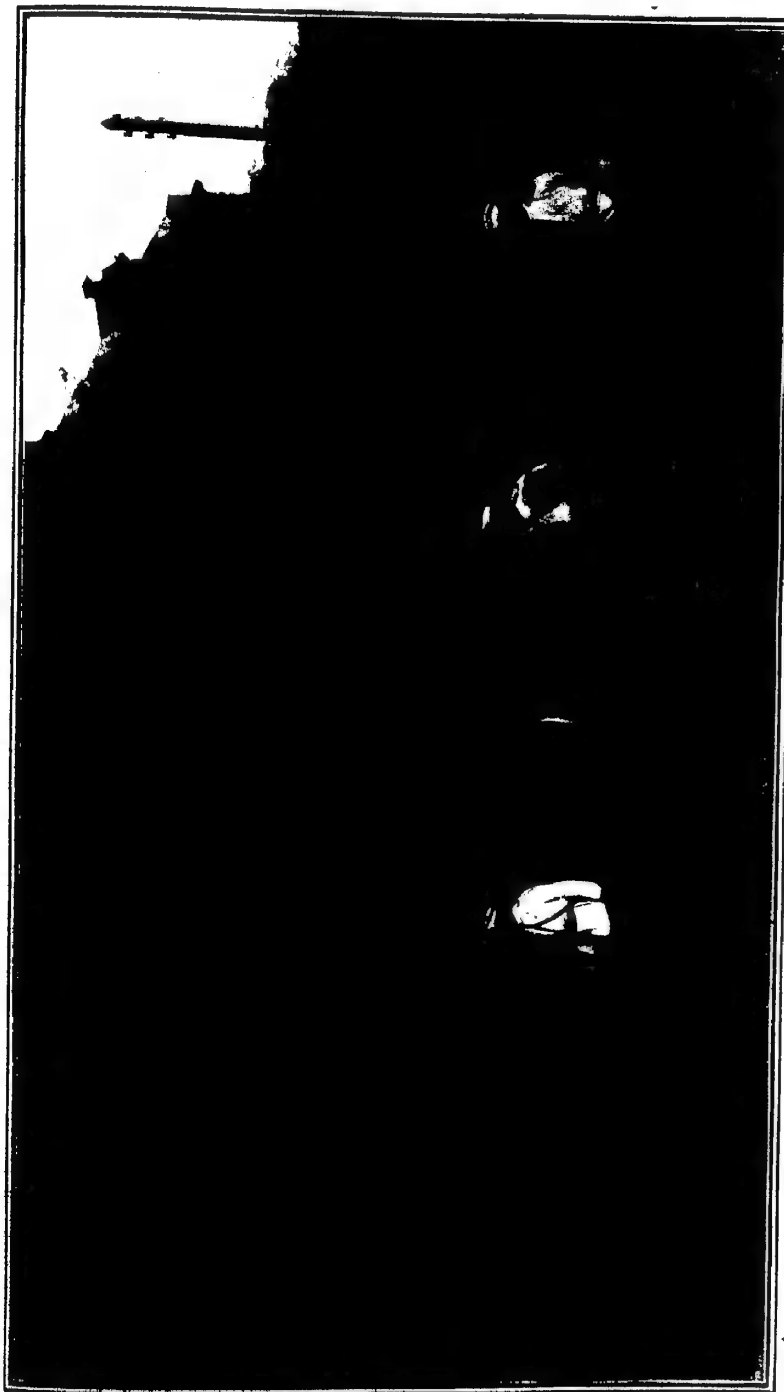
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Mr. William Harcourt, who had been unable to take part in the Debates of the House of Commons, spoke last May on the reading of the Finance Bill with his accustomed force. He was heard with great interest, since even if that were not his farewell speech, it was, at any rate, known to be the last time he would intervene in a Budget Debate.

**THE LATE SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT: HIS LAST WORDS IN A BUDGET DEBATE**

A SKETCH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS BY SYDNEY P. WALL, M.P.



RESERVE MOBILISATION IN ODESA: UNWILLING RESERVISTS BEING BROUGHT UP

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

## Sir William Harcourt.

Though a Radical in politics the late Sir William Harcourt was undoubtedly influenced throughout his life by the strong traditions of his aristocratic birth. It used to be alleged that he was fond of boasting that he could trace his descent in unbroken line from the Plantagenet Kings of England, and I am sure he was never tired of contrasting his political Radicalism with his Plantagenet descent. There is no need, however, to go back so far as the Plantagenets to find an explanation of Sir William Harcourt's aristocratic leanings. His grandfather was Archbishop of York, and owed his position not a little to his birth. His father was a Canon of York, and both father and grandfather were connected by marriage with the leading Whig families of England. It would, therefore, have been somewhat surprising if Sir William Harcourt had been entirely free from the aristocratic traditions upon which Whiggism at one time largely relied for its strength. On the other hand, it cannot be said that he personally owed much to his family connections. He made his way in the political world entirely by his own exertions. Starting life as a barrister, he achieved considerable success at the Bar, and speedily drifted into politics. His first real claim to public recognition was the work he did in connection with the American War of Secession. During that war many prominent English politicians were eager to recognise the belligerent character of the Southern States. The sympathies of English society were, in fact, largely with the South, and any measure which would have helped the South in its struggle would certainly have been popular with the influential classes. While the controversy with regard to the question of belligerent right was at its height, Sir William Harcourt stepped into the arena, and, over the pseudonym of "Historicus," wrote a series of brilliant letters to the *Times*, urging that no friendly nation had a right to recognise as an independent country a part of a nation that was in revolt, until the revolt had been crowned with complete success. The admirable language in which these letters were expressed, and the cogency of their reasoning, at once won for their author a high reputation. He received as a first reward an appointment to the Professorship of International Law at Cambridge University. Later, when he was called to enter the House of Commons, he found that he was received as one whose reputation was already fairly made.

The ability which he had shown in his letters was displayed also in his speeches, and very quickly the House of Commons came to recognise in him one of the best fighters and hardest hitters in the House. He was also, during the whole of his Parliamentary career, one of the best of party men. Whatever might be the subject under debate, Sir William Harcourt was always able to give a party turn to the discussion in the hope of discrediting his opponents. The truth is that he enjoyed fighting for fighting's sake, and a House of Commons in which all members were philosophically considering what would be best for the country as a whole would have had no attraction for the great "Liberal slogger." At the same time, in cases where no party issue could by any means be involved, Sir William had no hesitation in speaking against members of his own party, if he happened to differ from them. This was notoriously the case when Mr. Gladstone championed the cause of the Ritualists and opposed Mr. Disraeli's Bill for checking Ritualist excesses. On this occasion Sir William Harcourt, who sincerely believed in the Protestant character of the Church of England and in the necessity of maintaining the supremacy of the State, bitterly attacked Mr. Gladstone, and incidentally belauded Mr. Disraeli.



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT  
From a Photograph by R. J. W. Haines.



THE ARRIVAL OF KING CHRISTIAN AT THE CHURCH

When the great disruption of the Liberal Party occurred in 1886 Sir William Harcourt, after some weeks of hesitation, finally decided to throw in his lot with Mr. Gladstone, and served him faithfully to the end of his life. Whether he really cared for Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy is another matter. At any rate there is nothing in his speeches to convey the idea that he ever regarded the policy of Home Rule with much enthusiasm. Unfortunately, Sir William Harcourt's somewhat bitter tongue was apt to estrange political friends, and it is fair to assume that it was partly on this account that he was deprived of the Premiership when Mr. Gladstone retired. In face of that disappointment no one could have blamed him if he had decided to throw up the game and sink in his tent. Instead, he accepted service under Lord Rosebery, and though the relations between the two could by no stretch of language be called friendly, yet Sir William honestly did his work in the House of Commons, and rendered invaluable service to his party at a most dangerous crisis. He also rendered a service to the country, for which succeeding Chancellors of the Exchequer can hardly be too grateful. In spite of official hesitation, and of doubt within the Cabinet itself, he carried through Parliament a far-reaching measure for the radical reform of the Death Duties. The very greatest credit was due to him for the skill with which he piloted the Bill through the House of Commons in face of persistent and even bitter opposition from the critics of the Government. In this matter, happily, he lived long enough to see his work fully justified, for though the Tories had denounced his reform as revolutionary and immoral, they made no attempt to undo his work when they came into power, but instead, accepted with gratitude the huge revenue which he had secured for the nation. Now that he is gone Tories and Liberals alike will look back with regret upon the agonious days when he shone in Parliament. There was a vigour about his methods which contrasts favourably from the fighting point of view with the milder tone that now prevails in political warfare, and yet, in spite of his hard hitting and of his bitter tongue, Sir William Harcourt never forgot the limits of honourable controversy and always upheld the dignity of the great assembly which honoured him and which he honoured.

## Our Supplement

The two coloured pages which form our supplement this week deal with the training of cavalry on Salisbury Plain. Since the late war there has been much discussion over the duties of cavalry in the future. On the one side are those who believe that cavalry should be trained rather as mounted infantry than for any other purpose. Shock tactics belong to the past, they tell us, and never more shall we hear of a cavalry charge in battle. The lance, which used to be the weapon not only for Lancers but for the front rank of Dragoon Guards and Dragoons, has been abolished as a weapon on active service. But there are not wanting many competent military men who tell us that too much is being made of the experience of the South African War, where conditions were exceptional. On one point all will be agreed, that a cavalry brigade manoeuvring is a most inspiring sight. Red-coated Dragoon and Dragoon Guards, blue-coated Hussars, mounted on beautiful horses, which know their business as well as their riders, make a brilliant spectacle, even when they are marching in foot pace; and when they charge, the onlooker cannot help feeling a wild enthusiasm.



THE LIVING IN STATE

Since the death of Queen Louise, just six years ago, Copenhagen has never been in such a complete mourning as it was on the day of Professor Finckh's funeral. The whole two miles traversed by the procession was lined with respectful, silent crowds. The ceremony took place in the Marble Church. The service was



THE PROCESSION LEAVING THE CHURCH

attended by King Christian, King George of Greece, Queen Alexandra, and all the other Reginists now in Copenhagen. A deep inspiration was made when some 500 persons, who had been named of record by the late Professor, took their seats among the mourners. Our photographs are by Peter Knud, Copenhagen.

HONoured AND MOuRNEd BY KINGS AND QUEENS: THE FUNERAL OF PROFESSOR FINCKH, AT COPENHAGEN



# "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

Lady Currie's delightfully discursive article in the *Nineteenth Century* about remarkable people opens a wide field for the student of sociology. It is certainly true that nearly all remarkable people differ in appearance from the ordinary crowd. Sometimes, it may be, their dress is peculiar, a dress which emphasises their opinions or their habits, like that of Lord Beaconsfield in his young days, or Carlyle and Tennyson in their old age; sometimes it is their stature or their vivacity or their energy, but, generally, the special point of difference between unimportant and remarkable people lies in their eyes, in the clear, steady, piercing gaze which is able to subdue or terrify the beholder. Sir Richard Burton's look could never be forgotten, neither, I imagine, could Napoleon's or Victor Hugo's, or that of any other great man. The eye is the window of the brain, and through it shines the intelligence. Even ugly women of intellect have had fine eyes. George Eliot, Madame de Staël, Mrs. Browning, Madame George Sand possessed beautiful eyes. No silly person ever has expressive eyes.

The announcement that Lord Bute has taken a new house in Edinburgh and intends to reside there for some portion of the year, sets one wondering why Edinburgh, the queen of cities, the Athens of the North, a bright, picturesque, cleanly town, should no longer be the abode of the nobility and gentry as in the early days of the nineteenth century. It was then a centre of gaiety and of intellectual life, and nearly all the leading families of Scotland possessed a town house in Edinburgh. The fashion could easily be set again, and some of the glories of the famous town might be revived. The houses in Edinburgh are large and commodious, and would lend themselves to entertaining, while the railway service to all parts of Scotland and England is excellent. Men of science and artists already make Edinburgh their home. Why should not the aristocracy and the county families do so also?

In these days of scanty hair and imminent baldness, it is interesting to note why some women keep their *chevelure* luxuriant and silky into middle age. Two ladies I know who have beautiful heads of hair tell me they attribute the glory of their hair to a habit of great cleanliness, daily and regular brushing, and to the fact of never washing the hair with water, but only with spirit. Italian and Spanish women, whose hair is magnificent, use a great deal of oil, but never shampoo their heads. Englishmen, on the contrary, are always washing their heads, and are blessed with only a scanty crop of hair. My two friends in question possess naturally waving hair, and have never used trons or any artificial addition to their locks. Probably themselves find the explanation. Hair was never meant to be crimped and curled and tortured and twisted out of all semblance of nature. Hairpins, curling-irons, heavy hairs, and the barber have done their best to destroy nature's handiwork, until a generation of men and women has arisen which owes its beauty entirely to the hairdresser's art. The result is that men are bald, but women appear to possess lovely hair in abundance. Notwithstanding, the Press teems with advertisements of nostrums for promoting the growth of hair.

Every day some new faddist arises who preaches a fresh doctrine and obtains enthusiastic followers. "The simple life" has its votaries, and to the ordinary mind its enticement would appear entirely admissible. Yet even the simple life in its very simplicity runs riot. Pictures are condemned as trash, they are ruthlessly to be torn down from the walls of dwelling-houses and cast to the dogs. Can this be a reminiscence of Mahomet's discourse to the faithful when he says, "The angels



This Chinese official has been commended to proceed to Tibet to investigate and manage affairs. Tang Shaoqi was educated at Yale University, and was formerly Secretary to Yuan Shih-kai in Korea.

APPOINTED BY CHINA TO TIBET TANG SHAOKI THE TAO-TAI OF TUN-KING

do not enter a house where there is a dog, nor that in which there are pictures," and announces that "Every painter is in hell fire, and God will appoint a person in the day of Resurrection to punish him for every picture he shall have drawn." Otherwise one would have thought pictures harmless things enough, even in the simple life.

Ladies' grammar has never been considered their strong point and Mr. Tang falls foul of some of us in a recent article of his. But is grammar the strong point of anyone nowadays? Are our letters well expressed? Is our conversation intellectual? Do we care for

metres of language and elegant expression? The very word elegant is English or American slang. Compare the fluent grammatical speech of the ordinary Frenchman with the capricious letter of a tradesman or clerk in France, with that of his fellow in England and you will at once note the difference. The French female cook or chambermaid writes in the style of Madame de Sevigne and gave the final parting respectfully. The English servant writes no better than her mistress, and I have almost forgotten the purity of diction of the Elizabethan literature. Our talk now is a hybrid of slang and common words, and as the elegance of the style is greatly by the richness of his vocabulary, so the quality of a woman is known by the purity of the words she uses and their constant repetition. Let your thoughts, said a wise bishop, govern your language, and not your language govern your thoughts. Tell us the captain has been in the fact that we don't think.

Ladies have taken to swimming, like ducks to water, and enjoy it with pleasure right merrily in the popular element. Only recently an extraordinary woman gave us two or three baths, when the ladies were swimming. She swam their process. One of the most amusing facts was that of a lady, possibly doing a bit in which she might swimmer, in the real time when the swimmer changed places, no eyes were there. Other of them included a common rule, when the competitor reached out of the tub, heaved themselves and relinquished to the waiting post. All these athletic exercises combine amusement with health, and it is not fair to make women's different and happy as well as older with it, and the mothers in the fact.

It is not often one sees the heir of a family so fully as Lady Henri in town society, wedding, where the lively grandeur of the Bath Harcourt family, then other Lady Verulam, and the bride presented three generations of good looks. A happy and in a certain sense was the mother of the bride, and in for her share of a banquet also.

Princess Christian and her laughter have been smiling, since she made famous by the floor war. They have been to Duke of Edinburgh and Colonel and went out to Hills Hill to see the monument to Lord Roberts and the other victims of the Boer. Princesses were most enthusiastic in control, and no little anxiety was caused by Princess Christian having a nasty fall when leaving the railway station at Quilms.

She caught her foot on a step, and was badly shaken, though happily she escaped harm.

The Princess of Albany has given up her intended visit to Spain in Germany, and will remain at Clarence to be married to her daughter, Princess Alexander of Teck. The Prince and Princess have been visiting with the Duke and are now preparing to visit into their quarters in Henry III's Tower, Windsor Castle.

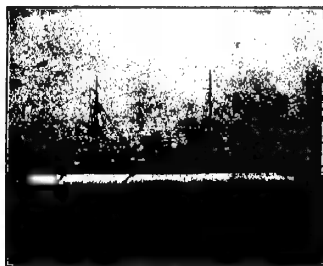
The King of Portugal is no stranger to London, so he will be the more heartily welcomed when he comes with the Queen about the middle of next month to stay with the King and Queen. King Carlos has not forgotten that King Edward's first visit to a foreign court after his accession was paid to Portugal, the Majesty alluding to this circumstance when receiving the Queen. This incident is going to be repeated. Probably the King of Portugal will come to Paris to visit the Queen Maria Pia and Regent of Greece. Prince Louis, the only son of the King, is going to visit his neighbours, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. He will go first to Stockholm, then to Copenhagen, and then to Stockholm. He will go first to Stockholm, then to Copenhagen, and then to Stockholm.

Seeing that the very next is about the King, who has been seriously ill with a bronchial difficulty. His Majesty is now better, and is now in a more cheerful mood. He has been very strong, and is now in a more cheerful mood.

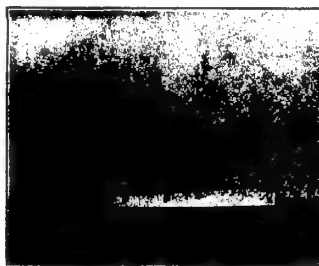


LADY GUBSON IN THE VICEROYAL STATE BARON ON THE RIVER JILUO

From a photograph by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York



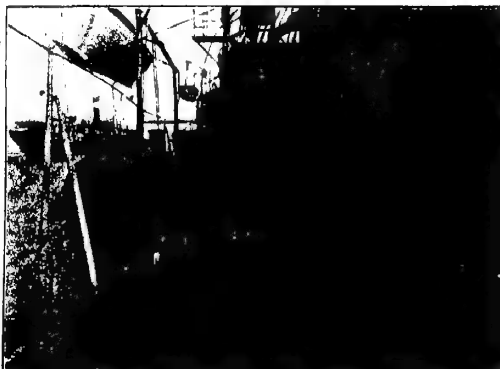
THE PROTECTED CRUISER OLYMPIA (FLAGSHIP)



THE CRUISER CLEVELAND



THE CRUISER DES MOINES



LIEUTENANT COMMANDER L. S. VAN DUSE AND OFFICERS OF THE OLYMPIA



A GUARD OF MARINES ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE OLYMPIA



A CREW OF MARINES WORKING A 6-POUNDER GUN ON BOARD THE OLYMPIA



LOADING A 6-INCH GUN ON THE GUN-DECK OF THE OLYMPIA

## THE VISIT OF AN AMERICAN SQUADRON TO THE THAMES

From Photographs by Gale and Polden, Limited.

Gravesend has been enjoying the pleasure of extending a welcome to three American warships—the Olympia, the Des Moines and the Cleveland. Immediately after anchoring, the vessels fired a salute of twenty-one guns, which was answered by Tilbury Fort. Later in the day the Mayor of Gravesend, accompanied by members of the Corporation, paid an official visit to the Olympia and extended a hearty welcome to Admiral Powell and the officers of the three ships. Much interest has been taken in the ships, especially in the Olympia, which is famous as being the flagship of Admiral Dewey in the battle of Manila. It was on May Day, 1898, that it will be remembered, that Admiral Dewey destroyed the Spanish Fleet. Admiral Montijo's vessels lay within Manila Harbour, the entrance to which was said to have been extensively mined.

Admiral Dewey, however, entered the Bay by moonlight in the early morning, and passed mines and forts without challenge. The Spanish fleet lay under the forts of Cavite, and the American warships, steaming in single file, poured in a steady shower of shot and shell. The destruction was so complete that by breakfast-time nothing remained of the Spanish ships but the battered hulls. The Spanish fire was so ineffective that there was not a single life lost among the Americans. There were terrible losses among the Spaniards, who fought with conspicuous bravery, and rather than let themselves be captured, blew up their ships or ran them ashore. As a consequence Cavite surrendered. On the quarter-deck of the Olympia there is a small brass plate inscribed with the words "Manila Bay, May 1, 1898." There is also a bas-relief in bronze

mounted between two of the 8-inch guns commemorating the famous battle. The Olympia is a protected cruiser of 5,870 tons displacement. She was built at San Francisco in 1892. Her dimensions are:—Length 340 feet and beam 53 feet 1 inch. She carries four 8-inch guns, ten 5-inch quick-firers, fourteen 6-pounders, seventeen 1-pounders, two machine guns, and one light gun. Her speed is estimated at 21½ knots. The other two cruisers, the Cleveland and the Des Moines, have displacements of 3,200, and were built in 1901. Their speed is set down at 16½ knots, and they each carry ten 5-inch quick-firers, eight 6-pounders, two 1-pounders, four machine guns, and one light gun. The Olympia is having new condenser tubes fitted, and will stay another fortnight, but the other two cruisers are expected to leave at the end of this week.



"Once more the man of slow mind deliberated. 'Maybe about twelve, maybe not,' he said at last; and after a further pause: 'Twas to pick up a girl that was drooned o'; to see with the eye.'"

## CHAPTER XVII.

## SIR PIER AT BAY

What he had hitherto kept from the mother, Faversham must now set before her. He felt the necessity of this as he drove back in Mayden, and his courage failed before the work. To phrase what he feared in his own heart was sufficient misery to a young man of his sensitive imagination, while to explain it, as he felt he should

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have to explain it to Mrs. Garraway, in broad and bald words, was a more dreadful undertaking. Not was he mistaken as to the magnitude of his task. "Twas a girl of about four her daughter, flew to her by robbers, but had escaped, owing to the arrival on the scene of a second chaise. He added slowly that he had traced her so far, and that there she had vanished. She had been put into the other chaise but swoon, and had been driven off.

At this point the lady broke out,

"Did I not say so?" she cried. "She is murdered, dear heart! 'Twas an accomplice in the chaise, and no other. I wonder that you can be so simple, Mr. Faversham, as not to see it."

"'Twas no accomplice," said Gilbert, bluntly. "'Twas a rescue. For the gentleman in the chaise was," he paused—"Sir Piers Blakenham," he said deliberately.

Mrs. Garraway started up. "Sir Piers!" she cried joyfully. "Oh, did Sir Piers rescue my child? How delightful! How amazingly romantic! What an odd and happy meeting! Dear Gilbert, see how Heaven shines



have stolen her from her home, and robbed her of—God knows." He broke down on the end. Sir Piers's front showed no change.

"You will permit me to say, Mr. Faversham, that you are a very astonishing young man," he said, "and somewhat of a nuisance. But in a moment I can excuse your insolence, if there is any truth in what you say. Let us come to facts, which concern me, indeed, more than you. Is Miss Garraway not returned to Meyden?"

"You know it," blurted forth Faversham.

Sir Piers's deprecating gesture was inimitable; it was completely expressive simultaneously of his powerlessness to prevent this headstrong folly and his reluctance to visit it with its proper penalty.

"Then," said he, "with your leave I will make my own preparations to go back to Hampshire. You concern me; you frighten me."

He rose as he spoke and rang the bell, and to the servant who appeared gave his orders.

"Have a bag packed and let the chaise be ready by eight o'clock," he commanded; and to Faversham, "I'll remember aught there is a jacket for Lymington about ten. We may catch that."

It must be confessed that Faversham was greatly nonplussed by this attitude, and he began to throw over all his convictions—those convictions which had strengthened during the last twenty-four hours, and which had called upon him as a saviour in the name of love. He wavered. Was this the air of a guilty man? But he made one protest, sullen and resolute, against his growing doubts.

"You brought her here," he said. "You were seen to land with her. There is no possibility of wriggling from that fact."

"I came here, Mr. Faversham," thundered Sir Piers with his black look upon him, "with an unhappy girl whom by good luck I saved from drowning on my way to my seat here."

"You have a wonderful knack in rescuing young ladies," sneered the Lieutenant.

Sir Piers cooled instantly.

"Mr. Faversham, I understand you to be of reputable family, and I was led to believe you a young man of parts who might"—he paused—"make his mark in the army. It seems, however, that

madness has seized on you, and not only induced you to desert from your country's arms at a critical moment—for I can conceive no other explanation of your presence here—but also to fling wild charges in my face. I conceive that this wildness may have come to you under the stress of an insane jealousy, for which you should be whipped like any schoolboy. But I will not deal with you so. You shall be taught the lesson of self-restraint and the evils of self-esteem in another way. You shall be sent to a lunatic asylum."

"If you will remember you did so upon a previous occasion."



PRINCE SVYATOSLAV MINSKI  
The new Russian Minister of the Interior.

But for all his display of passion, he felt troubled and doubtful and sore.

Sir Piers sighed gently.

"Really, Lieutenant, if I may still call you so, you are impossible," he said wearily, "for if you will remember the postponement of that meeting discovered to you how unnecessary it was. Let me suggest to you that possibly in this case also you may be proceeding on an erroneous assumption. I am no blood-cater, though I believe I have had that reputation in some quarters; but it is my best proof that instead of riddling the earth forthwith of a meddlesome, stupid fellow, I am at all this trouble of explanation."

Faversham stood stashed and silent, drops of distrust

were in his mind and a sense of shame. He could not accept this man's statement, this man whom he instinctively hated; and yet—he could not deny the plausibility of the arguments, which, if they were true, would make him out more than a fool, a blunderer, and the author of scandal. Vaguely, he tried to recall the thread by which he had reached his conclusion, but his mind was full of excitement and confusion. Who's to catch that? He tried to recall the thread by which he had reached his conclusion, but his mind was full of excitement and confusion. Who's to catch that? He tried to recall the thread by which he had reached his conclusion, but his mind was full of excitement and confusion. Who's to catch that?

"And now, Mr. Faversham, if you are content, I will ask you to leave me, as I have many matters to attend to ere I go. I will not offer you a seat in my chaise, as I feel that it would be a mockery in the circumstances. I trust we shall meet more conveniently when we meet next, which, I suppose, will be in the company of friends."

He bowed profoundly as he finished, and perforce Gilbert returned his bow, and turned away.

"I will hold you to your word," he said, bitterly.

"I will wait for you."

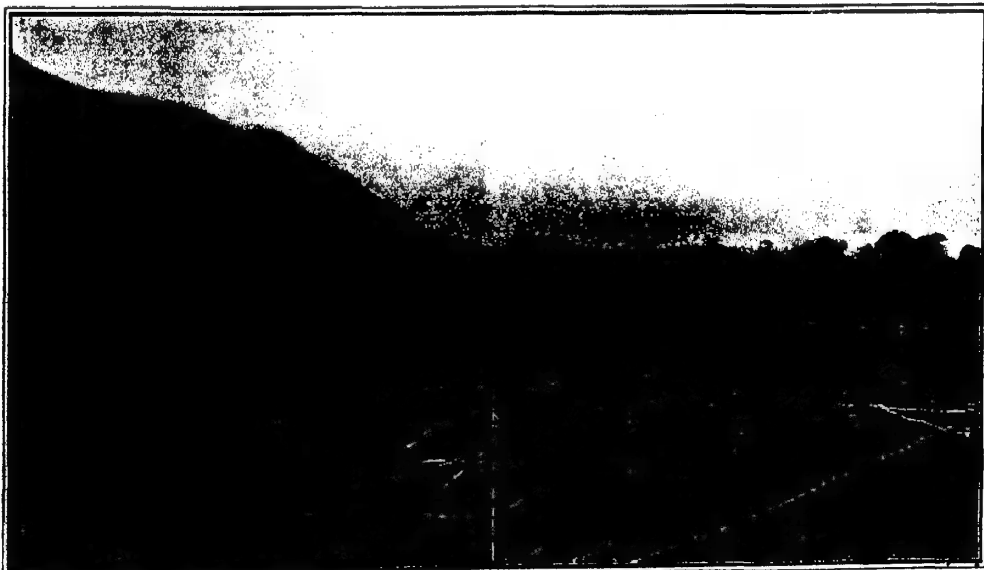
Outside he emerged into the glooming, which was deep between the lines. The house was fading slowly into the night, and up in the square tower upon the seaward side burned a light in the windows. He noticed it without attention, not guessing who sat there, nor how near was the object of his search. He passed into the lane, and retraced his way miserably to the inn.

(To be continued)

### M. de Plehve's Successor

General Prince Peter Dmitriyevich Svyatopolk-Mirski has been appointed to succeed the late M. de Plehve as Russian Minister of the Interior. He was born in 1859, and, after being educated in the Corps of Pages, received in 1875 a commission as cornet of Hussars. In 1897 he was specially placed at the disposal of the Commander of the Caucasian Army, and took an active part in the Russo-Turkish War up to the Asiatic side. During the assaults on the Turkish fortress at

Kars he especially distinguished himself. In 1891 the Assembly of Nobles of the Province of Kharkoff elected him Marshal of the Order. Two years later he was appointed, with the rank of major-general, to the Governorship of Prussia, and in 1897 to that of Ekaterinodar. As an administrator he revealed remarkable talents, and in 1900 the Tsar summoned him to St. Petersburg, and appointed him Assistant Minister of the Interior and Chief of the Corps of Gendarmes. A year later he was promoted a lieutenant-general. In 1902 the important post of Governor-General of the North-Western Provinces—Wilna, Kovno, and Grodno—was conferred upon him. A short time since he was gazetted as Chief Aide-de-Camp to the Tsar, a preliminary to his present high appointment.



Darkened wire entanglements are largely necessary in fortification schemes that, in the Swiss manner, the men were set to work to make an entanglement in front of trenches. The wire has been called the Swiss of Europe. They have no real standing army, but have instead what is practically a militia, in

which liability to serve is twelve years. In the active army, twelve in the field, and six in the Landwehr. Our illustration is from a photograph by Anton Krenn, Zurich.

THE SWISS ARMY MANOEUVRES: A BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENT.



HOW THE BAGGAGE WAS CARRIED OVER A STEEP FAN



THE ANNUAL DANCE TO CELEBRATE THE VICTORY OVER THE KING OF DEMORSE

DRAWN BY FRANK GILBERT

FROM MEMOIRS BY A TIBETAN OFFICER OF HONOR

Moving camp from place to place is no easy matter in Tibet when there are heights of 15,000 feet to be surmounted. The transport of an officer's baggage is no elaborate business. The officer, arrived with a pick, leads the way, followed by an orderly and a servant carrying a gun. Then come a number of men carrying water, kitchen box, bath, etc., and the rear is brought up by a man driving the mule train. At Replang our correspondent witnessed the annual Dances. The play, of which the dance is a part, is in five acts. It depends on the following story:—Lunga Dharma, King of Tibet, lived at Lhasa, and harassed the Buddhists in every possible way; and a certain monk, being dismissed from the monastery, vowed vengeance against the King. He procured a black pony and white-washed it and went in search of the King. He found the King in the market place reading a

proclamation. Seizing the opportunity, the monk shot him dead from behind. Then he fled to the stream of a river, which he forded. His white-washed pony became black again, and, though the monk was pursued, he was not recognized, as a man on a white pony was the object of the pursuit. The Buddhista looked upon King Lunga Dharma as sent by the King of Demorse to annihilate them, and it is to celebrate the victory over the King of Demorse that the dance is held. In the performance demons with hideous masks are introduced. Then the supposed wives of Lunga Dharma are duly executed. Next the gods fight the demons and overcome them, and the play is thus brought to a close. The dancing is accompanied by a band of drums and cymbals.

ON THE TIBETAN BORDERLAND: LEAVES FROM AN OFFICER'S SKETCH-BOOK

16951 | 199



This remarkable cavern, or series of caverns, is one of the most wonderful sights in the world. It is many times more extensive than the great cave of Adelsberg, in Austria, and is the largest and most extensive of its kind in the world. It is the largest and most extensive of its kind in the world. It is the largest and most extensive of its kind in the world.

# ONE OF THE GREAT WONDERS OF THE WORLD: A VISIT TO THE MAMMOTH CAVE IN KENTUCKY

DR. J. P. KENT







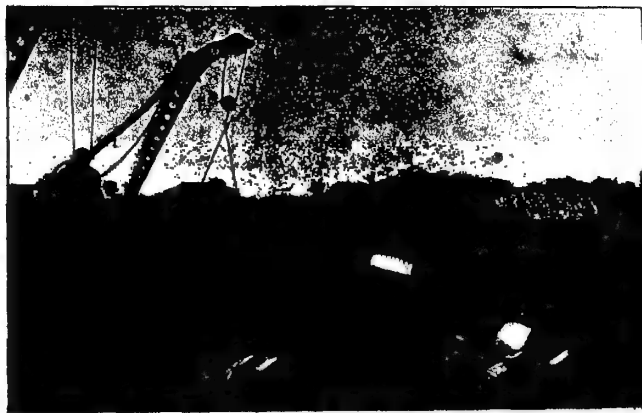
THE LATE GENERAL OWEN WILLIAMS  
Well-known sportsman.

### Our Portraits

General Owen Williams, who was a J.P. for Anglesey and Buckinghamshire, was born in London in 1836, and was the eldest son of the late Colonel Thomas Peers Williams, M.P. General Williams entered the Royal Horse Guards in 1854, and attained the rank of Lieutenant-general in 1887. He represented Marlow in Parliament in the Conservative interest from 1880 to 1885, and was Poetree to the King (then Prince of Wales) during his Indian tour in 1875-6. General Williams's great-grandfather, grandfather, and father had all represented the borough of Marlow in Parliament. The Redistribution Act of 1885, however, disfranchised Marlow, and General Williams did not seek Parliamentary honours elsewhere. General Owen Williams's colours were in the eighties very prominently before the racing public. He was made a member of the Jockey Club in 1881, and several well-known animals from time to time did duty for him, one of the best horses that carried the "white, cardinal sleeves and cap" being *Pemolier*. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Commander Francis W. Melville, of His Majesty's ship *Illustrious*, was drowned whilst proceeding from Weymouth to his ship in a packet-boat on Sunday night. When the officer left Weymouth soon after eleven o'clock His Majesty's ship *Hermes* steam launch to reach his ship, there was a strong gale blowing from the north-east, with a heavy sea and a downpour of rain. The prince got safely within the inner breakwater, and when approaching the *Hermes*, it is stated, Commander Melville directed the crew to go forward and see to the lights, he taking the helm. The man was absent only a short time when, on going astern, he missed the officer, who, it is supposed, must have been washed overboard by a heavy sea or have fallen into the water when the launch plunged. The crewman at once scrambled back and raised the alarm, and Commander Hodges, of H.M.S. *Hermes*, sprang overboard and swam about in quest of his friend, of whom he could see no trace. It was with great difficulty that Commander Hodges was brought safely aboard again. Commander Melville was a most promising officer, who had won twenty-four years' naval service, and gained special promotion for his services in South Africa. In 1899-1900, while a lieutenant in the cruiser *Forte*, he took part with the Natal Naval Brigade in the South African War, being in charge of two 12-pounders, and was mentioned in despatches. He also served as a midshipman in the Egyptian campaign of 1882. He was the eldest son of Sir William and the Hon. Lady Melville, and a grandson of the second Lord Ribblesdale. He was in his thirty-seventh year.

THE FIRST ENGLISH RAILWAY TRAIN ran just seventy-three years ago, and the engineer who rode on that initial trip is still alive, though on the other side of the Atlantic. Edward Rutledge was on George Stephenson's famous Rocket, which made the pioneer trip between Liverpool and Manchester, and he is now living in a tiny cottage at Des Moines, Iowa, U.S.A.



A serious railway accident occurred on Monday afternoon on the Great Western line, a few miles from Llanelli. An express train from Milford to London was travelling at a high speed, when, from some unknown cause, the first of its two engines left the rails and turned completely over. The second engine remained on the line, but two coaches behind it were thrown off the rails and into a field and smashed. The driver of the first engine, the fireman and a passenger were killed, and thirty-three passengers were injured, several of them so seriously that they remain under treatment in hospital at Llanelli and Swansea. Our illustration is from a photograph by H. A. Chapman, Swansea.

### THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR LLANELLY: CLEARING THE WRECKAGE

### Club Comments

BY "MARMAIDUK"

When is a Duchess not a Duchess? When she figures as a character in a modern English novel or play. The ordinary Duchess of fiction is a supercilious woman, who occasionally condescends to be kind, and never ceases to be sarcastic. The Duchess in real life, however, is generally an unpretentious lady who, having always been treated with politeness herself, has never learnt to be unkind to others. There is scarcely a character in fashionable life that is not as misrepresented in the novels and plays of the moment. That some prominent men and women of the time—that even many of them—are butterflies with singed wings may be true; but why should these alone be paraded before the multitude in our literature and on our stage? "The public would not recognise the character were it represented otherwise," answer the authors and authorities. But who has taught the multitude to expect such a character if it is not our writers?

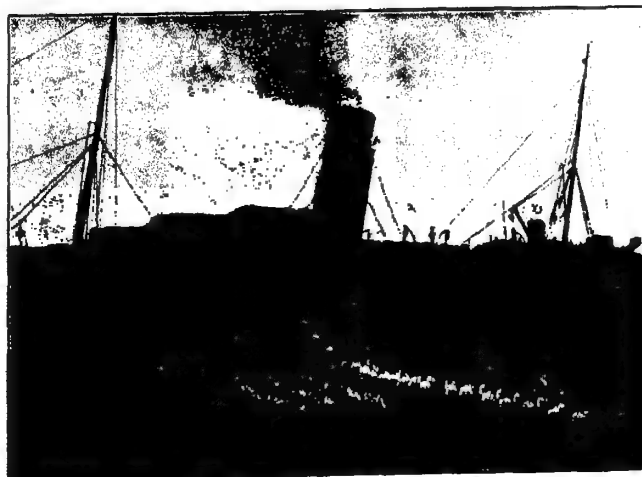
The newspaper, the play, and the novel are the three principal educators of the day. The schoolmaster teaches the public to read, but the newspaper, the stage, and the novel teach them to think.

doing is only prohibited to the poor. "Whenever I write," said a well-known author, "I keep in mind my skin and my soul, that the one may not be horsewhipped and the other may not be damned."

Every condition in life has its own dialect. We can all read with more or less ease the language of our own surroundings, though that of others might as well be written in Hindostani or Greek so far as we ourselves are concerned. That rule applies to museums. We now have in every direction hundreds of museums, and men, women, and children wander through them aimlessly, and leave them little, if any, wiser than when they entered. Here is a penny piece of china, there an enamel, elsewhere a bit of furniture or a carved figure, and, in another case, a fine silver ornament. But those treasures have to be explained, often even to well-educated persons, and, unfortunately, no provision is made at our museums to do that. If these institutions are to be anything better than mere warehouses, there must be guides who, for a small remuneration, will explain to visitors the merits of the treasures exhibited. At present the museums are, as it were, books written in a dead and difficult language, which only the few can translate enough to be able to obtain the general sense. Why will not the curators of any of our museums employ such guides? In most of the cathedrals and abbeys there are visitors in attendance who, for a small fee, will lead a visitor round the building, and point out and explain the most interesting features. That is all which is required at the museum.

There is a suggestion that the writer wishes to call attention to St. James's and the Green Park, and Hyde Park—especially the two first—have a memorable history. There are many engravings, paintings, and drawings of all three, showing them as they were at different periods, and, moreover, there are hundreds of interesting relics of their past. The suggestion is that in each of them a small museum should be erected, and that the public should be invited to interest themselves in the old engravings and other objects connected with those parks. It has been calculated that three quarters of a million of men and women pass through St. James's Park every year, yet how few know but along this walk Charles I. walked to the scaffold; that along the other Cromwell stood majestically, debating with himself whether he should execute the crown; and that along a third all the wits and literatures of several reigns, men and women whose names are known to almost all even boys, walked and talked, and flirted and played, and made the history of which we are so proud.

THE LATE COMMANDER F. W. MELVILLE  
Drowned at Weymouth.



The departure from Jersey last Monday of the 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry by the steamer *Alberta* and *Frederick* for Southampton was witnessed by 10,000 people. Great excitement prevailed, and there was much cheering as the *Southampton* left the battery. For generations have been so popular in Jersey as the Highlanders, and their send-off has only been surpassed once, when the 2nd Lancashire left for the South African war. The removal of the battalions is the result of a dispatch between the House of Commons and the Admiralty. The *Southampton* will contain forty-two men of the Royal Artillery. Our photograph was supplied by the Topley Press Agency.

### THE LAST BATTALION TO BE STATIONED IN JERSEY: THE DEPARTURE OF THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

The battery was quickly advancing when suddenly there was the thunder of guns; white puffs of smoke could be seen on the hillside, coming from the Russian guns that were being wrought. The greedy shrapnel seemed to seek out every

THE DEADLY EFFECT OF SHRAPNEL: A JAPANESE



FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT

shells exploded, carrying hundreds of bullets and splinters into the midst of the advancing force. Whenever the little white shrapnel clouds were seen across the valley, there was havoc. They were under cover and to waylay those who ran for shelter.

ADVANCING UNDER ARTILLERY FIRE NEAR TASHICHAO



The Imperial Guards are, of course, the crack infantry corps. The ordinary infantryman's kit weighs about 80 lb., including the rifle and bayonet. It is made up of a valise, haversack, ammunition pouches, one pair of boots, a blanket, great-coat, water-bottle, two days' rations, etc. When the Guard left Tokyo for the front, they also each carried a pair of field-glasses for use in scouting—quite a novel equipment for the private soldier, and one which shows the very thorough manner in which every little detail is thought out by the Japanese military authorities. Our illustration is from a photograph by Kodak, Ltd.

A PERFECT EQUIPMENT: A JAPANESE CORPS D'ÉLITE LEAVING FOR THE FRONT PROVIDED WITH FIELD-GLASSES

## Paris Gollings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

The Parisians have in the last day or two viewed with ever-increasing satisfaction the progress made in restoring the Place de l'Opéra to its former condition. For nearly two years now it has been rendered unsightly by the works of the Métropolitain, or underground railway. At this point is the largest station in the system. I should say stations, as there are two superposed one on the other. For months the site of these stations was a yawning gulf, sixty feet deep, surrounded by a hideous pale green-coloured paviours. But it was not only an eyesore from an æsthetic point of view, it was at times a public danger. When King Edward and the late King Victor Emmanuel visited Paris a crowd of a hundred and fifty thousand people surged round the frail barrier. If it had given way a catastrophe of the first order would have been inevitable. The Prefect of Police had it strongly guarded by police and Municipal Guards, but at times during the evening it was necessary to have the people driven back by mounted soldiers. I imagine M. Lépine heaved a sigh of relief when the carriage containing the Royal visitor left the Opéra.

In the case of the Place de l'Opéra it is a matter for congratulation that the Métropolitain Company has decided not to place the hideous *art nouveau* decorations at the head of the stairs which disfigure their other stations. A little *art nouveau* can be borne, but such an orgy of contorted ironwork and wavy lines, with great lamps like frogs' eyes screwed into it, was not artistic. The entrance to the underground stations at the Place de l'Opéra is simply surrounded by a balustrade in polished granite, with a pilaster at each extremity. This harmonises excellently with the façade of the Opéra, and is in excellent taste. It is a pity that the company could not be induced to do the same at the Place de l'Étoile, and get rid of the two pavilions there, which are as ugly as they are useless.

The first automobile has now been pawned. A few days ago the officials of the Mont-de-Piété in the rue Servan were somewhat astonished to see a motor-car run into the courtyard. The chauffeur, having brought it to a standstill, calmly announced that he wanted to borrow money on it. As the French Mont-de-Piété will lend money on anything that has a monetary value the transaction was accepted, and the chauffeur went off with the sum he required. If the pawning of automobiles should become common, it may, however, prove embarrassing. A few hundred motor-cars are not easily stowed away. For a long time the Mont-de-Piété lent small sums on bicycles till they noticed that certain owners pledged their machines at the end of each season as a cheap way of storing them for the winter. They, therefore, now force them to accept the maximum sum which can be lent on the machine, so that the interest paid to a certain extent covers the cost of storage.

The action of the Salon of the Champs-Élysées, as Parisians still persist in calling the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, in threatening its members with excommunication if they exhibit in the Autumn Salon, is very severely judged in art circles, and may lead to a split in the former institution. The Société des Artistes Français, the Salon of the Champs-Élysées, is the *tertium quidens* in the affair, and hopes to welcome back some of the prodigals in case the split comes. What renders the action of the Champs-Élysées Salon the more inexplicable is that it was just for such freedom that it broke away from the Salon of the Champs-Élysées twelve years ago. It is curious that people who succeeded in the name of liberty of art should themselves show such intolerance,

the more so as there is no direct rivalry between a Salon held in May and one held in November.

It seems that, in spite of the fact that the Minister of Justice is known as the Garde des Sceaux, he had no seal to guard—at least, no seal belonging to the Third Republic. Since 1870 the Government has neglected to get a Great Seal engraved. This omission has now been made good. M. Vallé has ordered M. Vernon, the well-known engraver, to make a Great Seal for the Third Republic. The Great Seal is very seldom used. It is only placed upon Acts of Parliament affecting the Constitution, and on treaties with foreign nations. Up to the present, when the Great Seal had to be used the one made for the Republic of 1848 was employed. This is a terribly ugly seal, representing a seated female figure much resembling the figure on the French bill stamps. It is certain that the seal which M. Vernon will engrave will, from an artistic point of view, be an improvement on the seal of 1848.

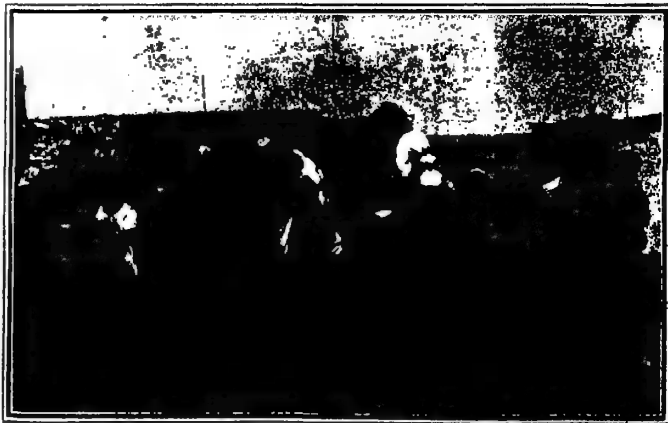
Yet another bit of Old Paris is about to disappear. The Hôtel de Trevise, the former residence of Marshal Mortier, is about to be pulled down. Its splendid gardens extend from the Boulevard Saint Germain to the Quai d'Orsay, behind the Cercle Agricole. It was one of the last of the fine houses of the Faubourg Saint Germain of the eighteenth century. Mortier had some of the rooms restored, and his monogram is still visible in the large *salon d'honneur*, which is decorated with magnificent wood-carving and bas-reliefs in terra-cotta by Clodion. The Hôtel de Trevise, after the death of Marshal Mortier, passed into the hands of the Mortemars, and later the De Croix. Its last inhabitants were the Comte and Comtesse d'Uzel, the Marquis and Marquise de Croix, the Princesse de Croix and the Comte and Comtesse de Sahran-Pontevra.

## The Key to India

The news that the Ameer of Afghanistan is taking further measures for the defence of Herat once more brings into prominence a place whose strategic importance to us has been generally recognised ever since the Indo-Russian question sprang into existence a hundred years ago, when Napoleon and Paul I. of Russia contemplated a combined invasion of India. "Russia in possession of Herat," as Sir Henry Rawlinson said, "would have a grip on the throat of India," for it dominates the road leading to Kabul, Kandahar, Ghazni and other important towns, and thus commands the passes to India itself. In addition to this, the province is fertile and capable of supporting a large army, while between it and our frontier lies the "glacier" of Afghanistan proper, "the land," as Wellington called it, "of rocks, sands, deserts, ice and snow." The Russian frontier, it may be noted, approaches to within seventy miles of Herat at Kushk, the terminus of the Trans-Caspian Railway, while it is distant 400 miles as the crow flies from the Indian frontier and the terminus of the Quetta Railway at New Chaman.

Herat Valley is bounded by the Paropamisus range on the north, and by the Koh-i-Sufed and the isolated ridge of Dos-hak on the south. Its central part, through which the Hari-kud runs, contains the only fertile land, a strip on each side of the river varying from five to ten miles in width and one hundred miles in length, irrigated to its utmost capacity and crowded with villages, of which one of our illustrations shows a typical example. Herat itself is a mere mass of mud hovels, sheltering some 5,000 souls, exclusive of the garrison; its immense ramparts, surmounted by thick mud walls, which rise to a height of eighty feet above the surrounding plains, enclosing a space a mile square. The town is divided into four nearly equal portions by the four main streets, starting from the city gates and meeting in the central square, or Chars, which is roofed with beams and matting, and forms the bazaar. The only architectural feature of any distinction that Herat possessed was the Masaleh, built by Shah Rukh, in the fifteenth century, which stood about a mile north-west of the town. Unfortunately the Russo-Afghan Commission of 1884-6, which was invited to inspect the fortifications of Herat and to suggest how they could be improved, found that this unique monument interfered with the proper defence of the town, and acting on their advice the Ameer had the whole structure destroyed, excepting the four minarets.

Colonel Sir T. H. Holdich, who accompanied the Boundary Commission, describes the Masaleh in his interesting work, "The Indian Borderland," as "a graceful group of buildings of regular Persian style, with a preponderating gateway leading into a court, two sides of which were occupied by the cloisters and buildings of the Madrasah (or college), and the end closed in by a mosque. Four minarets stood at the corners of the paved platform on which the whole structure was raised." Of the effect of the encaustic tiled decoration which graced the face of the gigantic gateway, and which was introduced in plaques and panels wherever space permitted on the walls of the Madrasah and mosque, he says it is difficult to speak in measured terms. "The old Persian colouring of copper-green, golden brown and rich turquoise blue, with a straw-yellow ground, was employed in most exquisite harmony in graceful flower patterns, and these were introduced with precisely such value in detail as befitted so vast a subject. It was a triumph of the Art of Babylon and Nineveh, preserved for centuries through Saracenic agency, applied to comparatively modern Persian architecture."



Young Japan is very like young England, and the holiday on sea coasts both as she resides, where the little Japs enjoy themselves much in the sun, and as do the little Britons. Our illustration is from a photograph by Kodak, Ltd.

SUMMER IN JAPAN: A SNAPSHOT ON THE SEASHORE





PASSING THROUGH BULFORD VILLAGE AFTER EXERCISE



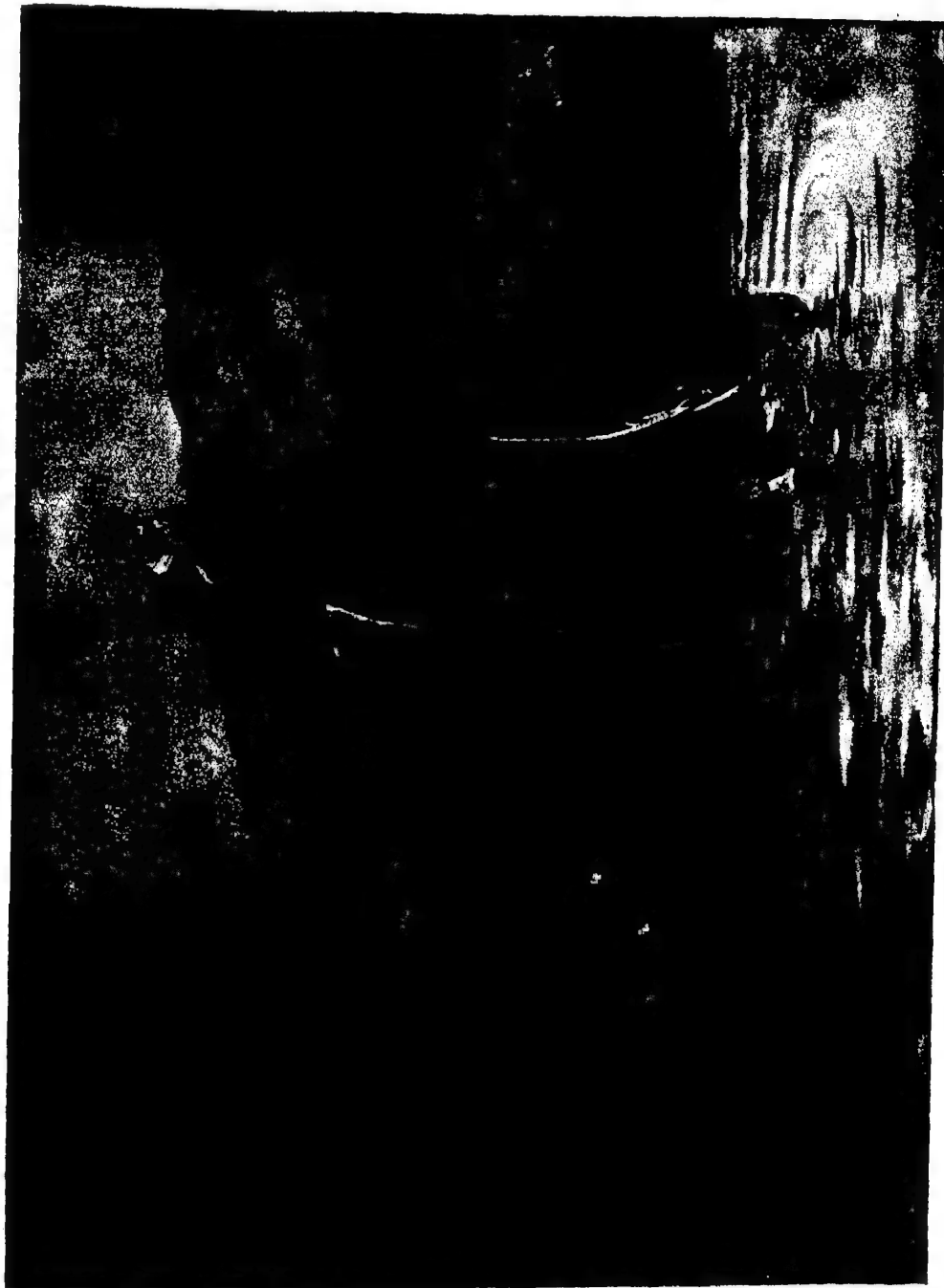
AN AMBULANCE WAGON AT STONEHENGE



DRAGOON GUARDS RETURNING HOME AFTER A FIELD DAY

CAVALRY TRAINING IN THE BRITISH ARMY: SKETCHES ON SALISBURY PLAIN

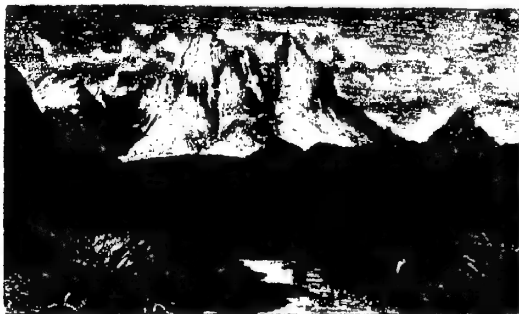
DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT



STUDIES OF THE BRITISH ARMY AT BULFORD CAMP  
AFTER A LONG FIELD DAY: WELL-KNOWN ART FOR MAN AND BEAST  
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY JOSEPHINE SCOTT







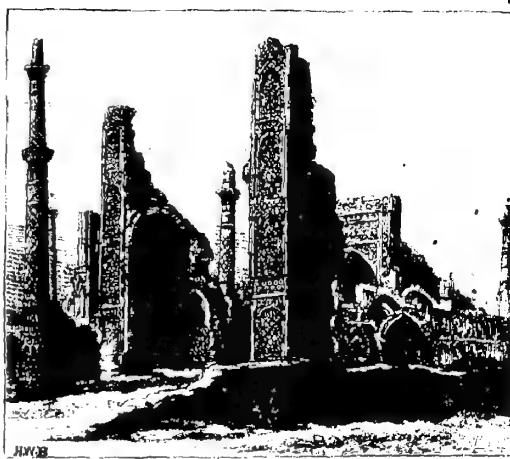
DOMHAKH, THE MOUNTAIN OF THE TWO HORNS, SOUTH OF THE HERAT VALLEY



GHINI, AN AFGHAN VILLAGE IN THE HERAT VALLEY



INNER VIEW OF THE KUSHK GATE



THE RUINS OF THE HAKALAH



THE KASHI (OR EASTERN) GATE



THE IRAN GATE ON THE WESTERN FACE OF THE TOWN

VIEWS OF HERAT, THE DEFENCES OF WHICH THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN HAS ORDERED TO BE STRENGTHENED



LADY CURZON ON THE TERRACE OF HER BUNGALOW AT GULMARG, IN CASHMIRE

Printed in a stereograph by Underwood & Co. Ltd. London and New York

## An Art Causee

BY M. H. SCHUMANN

With the fall of the late Mr. G. F. Watts the most self-sacrificing of the arts. It is infinitely regrettable, however, that the vicarious well-known life of the artist and his work seems to point to the man as the likely recipient—at least as the artist must be living the same distinction, and this artist is Mr. Holman Hunt. Not only has he done his part in the other the emotion of the nation with "The Light of the World" and "Christ in the Temple" and other works, but beyond all living with his pen and brush the art of England when it was at its lowest ebb. He was the true man, as he was the staunchest member of the great In Ephraim. But his health was never strong. He died the world, electing into health and a state of health, which in his early years are said to have only to give him a few years in the monastery. What Holman Hunt's life in these years, what were his self-denial, his sacrifice of self that yielded before no persuasion and before no poverty, are not yet fully known to the world. Principle

was to him to be anything else, he would not bridge one iota from what he believed to be the true path, like art and ethics, and even his own Mr. Watts himself, although he was influenced by the art feeling of the day. Loyal in mind and spirit, a doughty champion of art devoted to the service of his country, this is the man who surely is marked out for an honour which would be appreciated by artist and layman alike. And I have reason to believe that Mr. Watts would have rejoiced to know that his old friend would be selected for so signal a distinction as is implied by the Order of Merit.

Now that the restoration of the Linton fresco at the South Kensington Museum has been satisfactorily concluded and the fresco work decoration properly restored, I am reminded by a writer and by residents of a constant grievance among admirers of the artist's work at Linton. It will be remembered that Lord Linton executed for that Church in "a wet fresco" his exquisite wall painting of "The Ten Virgins." After forty years the fresco is still in a miserable condition except where it has been injured through knocks, etc., when the church has been decorated during harvest festivals and on other occasions. As to the complaint that the permanent decorations on the altar conceals much of the work I have a thing to say; but the raising of the altar has the effect of

permanently hiding an important and integral part of the original design. This noble work is, I believe, the greatest church fresco in England, and it is of national importance, so that its partial concealment is a matter to all art lovers of real regret. It would be well had it been possible, to carry into effect the view attributed to a former vicar that the fresco might be removed altogether. It could then be placed where its artistic qualities could be better appreciated.

The art of the miniature painter has lost another of its representatives in Mr. William Charles Bell. For half a century Mr. Bell had been a painter in enamel (or on enamel) to Queen Victoria; he attracted the Royal notice at the exhibition of 1851, and since that time did much work for the Queen. Yet from first to last he showed no more than six examples of his talent—which was never extreme—in the Royal Academy, and they covered the period from 1870 to 1890. The art he practised is long appreciated more and more by the public; it is not the patronage which is now lacking so much as the outstanding talent—without which miniature painting is the veriest trifling with art. The popularity of those pictorial *bioblasts* is really great, and the ready sale of the numerous fine works upon them by Probert, Foister, and Williamson, denote the love of the miniature for its own sake, as well as the vigilance

## THE NEEDLESSNESS OF BEING FAT.

What the Standard Work on the Subject says.

If it were possible within the scope of this short article to write all the interesting facts as regards the causes and the cure of obesity contained in the pages of "Corsetry and the Cure," the standard work on the subject, by Mr. F. Cecil Russell, we should doubtless earn the grateful thanks of most of our stout readers, but space requires more than a brief notice of this remarkably useful treatise. Suffice it to say that even a cursory perusal of the book makes it abundantly evident that the condition of over-obesity, which renders many lives burdensome, especially in hot weather, is absolutely a needless ailment. Corsetry, when properly treated, can be permanently cured. That was a common fact. The life-work of the author of the book has been concerned entirely with the study of the growth and development of obesity and the means of successfully combating it. The result is a series of radically curing it. The result is the famous "Russell" treatment, now regarded by scientific authorities as conclusively the only permanent cure. The life-work of the author is not only a sure means of reducing the bodily weight to the normal, but an equally sure means of toning up and revitalising the whole system, which is always weakened by an overdevelopment of adipose tissue. As a result upon which Mr. Russell's treatment is based is a link-like mixture of pure vegetable and mineral ingredients. As fast as the superfluous fat (with the internal deposits that clog the free action of the vital organs, and the subsequent effects that render the personal appearance so unappealing) is being removed permanently from the body, the general health is being improved. The mixture referred to increases appetite and promotes digestion, assimilation and nutrition, thus powerfully assisting in the blood supply through increased nutriment. The nutriment thus assimilated is healthy and firm, and the nervous system is strengthened, with the greatest benefit in the way of increased strength, nerve force, and brain power. The "Russell" treatment begins to act almost as soon as it is adopted. Within twenty-four hours of commencing the regimen the reduction of weight is apparent, and by the end of the first week the weight is reduced to its normal. After this initial loss there is a constant daily reduction, until the subject is satisfied that normal proportions have been achieved, when the treatment may be discontinued without more ado. Nothing more than ordinary prudence is required to preserve the reduced weight of figure. There are no disagreeable restrictions as to diet, nor is any departure from ordinary habits exacted. The treatment is in every way pleasant and easy, and may be followed in absolute privacy. The recipe of the mixture used is given in "Corsetry and the Cure" as a proof of its entirely harmless character.

Not least and gentlemen who desire to study "Corsetry and the Cure" for themselves with a view to a closer acquaintance with the wonderful treatment advocated by its author, may obtain a free copy of the book by sending three penny stamps (for postage under postal order) to the publishers, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. In return they will find everything they could wish to know on the subject.

**BORD'S PIANOS.**  
COUNT FOR CASH, or 12 MONTHS' HIRE, or 18 MONTHS' HIRE, or 24 MONTHS' HIRE, or 30 MONTHS' HIRE, or 36 MONTHS' HIRE, or 42 MONTHS' HIRE, or 48 MONTHS' HIRE, or 54 MONTHS' HIRE, or 60 MONTHS' HIRE, or 66 MONTHS' HIRE, or 72 MONTHS' HIRE, or 78 MONTHS' HIRE, or 84 MONTHS' HIRE, or 90 MONTHS' HIRE, or 96 MONTHS' HIRE, or 102 MONTHS' HIRE, or 108 MONTHS' HIRE, or 114 MONTHS' HIRE, or 120 MONTHS' HIRE, or 126 MONTHS' HIRE, or 132 MONTHS' HIRE, or 138 MONTHS' HIRE, or 144 MONTHS' HIRE, or 150 MONTHS' HIRE, or 156 MONTHS' HIRE, or 162 MONTHS' HIRE, or 168 MONTHS' HIRE, or 174 MONTHS' HIRE, or 180 MONTHS' HIRE, or 186 MONTHS' HIRE, or 192 MONTHS' HIRE, or 198 MONTHS' HIRE, or 204 MONTHS' HIRE, or 210 MONTHS' HIRE, or 216 MONTHS' HIRE, or 222 MONTHS' HIRE, or 228 MONTHS' HIRE, or 234 MONTHS' HIRE, or 240 MONTHS' HIRE, or 246 MONTHS' HIRE, or 252 MONTHS' HIRE, or 258 MONTHS' HIRE, or 264 MONTHS' HIRE, or 270 MONTHS' HIRE, or 276 MONTHS' HIRE, or 282 MONTHS' HIRE, or 288 MONTHS' HIRE, or 294 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THE MANCHU DYNASTY



THE SOUTH GATE TO THE TOMB OF THE CHINESE



THE WESTERN GATE TO THE TOMB OF THE CHINESE EMPERORS

and enthusiasm of the collector. Dr. Williamson's latest book, a splendid and tasteful folio in two volumes, "The History of Portrait Miniatures," is a work of real importance, not only for the sake of the numerous reproductions, but on account of the interesting new matter, hitherto unknown in this country, he has added to our knowledge of the art. Alexander Cooper, with the consent of his work in Sweden and Denmark, takes new form for us, and Debra, Hunter, Donaldson, Crassee, and others are more clearly revealed than hitherto, both as to their life and work.

The work of the South Kensington Museum is brought home to the imagination of those who read the Report and cause to be by the Board of Education. It appears that during the past year no fewer than 47,700 works of art were lent by the Museum to provincial museums, art schools, and classes, &c. What this involves in the way of packing, receiving, and the like, and what it means to the country art museums and art students throughout England—and such other institutions as the English Museum in Berlin, the Louvre, and the Vatican—can be imagined. There is a pleasant list of gifts and loans, among them the line objects of Mr. Pierpont Morgan and the inner collection of Mr. George Salting. When these two gentlemen withdraw their collections, as under the rules, they will shortly have to do, there will be a regrettable void in the collections.

"The Graphic" Diary of the War

The great battle that is expected to take place near Mukden. Fushun is the point where the encounter is looked for—has not yet been fought, and there is but little news to chronicle. The Japanese, it would seem, have lately been acting on the defensive, and have fortified a position to the north-west of the Yenai mines. There

There have been several small skirmishes near Mukden, and such little news as does come from Port Arthur shows that the Japanese are still persistent in their attacks on the fortress. According to Russian reports, the Japanese Army facing Kuropakin consists of 144,000 infantry, 6,350 cavalry, and 638 guns. Another estimate, however, puts the number of troops at 200,000. This force is distributed as follows: To the east, one division is at Port Arthur, and another at Yantai; two divisions are at the mouth of the river; two divisions are on the railway in the north of Liaoyang; one division westwards is near Haicoussene; and one division is at Sandepan. The force occupies a front of twenty miles. Of the Russian Army, two divisions are on the Hun River and four at Mukden, while the rest of the army is at Tieling, which is ■■■■ entrenched. The Russian Government has been ■■■■ the Japanese Government has been to increase the military supply, and by altering the terms of service to induce the Army by some 6,000,000 yen.

SEPTEMBER 30.—The Tsar arrived at Odessa to review troops destined for the Far East.

Admiral Alexeieff reported to be recalled as the result of a grand council of war held at Peterhof.

OCTOBER 1.—The first Japanese train arrived at Liaoyang. The treatment question is thus solved for the Japanese.

OCTOBER 2.--The Russian battleship Orel, after leaving Kronstadt,

The first south-bound train on the reconstructed railway from Liaoyang left with 490 Japanese wounded, 100 sick, and 11 Russian wounded.

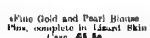
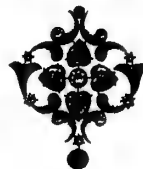
OCTOBER 3.—Official announcement published in Tokio, to the effect that a Russian steamer was sunk outside Port Arthur on September 20.

### A Golf Trophy

Mr. Walter Judd has presented to the new Le Touquet Golf Club a handsome two-handed silver cup for competition. It bears the inscription — "Société du Golf du Touquet. Open Challenge Cup. Presented by Walter Judd, Esq. 1904." It was designed and modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Queen Victoria Street, Oxford Street, and Regent Street.



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## Our Bookshelf

## "FURTHER INDIA."

Another excellent volume has been added to the series edited by Dr. Scott Keltie, "The Story of Exploration." It deals with "Further India," that is Burma, Malaya, Siam and Indo-China, and is by the able pen of Mr. Hugh Clifford. The south-east corner of Asia was but vaguely known to the ancient geographers, Ptolemy, Mela and Ptolemy; and even the accounts by the earliest medieval travellers, Marco Polo, Odoric, and the Arab Ibn Batuta, are both confused and confusing. The history of the Golden Chersonese as practically starts with the arrival of the Portuguese filialists under Siqueira on the shores of the fabled Chrysæ. This was the beginning of a Portuguese monopoly which was to last a century. But "it was their sheer ruthlessness, and their complete freedom from the trammels of a too exacting sense of justice that alone enabled the Portuguese to hold what they had gotten, and to rule towering native populations, bound to them by no consciousness of benefits received, who were simply cowed into submission." Consequently, the natives gladly welcomed the purely commercial expeditions, first of the English, then of the Dutch, before which the power of Portugal gradually disappeared. The French were the next to arrive, and henceforward the history contained in the book is practically the history of the extension of the British and French influence in Malaya, Borneo and Assam, and in Cambodia, Annam and Tonkin respectively. The story is told with great wealth of detail, especial prominence being given to the explorations of Francis Garnier, who, with Lagrèze, was the first European to ascend the Mekong, and whose life the author narrates with great appreciation. (1) Burma the early history is not flattering to our national self-esteem. "The attitude maintained by the British authorities in Calcutta towards the court of Ava had fostered and flattered the natural arrogance of the Burmese. . . the humiliations inflicted with impunity upon our envoys had brought us nothing but contempt; and . . the Burmese frontier chiefs, sublimely conscious of their innate superiority to a mere white man, had resolutely declined to permit our officers to acquaint themselves with the districts beyond their jurisdiction." However, the history of exploration subsequent to the Burmese war is a veritable triumph for British enterprise. The book contains many excellent illustrations, views, portraits, and is a most interesting and valuable addition both to historical and geographical literature.

## "BY NILE AND EUPHRATES."

It is not often, in these days of specialization, that an archaeologist has the chance of assisting at excavations in two neighbourhoods representing two distinct civilizations, such as the Egyptian and Niffer. Mr. Geere first joined the staff of the Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, but, to his disappointment, as soon as he arrived on the ground it was decided, for various reasons, to suspend operations, and he returned without having done more than look upon the mounds which cover the site of "The Story of Exploration." Edited by J. Scott Keltie, J.L.D. "Further India." By Hugh Clifford. (London: Lawrence and Bullen, 1904.)

"By Nile and Euphrates." By H. Valentine Geere. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 1904.)



The work of calling up Reservists in Russia has been carried out with great difficulty in some districts. Among the time-pressed men every thing is done to avoid being sent to Manchuria. The number of deserters is enormous, and was illustrated in one military district one hundred of miles away from R. living from hand to mouth, without passports, in the hope of being forgotten. The scene shown in our illustration attended, before leaving, a great open-air service, and a vast multitude assembled to see them off.

## THE DEPARTURE OF RESERVISTS FROM KHUHHOFKA (S. RUSSIA) FOR THE FRONT

ancient Babylon. Next he took service under Professor Petrie, and learned the art of excavation under his supervision. His admiration for the Professor is evidently unbounded, and his account of the life of an excavator is distinctly interesting. But in dealing with his second expedition to Niffer he breaks practically new ground. His complaint that archaeological interest in Britain mainly centres round Egypt to the exclusion of the equally fertile—in antiquities—Euphrates valley is justified. On arriving at Baghdad he unfortunately had an attack of typhoid fever, but, happily, in spite of a "Turkish doctor who treated me on veterinary principles," he recovered, and the result of his stay is an admirable description of that interesting city and its teeming population of mixed nationalities. His description of the work of excavation at Niffer, carried on in the desert, with occasional visits from troops of wandering Arabs, or strolling players, is well written. One mound excavated,

the so-called "Taldet Hill," is of especial interest. "In the rooms of the north-east section the documents are all of a literary character. Exercise tablets and school-books were found in numbers, and scientific works were secured by the thousand." One of their visitors was a notorious bandit, upon whose head a price had been set by the Turkish Government. His reception by the one or two Government soldiers who accompanied the expedition as guards is sufficiently ludicrous. "They literally fell over one another to do him honour. The corporal happened to feed Suleiman's horse with corn which was meant for their own bread, holding it in his best coat; and his underlings spread rugs for the redoubtable hero to sit upon, and offered him their own suppers." The story of the journey home by the Euphrates, and then overland to Alexandretta, is equally well told. The book is well illustrated with photographs.

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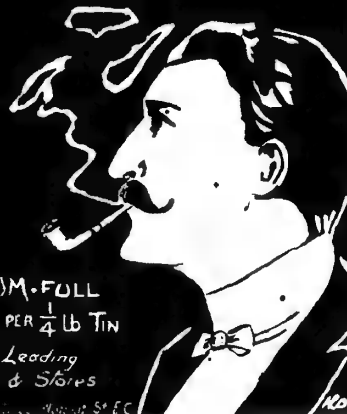
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## "THE AMERICAN NATURAL HISTORY"

"This volume is intended as builders' filling" in the chasm that now exists between the technical "zoology" of the college, and the "nature-study" lessons of the common school. It is written from the point of view that to the "middle-grade" student the study of zoology should be made as attractive as possible, and its arrangement is based on the theory that "all elementary lessons in natural history should begin with Nature's most important facts, and first bring forward her most interesting animals." The treatment of each animal is necessarily short, and, naturally, greater prominence is given to American species. The descriptions are good, there are many interesting anecdotes illustrative of methods of hunting, and the question of preservation of useful rare species is discussed. In connection with the last is a significant table illustrating the dreadful "decrease in bird life in thirty States in fifteen years." The illustrations are numerous but of somewhat unequal worth; a *propos* of this subject the author has doubts as to the universal value of the camera in recording animal portraits. The scientific names are written with divided syllables and stress accents as a guide to correct pronunciation; but this system is apt to be carried a little too far. For instance, the "middle-grade student" could probably dispense with "pig-eg-ty-on" being so spelt. Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is the collection of charts showing the distribution and migration of certain species. Concerning animals as a whole the author labours under no delusions. "The virtues of the higher animals have been extolled unthinkingly, and their intelligence has been magnified about ten diameters. The misdeeds and cruelties of wild animals towards each other form a bag series of chapters which have not yet been written and which no lover of animals cares to write." As to the value of the book, one may perhaps doubt whether it is so well adapted for the purpose for which it is intended as the delightful and less formal writings of Buckland. On two points one might be inclined to quarrel with the author; the outbreak of "aprend-cagism" in the action devoted to the bald-headed eagle is quite

"The American Natural History." By W. T. Hensley. (London: Newnes, 1904.)

out of place in a book of natural history; and it is a pity, when scientists throughout the world are striving for a unification of method by the adoption of the metric system, he should recommend students to "record all measurements in feet and inches and leave the metric scale for those who prefer a foreign system." That "foreign system" is terribly narrow-minded.

## PREHISTORIC ENGLAND

The second volume of Messrs. Methuen's admirable series, "The Antiquary's Books," is from the pen of Professor Bertram C. A. Windle, of Birmingham University, and bears the title "Remains of the Prehistoric Age in England." The subject is a vast one, but by avoiding theories and confining himself to a strict statement of facts, the author has been able, within the limits of a medium-sized volume, to survey practically the whole field of prehistoric research, from the vexed question of "ooliths" down to the later Celtic art. To achieve this result, however, he has been obliged to travel beyond the confines imposed by the title of his work, as, for instance, when dealing with Palaeolithic art, perhaps the most interesting subject relating to primitive man. Here, for his examples, he has had to go to France, whose inhabitants even in those far-off times were evidently more artistically inclined than their neighbours. In this connection it is curious to note that the earliest attempts at art consisted of realistic representations of animal life, while in the later, or Neolithic period, man confined himself almost entirely to ornamentation of a geometric character. The first half of the book is devoted to a description of stone, bone, copper and bronze implements, and the art of primitive man, while in the later chapters long and round barrows, earthworks and dykes, pit dwellings and dense-holes, dolmens, cists, menhirs and other megalithic remains are adequately described and illustrated. As a popular introduction to a most fascinating science, the book can be confidently recommended to the budding archaeologist, who will find in it a useful series of "trial-lists" of the various kinds of prehistoric remains in England, arranged in order of counties. These include the caves in England and Wales, localities where river-drift implements have been discovered, hoards of bronze implements, cup and

ring markings, barrows, megalithic remains, earthworks, dykes, British villages, and finally a list of museums containing the objects dealt with in the volume.

## "A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN"

Corporal-Major Ferrers, of the Blues, the hero of Mr. James MacLaren Cobham's new novel (John Long), is obviously a soldier; and if he fell into a tangle that would have been impossible for a gentleman according to ordinary notions, he certainly got himself out of it like a man. Much depends, no doubt, as his friend Lord Delbert observes, "on what you mean by a gentleman. If you should happen to mean a man that would never do anything mean and that always keeps his head, and can reckon back his people as having been of the same sort for hundreds of years, then George Ferrers is a better gentleman than I am." He could scarcely, however, be said to have kept his head when, for the fee of a hundred pounds—though a fortune to a man with but two or three shillings in his pocket and no prospect of more—he agreed to personate the son and heir of a baronet without knowing why, and to ask no questions. Naturally, as he might have taken for granted, he found himself the tool of a villainous fraud. It will be to the reader's advantage to be in the position of George Ferrers—ignorant of the plot, and thus able to follow its unravelment with unimpaired curiosity. We may, however, give him, or her, the satisfaction of knowing that the Corporal-Major, who was at any rate a fine fellow, obtained by luck and honesty all that he had pretended to claim as the tool of an imposture, and, if love be thrown in, a great deal more.

## "THE LAST TRAITOR OF LONG ISLAND"

This, the last work of the late Colonel Richard Henry Savage (F. V. White and Co.), appears nearly a year after the death of its regretted author. His purpose seems to have been a sort of epic of the Shennecos, of "Alabamas claims" notoriety—probably the last bearer of the Confederate flag at sea or on shore. His central character, who indeed monopolises the interest of the story, is one Hiram Worth, a drunken merchant-seaman, much given, on the smallest provocation, to floods of

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tears, who betrays a whaling fleet to the terrible Shenandoah in order that he may murder a young officer who had quarrelled his sweetheart; becomes rich by smuggling; persecutes the widow of his victim by infamous libels in the public press; and is finally shot dead by a night-watchman while breaking into her house in order to strangle her. None the less, his villainous in comparison with the other characters is only one of degree. Long Island, in particular, is described as a den of hypocritical scoundrels; the American sailor as a scoundrel usually, but not always, *à la* the hypocrite. So things may be taken to have changed a good deal since the Shenandoah's day. Very possibly we should have thought more highly of the work had it been presented in better form. As it is, if the novel is printed as its author left it, it should either have been judiciously revised, or yet more judiciously let alone.

#### "A MOORLAND PRINCESS"

A talent for freshening up old materials is an exceedingly useful equipment for achieving popularity as a story-teller. For it is the old stories that are always liked the best, so long as they are told in a new way—which must not, however, be too new. That the talent is in the possession of Mr. A. G. Phillott-Stokes is unquestionable. His story of "A Moorland Princess: A Romance of Lyonesse" (Greening and Co.) conjures the theft of an earl's baby-girl by a gypsy nurse; the loss of the child from a shipwreck, and its discovery, as a waif of the sea, on the coast of Cornwall by a

worthy farmer who makes it his adopted grandchild; the handsome painter from the neighbouring artists' colony of "St. Ars," who falls in love with her when grown into a beautiful girl of nineteen, but cannot marry her because he has a wife in a haughty asylum; his disappearance from life by pretending to have been drowned; the consternation of coincidences that bring about her recognition by her father the Earl—in short, the whole common stock of novelists from immemorial time. The freshness is given by an obviously sincere, and therefore more or less contagious, feeling for nature. Mr. Phillott-Stokes has much of the poet's heart, which by no means always goes with the artist's eye. His novel can give nothing but wholesome pleasure; and we see no reason why he should trouble to invent new stories when he can tell old ones so well.

#### "SABRINA WARHAM"

"Sabrina and her lovers have all been before me in the flesh long enough to become true," says Mr. Laurence Houseman, the author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," in his preface to "Sabrina Warham: the Story of Her Youth" (John Murray). And true, not only to Mr. Houseman, but to his readers also, they have unquestionably become. The novel is not one of those that grip attention at the outset. The author has adopted the less showily attractive but the far more artistic and more really effective method—the method, indeed, of nearly all work that has achieved the distinction of getting read a second time—of preparing his

canvas, putting in his background, and arranging his lights and shadows before proceeding to action. The reader may be pleased by description and portraiture; but he has notion of what it is all about when, with a seeming suddenness that cannot be attained without long and elaborate preparation, there stands out—the Picture. The vague masses become living forms, and the action proceeds with a dramatic force unblinded by the need of stopping for reflection or of going back to supply omitted notions or descriptions. In a word, the reader is brought into contact with people whom he already knows, and has not still to learn to know. The scene is laid upon the English coast—presumably towards the north, to judge from the style of portraiture which, at any rate, in the case of that very "northern farmer," James Lorry, has been, by the common consent of novelists since the time of the Brontës, associated with remote Yorkshire moors. It is to be hoped, and believed, that no such detestable brute as James Lorry is any longer discoverable on the remotest moor. Mr. Houseman's story is of some thirty years ago. To its dramatic point, where the high-spirited Sabrina, loftily reckless of conventions and consequences where there is a question of right against wrong, finds that the husband of whom she has made a hero is of considerably worse than merely common clay, it is impossible to lead up, save in Mr. Houseman's own way—a way that requires ample space and time. The scene comes with all the effect of what can only be called an anticipated surprise. The conclusion is somewhat sensational, and, to our mind, not the best point in a novel otherwise of quite exceptional power.

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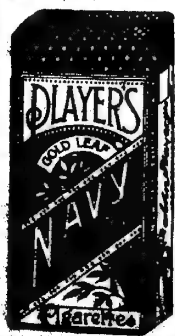
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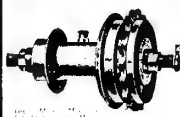
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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Vol. 1, No. 1

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1904



DRINK BY H. S. L. 1904

At the close of the day's work, all the men of the regiment gathered in front of the building for a drink of water. The men were all in white uniforms, and the scene was a very impressive one. The men were all standing in a line, and the water was being distributed to them in a very orderly manner.

THAT ANGLING FOR ESCAPE FROM THE RACE

AT THE END OF THE DAY, THE MEN OF THE REGIMENT WERE ALL IN A LINE, AND THE WATER WAS BEING DISTRIBUTED TO THEM IN A VERY ORDERLY MANNER.

## Topics of the Week

With the assumption of the offensive by the Russian Army in Manchuria, a fresh chapter, full of sensational interest, is opened in the history of the war. The apparently sudden decision of General Kuropatkin to attempt to turn the tables on the Japanese is, in the last degree, dramatic. Up to a week ago, the only questions to be solved seemed to be when the Japanese could advance on Mukden, and what sort of a defence the Russians would make? Now it looks very much as if another struggle for Liaoyang was about to take place under conditions the exact reverse of those which prevailed just about a month ago. It is difficult altogether to believe that the decision of General Kuropatkin is a purely military decision arising out of the normal developments of the campaign. A month ago, not only was the policy of retreat the wisest policy, but General Kuropatkin himself admitted that it was only with difficulty that this policy was successfully carried out. Now we are suddenly told that the moment has arrived for abandoning retreats and for sweeping the Japanese out of Manchuria. What has brought about this change? It cannot be reinforcements, for at the most General Kuropatkin cannot be more than 25,000 men stronger than he was at Liaoyang. The truth probably is that the tactics of "successful retreats" can only be carried to a certain point and that beyond that point it defeats itself. The popular impatience of St. Petersburg and even the Grand Ducal intrigues might, perhaps, be withstood, but the sanguineness and courage of an army can only be maintained by glory in its traditional form. There is nothing stimulating in the tactics of the "successful retreat." A retreat is a retreat, and many retreats do not form an heroic record, and, in short, hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and little is to be done with an army that is sick at heart. This, no doubt, is at the root of the new resolve. It is, of course, not the first time that the Russians have taken the offensive since the beginning of the war, although the General's Order of the Day omits any reference to this disagreeable fact. General Stackelberg had a dismal experience of the Japanese reception of a forward movement when he was despatched to the south to endeavour to relieve Port Arthur. Poor General Keller had a similar experience when he tried to recapture the Moutiening.

Possibly Americans find some difficulty in following the intricacies of English politics. Certainly we have a good deal of difficulty in understanding their political issues. In the coming contest for the Presidency, Democrats and Republicans are pitted against one another as ever, but what the two parties represent it is somewhat hard to say. The main distinction can, perhaps, best be expressed as follows: President Roosevelt and the Republicans stand for Imperialism and high Protection; Judge Parker and the Democrats are in favour of a less aggressive policy abroad and of less Protection at home. The difference, however, between the two parties is rather one of degree than of principle. Judge Parker and many of his supporters rely largely upon Free Trade arguments in the statement of their case to the electors; but in practice they hedge because they recognise the difficulty of removing suddenly protective tariffs where vested interests have grown up under their influence. The strongest point used by the Democrats is the mischief done by the Trust system, and they attribute that mischief, as do many independent American writers, to the existence of a Protective tariff which enables the trusts to fleece the American public. President Roosevelt replies that, though Free Trade would certainly destroy the Trusts, it would damage other persons, and, therefore, it is better to deal with the Trusts by special legislation. That is his argument; but looking back upon the history of the attitude he has taken towards the Trusts, one cannot help suspecting that he has found it practically impossible to oppose the great Trust managers who furnish the sinews of war to the Republican Party. There is, at any rate, a very great difference between the position now taken up by President Roosevelt and that laid down by President McKinley in his last speech. President McKinley warned his hearers that the time had come for getting rid of excessive protection, and pointed out to them that it was useless for Americans to think that they could go on selling without also buying. Mr. Roosevelt began his presidential career by declaring his intention of following in McKinley's footsteps. Evidently, however, there has been a hitch, for the Republican Party has hastily dropped the idea of tariff reform, while at the same time carefully avoiding the advocacy of any

legislation which would seriously interfere with the power of the Trusts. As to the chances of the coming contest it is impossible at present to form any safe estimate. The position of the Democrats is certainly better than it has been for many years past. They have got rid of Mr. Bryan and his silver craze, and they have an excellent candidate in Judge Parker. At the same time the Republicans are undoubtedly better provided with money for electioneering purposes, and that is a factor which counts perhaps even for more across the Atlantic than here.

It is a happy stroke of fortune that these The Imperial should be simultaneously submitted to British Plural Radical leader and of an Australian Labour Conference leader on the proposal of Mr. Balfour to convene an Imperial Conference to thresh out the whole fiscal question. Mr. Asquith will not have it at any price; it is anathema to his ears, and so he scornfully refuses even to discuss such heresy. But Mr. Watson, the ex-Premier of the Australian Commonwealth and chief of the Labour Party, roundly asseverates that an overwhelming majority of his fellow-colonists hunger for the very boon which Mr. Asquith refuses to even give one thought to. Radicals are wont to show temper when taunted with Little Englandism, and it may be admitted that some of the more thoughtful sort have clear perceptions of a higher destiny for Great Britain than to grow fat on successful trade. But Mr. Asquith poses as an Imperialist, like Lord Rosebery, and it is unaccountable that neither of them appears to recognise how much stronger the Empire would be if knit together throughout by common interest. They may be right or wrong in objecting to preferential duties; let that be left an open question for the moment. But it is sheer perversity on the part of two clever politicians to taboo discussion of the vital topic by accredited representatives of the four hundred millions of people over whom King Edward rules. Up to the present, we had really believed that it was a fundamental principle of enlightened Radicalism to accept guidance from the popular voice as the *vox Dei*.

The account which the Duke of Abercorn found himself in position to give the shareholders of the South African British South Africa Company has clarified Development the air greatly. It now comes out quite clearly that the chief fault attaching to the Company was the impetuosity with which its controllers sought to complete the development of the vast territory added by Mr. Rhodes to the Empire. Had they proceeded more slowly, the share capital would have undoubtedly lasted for many more years, and before the whole was spent, the earlier outlay might have begun to yield dividends. But who will blame them for endeavouring, even at some monetary risk, to shorten the period of development? There was only one way in which that most desirable object could be accomplished; an extensive system of railways must be brought into being as a first measure. At the same time, heavy administrative and military expenses had to be met, while the Matabele rising and the Boer War put further strain on the Rhodesian treasury. But all that is now at an end, so far as can be judged from present appearances, and, as the Duke of Abercorn shows, it should not be very long before revenue and expenditure balance. The case is precisely that of a long-neglected estate, endowed with rich intrinsic resources, which comes into the hands of a go-ahead capitalist. He pours treasure into its development, in full confidence that every pound so spent will come back in due course with added interest.

If for no other purpose than to get the charitable machinery of the Metropolis ready for operation, Unemployed the inquiry into the alleged growing destitution Workpeople of the poorer classes would be fully justified. It has happened before now that the "enthusiasm of humanity" suddenly excited has committed many blunders with improved methods of relief. Only the deserving poor are entitled to ask that their distress may be alleviated by other and less humiliating instrumentality than Poor Law relief. But that is quite good enough for the undeserving poor, and the heart of the problem is how best to separate the sheep from the goats. Judging from the Board of Trade returns, there can hardly be any very widespread distress in the industrial population, taken collectively. But that state of things is quite compatible with cruel privations in what may be called hand-to-mouth industries. It is ominous that the returns of pauperism have been rising throughout the year in most parts of England, and that fact alone would justify close investigation as to the cause of the portent. Note should be carefully made by the inquirers about those who, though not at present in necessitous circumstances, would inevitably be reduced to that condition by a hard winter.

## The Spystander

"Stand by,"—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBV-STERRY

The present is a terrible age. Nothing is sacred to the reformer the improver and the renovator. Everything must give way before what they call progress. I am grieved to hear these are signs of this disagreeable kind of progress in Brittany. If this is carried out we shall in a few years' time have nothing whatever left of the remains of what Froissart called *la plus drastique Bretagne*. I have the most vivid recollections of delightful times passed in Finistère years ago. I have driven in a rough kind of carriage with a wily little horse from picturesque St. Malo in the north to delightful Quimper in the south, visiting Dinan, St. Brieuc, Pontivy, Vannes, L'Orient, and many minor places—among which I can recall Lorient, Gueméné and Le Faouët—on the way. Often late at night have I paused at some quaint little inn and have found an excellent dinner and a comfortable bed, most scrupulously clean. Indeed I could fill a column with reminiscences of my courteous and considerate treatment at out-of-the-way villages whose names I have well-nigh forgotten. The cost of touring in Brittany in those days was wondrously little. I remember I lived excellently at the well-appointed Hôtel de l'Épée at Quimper for four francs a day, including wine.

Once I nearly caused a riot by setting up my easel in the marketplace at Vannes and painting the portrait of a picturesque old lady who sold fried sardines. The mob at last became so demonstrative that a couple of gendarmes politely invited me to withdraw, so the study was never completed. But I was a marked man for the rest of my stay, and the authorities kept their eyes upon me and took pretty good care I should have no further opportunity of practising my art in the public streets. My reminiscences of Quimper and the surrounding neighbourhood are mighty pleasant. The festivals and *pardons*, with the brilliant costumes of the women, the picturesque dress of the men, with their long hair, their huge straw-stuffed *tabors* and their voluminous *bragueros*, and the quaint dances to the music of the *binios*—an instrument peculiar to the country—are still fresh in my memory. I am also still haunted with the recollection of long sketching days at La Forêt, Pen-en-gue, and other picturesque *mansions* in the neighbourhood, the jovial luncheons with art friends and the perpetual pipe-smoking. All these occur to me when I hear there is a chance of the picturesque province drifting into the commonplace, as the light railway penetrates and the grunt of the motor becomes more frequent.

One of the earliest songs I ever wrote was entitled "Bradshaw on the Brain," and it was supposed to convey critically the state of mental confusion likely to ensue from unlimited study of the yellow-coloured volume devoted to making clear the tangle of trains and the jeopardy of junctions. Subsequently I proposed that "Bradshaw" should form an important item in the curriculum of schools, and that a Professor of Bradshaw should deliver lectures at both Oxford and Cambridge. For the future it is to be hoped no mental aberration may follow the perusal of the invaluable work—nor that any special education will be required for its mastery—for now the world is to be blessed with a reformed, a simplified and a clarified "Bradshaw," whose statistics and erudition will be within the reach of the most moderate intellect. Though it will consist of 1,132 pages, everything will be so clearly arranged that we shall be able to sing with another Bradshaw bard—

Birmingham and Sandingham and Arlingford and Durlingham  
And Torrington and Warrington and Rochester and Ryde  
And Larrington and Parrington and Purchase and Doreham—  
We'll find all about 'em in your "Bradshaw's Guide."  
And this will doubtless be to our great content!

Some ever-answering "Linkman" of *Truth* has recently made the appropriate remarks with regard to the collectors of modern times. Formerly collectors were lovers of art. Now, as this writer clearly shows, they are lovers of money. As he says:—"The rage of the moment in this direction is not the cultivation of art, but the valuation of art commodities, the sale of art treasures." "This is a beautiful miniature, it is worth a hundred pounds," says one; "That cup and saucer I would not sell under twenty pounds," says another; "You were fortunate to pick this up; it must be worth five pounds at least," says a third. "How strikingly true all this is in anyone who is brought in contact with the collectors of to-day will readily admit. Everybody is bent upon picking up something for half a sovereign and selling it for ten pounds. Aforetime we have been called 'a nation of shopkeepers.' If we continue in our present course we shall probably soon be known as a 'nation of curio-dealers.'"

A considerable time ago I had somewhat to say with regard to the reckless use of barbed wire in country places, and several obliging correspondents were good enough to write to me with regard to the legal aspect of the matter. I fear these opinions cannot have been remembered in country places or farmers and others would realise the risk they are running by impaling the clothes and the persons of inoffensive pedestrians. During the past few weeks I have come across gateways and footpaths in various places that have been open to the public for a century or more that are now closed by this diabolical obstruction, in places where they have no more right to erect it than I have to build a barricade in the Strand. The whole thing in these rural spots is so elaborately done by means of double lines and cross lines that they offer every opportunity for the infliction of grievous bodily harm and extensive damage to clothes of the unwary pedestrian. There is no excuse whatever for the erection of these dangerous barriers.

## The Theatres

### "HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT" AT THE IMPERIAL

Mr. Lewis Waller has adopted frank melodrama for his new venture at the IMPERIAL, and if *His Majesty's Servant* has little to recommend it from a literary or artistic point of view it is at least picturesque and full of effective theatrical situations. It is founded more or less—rather less than more—on the career of Mohun, the Restoration actor, and as Mohun Mr. Waller has a fine part. Notably an actor, he is really a fine Loyalist soldier who is unceasing in his efforts to save His Majesty Charles II. He aids him in his escape from Boiscourt. He is untiring in his efforts to bring about the monarch's return. Through villainy, in the form of a pretty villainess, he falls into the hands of the Commonwealth soldiers, but we know that naught will really happen to him. If he blunders into dangers, he struggles out of them always, and this in the most approved and flashing manner. He suffers and is silent under the vile accusations of the villainess when she thinks that to open his lips would endanger his Royal master, and sees his high-born lady-love go away broken-hearted, but we know well enough that a time will soon come when Lady Lettice will see his real nobility and fall into his arms. He allows himself to be arrested instead of the King, but we know again that, so far from endangering his life, this will enable him to make the Commonwealth soldiers ridiculous. He fights gallantly, makes love earnestly, and masquerades royally; in short, he is a fine hero of melodrama, and as such is well rewarded at the finish, when the curtain falls on General Monk promising to bring about the Restoration. Miss Evelyn Millard is a pretty and charming Lady Lettice. Miss Darragh is an inclusive villainess, but her undoubted talents are scarcely suited to heavy tragedy. Mr. H. V. Esmond's Charles II. is unlike most other stage portraits of the Merry Monarch, but hardly an improvement on them. The play has no serious significance, but will certainly be a popular success, and the beautiful scenes in Boiscourt wood, in an old London bookshop, and in and about Holland House are all that could be desired.

Mrs. Brown-Potter has not allowed her recent defeat to discourage her. She even seems to agree with the critics, and has placed on record, in *M.P.*, that "they had spoken truly, and so they had spoken fairly." One can only wish her better luck with her new venture, for she re-opens the SAVOY Theatre to-night (Saturday) with the revival of two plays in which she has made special successes abroad, but which have not yet had a production by her in the West End of London. As the heroine of Hermann Merivale's *Forger-Me-Nai*, and as a Sansone in a dramatization of the *Cavalieria Rusticana* by Alexander Salvini, she will present a double bill that will give her full scope for contrast of emotion and type. Mr. Gilbert Hare is producing the *Cavalieria Rusticana* for Mrs. Brown-Potter, while Mr. Fred Kerr, who will play Sir Horace Welby in *Forger-Me-Nai*, is also responsible for its production.

*Forger-Me-Nai* was first produced at the LYCEUM on August 21, 1879, by Miss Genevieve Ward, who played Stephanie, while Mr. Evelyn Robertson was Sir Horace Welby. It was revived at the old PRINCE OF WALES's Theatre, in the Tottenham Court Road, when the Sir Horace Welby was the late Mr. John Clayton. Thereafter Miss Ward played the piece for many years on tour, both in the provinces and abroad, that accomplished actor, Mr. W. H. Vernon, supporting her as Sir Horace.

Messrs. Hans Andersen and Max Behrend will commence their sixth season of German plays, by arrangement with Mr. W. S. Penley, at the Great Queen Street Theatre on November 8. They have lately returned from Germany, where they have succeeded in recruiting a strong company, including Fräulein Camilla Dalberg, who has won glowing opinions with Mr. Heinrich Koster's German Company in New York; Fräulein B. L'Arronge, a sister of the celebrated playwright, Adolph L'Arronge; Fräulein Rosie Graux, a talented young actress from the Stadt-Theater, Cologne; Herr Rudolf Lyser, Herr Hans Stock and Herr Heinrich Hauptmann. New plays have been secured by Gerhart Hauptmann, Hermann Sudermann, Max Dreyer, Max Halbe, Hühnenthal, Kadelburg, Ludwig Fulda and Clara Viebig.

Miss Muriel Wyllford has secured another play by Mr. Somerset Maugham, the author of *A Man of Honour*, and hopes to produce it in the West End next month. Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, Mr. Fred Kerr, and Mr. Ernest Lefcoster will probably be included in the cast.

Mr. George Alexander has acquired the British and American rights of a new play entitled *John Calicoes, M.P.*, which has been leased by Katherine Cecil Thurston on her novel of the same name. The story hinges on the question of a successful impersonation, carried out with the connivance of the original party; but the plot is fully set forth in our review of the novel in another column.

THE AVENUE will reopen on Monday with a drama entitled *The Master of Kingsford*, written by Mrs. Tom Kelly. The cast will include Miss Dora Barton and Miss Lillah McCarthy, so long including lady with the late Wilson Barrett. Like *His Majesty's Servant* it is a Charles II. play.

Miss Marie Tempest's new comedy for the CATHARINE, *The Freedom of Somerset*, is in three acts, and deals with the doings of a young wife, who first obtains a divorce, and subsequently is desirous of re-marrying her discarded husband.

The theatrical event of the week, which came too late for notice here, has been the production of Mr. Pinero's new play, at Wyndham's Theatre, *A Wife Without a Smile*.

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ILLUSTRATED PROGRAMME OF THE ANGLO-AMERICAN NILE STEAMER AND HOTEL COMPANY, and all information as to Routes, Rates, Landings, Cairo Hotels, &c., may be obtained GRATIS (or post free) and Cabins registered, at the

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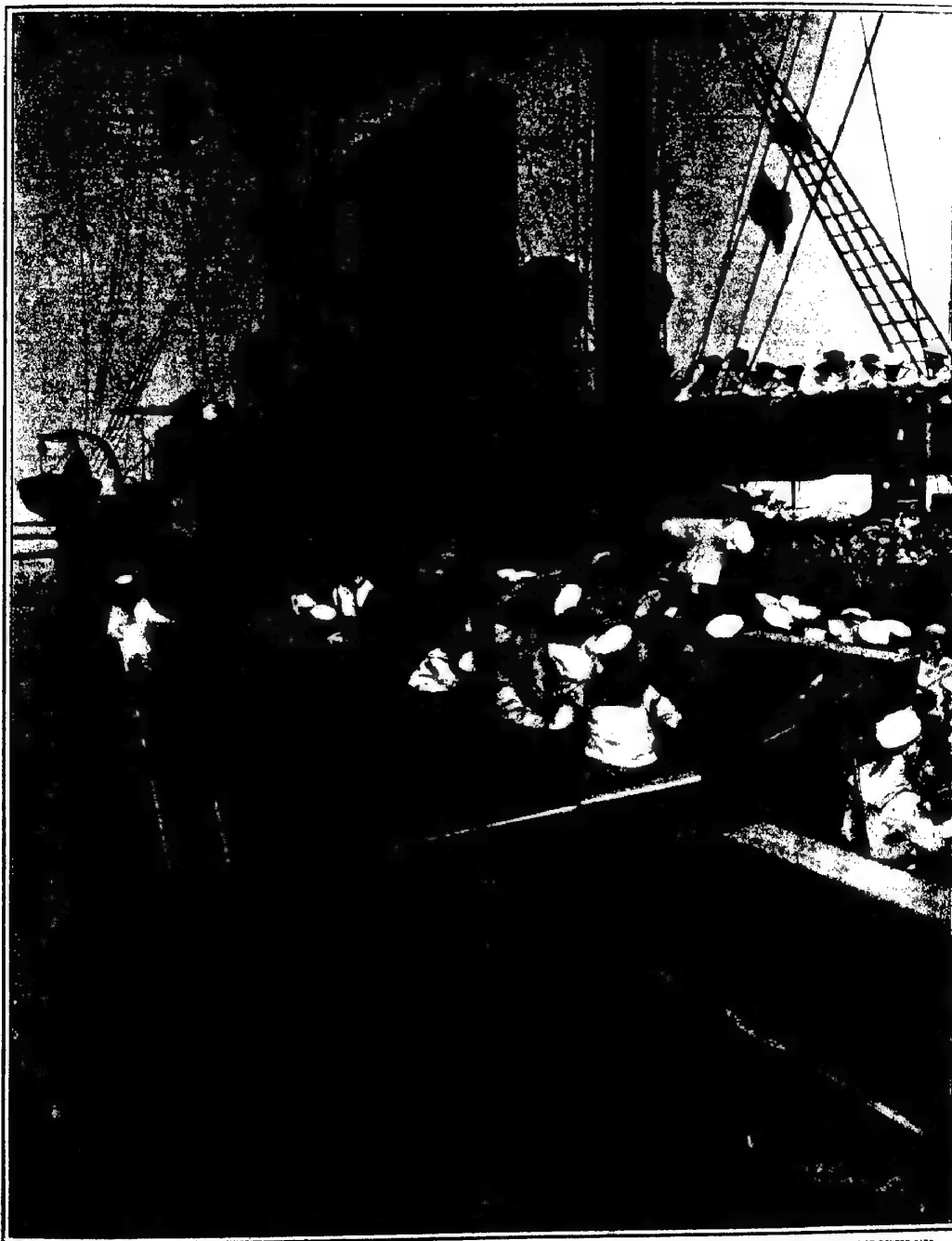
The capture of the heights round Liaoyang was made the occasion of much rejoicing at Yokohama. Work was suspended and a procession paraded the town with flags on bamboo poles. Our photograph by T. Eddiman Johnston.

#### CELEBRATING THE VICTORY AT LIAOYANG: A PROCESSION AT YOKOHAMA



In order to carry out relief measures in time of war one hundred and sixteen nursing corps—twenty-eight of women and eighteen of men—are always held in readiness. One corps to take charge of a hundred patients, consists of two surgeons, one apothecary, one clerk, two head nurses and twenty nurses. There are also three corps for the transport of the wounded. Our illustration is from a copyright photograph by "Kodak, London."

THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALES OF JAPAN: RED CROSS NURSES LEAVING FOR THE SEAT OF WAR



DRIVEN BY F. J. WAGNER

A correspondent writes:—"The Russian Volunteer crew on Petersburg and Smolensk have arrived here from Spain. The guard turned out on each ship on passing a British cruiser and saluted. They are now moored here for the night. Both ships entered with canvas screens up to keep off sand dust, their

coaling ports open and, in fact, everything ready for putting in coal. Several groups of fifty or more Russian seamen and stokers were seen grouped around one of their number, who read aloud the news from a paper obtained on their arrival. The local authorities were a picture to see."

FROM A SKETCH BY ROBERT GARR

THE ARRIVAL OF THE RUSSIAN CRUISER SMOLENSK AT PORT SAID; NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR





Yesterday (Friday) he would go to Sandringham, the Princess and family having arrived a few days earlier at York Cottage.

Princess Christian's South African tour ends this week, as the Princess and her daughter were to leave Cape Town in the *Kiddow Castle* for home on Wednesday. Their last few days were spent at Pietermaritzburg, Johannesburg—where they received General Botha—and Bloemfontein, reaching Cape Town on Sunday for their final visit. The trip has done both Princesses a great deal of good.

Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll have also left Scotland for the season and come south.—Princess Henry of Battenberg, with Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, who has been staying with her for some time—went over the new Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital at Newport the other afternoon, and then had tea at Carisbrook Castle. The Duchess of Albany, with her daughter, Princess Alexander of Teck, was at the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic, Queen's Square, on Saturday, and opened the new operating theatre. The Duchess is especially interested in this hospital through its connection with her late husband. Another of her favourite charities, the Deptford Fund, claims her attention next Thursday, when the Duchess will be in Deptford to attend a reception in connection with the work of the Albany Institute and the Deptford Fund.

The German Emperor is a mighty hunter indeed. Whilst at his shooting lodge, Rominten, His Majesty has just brought down a splendid buck having antlers of 28 times, and weighing 374 German pounds. In memory of the fact the Kaiser has presented 28,000 marks to the inhabitants of Rominten—1,000 marks for each time.

## "PLACE AUX DAMES"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

London is gradually filling up, and yet all the people one meets complain that London is empty. Both assertions are correct. By the new fashion of week-ends London is alternately full and empty. The enduring, if quiet, winter season has become a thing of the past, and life is completely changed. The richer classes of society are perpetually motoring and moving about; the poorer, who cannot afford this expensive habit, are gradually migrating to the country. London, as a place of residence, seems as if it would soon resemble the City, once a busy centre of gaiety and life, now used only for business purposes and as silent as the grave by night. Year by year it becomes more difficult to let town houses, and the house agents are in despair. The suburbs encroach on the city and stretch for weary monotonous miles, while Brighton, Eastbourne, Windsor, and other minor towns find a mushroom population growing up round them, people who in old days would have lived in London, but now prefer the country or villadom. And with all this rents do not go down, and the ordinary householder whose business forces him to remain in London finds it even more difficult to make both ends meet. In the next ten years the changes will be even greater. Where will it end?

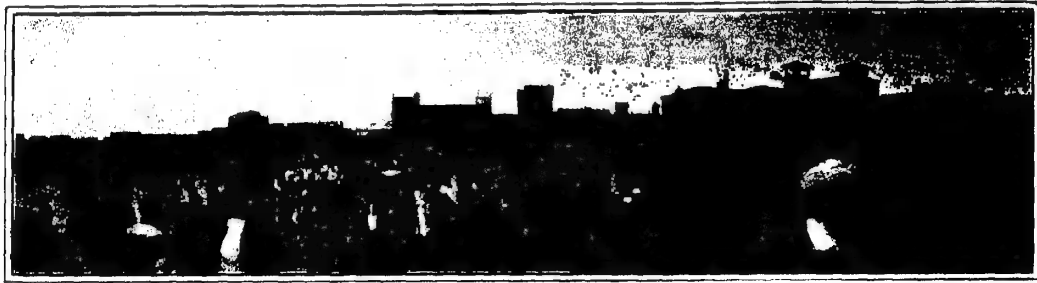
I should imagine the question of frocks *versus* plays has now been settled once for all. Mrs. Brown-Potter's heroic attempt at the Savoy has only emphasised the fact, that clothes really attract the public very little, a fact already proved by the success of that simple play, *Merry Mary Ann*. It says volumes for the talent of an actress when her charm and personality are not

eclipsed by the plain and monotonous attire of a dress worn through three acts, and Miss Edwards (R.D.) has now had the credit to herself for having succeeded in the new dress—a simple cap. The British public has triumphantly accepted the new approval of charm, simplicity and nature. A woman who looks the slaves at all; she is a refined and intelligent young lady; but she possesses that glimmer of misanthropy and the inner quality of a quality on the stage, which makes things an important situation seem natural. One may, therefore, hope now to see the moral lessons of the *casualties* reserved for misanthropy, leaving real life and character and dramatic incidents to be repeated in the theatre proper, as in France and Germany. If the dramatic companies have taught us nothing else they have taught us that good plays and good acting render most elaborate scenery very considerate.

Japan has always been known as the land of civility and light-heartedness—at any rate among the women; but an account of the physical training they undergo, which I have been reading lately, shows what serious determination lies at the root of their civility, and gives a clue to that iron firmness and heroism which the whole nation has displayed during the progress of the war. The Japanese are not only artistic but practical, a rare combination, and the advocates of the physical equality of women and men might find arguments to support their theory among the Japanese. The girls and boys wrestle on equal terms, and the women are as strong as the men—supple, "bounding with the vim of life and graceful in every line of contour." The Japanese woman seeks abundance of air, drinks pure water, and goes out of doors the first thing in the morning. Consequently consumption is a rare disease, and instead of living in overheated rooms, they merely add extra clothing to what they wear already. Women always have some time for



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN: HER MAJESTY, WITH PRINCESS VICTORIA AND PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK.  
From a Photograph taken on board the Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert* by Georg Brodner, Copenhagen.



The sands at Atlantic City, New Jersey, are famous in the United States, and every year the place seems to grow in popularity. Not only is much bathing the fashion, but men and women promenade on the sands to bathing costume for hours together. English visitors who do not object to mild heat may yet find Atlantic City ways rather too free and easy. Our photograph was supplied by Petro and Jones, Philadelphia.

A NICE QUIET SPOT FOR A FAMILY HOLIDAY: THE END OF THE SEASON AT ATLANTIC CITY

recreation. Even the poorest woman goes to the bath at night, and, later on, meets her friends; but all retire to rest early. At night women are rarely seen in the streets after ten o'clock at night. How different from the feverish nights spent by our girls at balls and parties during the season!

Landlords are gradually parting with their properties in Ireland; the big proprietors give up their responsibilities and their land, and realise their money. Quite recently Lord Gosford sold his estates for a sum of £250,000, and many others are following suit. In the next generation the whole complexion of things in Ireland will be changed, and the big landlords become a thing of the past. This must affect many people, for they brought money and employment into the country with their hunting, shooting and other establishments, and gave freely to the poorer tenants, all of whom must miss their help and sympathy.

Mushroom colour is the new tint for autumn wear, and very charming and subdued it is. It is also very economical, for the woman with a mushroom-coloured gown can add any brilliant accessories she likes in the shape of hat or blouse, and always look well dressed. True, the tint does not suit everyone, but modified brown may be made to go with all complexions. Then there is the pleasant association of the edible fungus. Who does not remember the early tramp in the dewy morning after mushrooms, the delight of finding them growing clean and fragrant in profusion in the fields, beside the road, near the hedge, anywhere, in fact, in a good mushroom year, and bringing them home in triumph to be cooked at once, out of hand, grilled on toast for breakfast, stewed for luncheon, mixed with a savoury stew, or served hot and devilled? There is a superstition that mushrooms are unwholesome. I have never found them so when eaten fresh and lightly cooked without too much sauce. In Italy quantities of mushrooms are eaten which we do not consider edible, and no one is any the wiser.

It is said to contemplate the advent of winter, and to bring out one's furs from the sheltered corner where they have reposed during the summer, but a few cold days lately have turned people's thoughts towards them, and, indeed, in motoring fur-lined coats have become a necessity. There can be no great novelty in the quality of furs, though shapes and colours may differ. Sable always remains the queen of furs, and the most expensive. Mole skin, so fashionable last year, is now banished from public favour, which remains faithful to seal and musquash. A few quaint furs, like pony and fox, find purchasers, but sable, chinchilla, seal, mink, and squirrel divide popularity according to the purse. Time was when only wealthy women dreamt of furs, or in any case of anything more than a trimming or a collar; now everyone wears furs, imitation, inferior, or even material made to resemble fur. The consequence is that well-dressed women will only wear the very best fur, and judiciously turn away from all inferior productions.

### A Romance of Millions

A threatened *cause célèbre*, which promised to be almost as sensational as the Humbert Case, has suddenly collapsed. A well-known Spanish millionaire in Paris, the Marquis Alejandro de Casa Riera, who had inherited a vast fortune from his uncle, has been accused of fraud and perjury by a cousin, a blacksmith named Peter Riera. This perjury alleges that the real Alejandro de Casa Riera died in 1878 at San Martino di Sarocca, and cited the registers of death there as evidence. The Marquis, who is eighty-one, vigorously repudiated the charge, and the case has been before the Paris courts for some time past—the Marquis maintaining that since 1842 he had always lived with his uncle in Madrid and Paris, until the death of the latter, and giving a list of people who have known him for the past sixty years. Peter Riera was backed by an influential syndicate, and his tale received credence in certain quarters—the Marquis de Dion, of automobile fame, Baron de Marcy, M. Paulmier, and M. Firmin Faure being amongst his supporters—they having been approached by a priest, the Abbé Couvert, who apparently acted on behalf of the blacksmith claimant. The bubble appears to have been pricked by our enterprising contemporary, the *Matin*, whose special correspondent discovered the death certificate to be a manifest forgery. After this

M. Paulmier at once stigmatised the whole affair as a miserable hoax organised in Spain to swindle people of good faith, and M. de Marcy denounced the Abbé Couvert in the strongest terms. The Abbé vigorously protests against the accusation of having forged the certificate, and states that he received it from a former Spanish

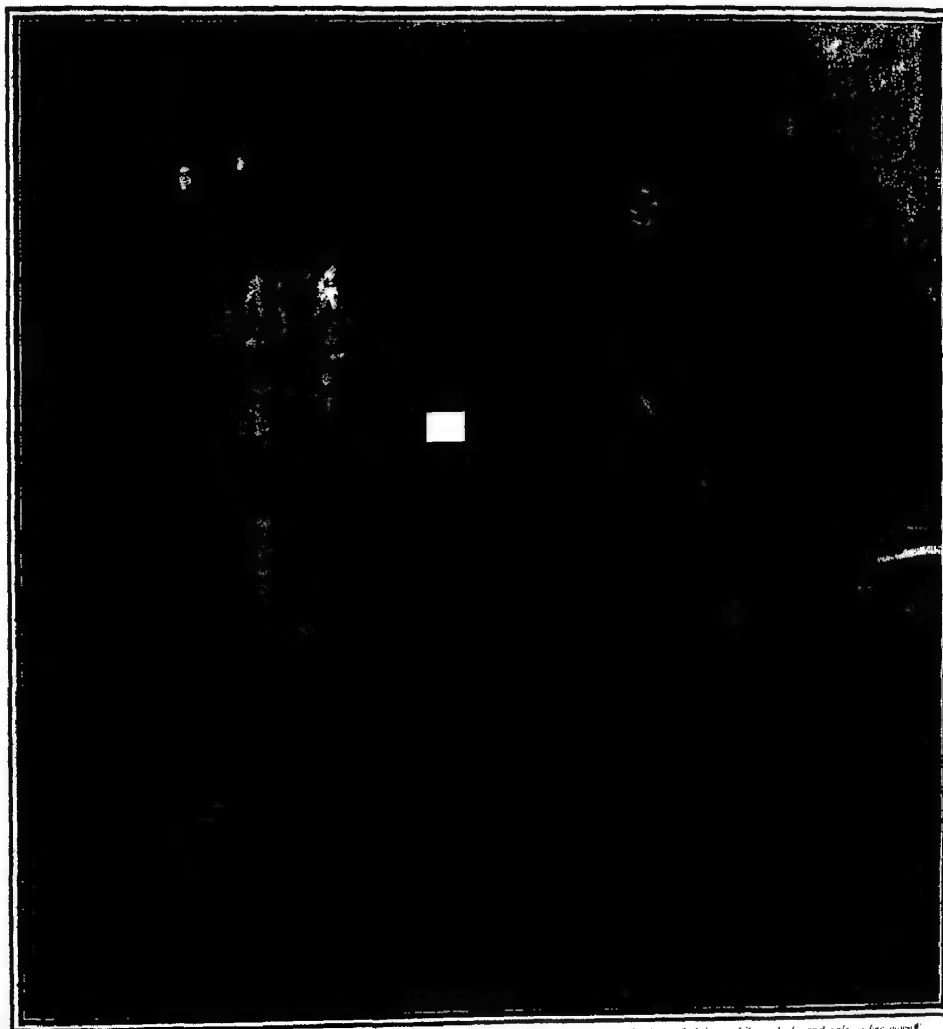
consul at Shanghai, Emilio Souleire, who, it is stated, has disappeared. Meanwhile, the case is standing over during the absence on military service of the judge; but the Spanish investigating magistrate at Villafraña has issued warrants for the arrest of Peter Riera and the Abbé Couvert.



The Marquis of Casa Riera was called last week for the second time to M. Leydet, the judge d'instruction at the Palace of Justice. His presence in the gateway facing St. Loyet's door caused much excitement. Numbers of journalists were there, all anxious to get an interview with, or a photograph of, the Marquis, but the latter refused to say anything or to be photographed. Our illustration shows the Marquis giving instructions to his counsel, Maître Richard, while an impudent reporter is trying to photograph him with a camera unpermittedly brought in under the guise of an ordinary case of goods.

THE FAMOUS TOLBORNE CASE: THE MARQUIS OF CASA RIERA, HIS COUNSEL, AND A DISGUISED CAMERA

A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY LOUIS HALLIDAY



"The noise of his entrance drew a cry from the bedroom, and in another instant Barbara stood in the doorway, Barbara clad in a white nightgown, and pale as her gown."

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### IN THE SQUARE TOWER

The young man's suspicions moved like a tide, now rising, and now sinking in ebb. Yet out of his wretched reflections issued at last one fact. He recalled now with precision that the fisherman had spoken of a gentleman in search of a girl who had been *blown out to sea*. If that were so, he had proved that Sir Piers was the man, and it followed for certain that the girl was—Barbara. He

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had been hoodwinked, tricked by a crafty scoundrel who would clearly stop at nothing to gain his end. On reaching this stage Faversham clapped on his hat and ran forth into the darkness. The lanes round Daxter were deeply embowered in night. He pulled out his watch, and by the light from the tavern window noted the hour. Sir Piers was to start at eight. If he had not lied as to that also, he would be starting now. Faversham ran fast along the lanes with the determination to face the man forthwith and call him to account. As he reached the entrance of the avenue he heard the sound of wheels on the gravel and the clinking of harness. Was it possible that Blakiston was setting forth? And, if it were so,

perhaps his tale was true after all—yes, at least, in this particular, that Barbara was no longer in the tower, but had returned on her way to Morden. The horses emerged from the gateway, and the dark shape of the coach was visible behind them. What did it matter if it were so? The man must die. A sudden plethora of rage seized on him, launching the blood to his face and brain. He rushed forward, shouting to stop the carriage, gesticulating and crying wild words.

"Stop!"

For an instant the horses swerved, as if the driver had checked them and then freed the reins ere the check was effective; a voice

bounded low in the chaise; and under the whip the animals lifted their feet, threw up their heads and broke into a sharp trot. The chaise, swinging on its springs, jolted into the lane, turned, struck back again as it missed it to the earth, and bowled away into the darkness.

The pole had taken him on his shoulder, and he had narrowly escaped the hook of the team. He rose, sure, dared, but a caution of broken person. Yet what was there to do save to look helplessly into that night which had followed up his enemy. Still under the effects of his fall, he stepped dully on to the footpath, where the white lodge loomed in the darkness, and in the end tumbled against someone. He civilly begged pardon in spite of his confusion of mind, and discovered slowly that it was a woman whom he had collided. The lodge-keeper was shutting the gates, and suddenly his lantern blinked dimly on the same. He called out, "Lizzie, Lizzie! Is't you there? What are you doing there?"

As he spoke he approached Faversham, and threw the light upon him. He rays fell upon the woman, too, and Faversham noted some thing faintly familiar in her face.

"Yes, father," she said, but she was staring curiously at the lieutenant.

"Come in, lass," exhorted the lodge-keeper, who was an elderly, dull-eyed man, in the garb of a gardener.

"Who's this?" he asked immediately, and turned his lantern full on the stranger.

"Tis 'tis a friend of Sir Piers," replied the girl glibly, much to Faversham's astonishment.

He turned his gaze upon her sharply again, but her eyelids were demurely lowered. Where had he seen her? Quickly came the answer; she was the maid who had entered to take Sir Piers (Hickson) to command that afternoon. The girl looked up at him, and then deliberately dropped her eyes once more.

"Yes, I am a friend of Sir Piers," he said suddenly. "I have, unhappily, just missed him. He rides to Yarmouth and crosses to night, I believe."

The lodge-keeper thought that this was so. Again Faversham glanced at the girl, who showed pretty even through the darkness. "Get you in, Lizzie," rejoined the man, and she made a movement to be gone; but Gilbert was aware that she moved slowly, and that the shafts of her eyes were shot at him again. It seemed to him as if she would have spoken, if she had dared; but her glance returned to her father, and she continued her movement down the path.

For a few moments, with a heart that fluttered strangely, and a mind that wandered. Why had the girl interrogated him with her eyes so persistently? Was it rustic curiosity, or, maybe, even the challenge of a rural beauty? He glanced through the gates, and thought that he detected a white shadow flitting in the distance. He drew near and furtively tried the ironwork, but the key had been turned in the padlock. Oddly enough, this provoked his resolution further, stung him from indifference into a definite purpose. He walked along the wall of the park, put his hands on the top, and drew himself up. He dropped on the further side softly, and stealthily made his way through the shrubbery into the avenue.

Now that he was within the precincts of the garden, there was nothing visible except the trees and the bushes. Out of the enfolding night issued many voices; a disturbed blackbird chinked in the distance, a dog bayed suddenly, the wind rustled about the avenue, and over all ran the beating of the sea. Neither house nor gate was to be seen from where he stood—the girl had vanished. He moved swiftly but with caution in the direction of the house; and, coming to a pause, thought he detected a stir in the laurels upon the border of the drive. He went towards them on the impulse, but ere he had taken two steps fell into something that crashed by the rhododendrons. A girl's cry rose up and was stifled. Her breath was upon his face.

"Who is it?" he asked quickly. "Is it Lizzie?"

His voice seemed to reassure her, for she struggled no longer, only continued to breathe heavily. She had removed herself out of his grasp, and for a moment there was silence.

"Why did you run after the chaise?" she asked. "I saw it knock you down."

"It was an accident," explained Faversham, gathering together his wits with his growing confusion; "such as my running over you just now, which I regret, my dear."

"You were in the Hall this afternoon to see Sir Piers," she pursued. "I heard you talking."

Faversham could not but ere he spoke; he also felt in his pocket. "Who are you, Lizzie?" he asked.

"I am household maid Mrs. Hobday," she replied; and asked, after a pause, "Are you an enemy to Sir Piers, Blackton? I heard you quarrelling."

He seized her hand sharply, and pressed into her palm a guinea.

"Tell me; is there anyone staying in the Hall?"

"Yes," she answered, after a momentary pause.

"Who is it?" demanded Faversham, feeling again in his pocket. Lizzie waited; the second guinea was squeezed into her hand.

"Tis a young lady," she made reply, "that came off a wreck with Sir Piers."

"What's her name?" he persisted. Lizzie, in the darkness, shook her head. "You must take a message to her from me," he said peremptorily. She hesitated. "Come," he said encouragingly.

"Your master has gone. It will be safe."

"Mrs. Hobday attends on her herself," she objected. "She is ill, and has rooms in the tower."

"You must take a message," declared Faversham, with abrupt decision, and there was the click of another guinea on its fellow.

Apparently this was a successful appeal, for she began to go cautiously towards the house, and he followed her. She led the way to a side-door, from which steps descended in a sweep upon the lawn, and, opening this, which had evidently served to let her out upon a transient errand, beckoned him noiselessly in.

"You may stay in this room," she whispered. "If you make no noise. No one comes here; this side of the house is never used. What message shall I take?"

"Say that Lieutenant Faversham is below, and waits Miss Garroway's commands, anxious only if he can be of any service to her."

Lizzie repeated the words, and then left him in the dark and empty chamber. He had his own thoughts and fears and emotions for company. It was, of course, possible that this girl from the wreck was some one other than Barbara, in which case he would know it from the way in which she received his message. On the other hand, he had practically no doubt that it was Barbara, and, if that was so, how would she answer him? That depended—it depended on . . .

The thought was too terrible for him. Was he here to rescue an innocent creature, or was he here only to take vengeance? He dared not say even to himself, but waited, miserable and impatient, anxious for the girl's return, and yet full of dread as to what that return would bring to him.

How long he waited he could not guess, but the time seemed interminable. No sound reached him through the house, and no light was visible. He pushed open the door at last, and looked down the narrow passage. Far away he perceived a glimmer of light, as it were a suppressed glow which evidently came from a candle; and after a moment or two of hesitation he began to feel his way . . .

He found the light hanging . . .

more he hesitated, not knowing if it was wiser to go back and keep his watch again or to risk all and push on. He decided on the latter course, and, choosing a corridor at random, he plunged into the labyrinth of the house. A staircase rising on his left tempted him presently, and he mounted it, landing in a corridor above. At the end of this, which was ill-lit, but bore signs of habitation, he came to a long window, which stood open. Putting out his head he peered into the night and listened. A light shone some way to his right, and by it he could make out against the blackness of the sky the square tower of which the maid had spoken. The light gleamed from a window in the tower, and there lay—Barbara! With a new incentive not to lose heart he went forward again. He had roughly committed to memory the bearings of the tower, and keeping his direction ever towards it, he passed by passages and stairways at last out upon a landing with windows. He looked out, and to his satisfaction perceived the black bulk of the tower looming over him, a door faced him. He went to it, and knocked, his heart thumping in his side. As he did so a hand was laid on him, and a voice cried in concern.

"You cannot go in there, sir! What are you doing here?"

Faversham turned on his heel and confronted the housekeeper. She was pale with agitation, but looked formidable.

"What are you doing here?" she repeated. "These are a lady's rooms."

"I know it," said Gilbert curtly. "That is why I am here," and he turned and knocked lightly. The agitation had betrayed her nerve, and she was alone.

"You must not enter," cried the woman. "Tis a sick lady in bed—"

In answer he turned the handle, without awaiting any response to his knock, and the door giving, pushed it ajar and went in.

The room in which he found himself was commodious and well-furnished, indicating itself by its appointments as the lounge of a woman. A door stood open into a further room, and in this a light burned besides the two upon the table in the first chamber. The noise of his entrance drew a cry from the bedroom, and in another instant Barbara stood in the doorway, Barbara clad in a white nightgown, and pale as her gown.

She stood staring at him, and next, with a little cry and a swift passage of her feet, had run towards him.

"Gilbert—Mr. Faversham!" She seized his hand. "Oh, you are here to help me. I am glad to see you. How came you here? I—I have been ill."

"It is true," said the housekeeper from behind him. "She has been ill since she was rescued by Sir Piers."

Faversham's eyes devoured her. She had taken on a more ethereal and spiritual aspect since he had seen her last. Did that etherealisation come of trouble? Was it through martyrdom that the poor saint had reached her sanctity?

"Why are you not at home, Barbara?" he asked simply.

"What are you doing here?"

She threw up her arms with a gesture of weariness. "I am only a woman. What can I do against a man? I am a prisoner."

The words were ominous, but he said stoutly, "You are not a prisoner. You are free to go, and you shall go this moment with me."

She looked at him listlessly. "Yes, I suppose so—I will go with you. Yet what's the difference? I change one man for another. A man is a man," and she laughed unpleasantly.

Gilbert's heart trembled. She spoke like one demoralized.

"You must not talk so," he said reprovingly. "You must come home with me. Your mother is waiting anxiously for news of you. She thinks you are dead."

"Poor mother!" sighed Barbara, and shrugged her shoulders as if impatient of her sigh.

"Has that man kept you prisoner?" he asked, hoarse now with his anger at the treachery of Sir Piers.

"Oh, he was good and kind," she answered indifferently.

"They have made much of me. I believe, Mr. Faversham, they have quite spoiled me," and she laughed again in her unpleasant manner.

"But I could not get out. I was guarded by Sir Piers that I could not get out. Yes, I will come with you to my mother, poor mother. But men are all alike. I hate the name of man."

"What did he keep you here for?" said Gilbert, in his voice of emotion.

"He wants me to marry him," said Barbara in her dull, even voice. "He told me I should not go forth until I should marry him."

It must be confessed that this answer startled the young man. It was by no means what he had expected—and feared; and now that he had it he was inclined to fear it as much as that which he had

expected. He spoke with angry vehemence, visiting upon the empty air the violence of his wrath against the Baronet.

"You shall go forth free; you shall not marry him," he cried; and then was aware swiftly that Sir Piers himself was within the room.

He stood with his hand on the door, surveying them with interest, but with no surprise, but any alarm; and it was he, not Faversham, who broke the silence.

"If I had known, Mr. Faversham, that you proposed to be my guest, I would have taken steps to receive you in a becoming way—as far, of course, as is possible in these barbarian wastes," he added, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"You are all chest and liar, sir, and even when your treachery is unmasked you have not the grace to blush."

"Treachery!" said Sir Piers, and signed to the housekeeper to withdraw. "Will you allow me to sit down, Miss Garroway? I must apologise profoundly for trespassing on your privacy so unexpectedly, but I heard voices, and took alarm for your safety. One never knows in these outlandish parts with what treatment one may meet—what risks one may run."

Barbara said nothing, but shrugged her shoulders and eyed him curiously, not with dislike or even suspicion, but with the expression with which one might watch through the bars a strange creature in its cage.

"You have kidnapped this lady, and held her prisoner," said Faversham, controlling himself to put his formidable indictment in words. "You have insulted her foully, and you have led to cover your cowardice and brutality."

"Come, lieutenant, if I may still so call you," said Sir Piers smoothly, "we go too fast. My head will not follow your quicker wit. We began with treachery, and we have rushed on to—to the other things." He waved his white hand. "No doubt you will be good enough to repeat them to me presently. One by one. Treachery! Is it treachery to yourself if you speak? Or treachery to this lady, who is engaged to be my wife?"

"It is a lie," said Gilbert.

"You have an indelicate, rude tongue, sir," protested Sir Piers. "Is it not so, Barbara? I regret to bring you into our boisterous talk, but Lieutenant Faversham had doubted my word. Is it not true that you consented to be my wife?"

"It is true," said Barbara dryly.

"If Mr. Faversham doubts any longer, I have a most excellent witness in a certain Royal Pensioner, who did me the honour to be present at the betrothal."

Barbara burst out laughing. The man was irresistible, and she had no fear of him. She was almost really amused. But her laughter startled Faversham, in whose mind once more grave and terrible doubts began to spread. Yet he did not wince.

"I am taking Miss Garroway to her home at once," he declared, "and will return to settle with you."

"Is it true, Barbara? Are you going home?" asked Sir Piers mildly. "Mr. Faversham will excuse me for doubting him in my turn, and you, I trust, child, for this wearisome catechism."

She looked him in the face fully. "If you have any objection to raise, of course—"

He shook his head. "You know, child, I would do only what is best for you. But you have an obstinate will. I am not yet certain I know you, Barbara. And I suppose if you go you will not come back? No. Then I must come to you."

For the first time a look of fear flashed in her face.

"Oh, you will go back to town and pleasure," she said scornfully.

Sir Piers glanced at her sadly. "You have played the very mischief with my life these last months, child, and after all you do not know your strength. You repudiate the engagement?"

"I do," she said boldly.

"This is in Mr. Faversham's presence. It may interest him," said Sir Piers. "Mr. Faversham, you are privileged to behold a suitor who has been played fast and loose with. Barbara, I will not let you off."

She flushed with anger, and made a gesture of contempt and scorn, at which Faversham, who had been amazed and bewildered by the talk, fired once more.

"You will have to answer to me for your ill-treatment of Miss Garroway, sir," said he, with simple dignity. "In the meantime I have assured her that I will protect her."

Sir Piers blinked with amazement on him. "You seem, Mr. Lieutenant," he said, "to misinterpret strangely. You have been witness to Miss Garroway's withdrawal, and consequently to my humiliation. No man likes another to see him in so contumacious a position. Imagine me, then, in the dust; but I beg you will be the kinder to me, at the most moderate, in that I am so reduced and so beset. Barbara, is it your wish that this gentleman should protect you from me?"

"I can protect myself," she burst forth; "I am not afraid of you, although you think I am."

"Dear child, that I never thought," he said tenderly. "You baffled me. I could never measure, but I never underestimated your courage, believe me. Mr. Faversham," he went on blandly, "this dear lady has doubtless acquainted you that she has been kept captive here since yesterday morning. Hence you are owing vengeance like a proper knight-errant. But she wants you not, and greatly as I respect your motives, neither do I. I beg you will go, and whatsoever may be between us may remain over till a more convenient time."

"I will not go without Miss Garroway," declared Gilbert, looking at her.

She stood, straight and tall and white, in her gown; the colour had clean gone from her face once more, and she looked at neither.

"Barbara, will you go with him?" asked Sir Piers's beautiful voice.

"Yes," she said very plump and abrupt.

"Then, child, I will ask Mrs. Hobday to attend you," said the Baronet, suave and unmoved. "There will be much to be done ere you can leave." He pulled out his watch and examined it.

"Tis past nine some time, but you can hire a boat for Lymington,

I doubt not. My chase will be here within half an hour. I left it to go forward, having changed my mind as to my journey. Mr. Faversham. But you shall set forth by sea at the latest, I am sure."

He looked at them, and Faversham, who was beginning to feel a certain fear of this smooth-tongued man, threw his back defiance. Barbara shuddered, and sank into a chair.

"I will not cross to-night," she said with a sob. "I hate the Solent. I will stay here."

Faversham went forward to her in his impulsive way as if he would soothe her, but was arrested by a sharp voice of command. "Do not touch her," he said, and, turning, he saw a glitter in the usually cool eyes. "Miss Garraway is in no need of your assistance, Mr. Faversham." Sir Piers proceeded, more mildly. "She shall have Mrs. Hobday."

As he spoke he rang the bell, and the housekeeper, who had evidently been in waiting, appeared at once and received her instructions. Then Sir Piers turned to the younger man.

"You have your answer now, sir," he said. "Are you content?"

But being by this time beyond his own control, out dashed poor Faversham.

"Sir, I will kill you for a consummate hypocrite and villain!" he declared.

"You shall have your chance, boy," returned Sir Piers, and then, in another tone, "D'ye suppose I would surrender her to a country bumpkin?"

"You shall answer for that, as for everything—lies, treachery, and all," was Faversham's sharp return.

Sir Piers shrugged his shoulders again. "My friend, or my enemy, rather, those things of which you speak," he said, "are but counters. Are you so young as to weigh such counters against a woman, even though they spoil Hell? I prefer Heaven to-day and now."

They passed out, but on the threshold Sir Piers stopped and turned towards the girl.

"Barbara," he said, and she looked up. "Barbara," and he made a step into the room again. "You are foolish, Barbara. You have no more sense than a pretty bird. Will you marry me?"

"No," she said bluntly.

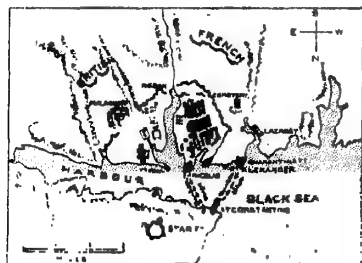
He took her hands and she did not resist. "Look in my face," he said, and she did so, defiantly, angrily. "Good God, child, you should know better," he said, with a sudden breaking of his words, and left her abruptly. But Barbara sat and stared at the closed door, her lips moving and a pucker of doubt on her forehead.

(To be continued)

## Sevastopol and Port Arthur

THE SIEGES OF 1854 AND 1904.

We English are not very keen to remember the anniversaries of our victories as are some of our continental neighbours, but perhaps it is worth while to recall the fact that fifty years ago—



Later, as the Allied forces drew in, the British occupied works opposite the Redan, with the French on either side of them.

SKETCH MAP OF SEVASTOPOL AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SIEGE.

on October 17, 1854—the first assault was made upon Sevastopol, if only because there are many points of resemblance between the siege of that fortress and the siege that is now, half a century later, occupying the world's attention in the Far East. Both Sevastopol and Port Arthur are on the coast, and have important harbours, and in both sieges it was Russians who were besieged. Japan, as a Power to be reckoned with, was unknown in the days when the Allied British and French forces sat down before Sevastopol. In 1854 the Russians pursued a different course with regard to their fleet to that taken in the case of Port Arthur. Directly after the battle of the Alma, when the Allies began to prepare to invest Sevastopol, the Russians sank a number of battleships at the mouth of the harbour and effectually blocked it. The siege lasted 349 days, and when the Russians evacuated the fortress, on September 7, 1855, they blew up and sank all their ships. On the morning when the Allies took possession of the shattered stronghold, there was no token of the Black Sea fleet, except protruding stumps of masts and fragments floating on the water. The siege itself is too complex to deal with in detail, and we can only refer to the principal incidents. The first bombardment was on October 17, 1854. The first sortie was made on October 26. By January, 1855, there were 14,000 men of the Allies in hospital. "The days and nights in the trenches were simply horrible. The troops shivered there for twenty-four hours at a time, often spilt mud that rose nearly to the knees, and as the water froze on became frozen, especially towards the early and latter hours of the morning." There was a second sortie on March 22, and on April 9 there was a second, and very heavy, bombardment, and the



MR. G. H. REID,  
Premier of the Australian Commonwealth.

Russian rifle-pits were captured. On June 6 there was a third bombardment and an assault, and the Mamelon Fort was taken. A fourth bombardment on June 15 was followed by an unsuccessful attack on the Malakoff Fort and the Redan, though the cemetery at the foot of Green Hill was captured. A fifth and sixth bombardment was carried out on August 17, and on September 5-7. On September 8 the final assault was made, when the French took the Malakoff and the British failed at the Redan. This terminated the siege. While the siege was thus dragging on its weary length, the Russian field army and the garrison had not been idle. There had been three efforts to raise the siege, those which led to the battle of Balaklava on October 25, 1854, the battle of Inkerman on November 5, 1854, and the battle of the Tchernaya on August 16, 1855. It should be noted, when comparing the sieges of Sevastopol and Port Arthur, that the former was never really invested, but constantly received reinforcements from the north. It is, therefore, impossible to say how many men there were in Sevastopol at one time. The Russian losses in the campaign have been variously estimated at from 350,000 to 500,000. During the war the British total loss was as follows: Killed in action and died of wounds, 5,500; died of cholera and other diseases, 22,000. The French lost about 63,500. The great bulk of these losses were incurred at Sevastopol. On the day of the final assault the Russians lost 11,090, the French 7,557, and the British 2,610. The besieging army, of course, varied in numbers from time to time, but statistics were published showing the state of the British army each week,

and, taking one of these as an example, as follows: On June 3, 1855, the returns give a total of 48,029 men and boys.

Now let us turn to Port Arthur for a moment. It is a fact that there are now some 25,000 Russian soldiers in the town. Since the beginning of the siege the Russian losses have been 10,000 men, and the only reinforcements they have received have been the bluejackets from their warships, which have been landed. Of the besieging force there is no record of reinforcements, reinforcements are continually being despatched to the old Nagai army, but there is no doubt that there are at least 80,000 men in the besieging force. There is one other point of comparison that must not be forgotten. The space of fifty years has not altered the weapons of war. Part of our infantry in the Crimea were armed with the old Brown Bess, though some had the Minié (Smith's) rifle—this was the first campaign in which our soldiers used rifles. With the Brown Bess fire was usually opened at 150 to 200 yards. Such a weapon to-day would be practically useless when opposed to a magazine rifle sighted to 3,500 yards. The improvement made in artillery is no less remarkable. In the Crimea the heaviest guns we had were 8-in. 65-cwt. guns, 48-pounders, and 32-pounders. These were ships' guns. In those days about three miles was roughly considered the extreme range when firing "at random" without aim and with the utmost situation. Compare this with a modern 4.7 gun, which fires at 400, 400-cwt. and is sighted to 8,000 yards. Round shot was fired in the Crimean campaign from all guns except the howitzers and mortars. The guns were muzzle-loaders, a form of gun that is to-day for all practical purposes obsolete. To make the comparison between the two periods more complete, we must not forget to mention quick-firing guns, which, of course, were never dreamt of fifty years ago. Lack of space prevents our pursuing the comparison any further, but enough has been said to call attention to the vast difference in the methods of fighting in the two great sieges.

Some day, no doubt, we shall learn how much ammunition has been expended in the siege of Port Arthur. At Sevastopol the British alone fired into the doomed fortress over 9,000 tons of shot and shell.

The accompanying sketch plan will help the reader to understand the bird's-eye view of Sevastopol, which is given on another page. The view is taken from the north side of the harbor, just about Star Fort, and the map with the south at the top, as being more convenient for following the bird's-eye view.

## The Right Hon. G. H. Reid

When the Commonwealth Ministry was defeated on a motion for the recommendation of the clause of the Arbitration Bill granting a preference to trade unionists, Lord Northcote, instead of acceding to Mr. Watson's request to dissolve Parliament, summoned Mr. Reid, who subsequently formed a new Cabinet. In the new Administration Free Traders and Protectionists are about equally divided, but the great point is that the Labour Party which Mr. Watson levied can no longer dictate a policy. With regard to the preferential system, Mr. Reid's Government proposes to follow the attitude of the Deakin and Watson Ministers, namely, to wait until some definite proposal is submitted by the Imperial Government, and then receive it in a fair and honest spirit. The Right Hon. G. H. Reid was at one time Premier of New South Wales, and took an active part in the Federation of the Commonwealth. He was born in Renfrewshire, Scotland, in 1845, and lately has led the Opposition in the Federal Parliament.



The Marquess of Angony's theatrical costumes were sold at Willie's Rooms on Tuesday. There were one hundred and eight lots, and the highest price paid for any one lot was £20 which was given for a handsome Austrian military uniform. The total receipts for the day's sale were £204 18s. 6d. Our photograph was supplied by the "Topsical" Press Photo Agency.

THE SALE OF THE MARQUESS OF ANGLONEY'S COSTUMES: SOME OF THE BREAKERS



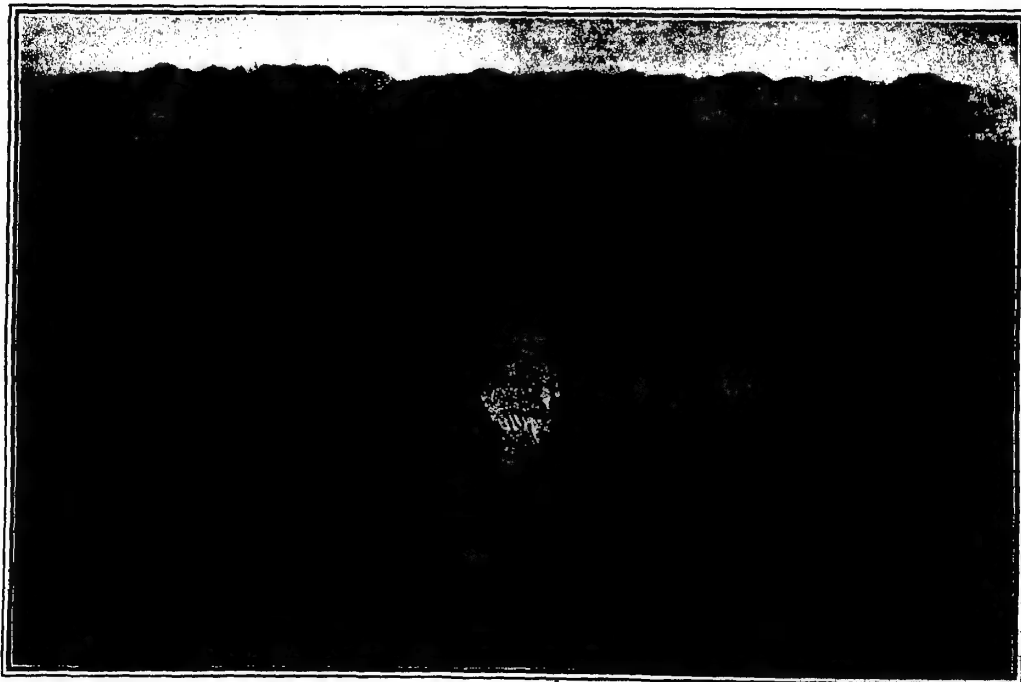
DRAWN BY F. L. BARNARD

FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER

An experiment was recently made with a new plan for "oiling" a battleship at sea. The great feature of the plan is that the battleship can remain on her course, at her maximum speed if necessary, while taking in a fresh supply of liquid fuel. The method proposed was as follows:—The battleship took the oil-steam in tow with a derrick wire hawser. A lighter wire had 300 yards of derrick wire hoisted suspended from it, fastened every six feet. This hose was fixed to the tug's shell and taken so

the connection on the ship's side. The battleship then continued on her course, while the oil-steam pumped in the fuel. This, it is claimed, can be done in any weather. H.M.S. Mars and Hannibal carry at present 180 tons of liquid fuel, and this amount can be pumped in six hours. The oil-steam only reduces the speed of the battleship by one knot.

#### "OILING" AT SEA: PROVIDING A BATTLESHIP WITH LIQUID FUEL WHILE IN MOTION



It is a curious reflection that fifty years ago the Russians were shut up in Sevastopol just as to-day they are besieged in Port Arthur. Sevastopol was invested immediately after the battle of the Alma, on September 2, 1854, and it fell on September 9, 1855. The first general attack was made after a heavy bombardment on October 11, 1854, and failed. On June 18, 1855, the English failed in an attack on the

Redan, in which they suffered heavy loss. On September 8 the French carried the Malakof by assault, and the English finally succeeded in capturing the Redan. On the following day the Allies entered the place.

#### THE JUBILEE OF THE CRIMEA: BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SEVASTOPOL, THE PORT ARTHUR OF FIFTY YEARS AGO



LE CROQUET  
From the Photograph by Harry D. Brown, exhibited at the Photographic Salon, Dudley Gallery.



A great impression was created in Tibet by the distribution of money by the British Mission to the poor of Lhasa. The ceremony took place about half a mile from the British camp. A vast crowd of some twelve thousand people, said to be the poor of Lhasa, sat down in long rows on the east, and patiently awaited the arrival of the little knot of men who went slowly down the line throwing "tunkas" (worth about fivepence) into the hands that were eagerly held out to receive them by people of all ages and ages. Women predominated, and children were numerous. Most of the recipients

were turquoises which they would not sell, even for a good price. One decrepit and wrinkled person gave her age as 104. The distribution was made by Beggs, and a number of Lhasa police, armed with sticks, watched in keeping order. The crowd was in the best of spirits, and loud cheers greeted any person who, having received alms in one line, tried to dash across to another line which had not been visited. Our illustration is from a photograph by a British officer.

BRITISH BOUNTY: DISTRIBUTION OF ALMS TO THE POOR OF LHASA

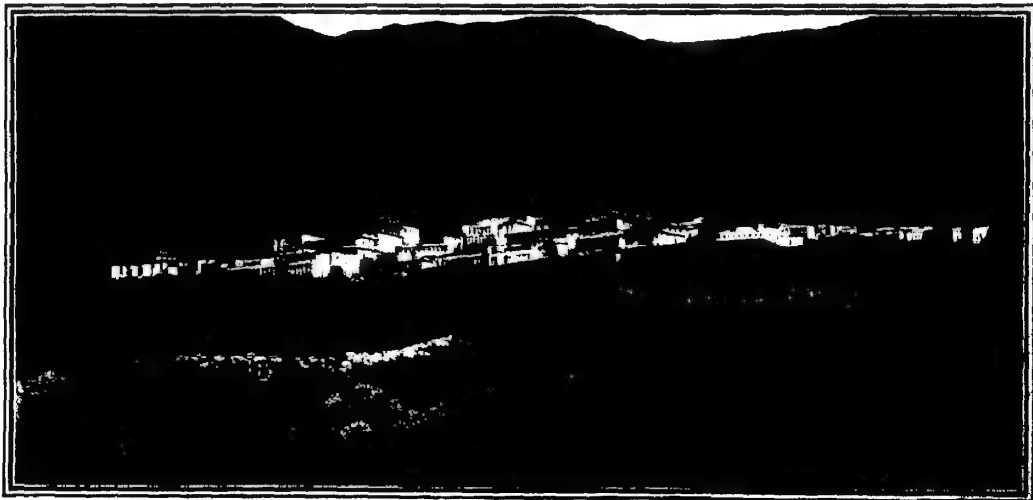
## The Archbishop of Canterbury in America

BY THE REV. MONTAGUE FOWLER, M.A.

The records of the Archbishops of Canterbury furnish numerous instances of unique events connected with their tenure of the Primacy. St. Thomas à Becket had the unpleasant, and unprecedented, experience of being murdered by four ruffians within the precincts of his Cathedral at Canterbury. Archbishop Boniface acted in a manner which, happily, has never been imitated by his successors at Lambeth, when, clad in armour beneath his episcopal robes, he forced his way into the Church of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, and belaboured the sub-Prior and Canons with his fists, because they did not give him the reception he desired. Archbishop Abbot was the only Primate on record who had the misfortune to shoot a gamekeeper; while the fate of Archbishop Laud, who was beheaded in the Tower, will never again, probably, be repeated. Dr. Davidson, however, has established a precedent

which, if it is less dramatic than those enumerated, is not less important. He is the only Archbishop of Canterbury who has ever crossed the Atlantic to visit the Sister Church of America. When it is remembered that, in consequence of the Erastianism of the Church of England in the eighteenth century, the first American Bishop had to go to Aberdeen for consecration, it is fitting that this official visit to the Church which owes its spiritual hierarchy to the Scotch Episcopal Church, should be paid by a Primate who comes from over the border. The Archbishop's sojourn in the United States—after a brief visit to the leading cities in Canada, where he was enthusiastically welcomed—has been ecclesiastically, socially, and even politically, a complete success, and he quickly adapted himself to the methods of our American cousins. In view of His Grace's well-known dislike of being interviewed, it must have been an effort to him to stand up before a photographer (even though he had the support of the Bishop of New York), and respond so readily to the demand to "keep still a moment, and smile!" In England the Archbishop is content to travel by the ordinary trains, but, during his American tour, he has been whirled from State

to State in Mr. Pierpont Morgan's express, nor was even a railway accident (in which, fortunately, no one was injured) wanting to complete the programme according to American ideas. Dr. Davidson has conferred with President Roosevelt at the White House; he has been initiated by Bishop Potter—that most deservedly popular of prelates—into the problems of dealing with poverty and destitution in New York, and has studied the working of an episcopal saloon bar; he has visited Bishop Doane, whose assumption of the knee-breeches and silk stockings, as worn by our English bishops, created quite a scandal in Albany for some years after his consecration; he has received the gift of a loving cup from Churchmen at Ohio; he has inspected Independence Hall at Philadelphia; and last, but not least, he has been welcomed by the General Convention of the American Church. His Grace, whose tact and shrewd common sense are proverbial, has won golden opinions by saying the right thing at the right time and in the right way. It is not given to many ecclesiastics to find the opportunity—and fewer still could have successfully embraced it—of establishing so important and unique a precedent.



Drepung Monastery is near Lhasa. It is one of the three monasteries the abbots of which affixed their seal to the British Treaty. The monastery is occupied by seven thousand monks. Our illustration is from a photograph by a British officer.

THE BRITISH IN LHASA: ONE OF THE THREE GREAT MONASTERIES





The Royal Mausoleum, the burial place of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, was removed from the Center to its present position in 1871, and the body of the Queen was reinterred in the same place. The monument is a masterpiece of the sculptor John Gibson, and is a fitting memorial to the great monarch and her husband.

#### THE RESTING PLACE OF A GREAT QUEEN: THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT TOMB AT FROGMORE

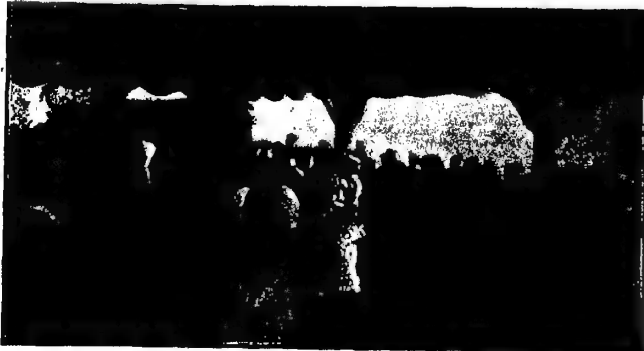
The monument was the work of Henry Marshall, and designed at the same time, that of the Queen Victoria monument, and the two are in the same style. The monument is a masterpiece of the sculptor John Gibson, and is a fitting memorial to the great monarch and her husband.

Photographed for the first time, by special permission of the King, by Russell and Sons, Windsor.

order to fulfil her last wish, no longer expressed in the Latin inscription over the portal of the tomb, but in the words of the Queen's will, which were read at the funeral. The monument is a masterpiece of the sculptor John Gibson, and is a fitting memorial to the great monarch and her husband.

#### THE RESTING PLACE OF A GREAT QUEEN: THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT TOMB AT FROGMORE

Photographed for the first time, by special permission of the King, by Russell and Sons, Windsor.



After the king had inaugurated the new supply of water for Birmingham by giving three turns to a silver wheel with gold spokes, which started the first Welsh water on the way, the Bishop of St. David's offered prayer. From a photograph by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

**BIRMINGHAM'S NEW WATER SUPPLY: THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S OFFERING PRAYER AFTER THE INAUGURATION CEREMONY AT THE SILVER BRIDG AT RHAYADER.**



Following the above ceremony, a little train conveyed their Majesties and suite some seven miles up the valley to view the dam. At the highest point—a thousand feet above the sea—their Majesties inspected the greatest work of all, the Craig Goch dam, a vast bank of gray stone, more than 100 feet high, and 80 feet long, with a broad road running across the top. From a photograph by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

**BIRMINGHAM'S NEW WATER SUPPLY: THE KING AND QUEEN VISITING THE CRAIG GOCH DAM.**



**OUTSIDE THE OPERA HOUSE**

Our Paris Correspondent writes—"Beside the music and the dancing in the streets, on the Anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, there is always the rush of the very poorest to obtain seats in the State theatres and four or five others who are open free for an afternoon performance. The accompanying photographs were taken at nine o'clock in the evening, or more than five hours before the pieces were to begin. The spectacle outside the Opera House is always a remarkable

**"BASTILLE DAY" IN PARIS: POOR ENTHUSIASTS WAITING AT THE THEATRE DOORS TO SEE A FREE PERFORMANCE.**

Certain it is that the music hunger leads to the personal knowledge of technical difficulties, and helps to the understanding of the great works and the great performers, bringing the love of music home to our very hearts.

The river, the river is now the cry! They rally forth in crowds, these bright pleasant English maidens with their rose-crowned hats or their white Panamas, their scarlet and blue parasols making welcome splashes of colour on the dancing water, their snowy robes, their little alert figures dally handling the pen-pole, or bending gracefully to their oars, with their complement of brown, ruddy, stalwart men, "fanned-out kools" for excellence, wholesome, joyous, light-hearted. They row in the sun and the shade, they paddle as the shades of evening fall when they themselves move like pale phantoms across the gleamy stream; they rest at mid-day in the backwaters among the reeds and rushes and the water-lilies, and boil little rickety kettles on the river bank, and eat hunks of cake and jam, and when they lie at ease in the bottom of the punt, with much display of white shoes, they look the very embodiment of happy laziness, the laziness that wishes well to all the world.

Some one recently remarked that we were losing the sense of smell. In the Boer war it was noticed that we had not the keen eyesight of the hunter and the savage. The primitive physical qualities must needs go with civilization, but as regards the sense of smell, smoking, no doubt, is partly answerable for this. The frequent odour of tobacco kills the other scents, and the sense of smell needs cultivation. The ancient Romans paid homage to it at their feasts; the odorous fountains, the wreaths of roses that crowned the guests, the showers of fragrant petals that were wafted down—all these made for the sense of smell. The smell needs as much pandering to as the palate. The poor and servants generally have no sense of smell. Many ordinary people do not possess it either, but a keen nose is almost as great an enjoyment as a clear eye. The odour of the red rose, when inhaled from its calyx and pressed against the face, is said to be a cure for headache. Verbenes is good for the nerves, the aromatic scents of the pine forest are invigorating, the smell of the damp earth after a shower is delicious, the dying strawberry leaves in the border on an autumn day have a sweetness that those who love it can never forget.

What will girls be like in the future? One wonders sometimes when one sees the young maidens at a fashionable school, with their upright figures, their look of strength, their well-developed calves, their muscular arms, and their walk, the long swing and swagger of an athlete. Watch them swimming with bold strokes, afraid of nothing, or playing cricket, roughly, like boys, with jabs on their legs, batting well, running easily; and as they grow older, springing up like young saplings, towering above their brothers in height and bulk. Woman's walk nowadays is not graceful, and the very games, which seem to develop a man's agility and grace, encourage a girl to slouch and move awkwardly. Dancing and fencing are certainly the most graceful exercises for women, and Mr. Fry says that "the nimbleness of foot and precision of pose of the good dancer, combined with the suppleness and quickness of the good fencer, are the very qualities which more than any of ours go to make the best kind of batman." Yet the result up to the present is not satisfactory, perhaps because the girls who play cricket are not the girls who dance or fence well. Few clichees men care for dancing, or are anything but poor performers.



**OUTSIDE THE COGNAC FRANKS**

one. This year the heat made it impossible enough to those who are so used to water! Umbrellas were in great requisition, and so were waterproofs. The women were in a hurry to get a cab and a drink. Note the expression of the two men sitting on the bench outside the Comedie Francaise, while their mother is preparing a parcel of brownies for them."





PRIVATE A. STEWART  
Winner of the Bisley Cup.



PRIVATE R. J. PERRY  
Winner of the King's Prize.



THE REV. G. J. FERGUSON DAVIS  
Winner of the King's Silver Medal.



SERGEANT H. C. MOORE  
Winner of the "Daily Graphic" Cup.

### Bisley Prize-Winners

PRIVATE PERRY, the winner of the King's Prize, belongs to the 6th Regiment of British Columbia, and is a Canadian by birth, having first seen the light at Toronto twenty-four years ago. When war was declared with the Boers he was one of the earliest to rally to the flag, and left with the first Canadian contingent. By occupation he is a pattern cutter in a shoe factory, and he has been at Bisley twice, his previous

visit being in 1902. This is the second time a Canadian has won the King's Prize.

The Rev. G. J. Ferguson Davis, Chaplain to the Punjab Volunteer Light Horse, has, for the first time in the history of the N.R.A., caused the Silver Medal for the highest aggregate in the first and second stages of the King's Prize Competition to be won by a clergyman. Some years ago Mr. Davis was a familiar figure on the Bisley ranges. He first came up to shoot for his University, Cambridge. He next shot in various N.R.A. matches for the and Liverpool, to which corps he was attached while holding a curacy.

Eight years ago he was tenth in the final stage of the Queen's Prize. He was at Bisley in 1899, but since then has been a missionary in India. Being on leave at home this year for reasons of health, he availed himself of the opportunity of again entering at Bisley.

Sergeant H. C. Moore, of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment, won the *Daily Graphic* Cup. The issue was only decided in the ninth round after a tie.

Private A. Stewart, 1st V.B. Royal Highlanders, won THE GRAPHIC Cup in the final contest, twenty-six men having to shoot off ties. Our portraits are by C. Knight, Aldershot.



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Photo by E. Y. Yotens, Daguerri.



Lord Rosbery    Admiral Sir F. R. Fremantle    Mr. W. M. Bullman    Sir T. Rutherford  
(Vice-Chairman)    (Hon. Sec.)    (Chairman).

A GROUP ON THE "WORCESTER" ON PRIZE DAY

Photo by W. A. Roush, Strand.



THE TRAINING SHIP "WORCESTER"

Photo by W. A. Roush, Strand.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES LEAVING THE SHIP

Photo by W. A. Roush, Strand.

For the purpose of presenting prizes the Prince and Princess of Wales went down the Thames on the 27th by night. They were received on the Naval Training College, H.M.S. "Worcester," by Lord Rosbery, Sir Thomas Maitland, Admiral Sir F. R. Fremantle, Sir F. H. Kyrle, Commander D. Wilson, Captain-Superintendent of the "Worcester," and the other officers, the cadets manning the yards as the Royal party went on board. The "Worcester," the "Arcton," and, higher up the river, the "Remount," were all dressed in rainbow fashion, and the weather being perfect, the spectacle was a pretty one. Sir Thomas Maitland expressed on behalf of the cadets and all interested in the "Worcester," the gratitude and honour they felt in the presence of the Prince and Princess. The Prince of Wales then presented the prizes,

the Princess afterwards assisting in the distribution of medals. The gold medal given by the King for "the boy who shows the qualities likely to make the first sailor" was awarded to H. B. Mykleson, and the King's Gold Medal was won by Kenneth Mackenzie. After the distribution, the Prince of Wales, in a few well-chosen words, said that it had given him and the Princess the greatest pleasure to pay them off, and to distribute the prizes, especially as they had been prevented from doing so on two other occasions. He offered his hearty congratulations to the successful cadets, and added it was every "Worcester" boy's pride and honour that a man who was now celebrated as a naval commander was by sixteen months on that ship, namely, Admiral Togo.

"PRIZE DAY ON H.M.S. 'WORCESTER': THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT

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# **NAPOLEON'S BRITISH VISITORS AND CAPTIVES**

This book is the result of a tremendous amount of painstaking research amongst a mass of archives, *dépêches*, and correspondence; and gives, with considerable personal details, the British visitors who were in France both before and after the capture of the treaty of Amiens. It suffers from the amount of information it contains, and the long lists of personages with their compressed family history is a little wearisome to read. Many interesting lights, however, are thrown on the condition of France at this period, it is interesting to think of the time when, for people doing the thing in style, "thirty pounds would cover the expense of a seven weeks' visit, including hotels, sightseeing, and restaurants." The landing at Boulogne was effected by means of small boats. "The boat towed towards the nearest shore (till it ran aground, which happened in the midst of the breakers. In an instant the boat was surrounded by a throng of women up to their middles, and over, who were there to carry us on shore. Not being aware of this manoeuvre we did not throw ourselves into the arms of these sea nymphs so instantly as we ought, whereby those who sat at the stern of the boat were deluged with sea-spray." An account is given of the various methods in which the seven thousand odd prisoners, detained after the rupture of the treaty, at Verbanus and elsewhere, passed their captivity, and also a brief summary of the more interesting escapes. Apropos of these prisoners, we are told that "Napoleon was much disappointed at the silliness of the hand." Of Napoleon himself there is disappointingly little, only a couple of pictures of his life as an exile. That the book is inclined to be dull in places is the fault of the times. The study flourished it is true as under the former rulers, but it was less intellectual. "The silence of the old monarchy, while brilliant paradox and ruthless scepticism had flourished, found no successors. It was not safe to talk politics, for spies abounded, and even the Institute had to avoid philosophy, legislation, or sociology. Riddles were consequently in vogue." At any rate, the author is to be congratulated on the great pains he has taken in preparing such a full and detailed account of the "visitors," compulsory or otherwise, of the French during the years 1800-1815.

## **"THE CROSSING"**

Mr. Winston Churchill, in an "Afterword," describes his own novel (Macmillan and Co.) as exceedingly well as to leave little for a reviewer to do except to compensate for the author's modesty. "This book," he says,

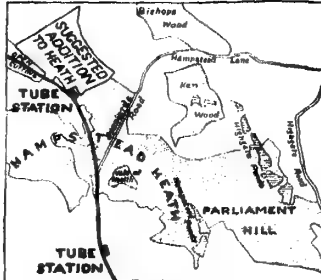
Has been named "The Crossing" because I have tried to express in it the beginnings of that great movement across the mountains which swept restlessly over the American Continent until at last it saw the Pacific itself. The Crossing was the first instinctive reaching out of an infant nation which was one day to become a giant. We are in the world's history are more wonderful than the story of Kentucky and Tennessee in the pioneers.

The "Crossing" is also typical in another sense. . . . Would the Confederation made to meet the needs of the little confederacy of the seaboard, stretch over a Continent and an Empire? We are fighting out that question today. But the Crossing was in Daniel Boone's time, in George Rogers Clark's. . . . It was a difficult task in a novel to gather the elements necessary to picture this movement; the territory was vast, the types bewildering. Till lately mountain cabin, the agonized life of the life-water, the foothills and the wilderness trail, the wonderland of Kentucky, and the cruel fighting in the border forts there against the most sciences of war; George Rogers Clark and his momentous campaign which gave to the Republic Ohio, Indiana and Illinois; the transition period—the coming of the settler after the pioneer; Louisiana, St. Louis and New Orleans—cover this ground, to picture the passions and politics of the time, to bring the counter influence of the French.

"Napoleon's British Visitors and Captives, 1800-1815." By J. G. Alger. (London: Constable, 1904.)

Revolution as near as possible to reality, has been a three years task. The autobiography of David Ricardo is as near as I can get to an action, and I have a great sense of its incompleteness.

"Incompleteness" is, of course, inevitable in the case of a novel covering the whole of the above ground—and more—between the repulse of the British naval attack on Charlestown and the cession of Louisiana by Napoleon to the United States in 1804. But there is no incompleteness in the entire picture, regarded as an impression, while its separate parts are so elaborately and accurately finished as is consistent with their being supposed to have come within the experience of a single observer. The only noticeable incompleteness is in an absence of connecting links which gives the novel somewhat the effect of a brilliant and rapid diorama. Of ordinary romantic interest there is enough to suit those who require it, if they are able to wait for it through about three-fifths of the volume. But there is no real need to require it—the campaign of the great pioneer, Clark, who is virtually Mr. Churchill's principal figure, is alone a finer and more thrilling romance than if a dozen heroines had been filling the stage. Indeed, there is enough in these six hundred crowded and finely written pages to make only two methods of notice possible—



The public who go for their holidays and the public who stay in London should combine, in their donations, to secure the addition of the eighty acres to Hampstead Heath, which, we learn, is now within £2,500 of completion. The negotiations have been long, as owing to the condition of the money market, the municipal authorities did not grant such large sums as had been confidently expected. Judging from past experience of their actions. Private persons have, however, subscribed no less than £10,000 and it is to be hoped that the St. Pancras and Finsbury Borough Councils that the Hampstead Heath Extension Committee are now looking for the final £25,000 that she has already raised, and we have every confidence that our readers will not allow the scheme to fall at this, the eleventh hour, for the remaining sum required. For, unless the final sum of £25,000 is raised within its next five weeks, the atmosphere will be divided by the smoke of controversy. Money, and the working population will lose their playing fields. The chairman of the fund is the Right Hon. G. J. Shaw-Lefevre, and all contributions should be sent to Mrs. Farmer (wife of Canon Barrett), Warter's Lodge, Tottenham Hall, Winton-bagel.

one to make it the subject of columns of descriptive comment; the other, a meek recommendation of its perusal by all with these enough to do justice to a work that has occupied its author three such well-spent years.

## **"HOW TYSON CAME HOME"**

A man who left England as a poor country lad, and returns to it as a Wall Street millionaire is the "Tyson" whose home-coming is the subject of William H. Ralston's apparently first entrance into fiction (John Lane). If it be actually as well as apparently his first, the entrance is of very welcome promise. Indeed, his effective reticence of style, and his economy of material, are such as are not usually associated with mere promise. The plot—if such it may be called—depends upon the suggested pathos of his hero's disappointments in the return to which he had been looking forward so ardently, and in finding that his real home was where lived the woman who loved him. The various characters, of whom there are many, are sketched clearly and crisply. And if Tyson's temporarily potential uncle-in-law, the Bishop of Wintonbury, is by no means episcopally up-to-date, his humours are not the less amusingly sympathetic for their oddness of fashion. We shall certainly look forward to meeting Mr. Ralston again.

## **"THE FOOL-KILLER"**

That Lady Marchmont, the principal person of Lucas Cleve's novel (T. Fisher Unwin), who, at the age of forty, married a vulgar young blackguard of six-and-twenty, was a fool—for that and other reasons besides—is not to be denied. That his conduct drove her to a sort of self-sacrificial suicide is the leading fact of the story. *Erpe*, Rupert Cunliffe, the young blackguard in question, may be described as a "Fool-Killer"—which, after all, is better logic than has become usual in giving novels names. Possibly in calling Mr. Cunliffe "vulgar" we spoke without sufficient knowledge. There may be a social stratum in which it is not unmanly for a gentleman to tell a lady that she ought never to marry because she was so ugly that she might be sure it would only be for her money; and we express his wonder to another that she didn't wear a wig every day to match her gown. That is the general tone of the titled circle in which Mr. Cunliffe moved: so it is unfair to single him out for the pillory. If the novel be true to any sort of life, high or low, than we believe to be possible; it may pass as satire; though even then at the expense of too unpleasantly ally a set of people to be worth the trouble.

## **"THE COUNTRY OF MOUNTNEY"**

John Strange Winter's judiciously short novel (John Long)—it seems to be her eighty-fifth—tells how a young woman named Adela Power sold herself, without love or matrimony, to Lord Mountney for a settlement of five thousand a year, and afterwards took successful measures for passing off her son by him as his lawful heir by means of an atrocious fraud. It is true that Lord Mountney was a hypocritical blackguard—at any rate according to mere male judgment: but this does not render it any the easier to take a sympathetic view of the behaviour of Miss Power. There is a certain amount of huson—whether intentional or not we are not sure—in making her fraud so free from a single weak place that even when, instigated by a change of interest, she makes a clean breast of it, her confession is merely humoured as a morbid delusion. The plot is ingenious; but the novel is not otherwise one by which reputations are made.

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### The "Daily Telegraph" Cup

The Daily Telegraph Cup at Hilly was won by Private J. P. Somers, 14th Middlesex V.R.C. The cup is a very massive piece of work, standing with its plinth, 27in. high. It is designed in the "Paul Lamerie" style, and was made by J. W. Benson, Ltd., of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street. The inscription is as follows: "National Rifle Association. Hilly Common Meeting. Presented by the Proprietors of the Daily Telegraph. All Comers' Prize."



### Rural Notes.

#### THE SEASON

THE sunshine of July has already exceeded 240 hours at the principal stations, and we have a margin of time still. The month is likely to rank among the very finest on record, and the heat has been almost ideal, the hours of dangerous excess in the shade being few. Neither healthy animal life nor healthy vegetable growth suffers seriously when the shade temperature is under eighty-as degrees, but anything over that soon becomes perilously forcing and parching to the crops and dangerous to animal life which exists in a land whose average annual temperature is fifty degrees. The wheat fields are yellowing rapidly, and harvest will begin on Monday week (August 8) in the Isle of Thanet and East Essex. Farmers will seldom start in East Anglia north of the Yare before August 15. Norfolk with its north-east aspect was very late this spring. The grain is likely to be plump and large, of good weight and first-rate milling quality. This will make up very largely for a somewhat under-average yield per acre. Barley is a rather disappointing promise; it has gone off badly in Suffolk and Cambridgeshire since July came in. There is now no hope of any full yield, but in favoured parts fine and bright malting samples may still be hoped for. Oats are a fine promise, and on land which is able to hold moisture well the yields will often be remarkable. The rats on the uplands are, however, feeling the strain of the summer and sometimes are looking quite grey. The large haystacks all over England are pleasant evidence of the fine and heavy hay crop just secured.

#### THE SIZE OF COUNTRY PROPERTIES

Some rather interesting inquiries which the Board of Agriculture have been making since the twentieth century came in show that, as compared with the last decade of the nineteenth, there has been a diminution in the number of very large and also of very small country properties, while those between fifty and three hundred acres have increased. We are inclined to regard this as one of the hopefullest bits of news which the year has brought forth. The peasant farmer is never likely to be much of a success in a northern climate, and the large estates tend to the diminution of rural population. But the man who is making £100 to £500 a year on the land is the backbone of prosperous local agriculture. This class includes, at the more modest end, the bailiff or prosperous skilled labourer who has risen to independence, and at the other the younger son of a family with a wholesome taste for country life and contentment with the personal care of a farm a little under half a mile in area. Such a farm admits of personal supervision to the fullest and most profitable extent.

#### THE PROFITABLE AREA

The profitable area in the district twenty miles round London is about thirty acres. This area, when devoted to early vegetables, flowers and fruit for the London market, will support one master, one intelligent personal supervisor in comfort, and form a very good means of employing both capital and personal intelligence. In Lancashire, round the great cities of Liverpool and Manchester, the unit is perhaps a little larger, say forty acres. As we get away from the great urban centres the participation of small areas ceases to show a profit, and in the region from Carlisle to Ayrwick on the Scots Border even a working farmer of the bailiff or prosperous



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It would interest you, even supposing you do not intend to purchase. You are invited to call at Aeolian Hall. Catalogue I will be sent to anyone who asks for it.

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General Macdonald. Colonel Younghusband. The Chinese Amban. To-Rim-poché (Acting Regent).

DRAWN BY E. G. BRUNNEN AND F. DE RABIER

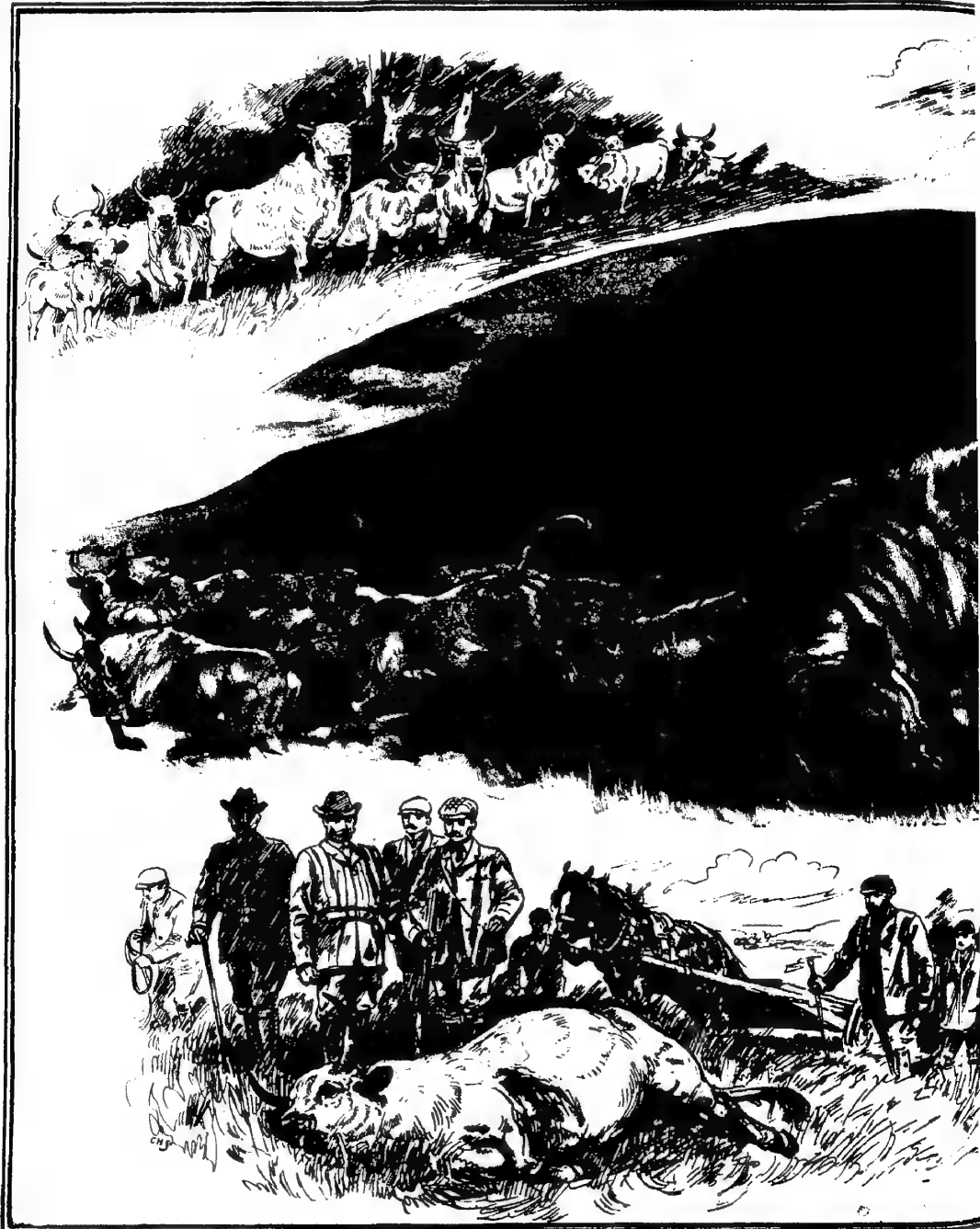
FROM A PHOTO BY SERGEANT R. V. L. STOW, 28TH REGIMENT

The Treaty in which the Tibetans accepted the British terms was signed in the Potala at Lhasa on September 7. There were present Colonel Younghusband and Staff, General Macdonald and Staff, about thirty officers, 600 troops, the Chinese Amban, the leading Tibetan officials, the Tonga Panchen of Mustang, the Abbot of the three great monasteries, the Panchen's household, and a crowd of monks. The Tibetan Government having expressed their willingness to sign the Treaty, an interpreter thereupon read the document aloud, after which each was asked to sign by To-Rim-poché, the Acting Regent, who held the Seal of the Dalai Lama, the Councilors, and the Abbots in the presence of the Amban. Colonel

Younghusband then signed the Treaty, which is written in English, Tibetan and Chinese, on one large sheet of paper, as the Tibetans object to signing any document consisting of more than one sheet. There were five copies of the Treaty to be signed, and the process took a long time. At the conclusion Colonel Younghusband addressed the Tibetans, warning them that the terms of the Treaty must be observed, and that any infringement of it would be punished. This speech was translated sentence by sentence by the interpreter.

SUCCESS: THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY WITH TIBET IN THE POTALA AT LHASA

SCENTING HARRIER FROM AFAR



THE KING LAID LOW

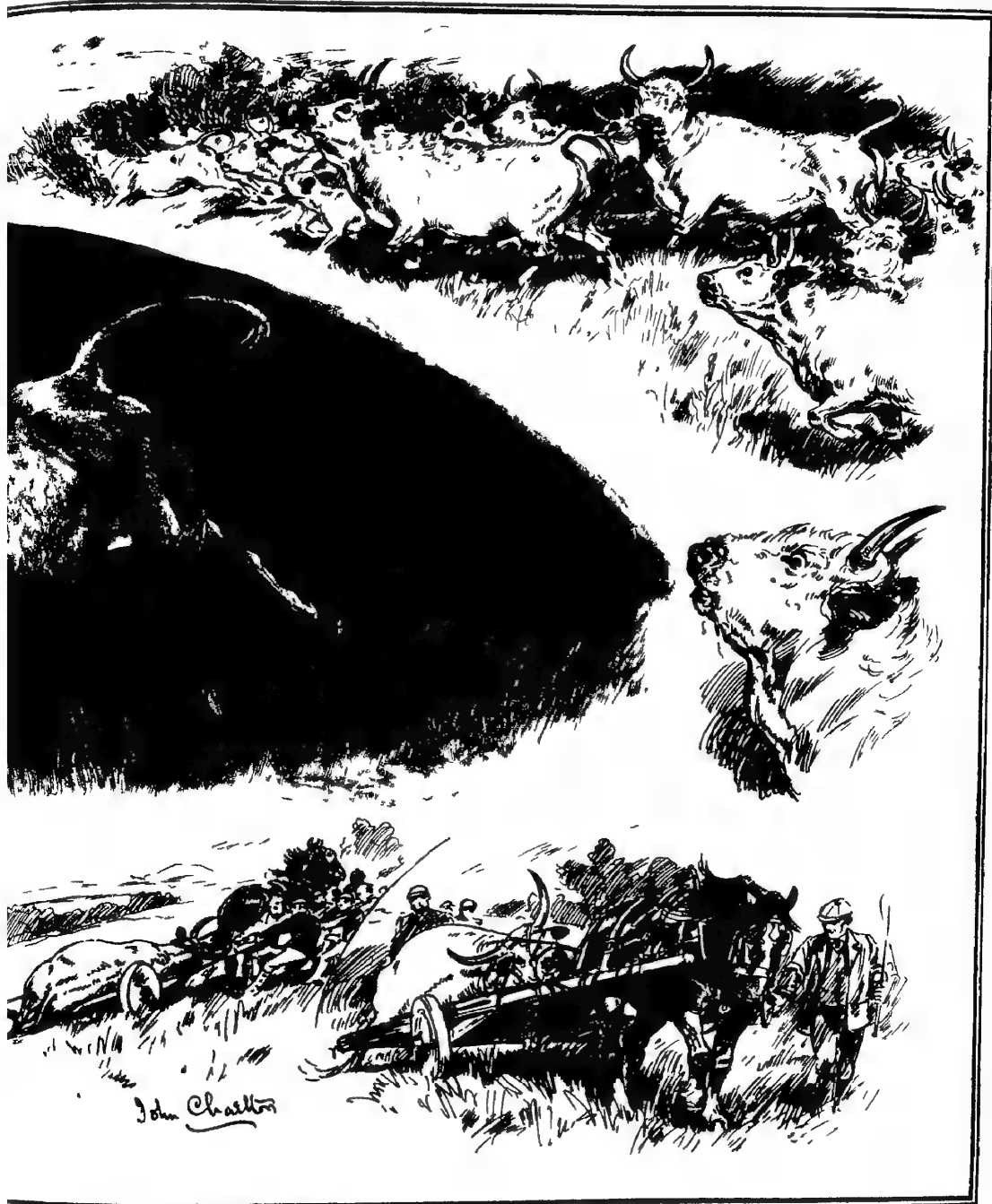
A 178

Duke Johann Albrecht of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who is the guest of the Earl of Tankerville at Chillingham, shot among the famous herd of wild cattle in Chillingham Park last week.

LAYING LOW A MONARCH; SHOOTING

DRAWN BY J. H. J.

THE DRIVEN HERD



THE FUNERAL CAR

A cent old king bull fell to his ribs. It is some years since any of these celebrated white animals have been shot, the last occasion being when the H. G. (as the G. of Wales) shot a white bull at Chillingham.

THE KING BULL OF THE CHILLINGHAM HERD

by CHARLTON

## Our Portraits

Major-General Romashov, one of the two officers recalled from the front, is one of the richest men in St. Petersburg, and a personal friend of General Kuropatkin. While serving at the front he fell from his horse and sustained rather serious injuries.

Major-General Orloff, the other officer recalled, acted during the battle of Lányang, either in ignorance of, or contrary to, the instructions of the Commander-in-Chief. M. Duichenko, the leading Russian war correspondent, declares that General Orloff did not receive the instructions of General Kuropatkin until he had already committed his troops to a certain line of action, and that the battle had been going on some hours before the Commander-in-Chief's orders reached him.

Prince Ukhtomsky was deprived of his command by a court-martial, which, at the instigation of General Stössel, was summoned immediately after the return of the fleet to Port Arthur. This court-martial deprived Admiral Prince Ukhtomsky of his position, declared him degraded from his rank, and transferred his post to Admiral Wiren. Admiral Alexieff, on being informed of this decision, transmitted it to the Tsar, who ratified it.

Count Leopold of Lippe-Biesterfeld, the new Regent of Lippe-Deutchold, is thirty-three, and a lieutenant *à la suite* in the Prussian

he was compelled to retire in favour of the late Count Ernest of Lippe-Biesterfeld. It was on this occasion that his brother-in-law, the German Emperor, sent him a telegram declaring that Lippe could never have a better Regent than he had proved. To this the Lippe Diet retorted with an address to the new Regent, in which they declared that Lippe could not wish for a better Regent than Count Ernest. The people of Lippe are strongly opposed to the claims of Prince Adolph, and they are doing their utmost to uphold Count Leopold, the son of Count Ernest, in his rights as the first-born of his father. Our portrait is by W. Hoffert, Berlin.

Mrs. Bishop (better known perhaps by her maiden name of Isabella Bird), the distinguished lady traveller, was handicapped all her life by a spinal complaint, and it was only her indomitable spirit which prevented this from making her a confirmed invalid. It was this weakness, indeed, which started her on her travels half a century ago; yet she lived to the ripe age of seventy-one. She travelled all over the Rocky Mountains in the seventies, when civilisation had barely touched that part of the world, and then, turning her attention to the Far East, explored immense tracts of country where white people had rarely trod before. She was the first woman to be elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. Mrs. Bishop almost invariably travelled alone, save for one native servant, and it is not surprising that she met with many exciting experiences. The most dangerous place she visited was Western China, where all "foreign devils,"

Toole, all of whom were at the same time members of his company. His reign at the Gaiety was indeed a great one, and the traditions of that famous house are inseparably connected with his name. It was Mr. Hollingshead who produced the first Ibsen play and gave Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin their first opportunity in England, and, perhaps the greatest act of all, he brought about the alliance of Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. But the Gaiety was the child of his house. He produced some 600 pieces there. Going in with £500 capital, he took £30,000 out of it and paid away over a million and a quarter in salaries. Our portrait is by H. T. Reed, West Strand.

Colonel Anstruther Thomson was born in 1818. He was educated at Eton, and, joining the Army, obtained a commission in the 17th Lancers. He served later with the 9th Lancers and the 13th Light Dragoons, and was Master of the packs of hounds owned by both those regiments. After his retirement from the Army he acted as Master of the Atherton Foxhounds for two seasons, and then became Master of the Fife Foxhounds. Returning to Atherton, he held office for five seasons, and at the end of that period transferred himself to Riscote. Colonel Anstruther Thomson in 1866 became Master of the Pychley Hounds. In 1869 he left the Pychley, and returned again to the Atherton. Later he once more assumed command of the Fife pack, with which he remained until he finally retired, after forty years' mastership, in 1888. Colonel Anstruther



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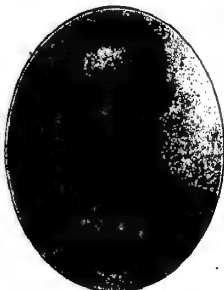
GENERAL ORLOFF  
Recalled from the Seat of War.



GENERAL ROMASHOV  
Recalled from the Seat of War.



PRINCE UKHTOMSKY  
Who has been degraded from his rank as Admiral.



PRINCE ADOLPH OF SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE  
Claimant to the Lippe-Deutchold Regency.



COUNT LEOPOLD OF LIPPE-BIESTERFELD  
New Regent of Lippe-Deutchold.

Army. In 1901 he married Princess Bertha of Hesse-Philippsthal-Barchfeld, and has one son. Although protested against by the Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe and refused the recognition of the German Emperor, he has succeeded his father in virtue of a resolution of the Diet of the miniature Principality, and of the will of the whole "nation." It has, nevertheless, been agreed to submit the legitimacy of Count Leopold to the Federal Council. The case has created considerable excitement in Germany, partly because of the Emperor's sensational intervention on behalf of his brother-in-law, the Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, though Count von Buelow's tactful "explanation" of this telegram has done much to counteract the first irritation which it caused.

The Pretender to the Lippe Regency who is contesting the claims of Count Leopold, is Prince Adolph William Victor of Schaumburg-Lippe. Prince Adolph is the youngest brother of the reigning Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe. His claims to the Detmold Regency arise under the will of the late Prince of Lippe, who passed over both the Birsteinfeld and Wilsenfeld branches, and designated Prince Adolph as his successor. The nomination, of course, was quite illegal, as questions of succession can only be settled by the Diet. Moreover, it is very doubtful whether the genealogy of the Schaumburg-Lippes is in any wise more irrefragable than the descents of the Birsteinfeld and Wilsenfeld branches. Prince Adolph was, nevertheless, allowed to take possession of the Regency after the death of Prince Waldeimar in 1895, and he discharged its duties until, under the award of the King of Saxony,

man or woman, are looked upon with deep suspicion. Three times in this district was Mrs. Bishop injured by stones which had been thrown by the mob, one of these injuries causing concussion of the brain, and another breaking one of her arms. Once in Manchuria, too, a third attack of a similar nature smashed one of her ribs, and subsequently, in Kurdistan, she was twice robbed of almost everything she possessed. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

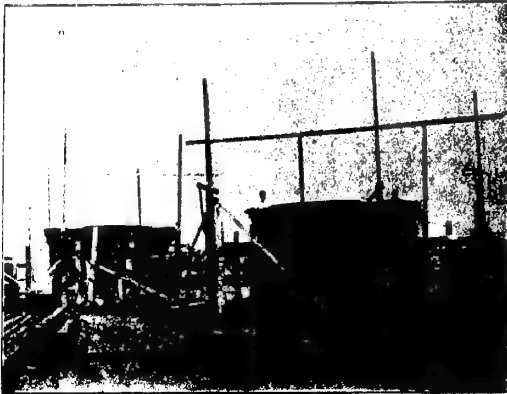
John Hollingshead, the well-known journalist and theatrical manager, was born in Hoxton in 1827. In 1857 he quitted his trade occupation and joined under Charles Dickens the staff of *Household Words*. To *Household Words*, to the *Cornhill* in its early days, and to *Good Words* he contributed articles, not seldom recording exploration of London haunts, and marked by qualities of close observation and outspokenness. During a year or two he was "dramatic critic" to the *Daily News*. In 1866 he became managerially connected with the Alhambra. Two years later the building known as the Strand Music Hall was converted by Mr. Lionel Lawson into the Gaiety Theatre, and John Hollingshead became its first manager. The next few years were those of his highest prosperity. One of the most energetic of men, and with means virtually unlimited at his disposal, he engaged all the principal artists of the day, and had a run of all but unbroken success. At a time when the salaries of actors had not mounted near to the point they have since reached he was, according to his own vaunt, paying three men the incomes of Lord Chancellors. These were Charles Mathews, Samuel Phelps, and John Lawrence

Thomson's hunting record was, indeed, of almost unequalled brilliancy. Although then in his eighty-fifth year, the Colonel, when questioned by the King at Holyrood last year, replied that he still went hunting. His Majesty, on that occasion, recognised Colonel Anstruther Thomson as the Master with whom he hunted when, as Prince of Wales, he followed the Pychley Hounds. Our portrait is by T. Rodgers, St. Andrews.

Sir Richard Henry Wyatt died at his residence at Brompton from injuries and shock received on August 18, when he accidentally set his clothes on fire. Sir Richard Wyatt, who was the son of the late Mr. Charles Wyatt, was D.L. and J.P. for the Claque Ports, Kent, and Merstonsheire, of which latter county he was high sheriff in 1885. He was knighted for public services in 1883. He married in 1849, Mary Laura, daughter of the late Mr. R. Vaughan Williams, of Glen Tulchen, county of Inverness, who died in 1900. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. H. H. Marks, M.P., is the new member for the Isle of Thanet Parliamentary division of Kent, and fills the vacancy brought about by the death of Mr. James Lowther. Mr. Marks, who is the editor of the *Financial News*, and is well known in connection with various financial operations, came forward with the backing of the local Central Conservative Association; but a number of Unionists strongly opposed his candidature on personal grounds. He was returned by a majority of 332. Our portrait is by Ellis and Watley.

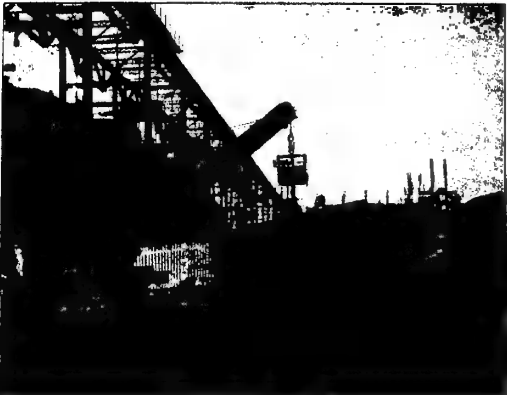




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THE BREAKWATER, TO STOP THE SHIP WHEN SHE LEAVES THE WAYS

The United States battleship *Connecticut* was launched at the end of last month. She was laid down at the Naval Yard, Groton, Conn., on May 1, 1902, and was launched on October 15, 1904. She is the latest addition to the United States Navy.

11. and 12. guns have been substituted for the 6 in. gun in the secondary armament. Shortly after the vessel had been launched water was discovered in one of her compartments. On examination it was found that the rivets of one of the plates had been tampered with. The compartment quickly filled, and men were immediately taken to pump it out. So far as is known the vessel is unharmed. There is no clue to the perpetrators of the outrage. Our illustrations are from photographs by T. K. Hastings.

THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE UNITED STATES NAVY: THE BUILDING OF THE CONNECTICUT



## A Memorial to John Dunstable

A ushersl was unveiled last Saturday at St. Stephen's Church, Walkbrook, to the memory of John Dunstable the famous English musician who was buried in 1453 in the old church which stood on the same site, and which was destroyed by the Great Fire in 1666. The inscription on the gravestone was preserved by John Stow in his Survey of London and is now reproduced on the tablet that was unveiled by the Rector of the Church the Rev. K. S. de C. Latham in the presence of many distinguished musicians. The memorial, which has been erected at the instance of the Incorporated Society of Musicians is of white marble. Above the inscription is a mosaic panel of angels playing in musical instruments with a starry sky for background.



### Club Comments

BY "MARMAT UNF

The late Lord Salisbury erected the celebrated phrase "A stricken nation" a component sentence should be the stricken home. The rapidly diminishing popularity of home is one of the chief features of the development of the modern system. In former times when coaches and chaises were the only conveniences, when travelling was expensive, difficult and slow, and when the poorer classes in the community did not mix with each other as they do now, the home was the centre of life. The railway, the motor cycles, the enormous increase in prosperity of the middle class and upper lower class, and other circumstances have already

It has been calculated that, now two thirds of the money which in former times was spent in their homes, is distributed in out-door amusements and expenses. The railways induce millions to travel, the cycle enables other millions to spend much of their time in the open, the theatres attract thousands every night from their bookish abode, and the restaurants offer a congenial and comfortable substitute for the quietude of home life. That brings us to the important points. Our predecessors were compelled to read by the circumstances of their life, and, moreover, as they spent most of their money in and on their home, much of that money remained in their possession in the altered form of good books. But now, alas! Another point must be taken into account—overlooked—*to wit*, that as they have, and now, many temptations to spend money, they were, as a rule, more saving.

The effect of the change on literature is obvious. Long books, either of a religious character or philosophical, and essays, poems, and three volume novels, are no longer the favourites they were, and writers, therefore, are not straining the brain to produce those. The lightest kind of literature is necessarily now the most popular, novels with a sensational incident at every interval caused by the "To be continued in our next" notice, and personal paragraphs. Addison, were he writing now, would probably not obtain a publisher, and I would certainly be popular with a very limited public.

The influence on the decorative arts may be noticed in a hundred and one directions. The house of a middle-class Englishman of to-day is clean, bright, and full of trifling pretensions, but the contents will not be worth doubling their value at fifty years' distance. The well-stocked library, also, is conspicuously shabby. When he dies, the heaved money it is that he has been enabled, by the development of trade, to make large and long continued profits, or that he has been fortunate as a speculator, not that he has carefully saved throughout a long life as did many of his predecessors. The decay in the style and character of literature, in the production of artistic commodities and in the quality of saving, is a serious condition, which cannot but have some grave consequences.

In the English labour market is woman now the enemy? The system of general education that has been adopted in modern times in England has apparently been of use to women more than it has to men and has indirectly diminished the opportunities of the latter to obtain employment. A well-educated woman may now, in this country earn her living in a hundred directions. She accepts a lower remuneration for her work than the ordinary man expects to receive in more careful, and is more regular, work. There are thousands of men endeavouring, at this moment, to seek employment in England, whilst the women who are seeking employment are not so numerous. It is not true, however, that many men who are independent of the competition created by this development, but there is a side of the discussion which has not yet been described. Many of the women who have associated themselves with business until recently reserved for men, have had

### Acto Regimental Plate

This solid silver centrepiece was bought by the officers of the 3rd Battalion Scottish Rifles to commemorate the occasion of the regiment going on active service for fifteen months in South Africa in the years 1901-1902. It stands upon an ebony pedestal, at each side of which is a statuette, one representing an officer and



the other a private ■ South African kit. Upon one side of the pedestal appears a silver panel containing a scene, chased in relief, of a detachment of the regiment guarding a convoy, the reverse having a similar panel bearing a suitable inscription. The centre piece was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of Regent Street.

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158 to 162

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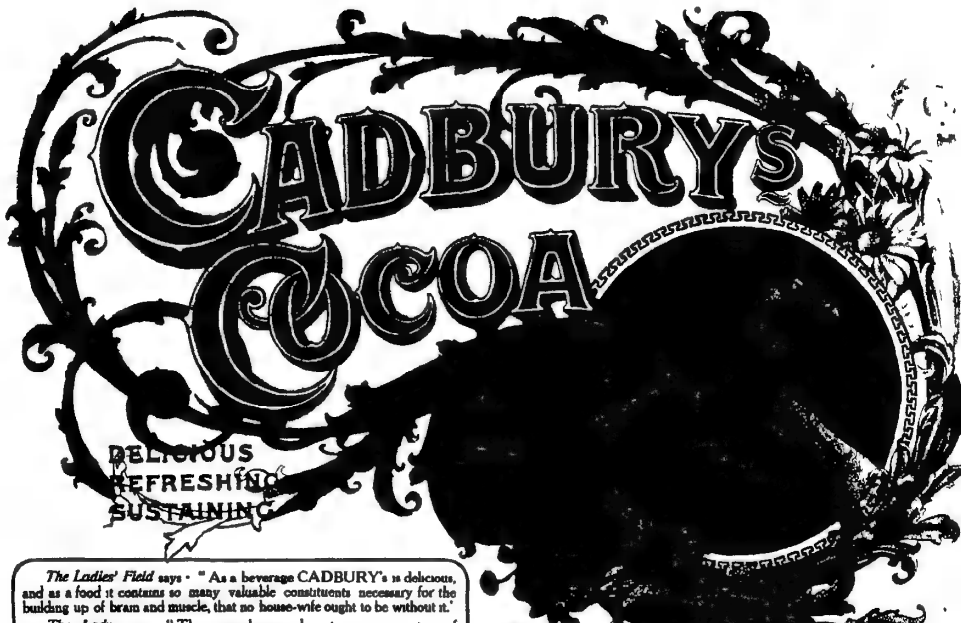
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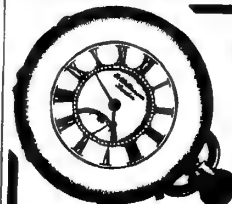


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## Our Bookshelf

### THE CHURCHES OF WESTMINSTER

No one, it has often been said, knows less of London than the average Londoner. He knows how to find his way to this or that point, but ask him to point out Wren's churches, or to tell you about any building of architectural or archaeological interest, and you will find him absolutely ignorant. London is too vast and its population too shifting for a Londoner to possess that local jurisdiction which makes a Manchester man or a Birmingham man proud of his city. Anything that tends to teach Londoners, who are often well-acquainted with the beauties of other cities, that London too has its beautiful churches and buildings, is welcome. Mr. Walter Emden has hit upon the best way of attaining this desirable end, by publishing collections of pictures. He is a Westminister man born and bred, and takes the deepest interest in his native city, of which he is now the Mayor. Already he has published "Picturesque Westminster" and "Thames Bridges," and now we have "Parish Churches of Westminster." Mr. Howard Penton, who did the drawings for the preceding volumes, has drawn the sketches for the new book, and has done his work admirably. The book is practically a portfolio of twenty-eight colour drawings. Such literature as there is occupies only some half-dozen pages, but Mr. Emden has gone to good sources for his matter. The Dean of Westminster writes of the Abbey, of which, by the way, there are four charming sketches, and the incumbents of the eleven parish churches of Westminster each contribute an interesting note on their respective churches. It is interesting to note that all but three of these churches are classical in style. It is to be hoped that Mr. Emden will find imitators in other districts, for none could look at Mr. Penton's sketches without desiring to see the subjects of the drawings for himself. We should know more of the beauties of London were there more such books.

### "ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF EMPIRE IN ASIA"

The chief value of the Earl of Romashay's book is political—that is to say, it contains an admirable and level-headed survey of the chief questions at issue in the Nearer and Further East. As a book of travel it is not quite so good. It is true that the descriptions of the chief towns through which the author passed, particularly of the less-known towns, are exceedingly picturesque and interesting; but one is inclined to think that the Earl is not a born traveller. The caravan has no fascination for him, and he far preferred the Trans-Siberian Railway. Yet it was an important journey that he accomplished, from Constantinople to Yedo, and the reader will be grateful to him for his experiences. His view of Asiatic politics may be summed up in two quotations—"It is Russia, then, whom we see in the title-able in Northern Asia. It should be hardly necessary to add . . . that ever since the days of 'The Great Conqueror' it is the star of Britain that has been in the ascendant throughout the South;" and "As India is the pivot of British supremacy in the East, so questions dealing with the East should be looked at largely from an Indian point of view." In England he was rather disappointed.

"On the Outskirts of Empire in Asia." By the Earl of Romashay. (London: Blackwood, 1904.)

yet it is interesting to note the presence on the Tigris of the same form of boat described by Herodotus. Teheran is dealt with rather shortly, but contains a description of the palace and its heterogeneous contents, "ranging from Jewellery and china of enormous value to oleographs, toothbrushes, and toys. Side by side with really excellent oil-paintings I observed an advertisement of Brook's cotton, while a little further along were two cards covered with samples of fish-hooks, and yet again was to be seen a Madonna rubbing shoulders with doubtful illustrations from a French comic paper." But perhaps the crowning instance of



ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH  
Reproduced from "Parish Churches of Westminster." Edited by Walter Emden.

Perdan barbarism were "two poplars growing close together outside the bank premises (which) had played the part of an extemporary scaffold three years before. The criminal, suspended upside down, with one leg fastened to each tree trunk, was slowly cut open with a pair of scissors." Baku, the centre of the Caspian oil trade, is also well described. Here "it is possible, literally, to set the Caspian on fire on a calm night in certain spots near the peninsula, and there are places where it is only necessary to make a hole in the ground with your stick to let loose a jet of gas, giving a flame of several

feet in height." The oil-springs flow with an almost incredible force, and the author tells of "one which bored a hole as deep as a drill through a nine-inch steel plate in three hours." The towns of Turkistan are especially well handled, and many items of their troubled history related in detail. Of British policy in Asiatic affairs the author has much to say, both in praise and condemnation. With regard to Wei-hai-wai he is perhaps justly indignant; "Wei-hai-wai presents to the astonished gaze, the sublimely ridiculous spectacle of five new and scientifically built forts which cannot boast of so much as a popgun between them." The Baghdad Railway is also discussed, and there is an interesting and brightly written "Digression" on sport in Central Asia. The book contains two good maps and is illustrated with numerous photographs, one of Baku being particularly striking.

### "THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA"

This, the seventh volume of "The Jewish Encyclopedia," is fully up to the high standard attained by those preceding it. Nay, more than this, it makes more evident the value and importance of this truly great work. The range of the present volume, which contains some 12,000 entries and articles, is from Italy to Leon. The longer articles are of the utmost interest to Gentile as well as Jewish readers and students of Biblical literature. These include articles on Jesus, Jerusalem, Judaism, besides those on Job, Jonah, Jephthah, Jeremiah, Job, and many other heroes of the Old Testament. Of all these articles that of the greatest importance is that on Judaism, dealing as it does with the whole history of the religion of the Jewish people. It is written with much erudition, and with great detail by that masterly writer, Dr. Kaufmann Kohler, Rabbi Emeritus of Temple Beth-El, New York. In opening his article he writes:

A clear and concise definition of Judaism is very difficult to give, for the reason that it is not a religion pure and simple based upon accepted creeds, like Christianity or Buddhism, but it is an inseparably connected with the Jewish nation as the depository and guardian of the truths held by it for mankind. Furthermore, it is as a law, or system of laws, given by God on Sinai, that Judaism is chiefly represented in Scripture and tradition, the religious doctrines being only implicitly or occasionally stated; whereas it is frequently asserted that Judaism is a democracy, a religious legislation for the Jewish people, but not a religion. The fact is that Judaism is too large and comprehensive a force in history to be defined by a single term or comprehended from one point of view.

The writer, nevertheless, in his able article of ten pages, gives a very clear account of the principles of Judaism, including its traditions and relation to the Gentile world. And another important article, and the longest in the volume, is that on Jerusalem, by Martin A. Meyer, Rabbi, Temple Beth, Albany, N.Y. The story of the ancient capital of Israel is told in all its detail, and surely no city in the whole universe has a history more worth the telling. Unfortunately the lack of space prevents us dwelling on the subject here. The article is illustrated in a most interesting manner. The frontispiece of the volume consists of a plan of Jerusalem as it was in the time of Nebuchadnezzar, there is also another of the city about the year 1000, and a large panorama of modern Jerusalem. It would be impossible to mention a tithe, even, of the longer articles in this important work, yet we might say at of the shorter biographies, one of the most interesting is that of Ferdinand Lassalle, the founder of Social Democracy. The story of his romantic life and dramatic death is told in stirring words by Mr. Max Cohen. This volume is

"The Jewish Encyclopedia." (Funk and Wagnalls.)

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#### "THE CATHEDRALS OF NORTHERN FRANCE"

We know not whether the author of this volume be an architect or not, but, at all events, he does not oppress his readers with a constant reiteration of technical terms comprehensible only to one of that profession. If there is anything lacking in the book, it is that the writer has failed to catch or to convey an impression of the atmosphere, the spirit, of the cathedral cities that he visited—and nowhere is it more felt than in these cities; but then it must be remembered that it is no easy task to write a book entirely on cathedrals, or any similar subject, except from a purely technical point of view. The author describes some fifty cathedrals, which he divides into different groups according to the part of France in which they stand. The finest of the French cathedrals he classes together in what he calls "The Grand Group," and which includes notably Notre Dame d'Amiens, Notre Dame de Rouen, Notre Dame de Paris, Notre Dame de Chartres, and Notre Dame de Rheims. The writer says that the ever-impressive Cathedral of Amiens is in most English minds the *dean* ideal of a French cathedral. "A French writer," he continues, "has said, 'It is only with the aid of a Bible and a history of theology that it is possible to elucidate the vast iconographic display of the marvellous west front of the Cathedral at Amiens.'" We can imagine nothing more enjoyable than to make a tour of these cathedrals, with Mr. Milouin's book in hand. The numerous illustrations which adorn the book, by Max Blanche Benard, are excellent.

#### "DEVILS" †

The title of this volume is certainly fascinating, and the subject no less so, and the writer has treated an extensive subject in a most commendable and readable style. In the present day we are contented with one devil, but apparently in ancient and medieval times they were more numerous. "The Talmudists asserted," says the author, "that they numbered 7,405,926." Whilst "Rabbin Kay Huna tells us that every human being has one thousand devils on the left side and ten thousand on the right." Then, again, we have always been under the impression that the gentleman in question was black, although it has been given out that he is not so black as he is painted.

White devils (says the writer) are far more numerous than is generally admitted, and certainly they are more dangerous. . . . Now, tempting, in beauty of form and assumed innocence, they appear most fascinating, and for these very reasons they are so insidious, that, before the fact is realised, their victim craving for hospitality has been successful, and they possess the heart of man.

The ancient Jews supposed that the devils were propagated like

\* "The Cathedrals of Northern France." By Francis Milouin. (Laurie.)

† "Devils." By J. Charles Wall. (Methuen.)

mankind, and that they ate, drank, were married and divorced. This theory is proved by an inscription on an earthen bowl, found by Sir Henry Layard in the ruins of Babylon, and which begins "This is a bill of divorce to the devil." In a chapter entitled "The Marshalling of Devils" is given the rank, divisions, etc., of the "evil hordes." For instance, Scott, in his "Discourse on Witchcraft," publishes the whole array-list or muster-roll of the infernal forces. The Duke of Anasorah, *see anemah*, a sort of brigadier-general, has the command of sixty legions, Mr. Wall says:—

From another source is gathered the distribution of the malevolent entities, and the minister to whom they are allotted. Thus Babelog is the Devil's ambassador in France, Thuring in Spain, Henglin in Italy, Maritine in Switzerland, and Bialia in Turkey. His grand almoner is Dagon, his banker is Amosdony, and the chief of the execution, *see anemah*. His theatrical manager is Kebab, master of the ceremonies Verdine, and the court fool Nythos.

The illustrations form the principal feature of the work, and are taken from ancient manuscripts, frescoes, windows, paintings, etc.

#### "NIGEL'S VOCATION"

"Nigel's Vocation" (Methuen and Co.) is unquestionably among Mr. W. E. Norris's best and most interesting novels. The subject is difficult and unusual. Nigel Search, a young man of erratic and impulsive temperament, and with a love for what is noble swamped by "guilt and storms of desire for mere earthly joys," speedily squanders his small patrimony in wild dissipation, and then (he had become a Roman Catholic after his degree at Oxford) enters a Benedictine monastery, where he has been a novice for two years when the story opens. His only grief in his monastic life is that the abbot will not permit him to take the final vows—a postponement of which the wisdom is manifest when it is suddenly informed by the family lawyer that his wealthy uncle, Tom Search, has left him the life interest in a great estate, with an income of some £15,000 a year, on certain conditions—that he shall leave the monastery and take up the duties of a country gentleman, and that on his death the estate shall pass to a Protestant heir, whom, however, he should have the right to nominate in case no son of his own should fulfil the condition. Inclined at first to refuse the bequest as a temptation of the devil, and refused counsel by his abbot, he decides at last to return to the world. The portrait of the various persons—all well worth the study—by whom he is surrounded constitutes the main portion of the ensuing interest, together, of course, with their influence upon his hitherto unformed and wavering nature. Those that stand out the most prominently are Ethel Dallison, the beautiful and fascinating adventuress, who appeals to Nigel's worst and most exposed side, and the curiously imagined Humphrey Trenchard, a strange compound of mixed motives, who is supposed to be blind of both eyes, but can see to exceedingly good purpose with one. After a series of complexities, too many to summarise, Nigel is able to execute poetical justice in the case of the estate before resuming the monastic life with all its renunciations and vows—which seems, despite all appearances, to have been his only true vocation after all. So, at least, the Abbot appears to have held, and we find that Father Anselm, formerly Nigel Search, has completely justified the rather sanguine opinion. All Mr. Norris's work his personages are more

interesting and important for what they are and become than for what they do. In the present case what they are is drawn with a strong hand, and what they become with a stronger, while even when poetically near to being overdrawn as types, they never fall to be individually real.

#### "LOVERS AT FAULT"

The title of Mr. Fred Whitshaw's new novel, "Lovers at Fault" (F. V. White and Co.), has what has become the exceedingly rare quality of being appropriate to its story. His many lovers are very much at fault indeed. Hans loves Hedvig, but thinks the loves Yval. Yval thinks he loves Hedvig, but really loves Astrida. Astrida loves Stephen, Stephen loves Stella, and Stella loves Svante, who stops the whole business by loving her in return. So Svante marries Stella; Stephen, continuing the backward process, marries Astrida; Hans marries Hedvig; so only poor Yval is left out in the cold. The unfamiliar nomenclature of the lovers is due to their being natives of Finland—a country which has the two-fold merit, from both the novel-writer's and the novel-reader's point of view, of being virtually fresh ground, and of its being of immediate attention to newspaper-readers also. The political relations between Finland and Russia have their place in Mr. Whitshaw's plot; but not to such an extent as to swamp it. The author's enthusiasm for the country and its people is effectively expressed and beyond all question well deserved.

#### "THE OLD SERVICE-BOOKS OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH"

This volume is one of that interesting series, "The Antiquary's Books," which are being edited by J. Charles Cox, LL.D., F.S.A. In the present work the authors give a description of the plan, range and contents of all the books which were used in the English Church before the Reformation. The accounts of the various books, we are told, have been written for the most part, from the old service-books themselves. An interesting point is that in this volume one whole page of every important and common service-book is given in facsimile, each page having been carefully selected to show the arrangement of the text of the particular volume represented. The dates of the various old service-books consisted extend over nearly a thousand years, and some of them were even in use for centuries. In a short space it is impossible to do adequate justice either to a volume of so much erudition and antiquarian value, or to its authors, to whom unlimited praise is due for the care and research they have expended upon it. The writer tells us, with regard to these books, that a medieval parish church possessing the following service-books might be considered to be fully provided with a complete set:—

It should be understood, however, that certain books not in the list, such as the *Dirge book*, might be present; and that none of the books enumerated, such as the *Epistle-book*, might be wanting. The following books, however, contain all the services of the medieval parish church:—Antiphoner, Breviary, Epistle-book, Gospel-book, Grange, Hyemal, Manual, Missal, and Processional.

It is these books, and many others that the authors describe in every detail, such detail, in fact, that only a true antiquary could really appreciate at its true value.

\* "The Old Service-Books of the English Church." By Christopher Wordsworth and Henry Liddell. (Methuen.)

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## "JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P."

Katherine Cecil Thurston is to be cordially congratulated on her thoroughly original, and successful, variation upon the theme of the Double Life under the title of "John Chilcote, M.P." (Blackwood and Sons). John Chilcote, a promising politician, from whom great things are expected by his party and by the country, is secretly a hopeless morphia-maniac, whose mysterious attacks and "nerves" are beginning to awaken suspicion. Knowing his case to be really desperate, he engages a double, one John Loder, whose extraordinary resemblance to himself he had recognized on a casual meeting, to personate him—no doubt an impossible situation, and therefore, like all impossible situations in fiction, depending entirely for its result upon the author's skill. In the present case the skill is of the most complete kind. Not a difficulty is shirked: every point is faced and rendered indisputable to the story. That Chilcote is married, and that Loder, despite his yielding to the temptations of ambition, is a man of the highest and keenest honour, would seem an insuperable bar to such a plot, or at any rate to its satisfactory denouement. It becomes, however, in due course the plot itself, and the denouement of triumphant imposture will be welcomed with more sympathy and satisfaction than we fear, it ought to be. No doubt the interest of "John Chilcote" lies mainly in the extraordinary ingenuity which its author has applied to a plot which few would have had the

courage to handle. But the story has the additional merit of being told in so natural and even matter-of-fact a style as to compel conviction during perusal, whatever the reader's after-thoughts may be.

## "THE BROTHERS"

Mr. H. Rider Haggard tells, in a preliminary note to his story of "The Brothers" (Casell and Co.), how the idea came to him while, standing "above Tiberies by the lake of Galilee, the writer gazed at the double peaks of the Hill of Hattin." This central idea is of the long war between Cross and Crescent; of Christian knights and ladies, their loves and their sufferings; of the Old Man of the Mountain; of "the great-hearted, if at times cruel, Saladin and his fierce Saracens; of the rout at Hattin itself, on whose rocky height the Holy Rood was set up as a standard and captured, to be seen no more by Christian eyes; and of the last surrender, whereby the Crusaders lost Jerusalem for ever." All these things have been very skilfully and effectively woven into a romance, saturated, after Mr. Haggard's manner, with imagination and gore. It seems that Saladin's favourite sister Zobeide had eloped with an English knight, Sir Andrew d'Arcy; and that her daughter Rosemond had come to him three consecutive nights, in a dream, to save the lives of men at the ransom of her own blood freely offered, and to bring Heaven's gift of peace to his sinful soul. Saladin thereupon sends emissaries

into Essex to bring Rosemond to him in order that his dream may be fulfilled. "The Brothers" of the story are her twin cousins Godwin and Welf, paragons of knightly, who love her with and equal devotion too noble for jealousy, and whose quest of Rosemond, after her abduction, constitutes in itself a whole chronicle of sanguinously romantic adventure. Of course, Saladin's dream is fulfilled in the least anticipated of ways, and his historic magnanimity is turned to its customary use in making two true lovers happy. There are some exceedingly fine scenes in the novel—notably that of the setting up of the Holy Rood and the rout at Hattin; and the four principal characters, the two "brothers," Rosemond d'Arcy, and her rival for the place of heroine, Masouda, who, for love of Godwin, gives her life for Rosemond, carry with them the sympathy as well as the interest of the reader from the beginning of their exciting and eventful story to its end.

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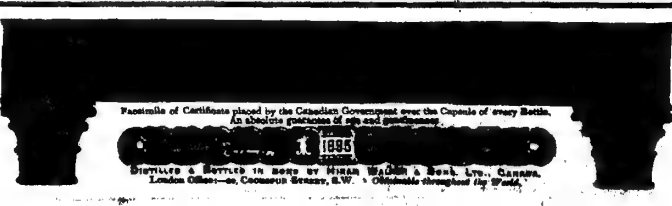
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Brilliana's many suitors, and circumvented, at the cost of his life, by another, one Halfman, an adventurer who has been everywhere, has done everything, from play acting upwards or downwards, and represents the life and amusement of the story. King Charles fits across the stage for a few unimportant moments as a melancholy shadow; and the remaining characters seem to want a substantial actor inside them. As a story to be read, "The Lady of Loyalty House" calls for absence of blame rather than for any special amount of praise.

### Rural Notes

#### AN AGRICULTURAL HANDICAP

The rule among farmers of not paying a labourer man's wages until he marries, appears still to prevail in at least one county. A Buckinghamshire correspondent, on whose personal knowledge of rural life in this still essentially agricultural shire we can rely, informs us that "a man may be in every way as good a farm hand as his married fellow-labourers, and may even be older than some of them, but until he becomes a benefactor he receives less wages than they. Whichever these wages may be, he receives a shilling less, in order to mark the distinction between men's wages to which the married labourer has a legal right in the farmer's eyes and the

lesser wage which the bachelor is expected to take." It would be interesting to learn whether the shilling difference is supposed to keep a wife on the one hand, or, on the other, if that sum is held to be a prevailing inducement on a man to abandon a bachelor life. Small as the amount is, a poll-tax of £9 12s. a year on bachelors would cause the Budget proposing it to be regarded as somewhat sensational, and we do not imagine that bachelors generally would exhibit the docility of the Buckinghamshire cellmate.

#### AGRICULTURAL DIPLOMAS

Professor Wallace tells us that there are twenty-five secondary schools or colleges giving regular teaching in agriculture. The fact is surprising; one was not aware of sufficient inquiry for agricultural technical knowledge. But in all probability the great majority of students are sons not of farmers but of land and estate agents, agricultural auctioneers, and solicitors whose connection is with landed property, the sale and mortgaging of farms. The farmer needs for his son something other than a diploma; he wants him to be able to follow a practical not a theoretical course for a couple of years between school and getting actually to work on the farm. The sort of student who takes up agriculture without dropping his hunting and shooting, his week-end, and his golf in a very pleasant companion, but the farmer simply cannot afford to let his son range with this type; moreover, there is the serious

danger of the poorer youth acquiring expensive tastes. The Board of Agriculture may yet be able to do something to provide a modicum of botanical, veterinary, and mechanical knowledge for the budding farmer, who requires to have a certain practical knowledge of these three things in order to be handy and at home on his own land and among his flocks and herds.

#### POTATOES

The new crop in Germany proves very much below expectation, and as the Germans are the greatest growers of this tuber in the world the news is rather important. If the result is to send up the price of English farmers may be able to obtain for a mediocre yield as large a total price as in some seasons when German competition has depressed values in this country. New varieties of potatoes continue to be forced upon the market, but the poor results from several of the most puffed of the novelties has injuriously affected the inquiry for new sorts. When sensational prices are asked farmers are sometimes led to look for sensational results. The Potato Show at the Crystal Palace gains in importance every year it is held, and there is talk of the National Potato Society making the Sydenham address its own instead of the Islington one, which it has at present. One is sorry to learn of our home fields that the second growth of potatoes has been particularly disappointing.

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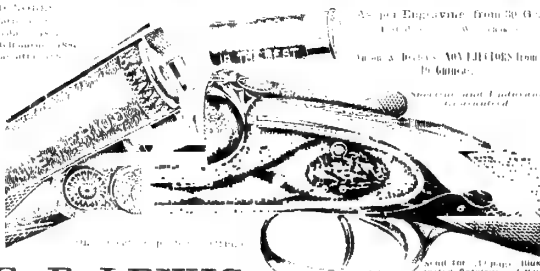
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**"For ever hous'd where it once gets possession."**

—"Comedy of Errors," Act iii., Scene I.

# THE GRAPHIC

No. 1,821.—Vol. LXX.

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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY PAPER

Vol. 1, No. 1, 1891

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1891



THE GRAPHIC, PUBLISHED BY THE GRAPHIC COMPANY, 10, N. 10TH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## Topics of the Week

The doubts we expressed last week as to the wisdom of the sudden change of strategy adopted by General Kuropatkin have been strikingly justified. The forward movement which was so boastfully heralded failed disastrously, and the great Russian Army which was to have "inflexibly executed" the "inflexible will of the Tsar" was once more driven back. The battle of the Shaho differs in one important respect from the other occasions on which the Russian offensive failed. The abortive attempt to relieve Port Arthur last June, General Keller's ill-fated effort to retake the Motienling, and General Orloff's suicidal attack on General Kuropatkin during the retreat from Liaoyang, were all susceptible of explanation. In all these cases failure might well have been due to accident. The movements were hurriedly and crudely conceived. They formed no part of the great strategic plans of the Commander-in-Chief. They were improvised under the stress of exceptional circumstances, or they miscarried because the enemy was in overwhelming force. None of these explanations will apply to the battle of the Shaho. The whole power of Russia in Manchuria was concentrated on that forward movement. The strength of the Russian Army was probably superior—certainly not inferior—to that of the Japanese. General Kuropatkin selected his own field of battle and his own time to strike, and yet the result has been the same as at Teluk, at the Motienling, and at Sykuanu—out-generalled and beaten, the legions of the Tsar were rolled back a shattered host, with nearly forty thousand casualties and a loss of over seventy guns. Whether the retreat from the Shaho was or was not successfully managed does not in any degree minimise the reality of the disaster suffered by General Kuropatkin. Precisely in the same way as he intended to hold Liaoyang and failed, so he intended to drive back the Japanese—to "make them do our will," as he said in his Order of the Day and failed. The battle of the Shaho has proved once again that, man for man, the Japanese are as good soldiers as the Russians, while in generalship, equipment, adaptability to the peculiar conditions of the conflict, individual intelligence, and personal morale they are far superior.

The returns issued by the Labour Department of the Board of Trade confirm the impression that though there is undoubtedly increased slackness of employment as compared with last year, there is absolutely no reason for any panic. The figures of the Labour Department are obtained from a certain number of Trade Unions which make monthly returns, and they do not therefore represent by any means the whole, or even the majority, of the working classes. So far as the figures go, however, they give an indication of the general condition of trade. They show that the number of Trade Unionists unemployed in September was 6.8 per cent, as compared with 6.4 per cent, in August, and 5.8 per cent, in September of last year. The decline is certainly not a very serious one, and if nothing worse than this is realized in the present month we need not fear any general depression. It is, of course, impossible to foretell as yet what the winter will bring, but there are many hopeful indications. Our export trade has been increasing, and though that only gives employment to a minority of our people it still gives some indication of the general industrial activity of the country. Specially hopeful is the condition of the cotton trade. A few months ago Lancashire was in the depths of despair with regard to the prospects of its great industry. Cotton was still at an exorbitant price, and the mills were working short time. Happily raw cotton has now fallen in value, and there has been a general resumption of full-time working. The previous slackness has given way to a burst of activity, and many mills have sold ahead their full output for the next six or eight months. Enterprising builders and machine makers are taking advantage of the boom to erect new mills. Lancashire, of course, is not the whole of England; but the prosperity of one county, holding such an enormous population, must greatly mitigate whatever depression exists elsewhere, for when the Lancashire operative is prosperous, he is one of the best customers for the other industries of the country.

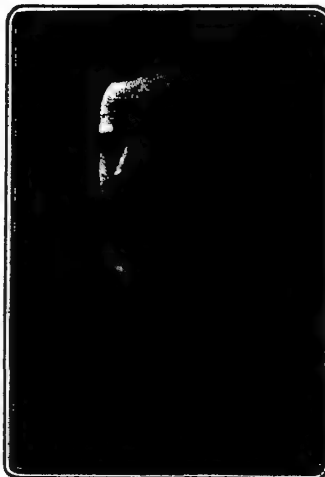
The well-nigh fatal accident to the Duke of Connaught will serve a useful purpose if it directs public attention to the imperative necessity of compelling all conveyances using the King's highways to carry lights after dark. In some localities there is a by-law to that effect, but on crossing into territory under different control

there is no regulation about lamps, either before or behind vehicles. So the traveller has no means of knowing where the one system ends and the other begins; if he has been progressing through a "lights in" district, he reasonably imagines that it will be the same on ahead. And thus he rides or drives into some moandering cart zigzagging from side to side of the road, with its wearied driver fast asleep. If these lumbering conveyances would only keep to the near side, as they ought to do, the danger of collision would be greatly minimised. But until some method of keeping their drivers awake is discovered, that must remain a counsel of perfection. The only practical remedy is to pass legislation equally affecting all parts of the kingdom, making it compulsory for every conveyance to carry head and tail lights, as in the case of motors. The expense involved would be quite insignificant to farmers and market-gardeners, big or little, while they would have the comfort of feeling that they no longer placed death-traps on King Edward's highways, at the risk of killing his popular soldier-brother.

## The Disputed Regency



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PRINCE LEOPOLD OF LIPPE-DEIMOLD  
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Our Photographs are by Hahn's Nachfolger, Dresden.

## The Spinstander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

"Have you started firm yet?" said a friend to me the other day. "Started them!" was the reply. "I should think I had. I began them a fortnight ago." Whereupon he began to upbraid me for being an extravagant person, and informed me that he never commenced firm till the first of November. However, I proceeded to inform him that as was the extravagant person, as he allowed the chill of autumn to dissipate the summer warmth of his house, therefore the whole building became thoroughly chilled, and he would have to expend a considerable sum for coal to raise the atmosphere of the place to a comfortable temperature. I suspect he was one of those extraordinary people who still believe in that fearsome domestic misery of "bright bars" and yet have faith in those horrible ornaments and absurd shavings that accompany them. I never beheld one of these Pecksniffian aspersions of gentility but I long to throw a lighted match—quite by accident—into the grate and burn the bright bars blue, and convert the whole of the tawdry decorations into black tinders. In a climate like ours there should be no rule about fire. The only rule I have is that throughout the summer the fire should be always laid and ready to be lit at a moment's notice. Sometimes you find on the twenty-first of June a good blazing fire is a most comforting companion. I am a most enthusiastic Ghebar, and you may rest assured that there is no chance of my room ever getting chilled.

A straw hat in a fog strikes one as being almost as inappropriate as a bishop on a bicycle. Therefore, with the first of the last lingering straw hat has disappeared. Probably never since that convenient and comfortable head-covering has achieved its recent popularity has it been in such request as it has been during the past season. I know that I have—save and except when it has been necessary to assume a more ceremonious style of thatch—worn it from May to October, and it would appear a very large proportion of the population has done likewise. Probably the hat has been the greatest blow that the time-honoured topper has ever received and one from which it is not likely to recover. Twenty years ago nearly every man you met in London—of whatever position or degree—wore a tall hat. It is not a now. The majority, when the season of the straw is over, do not assume the topper, except on special occasions. They rather incline to the bowler. It is a good and comfortable sign to see the sensible increase of country dress in the morning in the London streets.

"How should Gloucester be pronounced?" I am asked. Well this is rather a difficult question to answer. It probably has as many versions as the town of Rheims, or the name of the immortal Samuel Pepys. Having sojourned so frequently in that pleasant spot of Gloucestershire towns, I suppose I ought to know something about it. But when I come to think about it, I confess I am somewhat puzzled. First of all there is the name as spelt. That is in general use in London, and usually adopted by those who never visit the township. Then you have Gloucester. This certainly has antiquity to recommend it. An earnest Shakespearean reminds me that Holingsbroke says towards the conclusion of *King Richard II.*

Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear  
Is that the rebels have consumed with fire  
Our town of Gloucester in Gloucestershire;  
But whether they be slain, or slain, we hear not.

Furthermore, you have the name pronounced as rhyming both in blarney and to vulgar, and there is also the latest version wherein—by word-clipping and word-clipping habits of the day—the title of the town is shortened to Cren. But out of all these versions I should most assuredly accord my vote in favour of Gloucester as being most used by the natives and undoubtedly the most ancient and correct.

It is a pity to see there are still some people in favour of a statue as the fitting representative of the proposed Shakespeare Memorial. If they had studied the statues of London as thoroughly as I have they would see the absurdity of adding even one more to the army of grimy effigies in bronze, marble, and granite that may be now found about the Metropolis. Our climate is not in any way adapted for the residence of statues in the open air. If they are in bronze they speedily become oxidised; if they are in stone they quickly become stained. In either case the furrows of soot place shadows in the wrong place, give a comic expression to the countenance, and throw the whole statue out of drawing. The only suitable phase of sculpture for the London streets is the *divus railway*—to be placed upon a wall within sight of everyone, and under plate-glass. Let us, however, hope that the idea of a statue will be speedily abandoned, and that the memorial will take some more important and useful form. The other day I saw a hint with regard to the erection of some building at Stratford-on-Avon. Surely this will not be tolerated for an instant. The buildings of recent days in the delightful town can scarcely be reckoned a success, and in the face of the energetic protest made against the demolition of ancient cottages the other day, no one, I should imagine, will care to desecrate the place with modern bricks and mortar.

Who issued the first railway guide? Of course Bradshaw was responsible for the first "Bradshaw." That was originally brought out on October 19, 1839, just sixty-five years ago. But there were even earlier elucidators of railway mysteries. I have in my possession "Freeling's Railway Companion," which appears to have been published on June 30, 1839, at the price of sixpence. From the opinions of the Press printed in this volume it had evidently been established in public favour some considerable time previous to the date given. It would be interesting to learn who was really the first introducer of this useful but costly description of literature.



BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE



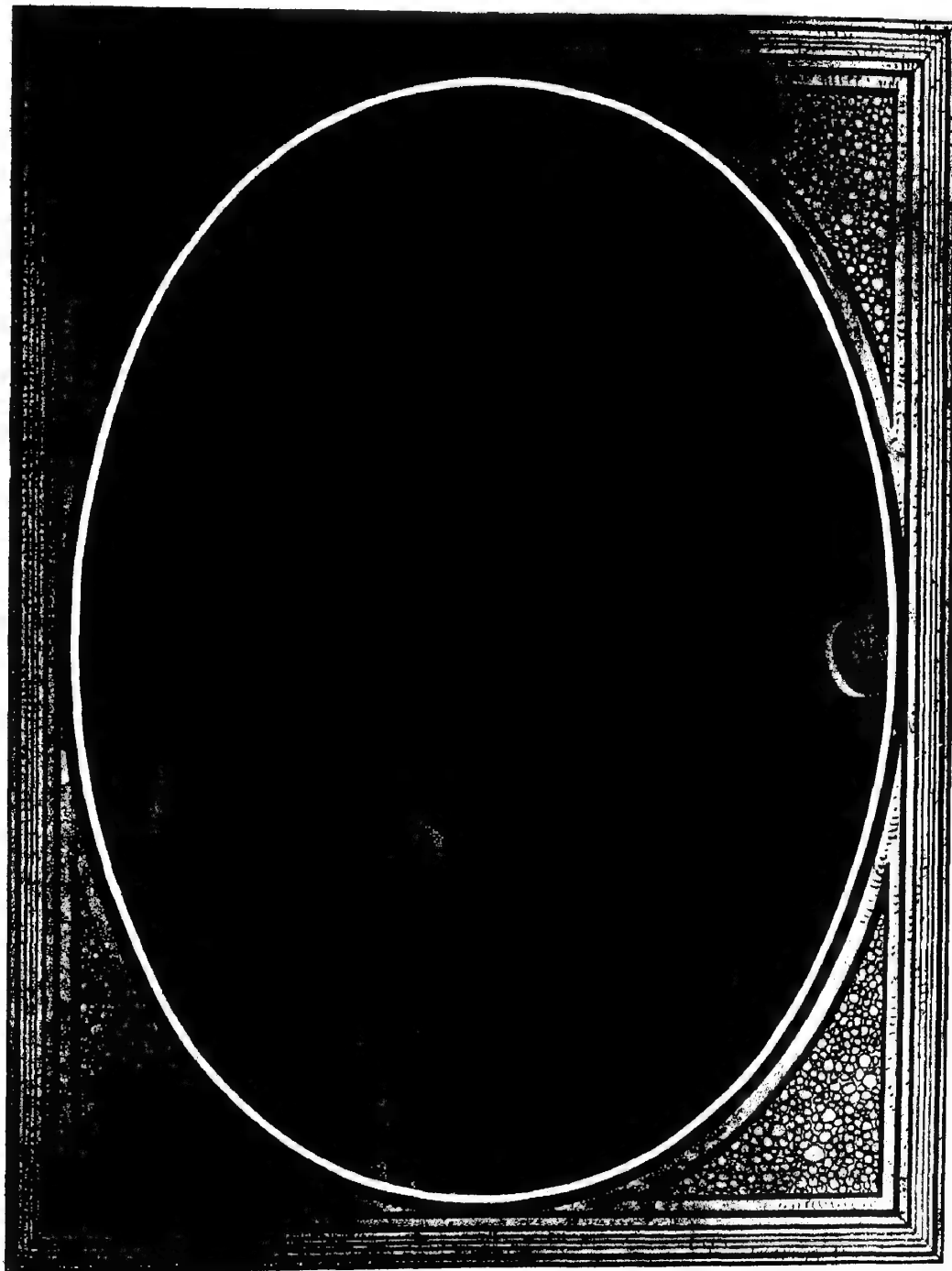
DRAWN BY F. H. HADLEY

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, J. S. G. BOWEN

Our Correspondent in Macedonia writes:—"So great is the fear of espionage or even investigation that another correspondent and myself are followed about the town (Bitola) unobtrusively by a police officer and several gun-bearers. On our going half a mile beyond the town to bathe one morning, we

were closely watched by two officers and fifteen soldiers, some on each side of the river, to see that we did not make a dash for a devastated village in the neighbourhood, two hours' ride away. They pretend that these precautions are for our protection."

#### BATHING UNDER GUARD: HOW CORRESPONDENTS ARE WATCHED IN MACEDONIA



ROYAL ADMIRALS: KING EDWARD OF GREAT BRITAIN AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR WILLIAM

From a photograph taken during the King's visit to Kiel, by P. V. Linné, Berlin.

## The Court

His Majesty has spent this week in town. From Newmarket the King went to Sandringham until Monday, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their family, being already at York Cottage. On Sunday morning the Royal party attended Service at Sandringham Church, and afterwards the Prince of Wales and the three children walked home with the King to Sandringham House, the Prince dining with his father in the evening. Next day His Majesty came up to town to fulfil numerous public engagements, including holding a Council for the prorogation of Parliament. An important function was to be a visit to Woolwich on Wednesday to inspect the Royal Regiment of Artillery, of which His Majesty is Colonel-in-Chief. Another military event would be a private visit to Chatham yesterday (Friday) to inspect the Royal Engineers. His Majesty intending to lunch with the officers. In the middle of the month their Majesties go to Windsor for the reception of the King and Queen of Portugal.

The Queen was to be home from Denmark in the course of the week, bringing with her Princess Victoria and Princess Charles of Denmark with her little boy, but owing to the illness of her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, her departure was postponed.

The Prince and Princess of Wales remain at Sandringham for the present, and on Wednesday the Princess was at the West Norfolk and Lynn High School at King's Lynn to receive purses towards paying off the debt on the school. Next month the Prince

nature of the injuries he will have to keep his room for some days.

King George of Saxony who has just passed away had but a short and troubled reign. He only succeeded his brother Albert some two years ago, and since then he has been a sufferer in both mind and body, having endured a long and painful illness, and the sorrow of the recent matrimonial troubles between his son and heir and his daughter-in-law. His happiest days were as Prince George, when he won renown in the Austrian and Franco-German campaigns, being pre-eminently a gallant soldier. For English people the King had a special interest, being related to King Edward through his father. Indeed, the Wettin family, to which the late King belonged, is the oldest Sovereign family in Europe, except our own Guelph race, being even superior to the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs. Second son of old King John of Saxony, King George was born in 1858, and was brought up in the most practical fashion. Military training was, of course, the first consideration, but he learnt law at Bonn University, where he studied at the same time as the Emperor Frederick. When the Austro-Prussian War broke out Saxony sided with Austria, and Prince George had his baptism of fire at Sadown. Later on, Saxony supported Prussia in the Franco-German War, and Prince George showed himself so good a soldier that Emperor William, a keen judge, made him commander of an Army Corps. Even in the times of peace Prince George devoted himself to the Army, and when his brother Albert came to the throne, he was made Commander-in-Chief of the Saxon forces. Further, the most important business of his own brief reign was the

the Princess whom Velasquez painted on some fifteen other occasions — if we may accept as genuine all her portraits attributed to the painter. This canvas, which, not many years ago, was in the collection of Mrs. Lyne Stephens, and might, it was said, but for an accident, have come into the national possession, bears a strong resemblance to Isabella of Bourbon, the mother of the Infanta Maria Theresa; so that we have here another reason for accepting the picture as a true likeness of the lady who, kindly viewed, was prettier than this. It must be regarded as belonging to the fifth decade of the master, and shows the Princess about fifteen years old. Her attitude is a favourite one with Velasquez. As the Infanta stands keeping her little "King Charles" quiet by holding his ear, she extends her right arm and drops the other, much as we see in the "Infanta Marie Marguerite," now in the Louvre, in "Isabella of Spain," in the Imperial Gallery in Vienna, in "Don Antonio Pimentel," "Prince Balbasar Carlos," and "Marie Anna of Austria," all in the Prado, and in several portraits besides, such as the "Prince Balbasar Carlos and Dwarf" in the collection of the Earl of Carlisle. The figure, in spite of its picturesquely absurd costume, is full of dignity and quiet strength.

The Princess, as Justi reminds us, was a pattern wife to Louis XIV. She was born in 1638 and was married in 1659. But the pleasure-seeking King required all her constancy. She had, we are told, "no will but his, no wish but to please him," and yet she could not face the wit and vivacity of the ladies of the Court who one after the other supplanted her in the affections of the "Sun King." Her mental training and intelligence were but "on a level with those of the ordinary Spanish woman," and the



BORN AUGUST 18, 1858

DIED OCTOBER 15, 1904

THE LATE KING GEORGE OF SAXONY  
From a Photograph by Otto Mayer, Dresden.



PRINCE FREDERICK AUGUSTUS, WHO NOW SUCCEEDS TO THE THRONE OF SAXONY

From a Photograph by Otto Mayer, Dresden.

begins his autumn series of shooting visits, going to Lord Durham at Lambton, and to Lord Lathom at Lathom House, Lancashire.

Our Royal Family, from the King downwards, are such enthusiastic motorists, that the accident to the Duke of Connaught came as a special shock. Happily the disaster, though bad enough, had no dangerous result. The Duke had been on a tour in connection with his business as Inspector-General of the Forces. His work over, he started from Edinburgh in a motor-car for Gosford on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Wemyss, where the Duchess and daughters were already staying. He was driving in a four-cylinder Argyll, and was nearing Craigentinny in the dusk when the car got behind a tractor. As the tram stopped, the motor passed it, and at that moment a heavy cart carrying an old ship's mast came from the opposite direction and ran heavily into the motor. The left of the car, where the Duke was sitting on the right hand, was carried completely away by the collision, and the Duke was thrown heavily on the road. The officers who were with him had not been hurt, and immediately ran to pick up the Duke, who was stunned and cut badly on the head. He came speedily to himself, however, and pluckily declaring that there was little the matter, was helped into a spare car coming behind and driven back to the North British Hotel, where he had been staying. Doctors were at hand at once, and found that the Duke had an ugly scalp wound and bad injury to the left ear, besides being severely shaken. It was providential that the accident was not worse, for the car was completely cut in two, and the rag over the Duke's knees was torn to bits. The Duchess was sent for and has been nursing her husband. The Duke is going on very well, but owing to the

effort to prevent tyranny and cruelty among his soldiers. When twenty-seven, the King married the Infanta Maria Anna of Portugal, but she died twenty years ago, leaving him with five sons and a daughter, one son having since died. King George was much loved by his people, and was a fine simple character. He bore his long illness most bravely, but it is generally thought that his days were shortened by the scandal of his daughter-in-law's elopement. He passed away on Saturday at Pillnitz, his country seat near Dresden, where his body has lain in State in his plain soldier's room overlooking the Elbe. His hands clasped a rosary and crucifix, white roses were strewn around, and at the head of the bed was an etching of the Sistine Madonna. The funeral took place at Dresden on Wednesday.

The new King Frederick is the eldest son of King George, and succeeds as "Frederick Augustus III." Like his father he is a soldier before all things. He is thirty-six years old and has four children.

### "The Infanta Maria Theresa," by Velasquez

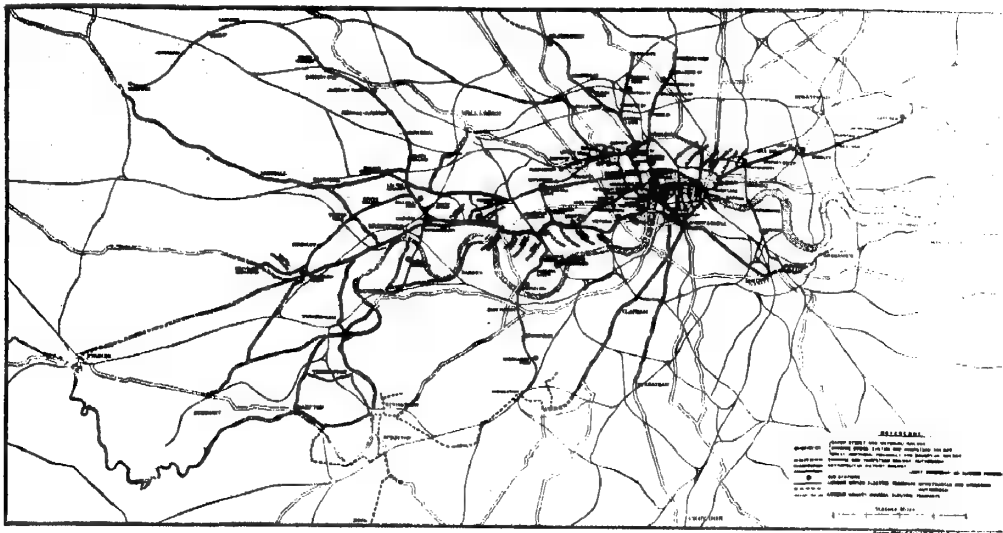
The steadily growing collection of Mr. Pierpont Morgan is strengthened from time to time by a picture of great importance, known to the whole art world and appreciated by connoisseur and public alike. The "Portrait of the Infanta Maria Theresa," which is reproduced in colours in our supplement, is one of these. It is not certain that this picture really represents the little lady in question, for this, like one other painting by the master, called also "An Infante," is not indubitably like

poor lady had not the slightest chance of holding her own. "Her monastic devotion, her simple, childlike sensitiveness, excited ridicule in some, pity in others, who recognised her gentle, pure nature. From the first, Louis found her somewhat wearisome, although when she was gone he declared that her death was the first pain she had ever caused him."

## The Tubification of London

Few of the millions of people who daily traverse the streets of London realise the extent of the work going on night and day many feet below the surface of its congested thoroughfares. The electrification of the Metropolitan and Metropolitan District and the construction of the new tubular railways are progressing so favourably that it is confidently expected the electrically equipped Undergrounds will be in operation early next year, while twelve months from then the Baker Street and Waterloo, and Great Northern, Piccadilly and Brompton divisions of the Underground Electric Railways will be ready for passengers. The completion of the Charing Cross, Euston, and Hammersmith line will follow shortly, as sixty-five per cent. of the running tunnels, and nearly half of the station tunnels of this line, are finished. This work has been going on quietly and without the slightest interruption of traffic. No thoroughfares have been torn up and business dislocated as in New York during the building of the subway.

The tubes in course of construction by the company of which Mr. Charles T. Yerkes is chairman and Mr. Edgar Speyer, of Speyer Brothers, is the financier, will aggregate nearly thirty



MAP SHOWING THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE RAILWAY SYSTEM OF LONDON

miles, and, as will be seen by the map, will form the greatest work of public utility ever planned and carried out for the metropolis. To this new mileage will be linked the District Railway, with its joint ownership and running powers over the Metropolitan and the growing system of electric tramways which extend in various directions westward, and which enter London at its two great modern gateways at Shepherd's Bush and Hammersmith. The total length of line under control of the Underground Electric will be over one hundred miles, while the capital cost will amount to sixteen million sterling. The new accommodation thus afforded will not be far short of four hundred millions of passengers per annum for the railways and two hundred millions for the tramways, when the system, as planned and authorised, is finished. London will, moreover, be furnished with fifty-two new stations, the locations of which will be seen by the accompanying map, which shows the directions of the new lines and their numerous connections with existing underground and surface railways and tramways. Thirty of the new stations will be in the most congested districts. The most important features are, of course, the three north and south lines, which have been greatly needed. The map also shows the new district which will be brought within easy radius of the metropolis and give increased opportunities for homes removed from the crowded city. The fares, it is understood, will be uniform at all, and the time saved in getting from one part of London to another, and from London out into the country, will amount to the saving of millions of pounds sterling to the public. The completion of these railways will, it is believed, open up areas of land now used for agricultural purposes, and give London new and healthy suburbs and localities heretofore overlooked because of the absence of rapid transit.

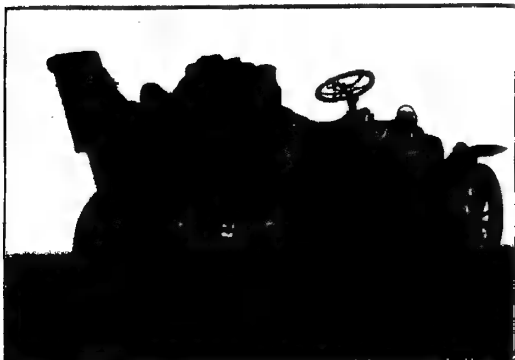
It will be interesting to note some of the details in the saving of

time. The new lines will take passengers from Hammersmith to Piccadilly in twenty minutes, and thence on to King's Cross in ten minutes; from Charing Cross to Euston ten minutes, and five minutes additional to Kenish Town. Highgate and Hampstead, from Charing Cross, will be reached in twenty minutes; five minutes more will take one to these points from Westminster; from Charing Cross to Elephant and Castle will take eight minutes, and from the same starting point north to Baker Street ten minutes. Paddington will be reached in fifteen minutes from Piccadilly Circus, and twelve minutes from Charing Cross. The Electric Underground will practically link up all the large trunk-line stations with the central area of London, and enable a large percentage of the three hundred millions of passengers annually poured into the metropolis by those railways to quickly and comfortably reach their destinations in the morning, and return to their homes in the evening with equal facility. When the deep-level of the District is finished there will be no stops for the express trains from Hammersmith to the City, except, probably, South Kensington, Victoria, and Charing Cross. The unrestricted system of exchange will be a decided benefit to the public.

There are several reasons which point to a profitable outcome of this vast expenditure. London adds to its population about one million inhabitants every ten years, and as the average journeys per population is about two hundred, each decade finds two hundred millions more passengers to carry. Statistics show that the travel habit grows. London a generation ago took only twenty-three journeys per head of its population; now it takes 200 journeys. New York took forty-seven journeys then; now it takes 400 journeys. Since the electrification of the New York Elevated Railway about two years ago, the number of passengers carried on that railway

has increased nearly one hundred millions because of the quicker service and better accommodation. So it will be in London when this system is finished and in operation. Added to the above, new districts will be opened up and traffic created. These and many other interesting facts enter into the mental side of this undertaking, the careful consideration of which by experts makes such an enterprise possible and probably profitable.

The whole of this large system of tubes and undergrounds will be operated and propelled by a power-house, which has been erected on the banks of the Thames at Chelsea, and which is the largest works of the kind in the kingdom. From this station go forth sixty-four cables, each with 1,000 volts of electricity, to Earl's Court, where a sub-station distributes the power, so that it may be taken here and there over the entire system, and used in quantity as required. From the controlling board of the power-house the operation of trains in the further sections is managed as easily as a telephone switch-board. The arrangement of the power-house is likewise automatic. The coal is taken up from barges into the coal-bunkers on the top of the building, and automatically fed into the furnaces, and thence the chimneys and ashers are automatically removed and conveyed to barges at the other end of the building. The Westinghouse turbine engines with accompanying dynamos furnish the electricity, and when complete and in operation the place will be a marvel of modern engineering skill and ingenuity. Our artist shows these great engines and dynamos being put into position, and the work is being pushed forward with the greatest possible expedition. As fast as machinery arrives from the Westinghouse, Trafford Park Works, Manchester, it is taken from the railway trains and gently swung into position by the electric cranes which slide noiselessly up and down the vast power house.



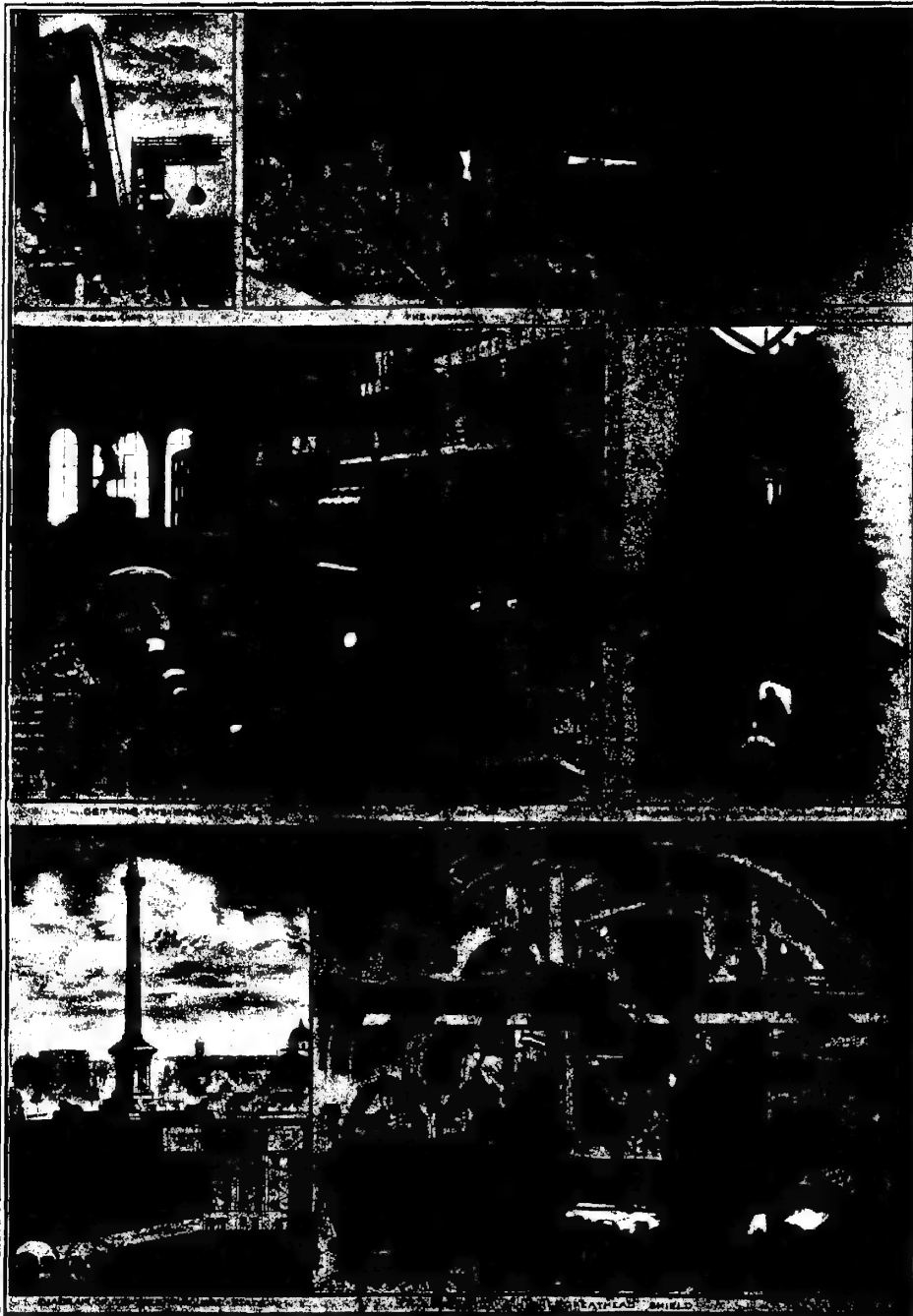
The state of the car in which the Duke of Connaught met with an accident in Hammersmith last week, shows what a narrow escape his Royal Highness made here last. The Duke was seated on the left side of the car, and it was this side which came into collision with the car.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S MOTOR ACCIDENT: THE WRECKED CAR



A two days' automobile race-meeting was held at Hockley last week. The track was a mixed grass and asphalt along the sea-front. The speeds attained with flying starts were terrific, a 40-horsepower car driven by Mr. Dwyer's motor bicycle in 26 seconds, while Mr. Cuffey's racing car travelled at the rate of 80 miles an hour. A record of 100 miles driven in 10 minutes was made by a car driven by Mr. Cuffey. Our photograph was supplied by the "Tribune" Photo Press, Ag. 100.

THE MOTOR SPEED TRIALS AT HOCKLEY: A NOVEL GRAND STAND



SKETCHES AT THE ELECTRIC POWER STATION AT OMBRETTA AND IN THE TUNNELS  
 LONDON'S NEW "TUBE" RAILWAY, WHICH IS TO RUN FROM BAKER STREET TO WATERLOO  
 DRAWN BY F. G. DICKINSON



"Missus!" cried Mrs. Gurnsey, holding up her hands."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### WHAT AWAITED FAVERSHAM AT DISNEY

Sir Piers descended the stairs and led the way through the maze of corridors, with the lieutenant of foot at his heels; but no word passed between them until they reached the hall. Here Faversham, halting, turned on the other.

"You have had your way," he said fiercely. "You have ruined her reputation, and you shall die for it."

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"Pardon me. You are too imaginative, Mr. Faversham," answered Sir Piers coldly. "I pick up, greatly to my own satisfaction, the daughter of an old acquaintance, who has been blown out to sea in a gale of more than ordinary violence. Happily we are not far from my house at Dexter, where the young lady receives every attention and care from my comfortable and motherly house-keeper. As soon as she is fully recovered," he added, "no doubt she will pack off home. Possibly that will be to-morrow."

"You are a devil!" exclaimed the young man.

"Mr. Faversham," said Sir Piers with asperity, "as we are agreed that we are to settle this on a future occasion, where is

the manners of heaping up the provocation? You run only the one death. I beg you to be economical of abuse. And, besides, let me ask you to look at it in this light. You have endeavored, since I had the honour of encountering you this afternoon, continuously to snitch a lady's name, and she can, you profess to admire and esteem. Fortunately there is no one here to hear these ridiculous calumnies, or, perhaps, I should say, rumours, save myself. But it is the principle, sir, it is the principle. I would do my best to believe the best of any man, to say nothing of one to whom I was more warmly attached."

"I do not understand you, sir," stammered poor Faversham.

"Your mission is not, against the convey instructions against Mrs. Garraway, and the baronet with dignity. "To charge me as you have done, is to demand her."

"She told me she was your prisoner," said angry Gilbert.

"Mr. Faversham, I make excuses. Your journey and your excitement but I beg you will correct that idea. Ask Mrs. Garraway and see if she will confirm you."

"Upon that point, the one as outwardly calm as the other was hot and turbulent. Faversham indeed, slept ill, and was at the gates early next morning. So greatly did he dread and dislike Sir Piers that he still expected a ruse, and that he should be tricked again. But there was no opposition to his entrance, and, what is more, he found Barbara in the hall, prepared for her journey."

Before the door waited the chaise, and Sir Piers himself superintended the arrangements for the departure. He greeted Faversham with a smile, and displayed all the time a tender care for Barbara's comfort. She must have everything possible to carry her on her way, and the housekeeper, Laura, and the gardener were brought into requisition to that end. It was noticeable, avoided the young man as far as was possible, although she had no need for fear, having already proved completely out of his impulsive hand. He was awkward in his manner, but resolute. It was curious how a laudable rescue from the wolves, and yet, somehow Barbara had not the air of a lamb. On the contrary she was quite mistress of herself, and showed a face of cold pride. The malice of the lamb was rather manifest in Sir Piers's manner and tone. He persistently called her Barbara, and his voice was very musical. The sound of her own name came as a revelation to the girl from his lips.

"You will be comfortable, child, I think. Mrs. Hobday, I want that said. There is a sharp air about Barbara, and you will be sitting, still. Besides, there is the passage."

He handed her into the chaise with his most elaborate manner, and turned and looked at Gilbert.

"I hope sir, said he, that you will take every care of this lady who is entrusted to you. You guard a precious jewel. Faversham flashed with annoyance, but made no answer, and Sir Piers leaned forward to the chaise.

"I will come for you, Barbara," said he, and touched her fingers with his lips.

"You will go back to London," she said coldly. He shook his head, smiling. "Child, I will come for you." "You will lose your faith," she said sharply. "I wish you good bye, and farewell."

"Adieu, Barbara," he said, and with that the chaise moved off.

As soon as they were quit of Dexter, and were on the road into the hills, she turned to her companion, and broke the silence. "You are very good, Mr. Faversham. You are very kind. I owe you a deep debt."

"Barbara," he burst forth, unable to contain himself any longer, you owe me nothing. There is nothing I would not do for you and yet you would owe me nothing still. That is my privilege that is my pleasure. Dear, that is the very essence of my being."

"You are kind," she repeated, turning, looked out of the window. The early sun was on the bay, and from innumerable ripples the light flashed back as from ten thousand mirrors. Barbara took a draught of the fine air, and felt exhilarated by the fair prospect. Unconsciously that smiling sea moved her, so that she who had broken into tears at the thought of crossing over might now smile at the blue field of moving water. She fell into her own thoughts for some time, and Faversham respected her silence, glad only to have her in the chaise with him, rejoicing in her safety, and touched with delicate satisfaction at her proximity. It had witnessed her parting with Sir Piers with content, it placed him to see that treacherous baronet reward the glove in his face, even although he did not seem to be aware of the blow. There was evidently a mystery about the betrothal, which he had no doubt Barbara would clear up, but as he had heard her delicately refuse Sir Piers he was not greatly concerned.

He had deep faith, where he gave his loyalty he remained loyal, and his dark fears disappeared like the mists of a nightmare, his heart rose like a lark and sang in the early morning.

But he was not destined to continue his day so happily as he had begun it. After her meditation, Barbara was pleasant enough, but more distant than he in his warmth of affection desired. It was true that he had not quite settled in his mind how they stood to each other. It could not be said that they were engaged, but their relations had moved a long way upon that road. He had her promise given so he went off to join his regiment, and he had her letter of appeal, which, surely, if ever document did breathe their mutual tenderness. She would have written to none but her promised husband in such terms and with such frankness. And here he was now escorting her home to her mother. Under whose care should she travel save under that of her affianced husband? But Barbara did not consider their relations on, for a little she had gone through much, endured much, and learned much, since she had left Moyden, for town, and she was, as it dawned on him gradually, a very different girl. She spoke a good deal, and made inquiries with real interest in his voice.

"I want to hear how you found me," she said, and invited him to the narration. He told of his visit to Lady Marston's, of his drive in Winchester, and again at Lyndhurst, and finally came to his discovery at Beaulieu.

"Yes," she assented frankly, and stared at the sea. "Twas the man that Sir Piers took. They saved my life," and while he was unwillingly silent under this statement, added pensively, "He must have bled my maid or mamma would have heard before you told her. She was always a shifty woman."

He would have liked and expected to recognize in her voice and face some spirit of fire and passion in speaking of one so kind, and deeds so evil, but he was unable to trace anything, except a calm recognition of facts in her manner. Barbara puzzled him, and he grew less comfortable, his sense of triumph faded. This was certainly not the girl he had loved in the Forest. She was even more beautiful and attractive in some ways, but she was different.

Nor did his unbanished abate when, just before they reached Moyden, she turned on him with an astounding proposition.

"Mr. Faversham, I should not like my mother to be distressed by all this story. We must not tell her everything."

"But but," he began.

"You have told her something, and I must fall in with that and add my own tale. But we must not let her know the truth."

"You mean," he said blantly, "that you would keep Sir Piers's name out?"

She coloured faintly, and set her lips. "Yes," she said, "it comes to that. She thinks very highly of him, and I would not discover him in his true light. He is not as high-minded a gentleman as she supposes. It would grieve her."

"High-minded!" cried forth the honest lieutenant. "He is a villain."

Barbara's colour increased, and she averted her head, but his had the singular impression that she but her lips in annoyance. No doubt it was stupid of him and ungenerous to open old sores and remind her of the result which had been offered. He was penitent instantly, but shrank from offering an apology which might only, by re-affirming a fact, intensify her pain. He cursed his unconsciousness, but it was she who referred to the matter.

"Sir Piers has wronged me deeply, I will admit," she said, still with averted head. "He is a man of wayward impulse and a masterful will. He is accustomed to consider only himself, which is good for so many. But I do not see that it is necessary to reveal his conduct to my mother, however dishonourable. We are done with him."

It was almost with a sigh of relief that Faversham heard her conclude on this sharp sentence, but he asked with some awkwardness and diffidence.

"But you must say what kept you. Your mother will ask why you did not come. You will have to tell her that you were imprisoned."

To his amazement she shot him a quick look in which surprise was blended with hauteur. "Imprisoned!" she echoed. "Indeed, Mr. Faversham, if you had any realisation of what I had gone through in that desperate voyage, you would marvel that I am able to depart so soon. 'Twas no question of imprisonment."

Poor Faversham's heart sank; he could make nothing of her, and, to crown his distress, he recalled Sir Piers's smiling suggestion that he should see if Miss Garraway would confirm him in his theory as to her detention. And yet Barbara herself had declared that she had been held captive. Was he to appeal from herself to herself? Had she been hysterical? What was the explanation of the riddle? The more he thought the further was he from any reasonable solution, and when they entered Moyden gates, so far from feeling elated at his success in returning to the tragic mother her lost daughter, he was sensible only of failure, of wretchedness and doubt, and of the deepening gloom of lying.

Mrs. Garraway's welcome was diffused with tears. She embraced her daughter many times and was gurgling with her affection, and her warmth included Faversham as the heroic saviour. Her thoughts dwelling on highwaymen and gipsies, had anticipated Barbara as a poor pale body of death in ornaments, and here was she in radiant life, and beautiful as ever. She shook Gilbert's hand again and again, and took him to her motherly bosom as if he had been a son, after which, quivering, she proceeded to practical questions. It was this that Faversham dreaded, in view of the orders he had received. What was he to say?

"You must tell me all about it," she said, wiping her eyes. "What happened to you, Barbara? And where did you find her, Gilbert?"

Faversham reddened, hesitated, and looked helplessly at the girl, who changed neither expression nor colour.

"I had a terrible adventure with highwaymen, mamma," she said, without any signs of embarrassment. "Mr. Faversham tells me you have heard something of that, but you cannot guess all. I have gone through dreadful experiences."

"Poor child, poor child!" said the mother, soothing her. "And was it Sir Piers rescued you? Mr. Faversham declares it was but Piers rescued you?"

"Mamma, I said —" began Gilbert, but was silenced by a flash from Barbara.

"Sir Piers!" she echoed in astonishment. "Indeed, mamma, as you shall hear, it is wondrously he called a rescue, since I was out of the frying pan into the fire. The gentleman who came up and put to flight the gipsies proved a greater villain than they." She looked across her mother's shoulder at the satisfaction in Faversham's face.

"Heaven's!" cried Mrs. Garraway, holding up her hands.

"Yes, mamma," pursued Barbara. "For he was bent on abducting me, and would have succeeded, for I was near fainting from fatigue and distress, but that I took refuge in a boat and was blown out to sea."

"A boat!" cried the shrewd lady. "Hess me, what did you do in a boat?"

"I thought you were in a chaise, child," said Faversham, interposed, but Barbara did not falter.

"So I was, mamma," she said coolly, "but the wretch, instead of driving me to Moyden in my unconscious state, took me to another house by the sea. Conceive my position, mamma, she said, with some emotion, "at the mercy of that villain, who was bent on my ruin. What could I do? I was all alone, but I had still my hands and my feet as my service. Do you wonder that I took advantage of the first scheme of escape that occurred and committed myself to the care and kindness of the deep?"

"Twas kinder than man, mamma," and a genuine sob broke her voice. Behind Mrs. Garraway, Faversham's face expressed in every feature a lively sympathy together with satisfaction that the villain was figuring properly in the narrative. Barbara's eyes were his again.

"And I was blown out into the night," said she, with coolness quite recovered, "and would have perished miserably had not Sir Piers Blakiston rescued me."

"Sir Piers!" exclaimed Mrs. Garraway in surprise, and then a broad smile stole over her face. Poor Faversham, his countenance fallen and black, uttered something inarticulate, and choked on it.

Barbara's eyes over mother's shoulders forbade and commanded him. He was silent, and Mrs. Garraway, wreathed in smiles, continued.

"Gracious, my dear, how exceedingly kind of Sir Piers! And that he should be there too! We are deeply indebted to him. I will write and thank him. It was the Providence of Heaven he was there. Strange, as it is not, Mr. Faversham, how the dispensations of Providence fall out!"

"It is very strange, mamma," said Faversham in a hard, dry voice.

"I remember that you had not a good opinion of Sir Piers," proceeded the lady. "You had some amusing and improper suspicions. I hope you are convinced now. La, my dear, what do you suppose? Mr. Faversham said you had written him the strangest letter about Sir Piers."

"Did he?" said Barbara, haughtily. "Mr. Faversham presumes to read too much into my letters. If I had thought he could be so foolish as to misunderstand, I would never have written. I have not been always pleased with Sir Piers," said she threw him a defiant look, leaving, as it were, the explanation of the riddle at that. It sufficed for Mrs. Garraway, who beamed.

"Ah, there's towns ways and country ways, Barbara, and I dare say you were strange to much that is usual in London. It is well known, or was in my young days, that gentlemen are peevish. They push too fast sometimes. 'Tis their idea of gallantry, my dear, and I fear they go far to embarrass a maid's modesty. Yet it is only the way of the sex, as it is not so, Mr. Faversham?"

"Mamma—I—I am not acquainted with London ways," stammered the unfortunate man.

Mrs. Garraway nodded approvingly, for here was ingenious youth acknowledging its limitations. But Barbara, who was deadly.

"And it is a good thing not to be acquainted," she said. "There is no good to be learned in London, and a great deal of evil."

"Barbara!" exclaimed her mother in a tone of censure; but Barbara was rebellious, and, veering as swiftly on a new course, was as amiable and friendly to Faversham than his aunt, none fast in the warmth of her conversation. She called him Gilbert, and begged her mother to thank him for his services in bringing her home.

"Which I have done," said Mrs. Garraway, bravely, "though I regret having troubled Mr. Faversham in the matter, seeing that Sir Piers would have seen you home in safety. It is strange his should have been here. It was the hand of Providence."

"His estate lies in those parts of the island," said Barbara, bravely for so sweet a nature.

"Ah, to be sure," acquiesced her mother, who was taken up with her own thoughts, and bridled at them still. "No doubt Sir Piers will come over and pay us a visit, to see you are no worse."

"No, he will go to town," said Barbara; but in her own heart she doubted. She turned again to Faversham.

"How is your mamma?" she asked, with sweet graciousness. "I fear I forgot to ask before."

"I—I have not seen her. I have not been home," he stammered.

Barbara gazed at him, realising now that there was some puzzle in the situation which she had not anticipated. He had not been home to see that mother to whom he was devoted. And how came he here at all? But these were questions that must not be put in Mrs. Garraway's presence, for they involved the famous letter, written from Lady Marston's. She saw now that Gilbert had been currently reticent, and had offered very few explanations.

"You will see he is right?" she asked.

"I am going now," he said, and bade the ladies farewell.

The shafts of her lovely eyes threw him into a state of ecstasy, so tender were they, and so full of invitation. He walked to the breakfast room in a pleasant mood of wonder and anxiety and anticipation. In his excitement he had forgotten to obtain a horse at Moyden, and resolved to secure one at the Rose and Crown. The afternoon had slipped by very easily while he was at Moyden, for was he not in the presence of the woman he loved? And now the shadows were gathering and absorbing the landscape in dusk.

He met no one until he reached the village, where he called up his old friend, the ostler, by a peal on the stable bell. There was in the man's air something of constraint, though he prepared a horse readily enough. But Gilbert, centred in his dreams and hopes, noticed nothing. The ostler fastened his gaze on the lieutenant's battered uniform, and screwed up his mouth, but said nothing.

Faversham, in the saddle, sent him a genial good-bye, and was turning his horse from the yard, when the man, as if acting on an impulse, put a hand on the bridle.

"Mr. Gilbert," he said, lowering his voice, "it is right you should know there was someone inquiring for you to-day."

"Who was that?" asked Faversham cheerily.

"The other approached nearer. 'Twas a party from London," he said, dropping his voice still lower. "As was directed from Winchester and came by Lyndhurst."

He spoke significantly.

"Oh!" said Faversham, his thoughts flying involuntarily to Sir Piers. But Sir Piers was in the Island.

"Soldiers!" whispered the ostler impressively.

And in that instant Gilbert Faversham remembered and knew—remembered where he stood, and what he had done, and knew what that portended, and whether it led. He sat silent, and the man watched him in silence, and at last he spoke.

"What do you know of them?" he asked, in a voice that was not certain of itself, but yet was under control.

"The sergeant had a talk with me, sir," said the ostler, "and asked to be directed to Ringwood, wanted to know where Mr. Faversham's place stood, and whether Mr. Faversham was at home. I, smelling something from their coats, says 'No, he wasn't; and if they liked to ride to Ringwood, no doubt they'd find where Mr. Faversham's house was.'"

"That is not enough, Bates," said Faversham hoarsely. "You know more than that."



"Well, sir, begging pardon, I had a glass of ale with one of the men while they were waiting, and what he says to me, sir, was that they were here—like—saving your presence, sir—which I mean."

"To arrest me, Bates," said Gilbert Faversham blandly.

"Precisely, sir," said the respectful Bates. "And what I mean, sir, if I may take the liberty, that they want this morning towards Ringwood, and maybe will be—"

"At Donsey by now, awaiting me," said the young man, with a short laugh. "I think you're right, Bates. Thank you. I will remember. It was good of you to warn me."

He nodded, and put his hands to the animal, who, responsive to the touch of an admirable horseman, fell into a trot, and left the other staring after them through the dusk.

Lieutenant Gilbert Faversham set his face for Ringwood. Now that the sense of his position had come home upon him in a tide, his instinct was at once for the simplest and clearest solution. He had deserted his regiment in circumstances of special stress; he would now return and give himself up. It was with these considerations in his mind that he rode towards Ringwood. The night air was bleak and stimulating, and on that familiar course he went by the accustomed landmarks in a pleasant dream. The delight of that parting with Barbara overpowered for him still all else. Under the first shock of the outer's news, which, of course, he should have realised and anticipated, he had suggested; but it was an easy matter to pick up one's principles and one's wits was right. He must surrender himself, and, no doubt, there was a grave charge to be faced; but what chagrin or what discomfited thoughts could endure in the presence of a high and living love. Barbara's smile travelled with him through the Forest, lighting up the dark silence and casting glory upon the future. They were done with this abominable beast of London, and life was laid before them in a very pleasant prospect.

The late summer, in its decline towards the stiller autumn, was very quiet in the woods. He heard the stir of the scots in the blackberry bushes, and owls called out of the distance. His companion was the rising moon, which streaked shadows across his path, and shone out of the blue-dark sea of heaven.

The tender hopes that accompanied him did not leave him until he had approached the very gates of his own property. All was as it should be. The lodge-keeper opened to him, with a salute and a welcoming smile, as of one who greets an esteemed master, back from the wars. He rode down the avenue towards the house full of his folly, and wondering on the surprise his mother would receive. And then all of a sudden the truth emerged and stared on him pitilessly.

Before him lay what? If he could credit the friendly outcries, the soldiers were searching for him and were to arrest him on the charge of desertion. He could not deny the accusation; and the end was . . . Death. The thought of that cold disburial far brought the sweat to his forehead. He reined in the horse. Were they lying at the house in waiting? Nay, surely his lodge-keeper would have warned him. But it might be that the errand was not known, for who could suppose that a Faversham would desert his regiment on the eve of battle? For the first time his offence appeared to Gilbert in its naked shyness, and assumed monstrous proportions. What had he done, if not to commit himself for ever to the ranks of the cowards? He moved on again, irrevocable, and he was still in a mood of doubt and horror when he reached the house. No strange glances met him in the stables, where the groom gave him a respectful welcome; it was when he crossed the threshold that he encountered his blow. His mother rose up, from her seat in the broad hall, and came forward to him.

"I have waited, Gilbert," she said without emotion in her voice. "I knew you would come. I have been here ever since I heard. You are sought for for desertion. Is this true?"

"It is true, mother," he said in a low voice. She kissed him on the cheek, and drew back. She was a tall woman of more than fifty, even gaunt, in her figure, and of cold deliberating eyes. But he was her only child, and she had spent her life in a struggle between her maternal fondness and her sense of duty.

"Why did you do it?" she asked, and even now her voice was matter-of-fact.

She looked him over, and the lights in the hall fell on the stained regimentals, which betrayed him.

"Mother," said he, breaking down before the calm, incisive question. "I fought at Flushing. None has ever called me a coward."

"I asked you why," she said in her formal tones. "I will tell you, mother, but not now," he answered in distress. "I have deserted, but I am not a coward."

"Flushing was taken by the Earl of Chatham, yesterday," said Mrs. Faversham in her level voice, "and my son was not there. My son had run away in the night."

"Mother," said Gilbert with emotion, for there was a tie of strong affection between them. "Mother, do you think me a coward?"

"There is an order for my son's arrest shown me this day," she answered. "I replied that my son was at the front, fighting for his country. They told me he had deserted. If your father had lived, he would have risen and struck the speaker in the face. But he is long dead, thank God. I had nothing to say, but I waited here."

He made no reply, but his wretchedness was apparent on his face.

"Where are they?" he asked presently in a blank voice.

"They are in the village," she answered. "They will be here again to-night," and, as he made no comment, "Gilbert, have you nothing to tell me?"

She spoke for the first time with an appeal in her tone, and he faltered, but recovered himself with an effort.

"I have not asked my honour," he said slowly. "But I have ruined my life, and killed you."

"Yes, you have killed me," she said quietly, and turned away. Outside there was a noise of horses and the trampling of feet. The mother started.

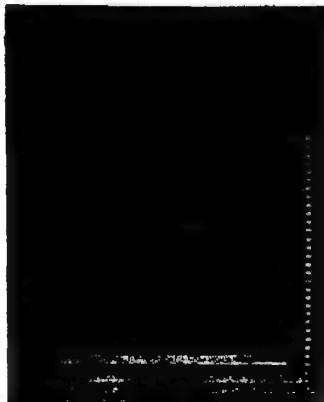
"You must go," she said.

"I will not go," he answered.

"Gilbert, go," she urged. "There is time still; the back way is open."

"If they accuse me of cowardice, let them take me," he answered defiantly.

Mrs. Faversham went up to him, and put a hand on his shoulder. "My son," she said, "you will not tell me. No Faversham has ever been guilty of dishonour. What am I to think? But no Faversham shall die ignominiously. Do you



A miniature portrait in oils, by Andrew Pinser, of Baron Thomas Dimsdale, has mysteriously disappeared from the National Portrait Gallery. It was painted in 1790, and remained in the possession of the Dimsdale family until 1880, when Lady Dimsdale presented it to the National Gallery. Baron Thomas Dimsdale is described on the portrait as "a celebrated inventor for the smallpox."

THE STOLEN MINISTRE: BARON THOMAS DIMSDALE

think I do not understand what this means? Go—and God forgive you. I will not see your face again."

He cast a glance at her of extreme misery, in which struggled a doubt, a hesitation, but at length he turned away.

"You shall not be asked to undergo that," he said in a low voice. "I will go," and he moved towards the back of the hall. Without the sound of horsemen was louder. At the door he paused.

"Mother," he said.

"Good-bye," she said mechanically. He hesitated still, and then, as the bell pealed through the house, passed through the door and was gone. Mrs. Faversham made a step towards the spot from which he had vanished.

"Gilbert," she cried, and turning her face towards the hall door, ceased. A man-servant entered from the rear. "Open the door, please," she said in her usual calm voice.

(To be continued.)



It was Lady Stanley's wish to mark the spot where the great explorer lies in Friar-churchyard by some great monument. The first Memorial Company of Farnham, after much searching, found such a stone on Farnham Farm, Dartmouth. Its entrance height is twelve feet, width four feet, and thickness two feet to two feet six inches. The owner and tenant of the farm having given their assent to its removal the stone was conveyed by road to Horton (Hampshire), and thence by rail to its destination. It has now been erected at the head of the Henry Stanley's grave.

MR. H. M. STANLEY'S GRAVE AT FARNHAM, WITH THE MEMORIAL MONUMENT

## The Theatres

"A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE" (T. H. B. J. S.)

Mr. Pinero's new play shows all the restraint of his best work, but it is treated in such a manner that the audience is entertained with laughter almost until the fall of the curtain, and yet when all is over one feels that there are certain things which, if treated farcically, leave the laughter a little shallow. In his sentiment and inclined to criticize the original scope of the joke. The story, briefly, is of a man who has divorced his first wife and married a serious young person whom he has discovered in a boarding-house. He is an moderate and, of course, be admitted, these humorous. The wife, forced to death by a foolerie, is painfully serious. Her inability to laugh or smile, him at length that he calls a sort of council of war, and a blundering friend suggests administering a shock in the hope that reaction will bring relief and laughter. He instances a friend of his who also had divorced his first wife and told the second that the divorce had not been made absolute. The joker suddenly remembers, to his horror, that this is precisely his case, and that the solemn lady is not his legal wife. Horror-stricken, he breaks the news; but the smileless one is smileless no longer. She bursts out laughing, because, to her delight, she is free, and the positions are changed with a vengeance. The husband it is who can see no humour in anything. In less time than it takes to write, the pretty but vulgar young wife introduces to her late husband as her *fiancé* a young man who is staying in the house, and the despairing husband pairs off with some one else. There is a painful lack of idealism about this which makes it singularly unpleasant, and though the young wife ultimately returns to her original nature, it is not because she cannot bear to be supplanted in his affections, but because she cannot bear to be supplanted in his wealth, and her new love is an impetuous artist. So much for the story which is now less enthralling to the audience at WYNDHAM'S than the notorious doll which has excited so much discussion. This doll is one of the husband's jokes. It is suspended from the springs of a couch in the room over the one in which the action takes place, and is designed to show the humorist when a young couple who nominally work in this room are working and when sitting on the couch indulging in lovers' conversation. Its tremors and shiverings are an inevitable index, and as, of course, other people use the upstairs room, the climax comes when the husband, checking at the success of his experiment, is pined by the young couple and finds that his wife and her young lover are in the room overhead. The scene is very funny but not edifying, and the storm of criticism which the ingenious device has evoked is not wholly unwarranted. The play is full of incisive, caustic dialogue; it is brilliantly constructed and exceedingly well acted. Mr. Don Henderson as the worried, fustianous husband is very good, though not wholly in his element; Miss Ellington is admirable as a bird of the family, and Mr. Kemble has never been better than as the ponderous friend, who suggests the "shock" experiment. The vulgarity of the smileless wife is well brought out by Miss Lettice Follen.

At the St. JAMES'S *The Garden of Lies* has now reached its fifth performance, and has settled down into a solid success. One or two changes in the cast have been made. Mr. Cooper Cliffe now plays Prince Carol of Novodmit with great success. Mr. Alexander's Denis Malhary is played with a sure mastery of the part, and the character holds the audience from start to finish. The longer play is now preceded by a clever tittle by Mr. Joshua Bates, called *The Case of Mrs. M.*, which is skilfully played by Miss Madge McIntosh, supported by Mr. Charles Fulton and Mr. Leslie Fater. The little episode is a scene in the life of a woman who has just been divorced. She is innocent, but has presumably been indiscreet; and to see her come the correspondent to offer her marriage and the husband in other words. She dismisses the former, and regretfully, after a strained interview, sees the latter depart, for she still loves him. At the end we are left uncertain whether the wife is going to crawl away and die of a broken heart, or whether in time two people who have fatally misunderstood one another will come together once more. It is all very subtle and a tragic value; but clever acting makes it to be followed with keen attention and interest.

Mrs. Brown-Potter has re-opened the SAVOY, after her recent disastrous experiment, with a revival of *Forge-Mr. No.*, in which she plays Stephanie, and Mr. Fred Kerr Sir Horace Wells. *Forge-Mr. No.* is followed by *Caroline's Adventure*, with Mrs. Potter as Suzanne and Mr. Gerald Robertson as Turiddu.

Of extreme interest are the performances of the *Hippolytus* of Euripides. Professor Gilbert Murray's minimalist version, which has now been given at the COURT Theatre, and it is a relief after some modern productions to witness drama which is great in all ways and intellectually satisfying. It is well played by Miss F. Elton Olive, Mr. Camille Parker, Mr. A. E. George, Mr. Alfred Bayly, &c., most of whom were seen in the last production of the play. A notable addition to the cast, though, is Miss Rosina Filippi, who now plays the nurse, and gives a performance which can only be described as magnificent. Miss Filippi is so true to the actress that it is a thousand pities she should waste her great talents in music and comedies.

## The War in the Magazines

### ABOUT ADMIRAL TOGO

In the *Century* there is a very interesting little appreciation of Admiral Togo, written by one of his countrymen, Adachi Kinnosuke. As is very generally known, Togo Heihachiro was one of those boys who were ordered by the Government to go abroad and study the science of war. He came to England and received his foreign education on board the *Warrior*. He made no great mark there, but his sterling abilities have been abundantly displayed in recent years. He has a reputation for talking less than almost any man alive. At the close of January, 1904, Admiral Togo was ill in bed. When the summons came from the Minister of the Marine to report at Tokio, he arose from the sick-bed, remarking simply: "My illness will be healed as soon as I mount the bridge."

Arriving in Tokio, he was summoned to an interview with Vice-Admiral Hara Takamasa, Minister of State for the Navy, in his private office. The Minister reviewed the entire course of the diplomatic negotiations between Russia and Japan. Before the eyes of Admiral Togo he spread out every phase of the probable struggle. After he had been speaking for more than two hours, he finally concluded with these words:—  
"I have the honour, sir, to announce to you that it is the august pleasure of His Majesty the Emperor to confer upon you the dignity of Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet."

Then there was silence—of course, long, and heavy with eloquence. The Minister waited. He had just broken to his friend the news of his appointment to the supreme command of the Nippon navy. Naturally he expected something more than five words in response to all he had said. He waited patiently, but silence, somewhat embarrassing and always *perfidious*, was his only reward. A little later Admiral Togo rose, and without a word loved himself out.

He visited the Minister a few days later, intimated in his quiet way that he was about to go to Saeko, and said good-bye, that was all; but how seriously he took this good-bye may be gathered from the fact that before starting he invited all the officers of the fleet, their wives



JAPAN'S NAVAL HERO: ADMIRAL TOGO

A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY W. D. STRAIGHT, ON BOARD THE MIKASA

and children, to a large entertainment in the public park at Saeko. It was thought by many that this was to be a sort of indignation meeting, because Togo was supposed to be thoroughly demoralized with the policy of the men in power at Tokio. "He had been there, had seen them, and found them so many nice old ladies; they would not dare do anything meanly toward Russia; most certainly there would be no war." However, all doubts were set at rest when—

Early in the morning of the next day, on the after-deck of the *Mikasa*, were gathered the officers of the Nippon navy, standing at attention in the presence of the admiral. In front of them, upon a stand, was placed a *sanabo*—a white wood tray which is used for sacred purposes—for supporting the offerings to the gods, and for bearing a short dagger with which the funeral of the elder deity performed the rites of *suikoden*. And upon the *sanabo*, in front of the officers stood Admiral Togo, was the same old sacred symbol of *Samurai* honour—a dagger. It meant honour or death. Togo looked in silence at his *shimen*, and then upon the sacred symbol of *Samurai* honour. At last he said:—

"Gentlemen, the pleasant day which we spent on the hillside of Saeko was our farewell feast to our wives and children and—us life. The *squadrons* will sail to-day. I have the honour to announce to you, gentlemen, that the memory of our society flies like the Russian flag."

The little admiral, who "uses his subordination like his own fingers," is a careful student of *Yomei*, the Chinese philosopher. We do not read *Yomei* much, but the school of *Yomei* emphasizes "a perfect poise of the soul." The students of *Yomei* value, more than anything else, the quiet balance of nerve, the equilibrium which cannot be disturbed by a little thing like a lurking shell within a few feet of a man, or a sword-gleam a few inches before his eyes."

### THE CHAMPION OF CIVILISATION

In the *Nineteenth Century* Baron Suyematsu concludes his history of "How Russia Brought on War." It is a vigorous indictment of Russia, of which only two pages are devoted to the direct rupture between Japan and Russia, while the remainder are given to showing the cynical indifference which the Tsar's Government have treated all their pledges in regard to China. "My aim," says the Baron, "has



The Manchus are great men for horses, and at their pony fairs some really good animals are found, which the Japanese military authorities purchase for the different branches of their service.

THE JAPANESE ADVANCE NORTHWARDS: OFFICERS BUYING PONIES AT A MANCHURIAN FAIR

PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FREDERICK WHITING



FROM A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST. — THE RUSSIAN RETREAT AFTER THE BATTLE OF YASHI-CHIAO. — In parts of the East the retreat became a rout. The soldiers were scattered in all directions, and the pursuit was a fearful one. — The artist has depicted the scene as it might have been. — The Russian retreat after the battle of Yashi-Chiao. — The artist has depicted the scene as it might have been. — The Russian retreat after the battle of Yashi-Chiao. — The artist has depicted the scene as it might have been.



PROFESSOR AUGUSTO MURRI  
Father of the Countess



DR. SECCI  
The alleged Lover of the Countess.



COUNTESS BONMARTINI  
Wife of the Victim.



COUNT BONMARTINI  
The Victim.



ROSINA BONETTI  
Maid-servant to the Countess.



TULLIO MURRI  
Brother of Countess Bonmartini.



DR. NALDI  
An alleged Accomplice.

#### THE SENSATIONAL MURDER TRIAL AT TURIN

been to show how she was profuse in self-denying ordinances, but resolute in her practice of ignoring them as soon as they could be supposed to have served her turn. And from all that I have urged it will be plain that the present war in the Far East is not in reality a conflict which has arisen merely out of a dispute between the two combatants."

It is rather to be envied to the general view of all the civilized peoples of the world that the Countess Bonmartini, who was the victim of the crime, was a woman of noble birth and high social position. She was the daughter of Professor Murri, the famous physician, and a Senator, of Bologna University. Their wedded life proved to be most unhappy, and at the end they were completely estranged. On September 2, 1902, the dead body of the Countess was found in his apartments in Bologna. All the circumstances indicated that he had been foully murdered, but for some time there was no clue, and the police were baffled. Professor Murri ultimately denounced

#### The Bologna Mystery

At the Court of Assizes in Turin five persons are undergoing trial charged with complicity in the murder of Count Bonmartini, at Bologna, two years ago. Immense sensation has been created throughout Italy by the crime. Count Bonmartini married a daughter of Professor Murri, the famous physician, and a Senator, of Bologna University. Their wedded life proved to be most unhappy, and at the end they were completely estranged. On September 2, 1902, the dead body of the Countess was found in his apartments in Bologna. All the circumstances indicated that he had been foully murdered, but for some time there was no clue, and the police were baffled. Professor Murri ultimately denounced

his own son, Tullio Murri, who is an advocate at the Bar, as the murderer. His arrest was followed by that of Countess Bonmartini (née Linda Murri), the widow, Professor Secchi, who is said to be her lover, Dr. Naldi, and a woman named Rosina Bonetti, the Countess's maid-servant. These are the five prisoners whose portraits we publish and who may be seen in the cage in the illustration on the opposite page. No fewer than twenty-one counsel are engaged in the case, and there are 385 witnesses to be called, among them Ministers, Senators, Deputies, bishops, officers of the army, noblemen, physicians, professors of the university, artists, nuns, and waiters. It is expected that the trial will last three months. Count Bonmartini, the murdered man, was a large landowner in Italy, and a member of an old family settled at Bologna.



MR. GEORGE ARENTS STARTING



THE WRECK OF MR. GEORGE ARENTS'S CAR



MR. HEATH CROSSING THE TAPE THE WINNER



MR. A. G. VANDENBERG MAKING THE BAD TURN ON THE BRIDGE

The International Automobile Race for the Vanderbilt Cup began at six o'clock in the morning. The starting point was at Westbury, Long Island, and competitors had to cover a triangular course of thirty miles ten times. There were eighteen entries, representing America, France, Germany, and Italy. The result of the race was that Heath (France) won, Clement (France) was second, and Lantz (America) third. The successful times of the two first cars were: Heath, 48 min. 48 sec.; Clement, 51 min. 15 sec. Heath, who is an American driver, using a French car, represented the Automobile Club of France. The fastest car on the race, while four men were injured. The Mercedes car, driven by George Arents (Germany), met with an accident, breaking its axle. Mr. Arents and his chauffeur, named Meusel, were thrown violently out. The latter was badly injured and died shortly after reaching the hospital. There were numerous mishaps, some of which were attributed to rain and broken glass on the course. Only seven competitors were back after the seventh round. The car driven by Mr. Vandenberg, jun., broke down, and afterwards made a flying start, but was ruled out, on the ground that he had violated the starting rules. Our photographs are by T. S. Hastings, New York.

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#### THE FATAL MOTOR RACE AT LONG ISLAND: THE CONTEST FOR THE VANDERBILT CUP

Tullio Martelli. No. 1000.



THE SENSATIONAL TRIAL OF COUNTSSE, BOMMARTINI AND OTHERS ON A MURDER  
A SKETCH BY TULLIO MARTELLI



DRAWN BY FRANK CHASE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

\* AFTER THE DEFEAT AT TA-SHIN-CHIAO: A CARAVAN OF RUSSIAN WOUNDED RETREATING TO LIAOYANG



DRAWN BY H. BARNUM

THE STORY OF A MISFIT AND A MATCH

THE STORY OF A MISFIT AND A MATCH



The scene depicted is a moment of intense drama. The figure in the foreground is captured in a state of motion, perhaps a fall or a stumble, with a bright, curved shape trailing behind them. The background is dark and indistinct, suggesting an interior setting with some architectural elements like columns or doorways visible in the upper left. The overall style is graphic and expressive, with heavy shadows and bright highlights.

to their march concerning the impressionable gaze with wondering awe, the inevitable wild efforts to suppress a sigh. The meaning of this part of the proceedings is as follows: the proctors are collecting the votes of the members of "Convocation on the subject of degrees being conferred. Had a voter knowledge of any 'just cause or impediment'...

"SOLVITUR AMBULANDO": THE PROCTOR'S WALK AT A U.

DRAWN BY E.





only his objection by "plucking" the professor's gown, and should the objection be wrong candidate would not receive his degree. Thus in the old days any tradesman creditor for a large amount to any of the candidates, would get a doctor or master

to grant the degree in the same manner. But at this time the rule of the university is that no candidate may ever put into debt or otherwise involve their study and the privilege has not been so since 1700 years."

#### ING OF DEGREES IN THE DIVINITY SCHOOL, OXFORD

by M.V.G.



The Russian army, after its defeat at the battle of Tientsin, has been driven back to the railway station at Wangtien. The Russian army, after its defeat at the battle of Tientsin, has been driven back to the railway station at Wangtien. The Russian army, after its defeat at the battle of Tientsin, has been driven back to the railway station at Wangtien.

#### HOW THE RUSSIANS LEFT THE RAILWAY AT WANGTIEN WHEN THEY RETREATED



#### "RAIL SUICIDE"

From "Everyday People" By C. Dana Talbot (John Lane)



PORTRAIT OF THE INFANTA MARIA THERESA.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY VELAZQUEZ, LENT BY J. FINESTRA ROMANOS, Esq., TO THE SEASIDE EXHIBITION AT THE GUTHRIE, 1894.





THORSHAVN, THE SEAT OF THE GOVERNOR

## A Visit to the Faroes

BY J. CATHCART WASON, M.P.

The Faroes are rather out of the way of the professional holiday-maker, as they are 180 miles to the north and west of the Shetlands, and yet they offer many attractions. Of these, perhaps the greater are the coast scenery and the fishing. You cannot, however, photograph fishing, and I fear a photograph of the baskets we heard of would be disbelieved. Our first landing place was the ruined church at Kirkjubøi. In the illustration of a house at Kirkjubøi, shown below, the owner and his wife may be seen in holiday costume. This interesting structure is built in part of huge round logs dovetailed together, weather-boarded outside and plastered with clay inside, and, like all the other Faroese houses, is set on walls about four feet high. It was beautifully clean inside, and is said to be 800 years old. As with most other buildings in Faroe the roof is of turf. On the rafters is laid a covering of bark, and on that very thick turf is placed, the whole being held together till it is a living mass. The typical Faroese



FAROESE IN HOLIDAY COSTUME: THE HOUSE IN THIS PICTURE IS SAID TO BE 800 YEARS OLD

village and church, it will be seen, are built and model same way. The picturesque little town of Thorshavn is the seat of the Governor, and residence of the British Consul, Mr. Villiers, whose kindness and attention left nothing to be desired.

The day before we landed, a large number of cauling whales had been driven ashore and slaughtered at Vaaga, and the custom is that every family in the islands gets a share of the flesh, which is considered very good. In the centre of the page a Faroese gentleman may be seen carrying home his share. The creed by means of which the carrying business of the island is done is slung by means of a broad band across the forehead, and this bears all the stress.



ON THE COAST: A WIFE HEADLAND

Whole flesh, which has the appearance of beef, is cut into strips and hung up to dry in small buildings, the ends of which are of stone, while the sides are of lattice-work, and through these the sea-breeze blows. In October, practically all the male lambs in the islands are killed, fattened out, and hung up in such sheds. They require no other curing and get no further cooking. We saw a ram that had been killed a year ago, and there was not a suspicion of taint about it. Of course, there are no flies about, and the sea-breeze is laden with salt. With regard to the coast scenery, one of our party expressed the opinion it was more magnificent than anything to be seen in Scotland. The Faroese detest the trawlers that poach in their waters, and there is arising very considerable feeling against the whaling operations. In the report forwarded to the Foreign Office last year by Consul Villiers, of Thorshavn, we read:—

"On June 1, 1902, a law came into force which will have the result of this industry having to be conducted as Danish. The tax has also been imposed on Whales over 36 feet in length of £2 15s. 6d."

"The Tries result in fouling the neighbouring water with the most offensive effluvia, which can be scented from afar and which, floating in the ebb and flow in the Fjords, is said to have a deleterious effect on the herrings and on other fish. The ravens and carrion crows which feed on the effluvia are also rapidly increasing



CARRYING HOME WHALE FLESH IN A GULL

in numbers, and becoming very destructive to other birds, particularly to the valuable geese, ducks, eider ducks, &c., to the ptarmigan imported from Greenland in 1890, and to the grouse from Scotland in 1896."

A resident in Thorshavn, financially interested in a whaling station, told us that when the carcasses were not treated, owing to pollution of the Fjords, fish caught could not be cured, and also that it was impossible to eat the saithe that had fed on the rotting carcasses.

## Ladies of the Ballet

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

There is one section of the fair sex in the French capital which is profoundly opposed to Wagner and the modern school of music. This is the ballet of the Paris Opera. The Master of Bayreuth was no admirer of Terpsichore, and in his operas obstinately refused to drag in ballets by the head and heels, as did his Italian contemporaries. And when by any chance he did require any exercise of this graceful art, it was placed, as in *Tannhäuser*, at the very beginning of the piece. This was adding insult to injury; for the admirers of the *dances de ballet*, the members of the Jockey Club and other aristocratic Parisian circles, were still at dinner and were engaged in the *ladies of the ballet* before the second or the ladies of the ballet

*Tannhäuser* from the stage and Wagner from France. But, alas! those days are gone. The modern composer is unwilling to write his opera without the slightest consideration for their feelings. The ballet is in the first act or the last, or there is no ballet at all, and the Jockey Club remains unmoved, and the *foyer de danse* is not in revolution. And yet the ballet of the Paris Opera is an important part of that great organisation, and the ladies who nightly stir their graces in that temple of musical art are State functionaries. It is an honour to belong to the Paris ballet. The ballet is divided into three sections—*52 maitres*, *22 corps de ballet*, and *64 élèves*. It is said to be the ambition of every Parisian to get her daughter into the ballet of the Opera House, and certainly a large number of them are the offspring of that much hated class.

The training of a member of the ballet in Paris is most thorough, and is carried out with a care which makes it one of the finest in the world. The sixty-four *élèves*, better known as the *ratés*, are selected at the age of eight years. They are selected, in the first place, for their prettiness and intelligence. This thins down the number of candidates by over fifty per cent. The second stage is the medical examination, only children sound in wind and limb being accepted. As soon as they have been finally accepted they are placed in the hands of Mme. Parent or Mme. Bonamy. Every day for an hour they must go through what is known as the "régime," stretching out their legs while they hold on to the *barres* fixed to the wall. They must be able to go through all the movements without any sign of outward fatigue, and are not allowed to go on to higher instruction.



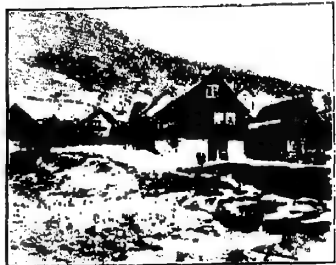
A CHURCH AND VILLAGE

The professors are entirely dependent on moral suasion by word and gesture. No child is ever touched with the hands. If it has not got the gift of carrying out the instructions by the aid of its eyes and ears, it is no good for the Paris ballet. A dancer who must be placed in the proper position by means of the teacher's hands may as well abandon the *art*—she will never be a success. At the end of the second, or sometimes the third, year the *élèves* come into Mme. Thérèse's department. Mme. Thérèse directs the first and second quadrille and initiates the *amateurs* into the mysteries of the *cachet*. Here the most severe exercises are gone through till every muscle is developed to its highest perfection. When the pupil has gone through this initiation with success she is promoted to the rank of *corps de ballet*. In order to satisfy the requirements of Mme. Thérèse, they must know the "five positions" in *dance temps*. These "five positions" are the alpha and omega of the dance, and in them are cradled out all the figures used—*lancers*, *ambagues*, *trépas*, *arabesques*, *cavaliers*, etc. When perfection has been reached then the dancer has reached the rank of *maître*, the highest in the Terpsichorean hierarchy. To become a *maître* is the



A WHALING STATION

ambition of every member of the school, for the *maître* has the right to aspire to everything. She can become a great *star* in the operatic firmament. As every soldier of Napoleon's army carried the marshal's baton in his knapsack, so every *maître* can aspire to be a Taglioni. The salaries of a *première danseuse* at the Paris Opera run from forty to fifty thousand francs a year. It is, therefore, a position to be coveted. But even if the *maître* does not reach this giddy height, she enjoys a number of valuable privileges. She is no longer constrained to share in the common dressing-room of the *corps de ballet* and *débutantes*. She, with a comrade, has the right to a *logis*, which she has the privilege of decorating as she pleases. A *première danseuse* receives a salary of from 15,000 to 15,000 francs a year, so that, as a creature, the ballet in the Paris Opera is a fairly remunerative one. But though "money is all that counts," the work is hard, and only girls who are gifted with intelligence, artistic sense, perseverance, and a capacity for accepting an iron discipline can succeed.



A TYPICAL VILLAGE

## ROUND ABOUT THE FAROE ISLANDS

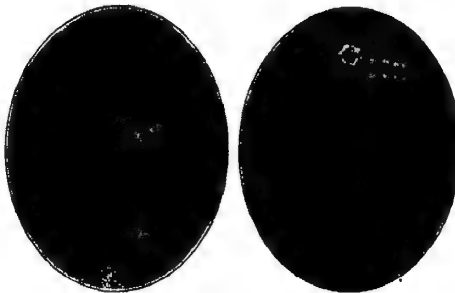
## Our Portraits

Miss Violet Unwin, whose marriage with Viscount Dalrymple, Scots Guards, was to take place at the Guards' Chapel on Thursday, is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Harbord. Captain Lord Dalrymple is the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Stair, and is in the Scots Guards. The bridesmaids included the bridegroom's sisters, the Ladies Beatrice and Marjorie Dalrymple, the Hon. Marjorie Coke, Miss Milner, Miss Nevill, Miss Fletcher, Miss Elsie van de Weyer, and Miss Ellen St. Maur. Captain the Hon. R. Coke, a brother officer of the bridegroom, was to be best man. Our portraits are by Lafayette.

The Spanish Royal House is in mourning, through the death of the Princess of Asturias. In her short life—the Princess was only twenty-four—she had the rare experience of being a Queen for a few months, and then returning to the lesser dignity of heiress to the throne. Maria de las Mercedes, Isabella Theresa Christina Alphonse Hyacinthe was the eldest child of the late King Alfonso XII, and his second wife, the Austrian Archduchess Maria Christina. There is a pathetic note in the fact that the Princess was called Mercedes, after the hapless young Queen who, for six months only, was Alfonso's first wife, and who also died so prematurely. Two daughters only had been born to the King when he passed away, but another child was expected, and until that event the Infanta Maria de las Mercedes became Queen. The birth of the present King later deprived the five-year-old Queen of her crown, and she became once more Princess of the Asturias. As heiress to the throne, her marriage was an important matter, and there was general variation when the Princess fell in love with a Bourlon, Prince Charles, son of the exiled Count of Caserta. In spite of opposition, she would marry no one else, and as her mother supported her, the Princess had her way and was united to Prince Charles in February, 1901. So much was the marriage disliked, however, that it was celebrated as quietly as possible to evade any public demonstration. The Prince became a naturalised Spaniard and opposition gradually died down, so that the Prince and Princess of the Asturias could take an important part in Court life. Two sons were born to the couple, but the Princess's health gradually failed, and on the premature birth of a daughter on Sunday she passed away. Our portrait is by Numa Blanc fils, Cannes.

Mr. Charles Morton, the originator of the modern music-hall, who only retired from the management of the Palace Theatre last week, was born in the same year as Queen Victoria, and was one-and-twenty when he became manager of the St. George's Tavern at Fimble. Here a "free and easy" was held on Saturday nights. Mr. Morton was quick to grasp the opportunity, and engaged two or three professionals to help. So the thing grew, and the next move was to build a special house, the Canterbury Hall being opened in 1851. Success was instantaneous. People had to be turned away every night. Two years later a second hall was opened with the added attractions of a picture gallery and a supper-room. In 1862 came the founding of the Oxford Music Hall, and his management of the Oxford was the beginning of a great period of activity, such famous artists as Mr. Santley and Mlle. Parepa appearing there during his control. He was connected at different periods with the Woodwich Gardens, the "Philharmonic," the Gaiety, Opera Comique, Lyceum, Royalty, Duke's, Alexandria Park, Camden Town, Standard, Surrey Olympic, the old Her Majesty's, Alhambra, Connaught, Avenue, and Drury Lane. When he had passed seventy he became the manager of the Troika, and thence he migrated to the Palace, which he raised from failure to success. Our portrait is by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park.

Lieutenant Arthur John Payne, R.N., of H.M.S. Tauranga, was drowned during a gale off the coast of New Zealand. Lieutenant Payne, who was the son of the Rev. Dr. Payne, Rector of Delamere, Cheshire, entered the Navy in 1885, and was employed in the Tauranga training colony for the New Zealand Navy. He served during the Boer War in H.M.S. Monarch, guardship at the Cape. All through his career of nineteen years in the service his certificates show that his real and efficiency were most highly



MISS HARBORD

VINCENT DALRYMPLE

Whose Wedding took place this week.

esteemed by his commanding officers. Our portrait is by R. Ellis, Valletta.

Mr. James Lewis Thomas, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., late Chief Surveyor to the War Office, who died suddenly on the 4th inst. at his residence in Gloucester Street, Belgrave Road, in his seventy-ninth year, had a notable career. He was for the long period of forty-six years associated with the War Office, serving abroad in his early days. On his return during the Crimean War, he received a special appointment in the War Office as deputy surveyor, which office he held for twenty-seven years until he succeeded to the position of chief surveyor in 1882, retiring under the age clause in 1890, when, shortly afterwards the distinction of honorary A.R.E.B.A. was conferred upon him. He was the architect of many notable buildings, viz., the Royal Herbert Hospital at Woolwich, and the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley, the drawings of which he had the honour of exhibiting to Queen Victoria, on the occasion of her Majesty laying the foundation-stone in 1856. He was also a distinguished freemason, having been appointed to the Grand Lodge of England in 1878, and was a well-known member of the Savage and Royal Thames Yacht Clubs. He married in 1851 Eliza Anne, daughter and co-heiress of the late Hon. Henry Cecil Hodge, barrister-at-law, and leaves four sons. Our portrait is by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

Mr. Charles Henry Hopwood, K.C., Recorder of Liverpool, was born on July 20, 1839. He was educated in King's College and School, was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple, and in 1866 was appointed Recorder of Liverpool. He was made a Q.C. in 1894, and was Treasurer of the Middle Temple in 1893-4. He was returned to Parliament as a Liberal for Stockport in 1874, and continued to represent that constituency till 1885, when he was defeated. In the following year he stood for the Middleton Division of Lancashire, and was again defeated, but he was returned for this constituency in 1892. At the succeeding election in 1895 he did not seek re-election. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

## The Progress of the War

It is impossible to withhold a sense of pity for General Kuropatkin. In accordance, it is understood, with instructions, he announced to his troops on the 1st inst. that the time had come for an advance to be made. This announcement was published, so it is quite possible that the Japanese were warned of the coming change in the Russian General's plans. The move forward was made, the Japanese position was attacked, and for a time the Japanese right gave way, but only for a time. Then the Japanese on their side began to take the offensive. Fighting has now been going on for more than a week, and the Russians have been driven back across the Shaho. Here it would seem that Kuropatkin is endeavouring to make a stand. The losses on the Russian side during

the week have been appalling, some 30,000 men having been killed. The Japanese have also lost heavily, but it is impossible to arrive at figures yet. The Russians have scored one success, having enveloped a Japanese column at Lonely Tree Hill, and captured twelve guns. The Russians have been reinforced, and refuse to accept defeat. The ultimate issue of the long days of fighting is therefore still in the balance.

## Solbitur Ambulando

The time is autumn; the occasion is the conferring of degrees; the scene is the hall of the Old Divinity Schools at Oxford, one of the most charming, architecturally, of all the fine old University buildings. At one end of the hall are three imposing thrones, that in the centre raised above the other two. In these sit three correspondingly imposing personages—the Vice-Chancellor in the centre, and the Proctors on either hand—clad in the robes of authority. At the opposite end are grouped the candidates, marshalled by a pompous individual with a mace. This is the bachelier, who accompanies the "Vice" on state occasions, with his "poker"—so the irreverent undergrad will inform you. Down either side are benches, the front rows filled with Doctors and Masters of Arts and other members of Convocation, with silk hoods of all colours, and behind them a still greater assemblage of "sisters and cousins and aunts," whose festive dresses are shown off to perfection by the background of dark panelling. Of all the candidates for degrees it is the would-be B.A.'s that have the greatest claim upon the sympathy of the spectators. Here they are silent to take their first serious step in academic honours, on the brink of the gulf which separates the graduates from the undergraduates. They have just emerged successfully from the valley of the shadow of "finals," and once more for them "all's right with the world," and life worth living. The joy of the Doctor is more chastened; he is receiving the reward of professional work; while the M.A. knows that his degree is merely a commercial transaction, consequent on the payment of certain fees. Therefore we will let the Doctors in their scarlet and magenta, the Masters in their sober black and scarlet, yet, even musical talent, gorgeous as a tropical butterfly, pass without remark, and come to the lowest rung of the ladder. The Proctors rise, and the junior reads out the names of those *qui gradum Baccalaurei in Artibus ambulant*—as with the statute book. Then takes place a quaint relic of ancient ceremonial. The two Proctors, with the regularity of clockwork, remove and replace their caps, walk rapidly down the hall, stop, raise their caps again, turn, walk back, raise their caps for the third time, and sit down. The visitors are variously affected by this apparently erratic scamper on the part of the Proctors, according to their mental constitution; the impressionable gaze with wondering awe, the irreverent make wild efforts to suppress a giggle. The meaning of this part of the proceedings is as follows: the Proctors are collecting the votes of the members of Convocation on the subject of degrees being conferred. Had a voter knowledge of any "just cause or impediment" he would signify his objection by "plucking" the Proctor's gown, and, should the objection be valid, the erring candidate would not receive his degree. Thus in the old days any tradesman, who was creditor for a large amount to any of the candidates, would get a Doctor or Master to signify his dissent in the above manner. But in these enlightened days undergraduates, of course, never run into debt, or otherwise misbehave themselves, and the privilege has not been exercised for many years. The votes thus taken, and the consent of Convocation signified thus tacitly, the Deans of colleges escort their candidates, headed by the bachelier, to the foot of the throne, and introduce them to the venerable triumvirate in a set speech, beginning *Insignissime Vice-Cancellarie, vosque egregii Procuratores*. (Most noble Vice-Chancellor, and ye, O excellent Proctors!). The Vice pronounces the formula which confers the degree, and the candidates retire to be clad by their respective accoutrements, who receive a heavy fee therefor!—in robes befitting their new dignity, and go home escorted by their admiring relatives. For Doctors and Masters the ceremony is more elaborate. But they have been through it all before, and the charm of novelty, the unwanted feeling of self-importance arising from the right to place capital letters after their name, is lacking; and he the colour of the new hood never so startling, it can never carry with it so much interest or mark so important a change as the white fur of the Bachelor of Arts.



THE LATE MR. CHARLES MORTON  
Veteran Music-Hall Manager.



THE LATE LIEUT. ARTHUR J. PAYNE, R.N.  
Drowned at Sea.



THE LATE FRIEND OF THE ARTURIAN  
Heroes—Promotive to the Spanish Throne.



THE LATE MR. C. H. HOPWOOD, K.C.  
Recorder of Liverpool.



THE LATE MR. J. LEWIS THOMAS  
Late Chief Surveyor to the War Office.



## Our Bookshelf

"THE ROMANCE OF ROYALTY"

These two handsome volumes, bound in purple and gold, illustrated by a number of interesting portraits (some of them photographs of the "Fifties and 'Sixties which have never been published before), are well worth reading. They have at least the interest of an ordinarily good novel, coupled with the attraction of the modern history which has lately begun to get into perspective, and is, however, beyond the range of recollection of many living people who can still imagine to read without spectacles. Without being scandalous or attempting to describe episodes or phases of a very mixed society which might disgust modest-minded people, the book gives the shady side as well as the sunny of the strange personages who figured as kings and queens, princes, princesses, emperors, and empresses at the courts of Spain, France, Bavaria, and Mexico in the middle of the nineteenth century. It is not the fault of the author if we rise from the perusal of this book with a certain feeling of disgust for the lawless vulgarity, the hideous bad taste of this nervous epoch. Wagging crinolines and waisted monstrosities; the flannel and lute-colored skirts of the "Fifties; the powdered hair parted in the middle and worn *à bandeaux*; the "drop" earrings; the tight ruffles or German plaits; Dandrican whiskers, Gilettean beards, and those only twists of lank hair then characteristic of British members of Parliament and lawyers; pique trousers, elastic side boots, and that liberal display of earnestly crocheted underwear which every lifting of the women's hoops displayed; these characteristics, combined with bad accent, bad drainage, large-patterned cravats, constitute the setting of the stage on which Mr. Malloy's heroes and heroines strut or languish, or in rare instances display true heroism, and the glimpses of noble natures which not even the vile tastelessness of their period could render uninteresting. The first chapter deals with the Mad King of Bavaria, the only pollution of whose follies was his patronage of Wagner. In 1812, of Bavaria grew up with an even stronger dislike of woman-kind. An amusing description is given of an episode which may have had some actuality behind it—

At times the king summoned opera-singers to the palace. These it was his pleasure to listen to as he strolled idly over the lake in the winter garden he had constructed at enormous expense on the top of the Royal residence in Munich, and which was so large that it extended along the whole length of the west wing of the palace. Intensely his colour, and his perfume made it seem an enchanted place. Countless roses, hung from its high arched roof; thousands of little glowing lights, glittered from its deep bosom of pine, and the air was filled with a silver music like an haunted knight, spent the hours when the world slept, listening to strange instruments or to singers concealed behind the foliage; he strolled, solitary, dreaming, like the jester-fiddlers in some land.

Here Wagner was occasionally permitted to hear his Majesty's company, a favour once extended to Friedrich Schlegel, to opera-singer whose superb voice had won his enthusiastic admiration. Unwilling that this should be limited to her voice, the lady, in whose forty person left a shining heart, sent him verses, hinting of her ardent love, of made him presents that he accepted on condition that he paid for them an arrangement that allowed her to reap considerable profit, as she charged him three times their cost, until an exorbitant demand for some gift awoke his secretary's suspicion and led to the discovery and the dismissal of the Fraulein from Royal favour.

"The Romance of Royalty." By Fitzgerald Malloy. 2 vols. (Hutchinson and Co.)

to the discovery and the dismissal of the Fraulein from Royal favour.

passed her fingers through his hair, when, shocked and disgusted by such familiarity, he pushed her away roughly that she lost her temper and flung all three into the lake. The King clambered up the bank and roared away with a scolding to see what became of his companions, and the *prima donna*, crushed and dejected, was rescued by the composer with the assistance of a landlady.



THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL, LONDON. BY KENNEDY.

mounted by a bronze wreath of olive leaves. This pedestal supports a column 22 ft. in height, composed of a base, annulet and cap of white Portland stone. It is intermediate shafts being in polished to Corinthe granite. The annulet in the centre of the column encloses the portrait bust of the late Queen, and is surrounded with the column by a curved band of ornament enclosing the words "Victoria, Queen and Empress." The total height of the memorial is 134 ft. 6 in. above the refuge on which it stands.

KINGSTON'S MEMORIAL TO QUEEN VICTORIA

passed her fingers through his hair, when, shocked and disgusted by such familiarity, he pushed her away roughly that she lost her temper and flung all three into the lake. The King clambered up the bank and roared away with a scolding to see what became of his companions, and the *prima donna*, crushed and dejected, was rescued by the composer with the assistance of a landlady.

The other chapters deal with the extraordinary history of Isabella II. of Spain, the life and death of the Duchesse d'Angouleme (one of the three lovely sisters, the ex-Queen of Naples and the late Empress of Austria being the others), the story of Napoleon III. and of the Empress Eugénie, and the history of the Grand Duke Maximilian of Austria, who became Emperor of Mexico, and met with his death at the hands of the victorious Republicans. There has been a certain carelessness in checking those printers' errors in French, which I suppose must continue for many years to come, until printers can receive a good Board School education. These should be corrected in a fresh reprint of a book which really deserves a permanent place in our libraries.

"IMPERATOR ET REX, WILLIAM II. OF GERMANY"

When the education of Prince William was first entrusted to the learned Dr. Hinspeter, the latter was informed that "his young charge's education would have to be absolutely terminated at eighteen, and that at that period he must have become, at whatever cost, the most accomplished and most learned personage in Germany." If it were possible to take the writer seriously, we must believe that the professor succeeded beyond all expectations; for, according to her, not only is William II. the most accomplished and learned of personages, but as a ruler of men, a commander of an army or navy, as an orator, artist, or even as a judge of precious stones, he is beyond compare; whilst in regal dignity, beauty, and morals, he has no equal. Lord Beaconsfield is reported to have said that if one wants to bestow flattery on Royalty, it should be laid on with a trowel. The writer of this book does more, she lays it on with a shovel. The whole of this high-flown volume, in fact, seems to have been inspired by the fact that the author's husband "had been one of William's boyhood friends and playmates." She even goes so far as to describe, not only her hero's actions, but his very thoughts—she being in Austria while William was at Cassel, Bonn, or Potsdam. At the time of his father's illness and death, Prince William was accused of being

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"Imperator et Rex, William II. of Germany." By the Author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." (Harpers.)

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We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on; | We choose the shadow, but the sun  
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill; | That casts it shines behind us still.  
And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun

*Peace hath Higher Tests of Manhood than Battle ever knew.*—WHITTIER.

## QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIZE—TO THE FAITHFULLEST!

Not to the Cleverest! nor the Most Bookish! nor the Most Precise, Diligent, and Prudent! But to the

## NOBLEST WORK OF CREATION.

In other words, 'His Life was Gentle, and the Elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the World,

## THIS WAS A MAN!'—SHAKESPEARE.

**NOBILITY.** 'It was very characteristic of the late Prince Consort—a man himself of the purest mind, who powerfully impressed and influenced others by sheer force of his own benevolent nature—when drawing up the conditions of the annual prize to be given by HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA at Wellington College, to determine that it should be awarded *not* to the *cleverest* boy, nor the *most bookish* boy, nor to the *most precise, diligent, and prudent* boy, but to the *NOBLEST* boy, to the boy who should show the most promise of becoming a *LARGE-HEARTED, HIGH-MOTIVED MAN.*'—SMILES.

## A POWER THAT CANNOT DIE!

REVERENCE IS THE CHIEF JOY OF THIS LIFE.

### INFINITUDE.

All Objects are as Windows, through which the Philosophic Eye looks into Infinitude Itself.

'REVERENCE for what is  
PURE and BRIGHT  
IN your YOUTH; for what is  
TRUE and TRIED  
IN the AGE of OTHERS; for  
all that is GRACIOUS  
AMONG the LIVING  
GREAT among the DEAD,  
AND MARVELLOUS in the  
POWER  
THAT CANNOT DIE'  
IF I take the wings of the  
morning and  
DWELL in the uttermost parts  
OF the UNIVERSE, 'THY  
POWER IS THERE.'  
KNOWEST thou ANY CORNER  
OF the WORLD  
WHERE at least FORCE is not?  
**THE WITHERED LEAF  
CANNOT DIE;**  
DETACHED!  
SEPARATED! I say there is  
NO SUCH SEPARATION:  
Nothing hitherto  
WAS ever stranded; cast aside;  
BUT ALL were it only a  
withered leaf,  
WORKS together with all; is  
BORN FORWARD on  
THE BOTTOMLESS, SHORE-  
LESS FLOOD of ACTION,  
AND LIVES THROUGH  
PERPETUAL METAMOR-  
PHOSES.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POTTY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

THE WITHERED LEAF IS NOT  
DEAD and LOST.  
THERE are Forces in it and  
AROUND it, though working  
in inverse order.  
ELSE how could it ROT?  
DESPISE NOT THE RAG from  
which  
MAN MAKES PAPER, or the  
LITTE from which  
THE EARTH makes CORN.  
RIGHTLY viewed,  
NO MEANEST OBJECT is  
INSIGNIFICANT:  
ALL OBJECTS are as  
WINDOWS, through which the  
PHILOSOPHIC EYE looks into  
INFINITUDE ITSELF.  
—QUINTUS

### MORAL!

THE above DISTINCTLY  
PROVES that matter is  
INDESTRUCTIBLE.  
INTELLECT UNDERSTAND-  
ING GENIUS.  
ABILITY, SENSE is, without  
doubt,  
SUPERIOR TO MATTER; then  
is  
NOT LOGIC to Preserve the  
INFERIOR and  
DESTROY the SUPERIOR.  
THE following beautiful lines  
from LONGFELLOW'S  
'RESIGNATION' are TRUE:

*'There is no Death! What seems so is transition; this life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian, whose portal we call Death.'*—LONGFELLOW.

## THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life

**BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!**

'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee.'—SHERNE.

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

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Before the Russians evacuated Newchwang they blew up the gunboat Sivatoh. That vessel had been at Newchwang when the war broke out. The Sivatoh had a displacement of 900 tons, and was built at a cost of



THE SIVATOH LIVING IN THE LIAO RIVER

£48,000, at Stockholm, in 1894. She carried one 6 in., one 6 in., five quick-firing, and six light guns. Since her sinking the Sivatoh has been plundered by Chinese bandits. Our photographs are by Colonel Emerson.

BLOWN UP TO NAVY CAPTURE BY THE JAPANESE: THE SIVATOH BOUTLED AT NEWCHWANG

#### "EVERYDAY PEOPLE"

Mr. Charles Dana Gilson's work is so popular in England now, and the type of young American woman he loves to draw is so familiar, that it "Gilson Girl" has come to be as regular a feature in our musical comedies as the comic man in a melodrama. But Mr. Gilson does not draw only stately young women, as any one will see who turns over the pages of his latest volume. There is hardly a phase of American life which at some time or other he has not touched, though he is most at home when making "society" sketches or satirizing the foibles of those who wish to enter the charmed circle. The picture we have selected, which appears on another page, is, presumably, directed at those pessimists who complain that small families mean race suicide, and would seem to show that some Americans have no intention of letting the race die out. It should comfort the heart of President Roosevelt. The folio is published in England by Mr. John Lane.

#### "RAPHAEL"

This volume is the latest of the "Newnes' Art Library," and in our opinion one of the best and most interesting. Each volume, we may remind our readers, consists, for the most part, of numerous reproductions of the works of one of the great Masters in Art, to which is added a short biographical sketch of his career.

\* "Raphael." (Newnes.)

In the present instance the Life of Raphael Santi, or Sanzio, is written by Mr. Edgumbe Staley. The early years of Raphael's career were not attended with those difficulties which was the lot of so many of the Old Masters. In the first place his father, Giovanni Santi, who was an excellent draughtsman, and who instructed him in the rudiments of art, was a man of means, and, moreover, was under the direct patronage of Duke Federico of Urbino, and Duke Guidobaldo, his son, continued his father's favours to the son of Giovanni. In 1508 the Pope Julius II. summoned the young painter to Rome in order to decorate some apartments in the Vatican. He was welcomed in Rome with an enthusiasm unparalleled in the archives of art. Raphael began to paint in the Camera della Segnatura—one of the three *Stanzas* of the Vatican. For the whole work, which consisted of three great frescoes, with the ceiling medallions, Raphael received 1,000 ducats—nearly £2,500—an immense sum in those days. In 1513 Julius II. died, much to Raphael's sorrow. The new Pontiff, however, was equally zealous in the cause of Art, and his admiration for Raphael was as great as that of his predecessor. Raphael died in 1520, leaving £30,000 to be divided amongst his relations. The most marvellous thing about Raphael is how in his short life he managed to get through the enormous amount of work he did. In his volume there are shown sixty-four examples of his art, all excellently reproduced.

#### "THE ABBESS OF VLAÏE"

Mr. Stanley J. Weyman, in his story of "The Abbess of Vlaïe" (Longmans, Green, and Co.), returns to that fertile region of French historical romance in which he won his first reputation, together with an unlimited amount of the sincerest form of flattery. Imitation unquestionably robs an artist of much of the freshness that he would otherwise have preserved, and in the present instance Mr. Weyman is beyond question something of a sufferer from self-imitation as well as from an extraordinary quantity of the more ordinary kind. None the less, if his "Abbess of Vlaïe" fails to stand out conspicuously from among his own work of the same order, it is, in point of robustness, of spirit, and of literary merit, a good head and shoulders (if such may be attributed to a book) above the bust of historical-adventure novelists whom his success has inspired. His period is of Henri Quatre: his scene, the Lianoussin in a state of distraction from the disorders caused among nobles and peasants by the result of the wars of religion. There is no occasion to describe what play Mr. Weyman makes with brigand nobles, revolted acas, gentlemen and ladies very much indeed of the period of the *Rei galant*, and of the rough course of love and honour among the rapids of sensational peril and the whirlpools of intrigue. All is there in the author's early manner; and if he has often composed a better and more dramatically constructed plot, he has certainly never crowded more incident into a single volume.

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### "TRAFFIC AND DISCOVERIES"

The keynote of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's volume of tales and studies, called, for no apparent reason, "Traffic and Discoveries" (Macmillan and Co.), seems to be struck by some verse "from the Swedish," inserted before a fancy suggested by wireless telegraphy. Some children are supposed to be abiding "at the empty stove," with their pots, in order to catch an elusive butterfly, with no result but blunder-scratches and nettles-stings; whereas, if they had only collected the grubs on a cabbage-leaf, they might have bred any number of beautiful butterflies for themselves. "So we must look where the small and sing for for Psyche's faith," and so (if we read the parable rightly) we must give up the old childish way of beating the air for the poetry and romance of the future, and breed it systematically from the unpromising prose of motors, torpedo-boats, turbines, machine-guns, chronographs, and - slang. We trust he is right: for it must be admitted that unless romance can be adapted to already up-to-date conditions, it is likely to be vulgarised out of recognition. Mr. Kipling's "Traffic and Discoveries" certainly serve to show how much more can be got out of machinery than has been hitherto imagined; and this without the aid of love, or hate, or any such dynamics of mere human nature. None the less we still prefer such a story as "A Sahib's War," a touching story of loyal friendship without moribundity or the slang of the engine room, under-estimates of the volume though it is, even to exciting the triumph of No. 27 torpedo boat over two first-class cruisers in the naval manoeuvres, or the yet more exciting capture by a 24-horse octopod of a constable in plain clothes. Of the principal business, we may safely say that the better the reader is versed in engines of all sorts, the better will its humour be appreciated and enjoyed.

### "THE FOOD OF THE GODS"

In his story, or rather parable, of "The Food of the Gods," and how it came to Earth" (Macmillan and Co.), Mr. H. G. Wells imagines the invention of a food for infants that will produce men sixty feet high, other creatures—rats and wasps included—in proportion, and in like manner magnify any vegetation on which it falls. And then—for the moral—"The little will hamper the great, and the great press upon the little." There will be conflict—endless conflict, endless misunderstanding. All life is that. Great and little cannot understand one another. And, for a while, the little will prevail, "living their little pigmy lives, doing pigmy kindnesses and pigmy cruelties to each other; they might even perhaps attain a sort of pigmy millennium, make an end to war, make an end to over-population, sit down in a world-wide city to practise pigmy arts, worshipping one another till the world begins to freeze"—and all for want of the food of the gods, which will presumably raise cruelties, mutual adulterations, and so forth to a gigantic degree. The work is by no means among Mr. Wells' masterpieces. But that it possesses fancy and cleverness we need not say.

### "THEOPHANO"

Mr. Frederic Harrison, overflowing with all the enthusiasm as well as with all the learning of his subject, says in "Theophano: The Chronicle of the Tenth Century: a Romantic Monograph" (Chapman and Hall) to present "the history of one of the most striking episodes in the annals of the Middle Ages. All the principal characters in the story are real personages, and all the chief incidents are based on contemporary records. The aim



Motor mowing machines have been introduced at the Whale Island, where the spacious lawns are kept beautifully trimmed by the sailors stationed there. The blue-jacket shown in our illustration not only uses the new machine, but also keeps it in order. Our photograph is by Stephen Cribb, Scotland.

### THE HANDY MAN IN A NEW ROLE

is to give a general picture of the state of Southern and Eastern Europe, and its relation to the advancing power of Islam in the second half of the Tenth Century." Thus, briefly and modestly, does the author explain the drift of his brilliant picture of the Byzantine Court, its gorgeous ceremonies, its elaborate organisation, its ambitious intrigues, and its hideous crimes during the rise, reign, and tragic downfall of Nicephorus Phocas, the "ever-victorious," and of the beautiful and infamous Theophano, who, of lowly birth, was the consort of two successive Emperors, and the accomplice of a third in the murder of the second. The dozen years—thereabouts—that cover the period of the work, hitherto the monopoly of a few historic specialists, lend themselves to dramatic treatment in the great manner which Mr. Harrison has appropriately adopted, yet without loss to his personages of the flesh and blood in which they were, to say the least, anything but lacking, or any serious lapse into frigidity, save when he is processively translating from original authorities, especially in the matter of coronations and other

functions formulated in the "Book of Ceremonies" of Constantine "Born-in-the-Purple." At proper of this topic, we find almost the only sentence in the novel that seems to bear a personal colouring—"These secular rites have been severely limited and advised by all the monarchies of the West and of the North for a thousand years since. It was the same elaborate consecration of a king by the high priests of the State Church, of which we lately witnessed the revival in an age which claims to have outgrown Byzantine severity, superstition and gaudy display." For the rest, the corruption of Nicephorus, torn to be a soldier-saint, by the fascinations of Theophano, and the setting in midnight murder of a glorious career, is one of those ancient tragedies that only require a sufficiently picturesque background, and the details which actual truth alone has the power of imaging, that can never grow common or tame. Mr. Harrison has missed the glow of the dramatic poet with the conscientious accuracy of the learned historian—a rare conjunction, which confers upon his "romantic monograph" a distinction of its own.

# PLAYER'S

## The Pied Piper of Hamelin

"Into the street the Piper stept,  
Smiling first a little smile,  
As if he knew what magic slept  
In his quiet pipe the while."  
—Browning.

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what "magic" sleeps in a  
"quiet pipe" of  
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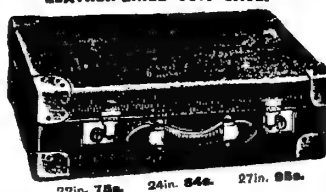
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## Musical Notes

Such great things were prophesied of the San Carlo Opera Company, which opened its season at Covent Garden on Monday, that few, probably, would have been very much surprised if it had not quite lived up to its reputation. The paragraph preliminary told us that the principals were all talented singers and fine actors, that the chorus was something approaching perfection, and that their *ensemble* was more ideal than anything that we are accustomed to see in London. We were led to believe, in fact, that the name of the San Carlo Company was synonymous for all that is excellent, and, for once, we have not been disappointed.

The performance of Puccini's *Manon Lescau*, indeed, which ushered in the season, was a different affair altogether from that to which this opera was treated when it was first produced here by Sir Augustus Harris some years ago. The failure of the opera at that time was complete and unqualified, and, after a few performances, it was played upon the shelf. It was said at the time that there would have been a very different story to tell if the cast had been better, and this is probably no more than the truth, for the earlier performances were singularly inadequate. That of Monday brought to the light a number of beauties which were originally hidden by bad singing and feeble acting, and the opera ought from this day to obtain that recognition in England which is certainly no more than its just due. Almost every page in the score is rich in charming melodies and delightful tunes, and even though much of the second act could be spared, and the fourth act is something of an anti-climax after the brilliant finale to its predecessor, the opera, as a whole, must be accounted one of the finest that young Italy has given us.

The performance practically left no room for criticism whatever. It is indeed at this time of the day to add anything to the glowing eulogies which have been written concerning Signor Caruso. He excelled himself on Monday as Des Grieux, and strengthened the already firm hold that he had gained upon the affections of his admirers. Signora Giachetti, the Manon of the performance, is a newcomer, and, as, too, is Signor Ferrari, who played the part of Lescau. It will be very surprising, indeed, if both of these singers are not familiar figures at Covent Garden in the future. They are both splendid vocalists and finished singers, and the confirmation of this gift is not too common in operatic singers. Signor Arimondi, an excellent bass, is not an entire stranger to London, and it was a pleasure to welcome him back as Geronte after several years' absence. The further performances of the week were *Aida*, *La Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, and *Comme*.

It is impossible to attend one of Mr. Mark Hambourg's piano recitals without feeling amazed at the feats which human fingers can perform. Even in these days of virtuosity, Mr. Hambourg is a



Twenty horses started for the Cesarewitch Stakes, and the three to be placed were uniformly the three first favourites. Mr. Bottomley's Wargrave, which started at 8 to 1, was first, and Mr. Joseph Miller's (Horse) and Mr. J. C. Sullivan's War Wolf, which started at 7 and 8 to 1 respectively, were next in the order named. The victory of Wargrave was well received, the horse having been strongly supported by the public ever since he was beaten for the Hurdle Park a fortnight previously. Our photograph is by W. A. Wood.

THE WINNER OF THE CESAREWITCH STAKES: MR. BOTTOMLEY'S WARGRAVE

remarkable pianist, and there seems to be no feat of dexterity which he cannot accomplish with perfect ease. The sensation engendered by his playing, however, is too often one of surprise rather than of pleasure, and that was the case at his recital at the Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon. In Beethoven's *Waldstein* Sonata and Brahms's variations and fugue on a theme by Handel, he frequently rose to great heights, for he is unquestionably a genius. But his performances of a number of Chopin studies were not quite so satisfactory, and it would have been better if he had given a little less attention to the brilliance of his execution and a little more to the poetry of the music.

The season of Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts came to an end last night, and it is good to see that these splendid concerts are growing in popularity every year. Mr. Wood, of course, has his finger on the public pulse, and since the concerts are run upon strictly business lines, he is obliged to model his programmes in accordance with the popular taste of the moment. It is, therefore, an excellent sign that no single programme of the season should have contained anything but music of the first order. Brahms, Beethoven, Bach, Mozart and Tchaikowsky seem to be the most popular composers at the moment, and the public could scarcely choose better idols.

Our younger native composers have certainly very good cause to be grateful to Mr. Wood for all that he has done on their behalf. Almost every week of the season has been marked by the production of at least one, and sometimes two or three novelties by young Englishmen, and even if all of these are not destined to live very long, some, at any rate, were well worth hearing. It is a pity, by the way, that so few of the new works played at the Promenade Concerts are ever repeated. Many of them have scored very considerable successes at their first production, but it is seldom that one of these ever finds its way into a second Queen's Hall programme.

Any student of the provincial festivals will have observed that practically the same singers and the same orchestra go the rounds of all of them. It is owing to this that a somewhat amusing situation has arisen. Next year both Bristol and Norwich are to hold festivals, and the two committees, each in happy ignorance of the other's plans, happened to select precisely the same date. And now comes the crisis, for Signor Randegger, acting on behalf of the Norwich Committee, has engaged the orchestra, while the Bristol authorities have engaged the soloists. It remains to be seen what solution will be found to the difficulty. Presumably Bristol will have to give way to Norwich, but as no fewer than four festivals are to take place next autumn it will not be very easy for them to find a date on which both orchestras and soloists are at liberty.

The sensation caused by the announcement that Whistler's "Portrait of My Mother" had been removed from the walls of the Luxembourg, and had for five months past been relegated to the cellars, will not have surprised the reader of the note which appeared in these columns a few weeks ago, wherein was explained the effect of the change of policy inaugurated about twelve years ago in that fine gallery. The aim is no longer to include only the finest works procurable, and so to render the Luxembourg an auto-chamber whence, after the lapse of a ten years' *perpetuatio honorum*, the work might, if still found admirable, be drafted into the parlour of the Louvre. The new policy of the Luxembourg is to acquire not masterpieces only, but interesting and able examples of new directions and new experiments in Art, so that not a gallery of *chef-d'œuvres* but an historical museum of clever representations of novel essays in art-felling and art-practice might be established. The result is that the number—for some years fairly constant—of 300 items, has quickly grown to 4,000, and as no accommodation exists for such a mass of work to be shown at one time, every picture, however supreme, must take its turn in the "depot."

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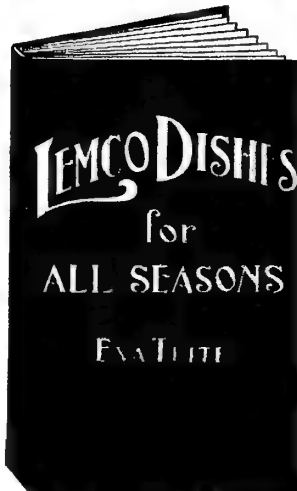
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3887, 3889, 3891, 3893, 3895, 3897, 3899, 3901, 3903, 3905, 3907, 3909, 3911, 3913, 3915, 3917, 39**

## The Royal Society of British Artists

"Suffolk Street," as the "R.B.A." is familiarly called, has opened its 122nd exhibition; which is as much as to say that from first to last it has presented to the public the appalling total of 61,000 works more or less of art; and it is but fair to say that the present exhibition takes a higher rank in point of view of quality than many that have gone before. The "R.B.A.," it must be admitted, is sadly handicapped—it has to struggle against the unkind reputation which Thackeray was among the first of leading critics to create for it. Give a dog a bad name, and others will abuse him too; and his lot will be held to be positively shocking. Indeed, requires the statement that the Society is valiantly striving to secure and to deserve an honourable repute among the exhibiting bodies of the day. It is trying to be up-to-date—to satisfy the admirers of the very newest art, while presenting pictures that will gratify the *penchant* of persons of the least artistic taste and knowledge. A visit is not without interest. We find the two newer schools of landscape—the sombre picture, good in tone, but depressing in its prevailing browns, greys, or blacks (as if landscape and sky were naturally dirty); and we have the impressionist, the *minute* and *pointilliste* methods, with dabs of paint, as if light and its vibration could only be given on the plan of embroidery and Berlin woolwork. Mr. Wynford Dewhurst's efforts are truly praiseworthy and sincere; but the eye-blinding violence of his lakes in the garden scene, "Au Café," cannot but injure a good cause. Far more charming is "The Hours" of Mr. Postel, in which the circling, myrtle is curious, bland, in manner, of Burne-Jones and Mr. Dewhurst are curiously monotonous; but the great rose-tree is a very poem in design. Even the effort of M. Zuloaga's appearance in London last year is to be seen; we have it in Mr. Ferguson's clever imitation, "A Girl in White" (who is really in green), which may be "decorative," but is never likely to take root in England except among eccentricity-lovers. Mr. Edward Officer, an Australian, makes an interesting appearance with pictures of the bush and of townships; vigorous as a painter, he has taste and power, and proves himself a promising recruit. Mr. Assur Michaelson is another; and in "No Hope"—a despairing labourer and his daughter—and "A Break in the Work" displays a convincing sympathy with labour as well as power with the brush. Mr. Fowleraker is another artist to be watched, for his "Afterglow" showing the Alhambra and Sierra Nevada is original and beautiful, though somewhat too coarse in handling. The figure-painting is not very strong, but Mr. Allan Davidson and Mr. Sherratt do their best to remove the reproach. Mr. Davidson's "Charmian" is a very able and graceful example of the nude, beautiful, the design and the execution are remarkable for the age.

"At the Village Jubilee Sale," shows plenty of character and invention; but it is hardly a picture—it is a bit of panorama of village life. Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove, Mr. Haidé, Mr. Kuen, and Mr. A. Carruthers-Gould give their usual support to the exhibition.



THE THEATRE AT ANGLESEY CASTLE, IN WHICH LORD ANGLESEY APPEARED IN MANY OF THE COSTUMES OFFERED AT THE SALE LAST WEEK.

From a Photograph by Wickens, Bangor.

## Rural Notes.

### THE SEASON

On the 12th inst. the wild geese arrived at places on the Berwickshire and Northumberland coasts, where their usual date is the early days of November. On the 13th redwings were seen near Croydon, and on the 14th at Richmond. Thus north and south the winter heralds are with us a fortnight earlier than usual. The amazing profusion of berries on the holly, the hawthorn, the yew, and the dog rose are convincing that early and severe winters are not far off.

rather freely, but this would be poor policy. The wheat sown this autumn will not be reaped till August next and the prices of October to December, 1905, no man can foresee. As, however, both France and America are known to be increasing their acreage, while Russia is sowing on a war basis, whereas everyone hopes that a year hence there will be no war, it is very probable that prices will drop some shillings after the harvests of 1905 have been secured. The country shows just now in its most resplendent woodland robes and the garden is gay with chrysanthemums, new and beautiful varieties of which flower are now forthcoming with every successive season.

### LORD ONSLOW IN WALES

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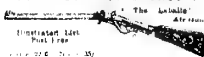


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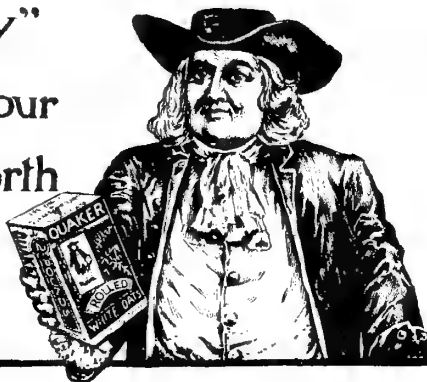
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# THE GRAPHIC

No. 1,822.—Vol. LXX.

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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Vol. 11

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1904

No. 451



FROM THE "GRAPHIC"

THE "GRAPHIC"

This is a reproduction of the original illustration from the "Graphic" newspaper, published on October 2, 1904. The illustration depicts a Russian sailing ship, the "H.758", navigating through rough seas. The ship is shown from a side-on perspective, tilted slightly to the right, suggesting it is being tossed by waves. The hull number "H.758" is clearly visible on the side. The mast and rigging are prominent against a dark sky. The water is depicted with white foam and dark, swirling patterns, indicating a storm or heavy seas. The overall style is dramatic and somber.

THE RUSSIAN OUTRAGE IN THE NORTH SEA, THE SINKING OF THE "PRINCE OF WELLS"

## Topics of the Week

The vote of the Chamber of Deputies at the beginning of the week leaves little doubt that the majority of the French people have made the Vatican up their minds that a final breach with the Vatican is necessary and desirable. Otherwise it would be impossible to explain the majority of eighty votes that Monsieur Combes has secured in the Chamber out of a total number of 548 voting. Whether the French Government or the Vatican is to blame for this breach is now a question of merely historic interest. The broad fact is that after a hundred years of moderately successful working, the Concordat has now been found by both parties to be no longer workable. On the one hand the Pope aspires to a greater power of control over the Church in France than the Civil Government is willing to permit; on the other hand, the Government of the Republic has been so alarmed by the action of the Clerical Party, as witnessed, for example, in the Dreyfus case, that it is quite willing to adopt a strongly anti-Clerical policy. We must, therefore, now look forward to the final separation of Church and State in France. What the effect of the separation will be it is at present impossible to forecast. The anti-Clericals, of course, hope that by depriving the clergy of the money now voted by the Chamber for their maintenance they will weaken the power of the Church. That is possible, but it is equally possible that the Church may find as much, or more, money from private subscriptions, and that by being freed from the control of the Government, it will become a worse danger to the Republic than it was before. In any case the abolition of the Concordat can only be regarded as one step in a struggle that threatens to last for many years to come. The struggle, of course, is not a new one. In France, as in other countries, Church and State have for centuries been at variance, each seeking to control the other. In our own country the Reformation happily freed us from ecclesiastical subordination to foreign power; but there has been no Reformation in France. It was nipped in the bud when Henri IV. decided that Paris was worth a Mass. The quarrels between Church and State must therefore always be far more serious in France than they can be in England, and the phase of the struggle that is now beginning across the Channel will be undoubtedly marked by a bitter social warfare between the supporters of the Papacy and the supporters of the State.

Now that the Younghusband Mission has got back to Chumbi, after one of the most arduous marches on record, the usual sort of political wrangle has broken out badly in Great Britain. While the Radicals tauntingly challenge the Government to show any sort of gain from the venture, the Unionist voice rightly cries that, nevertheless, "it was a glorious victory." Besides, the Treaty may yet be signed, something may happen to prevent the return of the Grand Lama to his sacred capital, while, in any event, the fact that a small British force marched to Lhasa and back again in the face of strenuous opposition, will make a deep and lasting impression throughout Asia. Unquestionably, this last gain is worth the cost and the risk of the expedition many times over. When the Russian Government started political coquetry with the Buddhist Pope, it virtually challenged England to a trial of strength. All Asia closely watched, therefore, what the outcome would be—whether, as in Manchuria, the diplomacy of the Neva would discomfit the Calcutta and London Foreign Offices by its superior daring and vigour. Lord Curzon at once accepted the challenge, and whether the Treaty of Lhasa be executed or not, Asia now learns that Great Britain has as long an arm and as strong a fist as when it was first stretched out to the banks of the turbid Hooghly. For the rest, there is no reason why the Chumbi Valley should not be retained until the Treaty is executed and the war indemnity has been liquidated. It is just the sort of "material guarantee" required by the exigencies of the tangled situation.

It is not very creditable to the well-to-do classes in this country that some 2,500 commissions in the Volunteers should now be going begging. When the force first came into being there was sharp competition among young men of means and education for what was then considered a high honour, as, indeed, it truly is. But this patriotic eagerness gradually gave place to distaste, until matters have now reached such a deplorable state that the Volunteer organisation must of necessity be to a large extent inefficient as an auxiliary defensive army, its proper function. There are, no doubt, some *corps d'élite* which always keep their commissioned cadres full, and their superior

smartness and *esprit* sufficiently demonstrate the necessity of proportioning the number of officers to the number of the rank and file. Whenever that rule is not strictly observed slackness is bound to creep in; the men interpret the paucity of officers as denoting a lack of public appreciation of the corps. They argue, not without grounds, that there must be something wrong somewhere to lower the value of Volunteer commissions in public estimation, and believing the force at large to be despised, they fall into the habit of despising the unit to which they more directly belong. It is a lamentable state of things, and goes some way to justify the misgiving among many military experts that a large number of Volunteer battalions would be well-nigh worthless for campaigning by reason of their being so deficient in "leading."

At the personal request of the astute ruler of Afghanistan, it is arranged to send a British "Mission" to Kabul, preparatory to a meeting between his eldest son and Lord Curzon at Peshawar, Rawul Pindi, or Lahore. In a general way, the object sought by these diplomatic proceedings is to smooth away difficulties which have arisen since the present Ameer came to the throne. He then judged it prudent not to accept payment of the handsomely subsidy his father received from the Indian Government, fearing that if he complied before he was firmly seated on the musnud, he might be denounced by the Ghazis as a hireling of the Infidel. There being no longer any danger of tribal rebellion, and the Kabul Treasury having run dry of late, it is not impossible that the Ameer may be found willing to accept the accumulated arrears of the subsidy. Another matter of far graver moment on which he is said to require enlightenment is as to his relations with Russian frontier officials. They constantly endeavour, it is reported, to inveigle Afghan officials into compromising entanglements, and the Ameer desires to be informed whether, if he punished this treachery *vis à vis* his English allies would consider he had justification. The Anglo-Afghan Treaty entitles the Kabul Government to demand British military help only in the event of "unprovoked invasion," and the Ameer asks for a clear interpretation of that somewhat elastic term.

## The Court

The King has divided his time this week between town and Newmarket, while the Queen remained at Buckingham Palace. Having postponed her departure from Denmark through the health of her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, Queen Alexandra further delayed her return on account of the fog and rough weather in the North Sea, so that she did not leave Copenhagen till the end of last week. King Christian and the Empress saw Her Majesty off, accompanied by Princess Victoria and Princess Charles of Denmark, with her little boy, and the Royal party travelled straight to Flushing, where the Victoria and Albert was waiting. The crossing was made on Sunday, and the Queen and her daughters were met at Victoria Station by King Edward and the Danish Minister. The King himself had been very busy at the end of the week, entertaining at lunch Admiral Jowett and other American officers from the U.S. warship Olympia, and going down to Chatham to inspect the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers. His Majesty's visit was quite private, but there was a big reception at the station, and people had gathered in force to greet the King as he drove to the barracks, while the route was lined by soldiers and cadets. Having inspected the two regiments of which he is Colonel-in-Chief, the King went over the barracks to see the new system of housekeeping lately introduced, and finally lunched at the officers' mess. On Sunday His Majesty attended Service in the private Chapel at Buckingham Palace, and afterwards was joined by Prince Arthur of Connaught, with whom he went to see the Princesses Louise and Beatrice at Kensington Palace. Next day the King held a Council, and on Tuesday His Majesty went to Newmarket to see the Cambridgehire run, and afterwards rejoined his wife and daughters at Sandringham. Their Majesties begin their autumn house parties the week after next for the King's birthday, when the Sandringham preserves are always shot over for the first time in the season. The King and Queen then come up to Windsor to welcome the Portuguese Sovereign. There will be a good deal of State ceremony about the visit of King Carlos and Queen Amélie, and the City of London has invited them to lunch at the Guildhall and to receive an address of welcome.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are also at Sandringham with their family, enjoying a spell of quiet country life. To complete the Royal circle in Norfolk Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark will shortly be in residence at Appleton Park. The Prince has come over with his ship, the Danish cruiser Helmsdal, to Newcastle-on-Tyne, King Christian having sent the vessel as a compliment to the Mayor, who is a Dane.

The Duke of Connaught's recovery from his motor accident has been so rapid and satisfactory that he was allowed out driving at the end of last week, and has now been able to leave Edinburgh and come south with the Duchess to join his family.

## The Bystander

"Omen of"—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

This is an age for the upheaval of most things for which we have a regard and for dismantling of the majority of institutions for which we preserve an affection. And yet, with all this *demolition*, one would have imagined the Rhine would have been spared, and the popular and delightful excursion of "Up the Rhine" would have been spared to all tourists of the present and the future. Alfred Smith used to sing a delightful commentary on his moving panorama of the Rhine in his entertainment at the Egyptian Hall, to the air of "The Fall of Pange," a portion of which, if my memory serves me, used to run somewhat in this wise:—

Listen to me, just a bit, so by the stream don't you stand,  
And I will try to tell you, in rapidly you go along,  
What has happened in the olden time to make a merry-land  
Of both sides of the river which the German calls his Fatherland!  
Sitting basking on the deck, beneath the summer weather fine,  
Shouting to the *Walden* "Four ladies, dearie, Maudie!"  
All this time you're sitting, drinking—  
Never more of London thinking,  
Looking out in "Murray" for each rock and ruin then—  
Back once a year often about,  
They tell a lot of lies about,  
But who can all for granted when you travel up the Rhine!

According to all reports, this somewhat hackneyed but ever pleasant excursion is likely to be interfered with. We hear terrible accounts of the diminution of the stream, the stoppage of boats, services, and the difficulty of navigation. It is even stated there is but little chance of the Upper Rhine being navigable for fourteen years. Let us trust it will not be quite so bad as this. On the other hand it may be worse. Supposing the stream should dry up altogether? Imagine a roadway being made upon the bed of the river, a motor-omnibus running over the old stonework track from Stolzenfels to Johannisberg! Possibly we may come in this; but the thought is too dreadful!

As the agitation against the *matinée* hat was first started in this column, I am glad to hear some energetic measures are being taken for its suppression. When this selfish custom—this unjustifiable interference with the rights of others—became a subject of general complaint, I remarked that the matter was entirely in the hands of the managers, and if they only took a firm attitude the nuisance would speedily disappear. This firm attitude has at last been taken by the management of the Court Theatre. I am glad to read in the *Express* that a notice is appended to all seat vouchers at this theatre that the seats are sold on the condition that ladies "will remove hats, bonnets, or any kind of head-dress." It is sincerely to be hoped that this excellent example may speedily be followed by other managers.

The other day I read in the papers that an order had been issued by the High Court of Grant County, West Virginia, which is said to be the best touring county in the State, that owing to the injuries to person and property sustained by dwellers within its boundaries by automobiles, no such vehicles would be permitted to run under any circumstances on any of the roads traversing the county. Our American friends are getting a little bit tired of the motor-car movement, and it is satisfactory to find they are taking energetic measures for the control of the autocart of the road. What an excellent thing it would be if we could only follow their example in this direction. Imagine how delightful it would be if we had two counties—say Gloucestershire and Kent—that would be entirely free from the grum of the motor-car and the insufferable clatter of the motor-cycle, the perpetual clouds of dust and the sickening effluvia of petrol. Counties protected in this wise would be a boon to those who still love riding, driving, and quiet country strolling, and residential property in such places would very soon rapidly increase in value.

It is to be hoped that people with large cellars have bought an ample supply of coals to last them through the winter months. Because in that case it may possibly avert the hard season that is predicted on all hands. If we believe in the portent of the berries—I alluded to their extraordinary plentifulness in the country the other day—we are likely to anticipate that terrible abomination, an old-fashioned winter. In addition to this, the weather prophets are raising their voices, and their predictions are by no means cheerful. Mr. Hugh Clements does not give us much alarm for November or December, but his forebodings for January, February, and March are anything but comforting. February, we are informed, will be the coldest month, "the maximum temperature keeping remarkably close to 33 degrees, with minimum temperatures as low or lower than 20 degrees." This is, indeed, a pleasant prospect. Our only comfort is that everyone predicts a severe winter; for, as nothing is so likely to happen as the unexpected, we may have a mild season after all.

The question of "relieving the traffic" has so extensively occupied the official mind of London for so long that if great care is not taken the matter will be overdone. So much has been already accomplished in the way of new wide streets, subways, tunnels, tubes, and palatial monuments that rents, rates, and taxes have marvelously increased of late years, and the more improvement that takes place the greater will become the three important items alluded to. Already has the consequence of these improvements been experienced. Large firms have removed their premises to the country, where they find they can carry on their business just as well and at very much less expense. Their example is rapidly being followed by others. Should this custom continue to increase it is possible by the time the arrangements for the relief of traffic in London are perfected there will be no traffic to relieve. It is quite as well that this side of the question should not be lost sight of.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING OF ITALY



SIGNORINA CATTE, WHO NAMED THE SHIP

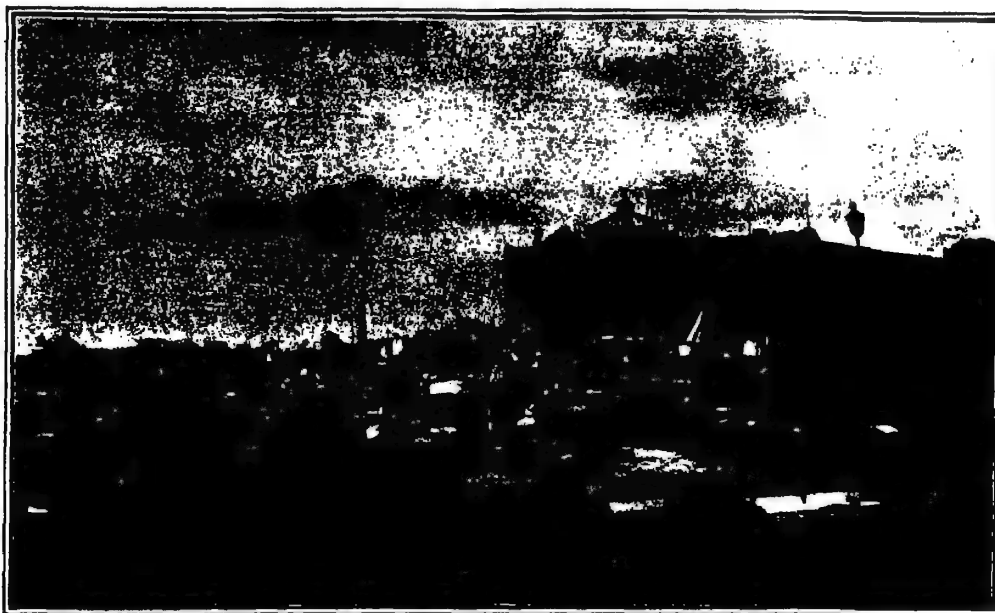


A CLEVER PHOTOGRAPH: THE BATTLESHIP PLUNGING INTO THE WATER

The King of Italy travelled from Brindisi to Castellammare, near Naples, the other day, to preside at the launch of the new battleship Vittorio Emanuele. This vessel is the second of the group of four ships which are to represent the most powerful, as well as the most modern, type yet set on by Italy, and of which the first, the Regina Elena, was launched last June, and the remaining two, the Roma and the

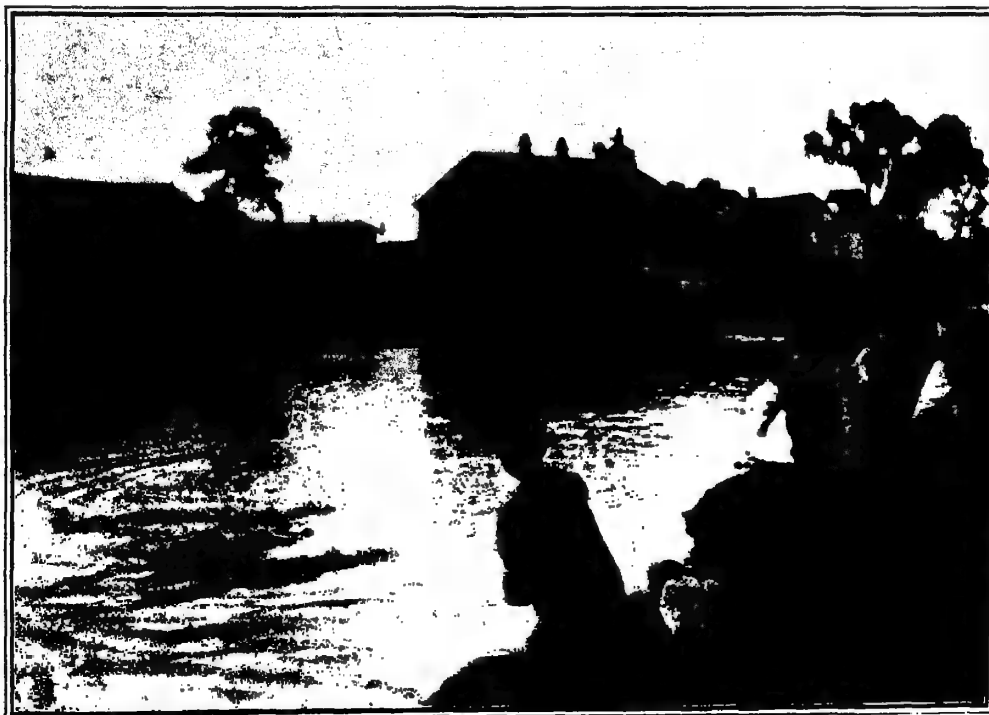
Napoli, are at it in a somewhat backward stage of construction. The building of the Vittorio Emanuele's hull was begun more than three years ago. The launch of the ship was most successfully accomplished, and was attended by a large concourse of spectators, in spite of the inclement weather. Our photographs were supplied by G. Abbiadori.

THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE ITALIAN NAVY: THE LAUNCH OF THE BATTLESHIP VITTORIO EMANUELE



There were several large fires at Liaoyang before the battle was over. Acres and acres were given over to the flames. Most of the fires were doubtless started by the Russians, who wished to destroy stacks of grain, provisions and military stores before evacuating the town.

THE RAILWAY STATION AT LIAOYANG, WHICH WAS SET ON FIRE DURING THE BATTLE



WANTON REPORT: CHINESE STONING THE DEAD BODY OF A RUSSIAN IN THE CANAL OUTSIDE LIAOYANG CITY WALL

From photographs supplied by T. Riddiman Johnston.

## "Place aux Bicycles"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

The fatal bicycle accident that befel Judge Phillimore's daughter recently, in the King's Road, Chelsea, should make women more cautious how they ride during a slippery and greasy condition of the roads, a condition which has been very prevalent during the last month. Riding in the streets of London is at best always dangerous for women hampered by skirts, and liable to lose their heads in moments of peril. In fact, seeing the vast number of motor-cars, steam traction engines, motor-vans, and omnibuses that flock the streets, it is really not safe for any woman to bicycle in the crowded places. Accidental death under the circumstances is peculiarly sad, for one cannot help feeling that it might have been prevented by a little more care. I notice that this opinion is becoming universal, and that far fewer women bicycle in London than used to.

There is no season now in London properly so-called, but there is a season of sorts all the year round, as has been amply demonstrated by the brilliant reopening of the Italian Opera. Many of

on the dinner-table at dessert, rather to the horror of his guests, who were not quite sure what would happen. Of course it was so small it was practically harmless, still it looked a gruesome toy.

Professor Long has been writing about the fearful mortality of young children in Great Britain due to the carelessness and ignorance of mothers, and he advocates the education of the mothers, milk depots for sterilized milk, and the education of children in the schools. The subject is a very important one, and touches the healthy vitality of the future generation most deeply. At the "East End Mothers' Home" in Commercial Road, E., which is not only an excellent lying-in hospital, but also a recognised training school for nurses and midwives, much good advice and practical teaching is given to mothers. The babies leaving the Home invariably look fat and well nourished, but the mother says they soon fall off when they return home, and are constantly being brought back to her for advice and assistance. The ignorance of the ordinary poor woman in matters of health and hygiene is deplorable. Any and every food is considered good enough for baby. Alcohol and beer are often given to quite young children, and cleanliness and care about feeding-bottles leaves much to be desired. Professor Long suggests the system originally adopted in France, and now in Liverpool and

benefit in enlarging people's minds as to the necessity for beauty and country surroundings for poor people. How can anyone be expected to lead a sober, moral, and clean-minded life who exists in a slum, never seeing or hearing anything beautiful or elevating? Children that have never known what it was to play in the dewy grass or pick wild flowers in the lanes, who behold only a vista of the gutter and the smoky heap, with a background of flitting linen and the voices of scolding women, would grow up far differently and more healthily in a garden city. The suburbs of London, now hideous little streets of monotonous mean houses, if laid out with taste and skill, might have been objects of delight, instead of sacrosanctness to the city. Gardens, trees, boulevards, should be a necessity in all the building schemes. Unfortunately there are no consistent schemes, no unity of design. Everybody builds as he likes, and the result is a mere endless succession of slums. Then the country labourer sees himself homeless, and the few cottages that exist are being bought up and transformed by well-to-do people into week-end cottages for themselves. The strong hand of authority could alter all this if it chose and were not bound in perpetual red tape. In a garden city, too, numberless little rural industries for women would arise—bee-keeping, gardening, poultry-keeping, and eventually, perhaps, lace-making, or other home occupations. The only ones at present



THE LATE KING GEORGE OF SAXONY ON HIS DEATH-BED AT PILLNITZ

From a Photograph by Otto Mayer, Dresden.

the habitual subscribers were to be found in their boxes, and the house was resplendent with jewels and pretty women. For the first time the opera is really what its name implies—Italian, with an Italian company, conductor, and principal singers. One hears the

again in our midst, and then we may hear of two thoroughly representative bodies of performers. When, if ever, we have a French theatre also, we shall really be able to form comparisons between our own drama and that of foreign nations, which, perhaps, may not prove altogether flattering to ourselves.

Strange pets are the order of the day. Women have grown tired of Japanese dogs and Siamese cats, and are seeking for new loves. Some have taken to snakes—uncanny companions for delicately nurtured ladies; others prefer kangaroos, marmosets, monkeys, or a mongoose. These uncomfortable pets make life insupportable to those who do not care for them; but the perpetual cry for novelty leads women into some strange vagaries. The taste for curious pets, however, is not confined to women. Mr. Walter Rothschild has a perfect menagerie of animals, and the late Sir Edward Hughes possessed a small alligator, which used regularly to be put

Batteries, of depots for sterilized milk, which would minimise much of the infantile mortality.

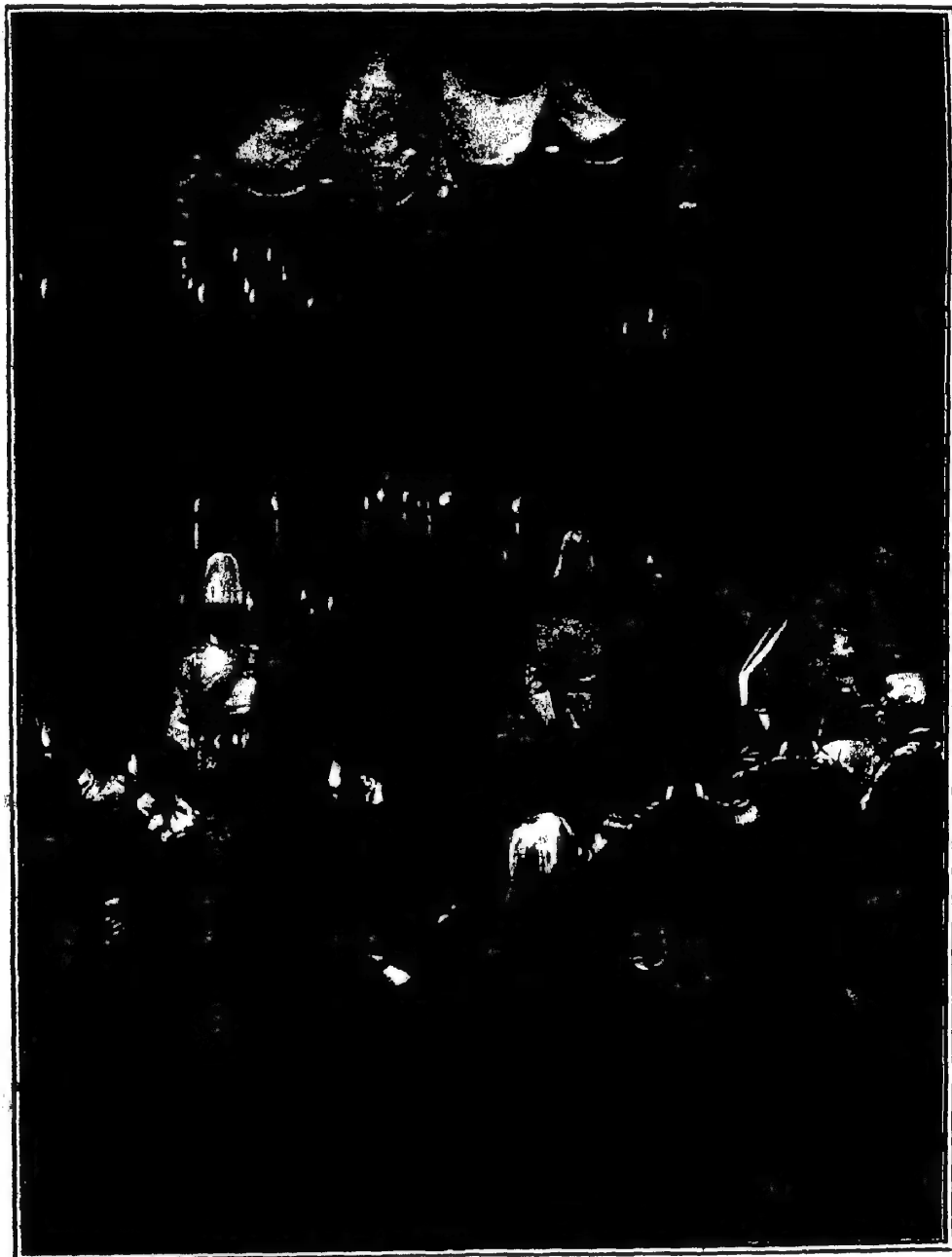
Everybody is complaining of colds just now. I think the cause is that people keep their houses too hot, and dress indifferently to the temperature. Men seldom vary their dress, but women are constantly changing from the thinnest of lace blossoms, which expose the neck and chest, to fur wraps and heavy coats round the throat. Then they sit in warm rooms with big fires, and go out, perhaps, in the same clothes they wear indoors. Sleeping with the window open and bathing the chest every morning with cold water are admirable preventatives of cold, and putting on a wrap when leaving a warm room is also good. A cool atmosphere never gives cold; it is the perpetual changes of temperature that do so, and going directly into a hot room after the cold outside is as good a way as any other of catching a catarrh. Ladies' colds arise often from the practice of tea-drinking and paying calls during the afternoon, and also from sitting in cloths in their outdoor garments. Lately the chorus of incessant coughs in ladies' clubs has been most distressing, and such colds must be very infectious.

The *Garden City*, the new publication, in which Lady Helmstedt writes an urgent appeal for more workers, should be of infinite

open to poor women in the towns are ill-paid needlework, factory labour, or such miserable employment as match-box making.

Our Court is now in double mourning for foreign Royalties—*i.e.*, for the late Princess of the Asturias as well as for the late King of Saxony. King Edward was represented at both funerals—in Dresden by Prince Christian and at Madrid by our Ambassador, Sir Edwin Egeon. The funerals took place on the same day, King George being laid to rest in the Roman Catholic Court Chapel at Dresden, while the remains of the Spanish Princess were placed in the gloomy Escorial, by the tombs of her father and his first wife. By the by, the Princess's elder son, the Infante Alfonso Maria, a child of scarcely three years, is declared heir to the Spanish Throne. As regards the new King of Saxony, His Majesty seems disposed to check the antagonism between Roman Catholics and Protestants, which has long divided the kingdom. Although the reigning House have been Roman Catholics for two centuries, yet the majority of their subjects are Lutherans, and the Royal decision to employ only Roman Catholics in Court offices caused great bitterness. King Frederick Augustus has broken the rule of his predecessors, and henceforward Protestants will be an eligible for office as those who hold the Roman faith.

THE LATE KING GEORGE OF SAXONY



DRAWN BY F. DE KAMPER  
 The solemn ceremonies and interment of the remains of the late King George took place in the Roman Catholic Chapel at Dresden. A distinguished congregation was present, among which was the  
 German Emperor.

THE LATE KING GEORGE OF SAXONY: THE FUNERAL SERVICE IN THE COURT CHAPEL AT DRESDEN



ARRIVAL AT THE SUMMIT OF THE PEAK



CELEBRATING MASS ON THE PEAK

Courmayeur is a village at the foot of Mont Blanc on the Italian side, much frequented by Italians. The most prominent object in view from the village is the Aiguille, or Dent du Géant, a gigantic tooth in the Mont Blanc range. The other day a statue of the Madonna was hoisted up the

peak and Mass was celebrated on the summit by the Abbé Vann, of Courmayeur. Our photographs were supplied by C. Abernethy.

#### HAULING A STATUE OF THE MADONNA UP TO THE TOP OF AN ALPINE PEAK

Princess Rupert  
of Bavaria.The German  
Crown Prince.Duke Carl Theodore  
of Bavaria.Prince Kiel  
Friedrich.Princess Albert  
of Belgium.

This group, showing the Crown Prince in Bavarian mountain costume, was taken during a visit to Duke Carl Theodore of Bavaria at Badarouth. Our photograph is by Michael Dietrich, Munich.

#### THE LATEST PORTRAITS OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AND HIS BROTHER, PRINCE KIEL FRIEDRICH





"A cry broke from him involuntarily. His horse, reined back by a hand that never knew what it did, reared on its hind legs, and then plunged aside."

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE REACTION

Gilbert Faversham reached the stables, and threw the saddle on his favourite horse. The groom was not there, and he did not stop to light the lantern. He knew that he had but a few minutes, for even if his mother should delay the soldiers, that respite would, of necessity, be brief. It was, indeed, probable that the innocent

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gatekeeper had acquainted them with the fact that his master had returned, in which case the hunt would go forward at once. At the stable door he paused to listen, with the bridle on his arm. It was certain, if they had any suspicion of his presence, that they had left guards to watch the gate. He could not venture that way. There remained the outlet on the fields in the back. He mounted, and turned the horse upon the path that led through the woods behind. At the bottom of the field was a meadow, and beyond a darkness had gathered and was deep between the trees; but he

knew every foot of the garden, and stood between the flower-beds, and by the rhododendrons and lilacs, the heads of the horse now falling dead upon the turf. Half-way to the little gate he heard voices behind him, and presently one was raised in a tone of command. They had discovered his escape, then, and were already in pursuit.

As this thought passed through his mind his horse came to with a jerk, there was an exclamation in front of him, and he perceived looming black in the gloom a man on horseback. At once he knew that this must be a watcher who had been stationed in the rear of

the house, and upon that clapped his heels to the flanks of his animal, and darted across the lawn.

The man raised a cry, and a succession of cries was discharged upon the air. Near the house broke out a light, and he had a passing glimpse of men running in confusion. The next moment, under the impulse of his spur and rein, the horse had gathered together and risen for a jump across the garden wall into the meadow. There was no time to find the gate. Laurels and laurestinus formed the hedge along the wall, and on the topmost branches the horse kicked and plunged clumsily downwards, but righted himself as he fell, and galloped across the soft turf for the hill. The night was alive now with the sounds of the pursuit, and more than one of the troop had found his way into the meadow. At this juncture the moon unhappily emerged from the shadows and shone forth, discovering the fugitive in the distance mounting the rise. Shots were raised, and the stream of the pursuit flowed towards him.

Faversham had thundered across the meadow, and was making for the shelter of the wood, because on either side of him there was no outlet to the north, field after field reaching onwards, defined and defended by thick hedges of quickset. Had the night remained dark he could not have doubted the issue for a moment, but the moon, flooding the scene, had offered him as a mark to his pursuers. There was no track from the meadow up the rise, but he cared not for tracks where everything was so full of peril, and was soon plunged among the trees, lost to sight, if not to hearing. The foremost of the pursuers, however, was not far behind, and hurtled recklessly through the juniper bushes that lined the way into the wood. Gilbert's horse could be heard breaking through the tangle ahead, and his path presently by his passage, the pungent of the turf pushed swiftly forward. In that underworld of darkling forest the light of the moon dwelled, and while the one man went by instinct, the other was obliged to go by his ears. The curtain seemed to have shut down on those two, leaving them to work out alone the destiny of the drama. The hill now began to go down. Faversham recognised in the faint light the red bole of the fir which marked the summit, and here, too, the path was easier, and less cluttered by undergrowth. There were two tracks descending, one upon the river, and the other upon an outlying lane, yet they were both crossed so intricately and outlying tracks that it was hard to keep to either, even if it were happily struck, upon a dark night. But he must make his choice, and that he did, with scarce a moment's halt. The river lay on the left, and he pushed with as little noise as possible towards the right. Above him now, upon that crown of the hill which he had just left, he heard the horse of his pursuer among the crackling branches. It was ridiculous, when he came to think of it, that if they had both been asleep, he would have gone faster. But, although for a moment there entered into his mind the thought of abandoning his horse, he soon dismissed it, for, once beyond the wood and in the roads, he would be dependent on the fleetness of the animal. The sounds of their mutual progress reached each man, the lieutenant and the sergeant, and the latter was guided in his pursuit as much as was the former warned of his pursuer. Suddenly, however, Faversham pulled in, brought his horse to a dead stop, and listened. The track had widened here, and emerged upon a little open space of grass between heavy trees. Darkness was opaque, and in the deeper shadows of the undergrowth took nothing was visible but blackness. The noise of the sergeant's hoofs and, with a quick inspiration, derived he knew not whence, Faversham drew back into the cover of the bushes and was still. He could still hear the man descending clumsily, and then, as if by an instant conspiracy, the noise died away, and there was silence.

The night was unbroken by any interruptions: the sticks and branches of the trees had settled back into their places; the leaves were quiet, and there was not even the sound of the wind in the forest. To Faversham in his hiding-place his own breathing was audible, and he strained his ears anxiously for any witnesses to the soldier's proximity. He had not gone—he was still there; he had come to a pause, even as Faversham himself had paused, and they stood now within earshot of each other, waiting. When the quarry moved and betrayed himself the bound also would move. Faversham made no sign.

He had remained motionless for ten minutes or more, and was on the point of giving up the plan of eluding his man in this way, when he was aware of a black figure moving stealthily in the pathway. The moon had come out again in heaven, illuminating the open parts of the wood; and threw up before his eyes that shadow which seemed to creep and peer upon his tracks. If it came to close quarters now the affair would be removed from the sphere of peace and fugitive, and would come to the bare test of arms. It would be man against man. Faversham felt at his side for a weapon, and drew shorter breath.

The figure had its face to the ground, and presently would discover the horse's hoofmarks. Faversham edged gently back into the bushes and awaited the inevitable.

As he did so he was conscious that the leafage was closing about him. The horse backed noiselessly, and the soft leaves rustled only very faintly as they brushed against his flanks, and settled down again. The moonlight seemed to be increasing, and Faversham shrank from the scrutiny of the importunate rays. In another moment surely the figure would look up and discover him. The screen of leaves closed about him, and he cast a glance backward. Behind him the moon was lying silver-blue upon a grass track through the wood.

This discovery stung him to a new resolution. He dismissed all thought of combat forthwith, and disengaging his horse softly from the bushes, moved without sound upon the new path. He could not guess whether it led, but it sufficed for the present for his needs, and, what was more, the hoofs of his horse fell with little or no noise on the turf, as he went at a foot-pace carefully away from the centre of peril. He had gone fifty yards or more very slowly, and was debating with himself if he might not now with safety break into a trot, when he was startled by a cry behind, and, involuntarily stirring his horse into a quicker pace, he looked round. The moon shone on the sergeant, now mounted, and

broken out of the very bushes which he had himself used as a shelter. The track was fairly clear between the thickets on either hand, and Faversham's horse sprang into a canter. But the soldier behind was whipping his animal recklessly to a gallop, and was calling on the lieutenant to surrender.

"Surrender, or I fire!" "Fire, and be damned," growled Gilbert Faversham in his heart, with some leaping with the excitement of the chase. He exhorted his horse with beel and voice, bending low on the neck, and a pistol-bell whistled in the trees.

"May he be hanged, but he will give the others notice of us," said Faversham savagely, and rode harder than ever.

The way was downward, on a slight declivity, but the pace at which they thundered was dangerous in that twilight. The low-growing branch of a tree, a tangle of creepers, or a rabbit hole would suffice to send horse and man headlong, an accident which at that speed would have been fatal. The sergeant rode with the greatest hardihood, for he had the advantage of passing over ground already tried and proved by the man he was chasing; and before many minutes had elapsed he had drawn appreciably nearer. Certain reflections flitted through Faversham's mind with the sharpness of lightning. If he reached the lane safely it was a matter of endurance on the part of the horse, and he could play his trust on his own high-nettle animal. But which way did the track lie? He could not conjecture, and was obliged to increase his pace every minute in order to keep his distance from the enemy. But now the tall trees ended, and the track ran out into a more open shelving country, full of dwarf bushes, holly and juniper and larch and blackberry. What was this place? Faversham, streaming along in the silver light, worked and strained his memory. Everything was unfamiliar somehow in this light and in these dramatic circumstances. He saw before him, among the throng of low-lying bushes, a thin, tall tree waving in the night air; it wavered and leaned forward as if it stooped to look on something. Suddenly Faversham recognised it. It was a landmark, and it marked the borders of the quarry!

A cry broke from him involuntarily. His horse, reined back by a hand that scarce knew what it did, veered on its hind legs, and then plunged aside; its flanks ground on the thorns of the black-berry bushes, and, with a snort of pain, it darted forward on its new course. He had been within ten yards of the quarry with its silver beckoning birch. Behind the horse of the cavalryman, stretched to its utmost on that easyward, had gained twenty yards or more in that instant, and, as Faversham swerved and swept about into his pace again at right angles, was almost on top of him. The sergeant tugged at his reins when he was aware of the manoeuvre, but his horse had gathered full speed. He plunged, threw up his head, struck the bushes which concealed that terrible pit, forged through them, and, his hoofs dragging on the turf, rolled forward with a dreadful squeal and pitched into the void. The silver birch waved and nodded and stooped gracefully towards the precipice.

Gilbert Faversham, on reaching the lane at the back of the wood and the hill, found that he was not followed, and thenceforward proceeded more deliberately, but still with great caution. He had plenty to occupy his thoughts, which were scarcely of a pleasant character. His mother's distress and his own impetuous temperament had decided him to fly, and this committed him to a course which he would have avoided had he been left to himself. But it was done, the die was cast, and he was an outlaw, unless he liked to surrender himself even now. This idea, however, he put away from him, and contemplated the immediate future anxiously. His was not the nature to look far ahead, yet even his impulsive mind turned aside with a shudder from what lay beyond, in that ultimate distance which, though he might not anticipate, he must inevitably reach. To secure himself against capture was his present duty, as he conceived it, and to that end he composed himself. He knew the Forest as a native, and every road, drove, and village in it. He would seek refuge there for that night, at least, and none should run the fox to earth. As he turned his horse's head backward, and dismounted that topic from his mind, there came to him at once the memory and the intoxication of Barbara. He was a hunted man. No doubt a price would be on his head to-morrow. He had no roof to cover him, and only the variable and treacherous night for his house, yet he could have sung as he trotted north—his heart was so deeply moved, and his affection so greatly thrilled. Barbara had smiled on him. She was done with that traitor Blackston, and in her strange, sweet woman's way had turned to him. The vista was a vista broken by no brooding fears, and interrupted by no anxieties for the future. It was in a dream of pure romance he lived as he rode north.

About eleven Gilbert Faversham pulled in before a small tavern, set in the heart of the Forest, frequented by charcoal-burners and visited by travellers on the way between Ringwood and the northern parts of the country. Here he was unknown, but, even if he had been known, there was no great love between the law and those poor denizens of the woodland. Gipsies wandered here and stole, and peasants earned a wretched livelihood in sundry precarious callings. They collected the acorns of the Forest, and now and then, in addition to their regular work, lent a hand in the innumerable smuggling ventures which centred about the seaboard. Faversham slept soundly that night, untroubled by his position, and haunted by visions of Barbara.

Sir Piers Blackston, left in Dexter to himself, began his preparations very leisurely for departure. No sooner was the chaise in which he had despatched the couple back from Yarmouth, than he leaped his orders, and early in the afternoon himself set out upon his journey. He made the passage to Lymington very pleasantly, and drove thence to his old quarters at the Rose and Crown. Some enemy, or cynic, at least, had said of Sir Piers that he regarded shame as a form of cowardice; "and you would as lief expose shame in Blackston," said the wit, "as to find a brave man running away." Sir Piers did not run away. He had threatened Barbara to return, and here he was again, with all his old arrogance, with all his old insolence, and with all his old contempt of situations; and particularly with all his old strength of will. Barbara

would not have slept so well that night in Myddus Manor had she known how near he lay to her secure and comfortable home; nor would poor Gilbert Faversham's head have settled so easily on the pillow had he guessed at his rival's design. But nothing could ruffle Sir Piers' demeanour. Over his modest breakfast he questioned the linkporter, heard in mysterious tones of the poses which was searching for young Mr. Faversham, and of his amazing offence, and ordered a chaise quite early in the morning. He lost no time in showing his hand, and was at the gates of the manor before midday.

Mrs. Garraway received him with emotion, and exhibited a mixture of pride and reserve and appreciation in equal parts. She had her thanks to express, in which performance she figured with dignity, as one whom emotion has touched to deep issues.

"'Twas God's providence, Sir Piers," she repeated, finding comfort in the phrase, which she had never tired of reiterating since her daughter had told her story.

"If God would be so kind to me so often—" said he, and left his elaborate compliment in the air. He would stay to dinner, and made Mrs. Garraway the most civil speech in answer to her fluttered invitation.

It appeared that he had carried to London and back again

memories of her wonderful horsefellowship and amazing dashes. Mrs. Garraway beamed at the flattery, and was beginning to offer a silver salver from her cupboards and cellar for Sir Piers to take with him to town, when Barbara appeared, fresh from the garden and the moor. Colour flooded her face momentarily, and then receded, leaving her pale.

"You see, Miss Barbara," said Sir Piers, "I am as good as my word. I am come as I threatened."

"It is good of you to be interested in us," she said coldly. "I hope you are now quite recovered from the effects of the water," he went on amiably. "I think you have the air of a little pallor, but that is all. I hope you are well on the way to recovery."

"And you, sir," said Barbara, looking him full in the face. "You are on your way to town, I assume." She would have liked to throw it into his own phrase, and "hope" it; but, while she refrained, her eye challenged him and defied him. He had not come upon her in the vigils of the lonely night, but had met her in the young vigour of the morning.

"As I have finished my business here," he answered pleasantly, and Barbara left her lip, and turned sharply away. It had the air of abruptness, even of rudeness, and made Mrs. Garraway frown. She interposed, begging Sir Piers in taste of her new elder wild, which had been kept and matured a twelvemonth.

Sir Piers, who had come prepared for any hazards, and confident of his own power to deal with all circumstances, had at once perceived that Mrs. Garraway was in ignorance of what had happened. However much she knew, the true story, in its integrity, had not been revealed to her. He felt that that advantage was worth the fresh experiment in elder vine he was called upon to make. He sat with the antique, long-stemmed glass between his fingers, and smiled at Barbara, as if in answer to her challenging eyes.

"And so, Sir Piers, you will be witnessing all the sights of town soon again," said Mrs. Garraway archly.

"Madam, I would sooner witness the sights of the country," he said gallantly. "You shall not be rid of me yet."

"Indeed, I hope you will stay long," declared the hospitable woman.

"A day or two," he said, "a day or two, madam, time to complete my business."

"Ah," say she, "I recall you had business here before, Sir Piers."

"The same business," he replied, "the same business."

Barbara was flushing, and turned quickly. "I do not know how it can be the same business, sir," she said, "since I understood from you in the island that you had done with that."

"True, Miss Barbara," he acquiesced slyly. "But I have taken another turn, as I think I acquainted you. A business, madam," he said, turning to the widow, "that takes all my time and makes a call upon all my properties."

"We are indebted that you should so honour us, being so busy as you are," protested the innocent lady.

"To sit in this company and drink of this wine—" said Sir Piers in his best manner. Barbara shrugged her shoulders.

"You will be sitting presently with His Royal Highness," said Mrs. Garraway with dignified appreciation, and broke off quickly.

"Barbara, you saw the Prince, child. What was he like?"

"He was a stout, plain, elderly gentleman," said Barbara slowly. Her mother held up her hands in horror. "Gracious, child! What a way to speak!" she said. "You are a foolish girl, with no taste. I have heard His Royal Highness always described as a handsome man. Isn't so, Sir Piers?"

"I think, madam, Miss Garraway may not have seen him close. He is said to improve upon a near acquaintance."

The unobtrusive smile might have signified anything; as a matter of fact it signified a desire that Barbara should appreciate the cynicism of his intervention; but, however she read it, it enraged her.

"I have seen him quite close, sir," she said, eying him calmly. "I have seen him as near as I see you."

"Indeed," said Sir Piers. "Then you are to be congratulated, Miss Garraway, as a loyal subject. But," he added, with his eye upon her, "maybe it was not light—maybe it was too dark to see his handsome point?"

If he expected she would have quailed before his sinister reference he was mistaken in her spirit. Once more her cheeks flamed.

"'Twas, as you say, dark," she said, boldly. "It happened one day when I accompanied Lady Merston to her parkkeeper's. I was left alone temporarily, and while I was in the room a gentleman entered and offered me a gross insult—a gross insult," she repeated, raising her voice, and daring a scornful look at Sir Piers.

"Heavens!" cried her mother.

"From which lamentable situation the entrance of His Royal

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Lord Raglan watching the progress of the battle from a position which commanded a view of the whole valley of Balaklava. In

them, where, of course, our men could not follow. At this time the whole of our squadrons that composed the first, and a great

It is fifty years ago since at Balaklava the Light Cavalry made (on October 25, 1854) the famous charge that will always live in

Lord Raglan watching the progress of the battle from a position which commanded a view of the whole valley of Balaklava. In



CAPTAIN NOLAN  
Who carried the message to Lord Latham

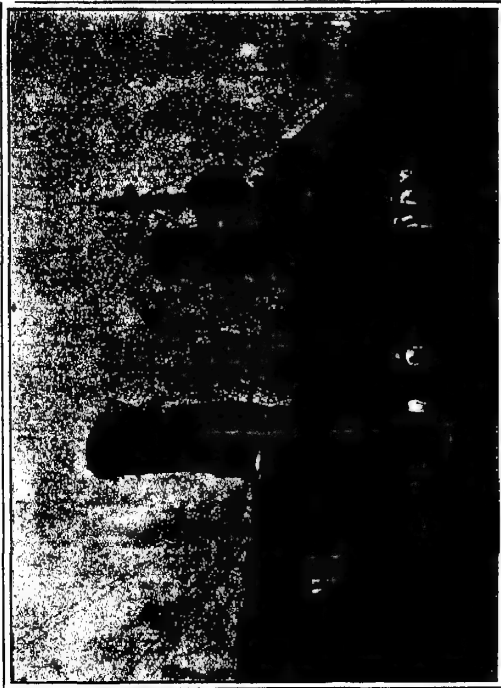
"Is it to celebrate quoting from his description, we are therefore quoting the words of portion of the second war, to be attacked

false light. Sir Peter's cynical smile was not only calculated to dispel suspicions, but was even provocative of annoyance and

The Light Brigade consisted of scarce 700 horses, although composed of no fewer than five different regiments. In the

195. It had lost 247 men in killed and wounded and 673 horses killed and forty two wounded.





The Thaurvish, which was severely damaged in the attempt to escape from Port Arthur on August 10, took refuge at Tsingtau, where she has since been dismantled. Our photograph is by Colonel E. B. Mason.

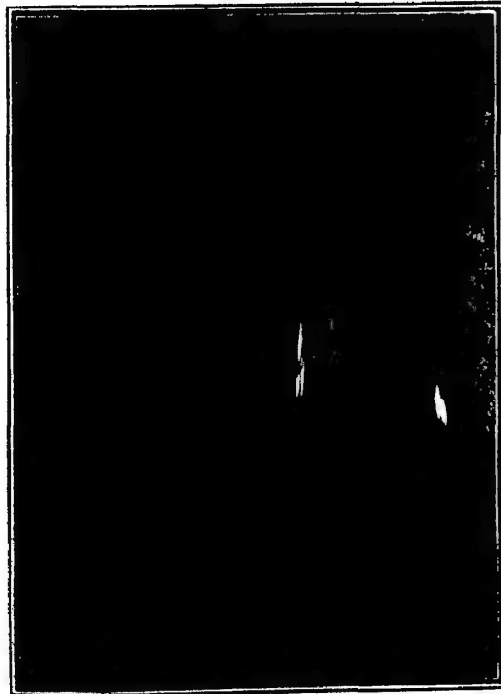
THE SPANISH BATTLESHIP TRANSVIA AT TIENTSIN



The railway station at Tsingtau was burnt during the battle at that place, in which the Russian were defeated. Our photograph is by Colonel E. B. Mason.

THE RUSSIAN OF THE RAILWAY STATION AT TIENTSIN

THE CAMERA IN WAR: SNAPSHOTS FROM THE FAR EAST



As the Japanese advance in Manchuria they establish in the important towns a civil administration, more or less of their own. Our photograph is by Z. E. Eastman Johnson.

THE JAPANESE CIVIL ADMINISTRATION AT KAIJING



The port of Nanchang was the occupation by the Japanese has been much used for the disembarkation of Russian. Our photograph is by Z. E. Eastman Johnson.

LANDER REMAINS AT NANCHANG: WAITING FOR ORDERS



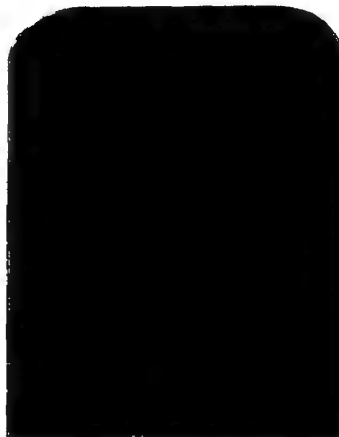
REAR-ADMIRAL VON POLKENHEIM  
Of the Baltic Fleet.

### The North Sea Outrage

No words can adequately stigmatize the cowardliness and brutality of the attack made by the Russian Baltic Squadron on the Hull fishing fleet in the North Sea. It is an outrage without precedent in the records of international "incidents," and has very naturally stirred the passionate indignation of the country to its depths. The prompt message of regret sent to King Edward and the British Government by the Tsar, though scarcely commensurate in its phrasing with the extreme gravity and barbarity of the incident, leads us to hope that the fullest satisfaction will be given to this country. As we write there is some doubt as to whether sufficiently energetic steps will be taken to seek out and punish the perpetrators of the crime, and there is, unfortunately, in the history of the peculiarly irritating contraband incidents in the Red Sea some reason for suspecting that efforts may be made to shield the culprits. It is to be hoped most earnestly that such efforts will be nipped in the bud with all the authority and sternness at the disposal of the Tsar. The state of public feeling in this country will not brook the delays of diplomatic red tape, and it must be known in St. Petersburg that even if the British Government were disposed to temporize it could not do so. There is no possibility of misinterpreting the unusually vigorous terms in which the King has expressed his view of the incident, and if there were, the orders given to the House, Channel, and Mediterranean Squadrons should suffice to convince the statesmen of St. Petersburg that the peril is imminent. Unfortunately, it is notorious that there are influences in St. Petersburg which, for months past, have been intriguing to embroil this country in war, and we should not be surprised to find that the tragedy of the Dogger Bank was not the panic-stricken or drunken freak it has been pictured, but one of the reckless enterprises of these dangerous conspirators in high places. This may seem an exaggerated hypothesis, but we are not writing without actual knowledge of the complicated war of Court factions in St. Petersburg in regard to the external relations of Russia when we suggest this explanation. It is, indeed, for this reason that we hold it to be the duty of the Tsar and of the prudent and moderate men in his immediate entourage to insist upon the exemplary punishment of these rascals for the North Sea Tragedy. Any weakness shown by Great Britain on this point, with the mistaken idea of preserving the peace, will only pave the way for another and worse outrage in the near future. But even if the explanation of the mystery is of a more humdrum character—that is, if the panic hypothesis proves to be correct—it is as much to the interest of the Russian Government as it is to that of all the neutral nations that the officers who so tragically lost their heads in the North Sea should be at once recalled and placed under proper control. If the safety of neutral shipping is endangered by these easily scared Goliaths of the sea, the Russian fleet itself, upon which so much depends for Russia, is not less imperiled by their unstable nerves. We cannot conceive it possible that the Tsar's responsible advisers should not see the force of these considerations, and for



ADMIRAL ROSENBERG  
in command of the Baltic Fleet.



THE LATE MR. GEORGE SMITH, SKIPPER OF THE TRAWLER CRANE  
Who was killed by a shot from the Baltic Fleet, and his wife.  
Photo by J. Towler, Hull.

this reason we confidently anticipate an early and satisfactory solution of the crisis.

The extraordinary incident which has marked the opening of the voyage of the Russian Baltic Fleet occurred when a portion of it, comprising, it is supposed, the battle squadron, emerged on Friday from the Skager Rack. A course was being steered for the English Channel, when, about midnight, the fleet fell in with a Hull fishing flotilla, and the most charitable explanation of what followed is that the trawlers were, by some awful blunder, mistaken for a Japanese torpedo flotilla, or a group of mine-laying boats.



REAR-ADMIRAL ROZHKOV  
Of the Baltic Fleet.

Fire was opened on the defenceless fishermen, the result being that one trawler was sent to the bottom, two men were killed, and several seriously wounded.

The earliest news of the disaster was brought to Hull on Sunday evening by the trawler Mino and Moulmein, both badly damaged by shot, the latter having sixteen holes in her. The skipper of the Moulmein stated that the Gamcock and Great Northern fleets were fishing about 220 miles east by north of Spurn at one o'clock on Saturday morning. The weather was rather hazy at the time, and the outlines of several large vessels, apparently warships, sailing in line, were dimly seen. While the men of the fishing fleet were looking at the passing squadron searchlights were flashed upon them. By the aid of the lights those on board the Moulmein noticed what they took to be torpedo-boats approaching them. At one time it seemed likely that they would board the Moulmein, but they did not do so, and steamed away.

Soon afterwards one of the vessels opened fire, and the crews of the fishing vessels were horrified to find that they were being made targets of by the Russian vessels. The effects were speedily visible, as one and then another of the fishing vessels were struck by the flying shot. The firing is stated to have lasted about a quarter of an hour. When it ceased the warships sailed away southward, and soon afterwards rockets were sent up from one of the other trawlers. The Moulmein steamed in the direction of the spot indicated, and on getting near cries were heard, and it was found that the trawler Crane, of the Gamcock fleet, had been so badly damaged that she was sinking. Another trawler of the Gamcock fleet had arrived and was taking off the Crane's crew. They included the skipper, Captain Smith (killed), the third hand, Leggett (killed), both being decapitated, the engineer, who had a wound in the chest, another man who had his hand shot off, and four others less seriously injured. These men and others were placed on board the Great Northern Mission vessel, where the injuries of the survivors were attended to.

It was at first feared that others of the fleet might have fallen victims to this mad fusillade, but fortunately this has proved not to be the case. As might have been expected, the incident aroused the wildest indignation, not only in Hull but throughout the country. Certain of the survivors (including Captain Smith's son, who was sleeping down below, and rushed up on deck to find his father lying dead), were hastily summoned to London, where they were interviewed at the Foreign Office, and urgent representations were at once made to the Russian Government by Lord Lansdowne, who explained that "the situation was one which in the opinion of His Majesty's Government did not admit of delay." Meanwhile, the King telegraphed to Hall saying that His Majesty had heard with "profound sorrow of the unwarrantable action," and gave practical evidence of his sympathy by sending two hundred guineas to the families of those who had suffered, while the Queen followed with a hundred pounds. One of the points in connection with the inexplicable affair which aroused the keenest indignation was that, though the Russians detached a ship from their squadron, which remained watching the fishing fleet until six on Saturday morning, during the whole of that period not a single boat was lowered to pick up any survivors of the sunken trawler, or render any assistance



LORD LANSDOWNE  
The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who has made urgent representations to the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg and to the Russian Government. Our photograph is by the London Stereoscopic Company.



SIR CHARLES HARRINGTON  
The British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, who has communicated to the Russian Government the note containing the demands of the British Government. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.



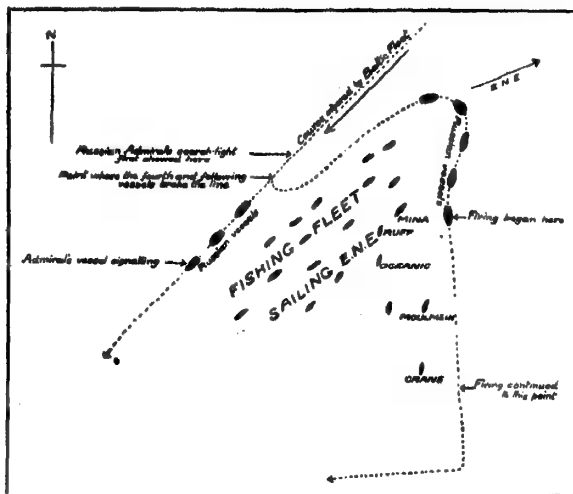
COUNT BENCKENDORFF  
The Russian Ambassador in London, who returned to the Embassy on Monday, and has since been occupied with the "terrible mistake." Our portrait is by Foxton, Chiswick.



COUNT LANSDOWNE  
The Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, who has conveyed, through the British Embassy, to the King, the Tsar's regret at the incident.

Lord Lansdowne was away when the news reached London, but came to town at once and had an interview with the King, while Mr. Salomon, who was in Scotland, returned on Tuesday. Lord Benckendorf, the Russian Ambassador, was away shooting in Germany, but returned on Monday afternoon and at once expressed his regret at the occurrence, while the telegram was being received. On Tuesday, when the Tsar sent a special telegram to King Edward, expressing deep regret at what had occurred, and his sympathy with the families of the killed and the wounded officers. It is understood that the demands of the Imperial Government comprise apologies due for the outrage, full compensation to those who have suffered from the unwarrantable action, and that an inquiry shall be instituted with all despatch, and under conditions which will ensure that appropriate action shall be taken upon the result of that inquiry. It is also to the time of sailing, to report has come to hand from the Russian Admiral, that on his way down Channel he had many opportunities of telegraphing, as his torpedo-boats several times put into French ports. Like the reckless motorist who runs over a child and then, because the witnesses are disposed to ignore the incident; but, fortunately, a fleet came along and become testifies in a crowd thus easily. The Continental Press has joined in the chorus of condemnation of the incident. The *Berliner Neuzeit Nachrichten* says:—"The noble voyagers were presumably intoxicated; they simply did not know 'what they were doing'!" While the *Vossische Zeitung* writes:—"The officers of the Russian fleet appeared to have been rendered so nervous by the continued mishaps which they have suffered since the outbreak of the war as to make them incapable of distinguishing their fishing boats from Japanese torpedo-boats. This being their frame of mind, the sinking of the Russian ships which it may happen to pass, and this seems to be the general opinion everywhere. The German public generally regard the attack as an act of insanity, testifying to a state of hysterical nervousness on the part of Admiral, officers, and men unparalleled in the annals of war, and altogether unworthy of the nation's credit, courage and dignity. The general opinion is that the Russian fleet, even reaches Japanese waters, will be sent to the bottom like a fleet of paper boats."

The Russian Press, it need hardly be said, adopts a very different attitude, and blames England for not warning the fishermen to show the utmost prudence. Latest information, before going to press, hinted that a time limit had been laid down for the satisfaction of the British demands, while it was officially announced that, "After the receipt of the news of the tragedy in the North Sea, on Monday, the 24th inst., preliminary orders for mutual support and co-operation were, as a measure of precaution, issued from the Admiralty to the Mediterranean, Channel, and Home Fleets."



THE NORTH SEA OUTRAGE: PLAN SHOWING HOW PART OF THE BALTIC SQUADRON ALTERED ITS COURSE AND CIRCUMNAVIGATED THE FISHING FLEET SOUTH-EAST OF THE DOGGER BANK

From materials supplied by one of the Captains of the Fishing Fleet.

News from the seat of war this week has sunk into comparative insignificance compared with the outrageous attack made by the Baltic Fleet upon the Hull fishing fleet, particulars of which are given in another column. Below will be found the principal incidents of the war since our last publication of the "Diary":—

OCTOBER 2.—General Kuropatkin issued an order to his troops stating that the time had come for the forces of the Manchurian Army to begin a forward movement.

OCTOBER 7.—Generals Orloff and Romanoff placed on the retired list.

OCTOBER 8.—The Russians reported to have occupied Bentai-putse, "having manœuvred the Japanese out of the position."

A Russian detachment crossed the Taitse-ho, forty miles east of Liaoyang, and cut the Japanese communications between Hsi-ho-yen and Pen-hai-hu, which were, however, subsequently restored.

OCTOBER 10.—The Russians said to be advancing from Mukden on both sides of the railway.  
Two positions near Pen-hai-hu (about thirty miles east of Liao-yang), which the Russians had taken, were recaptured by the Japanese.

The Russians, who had been attacking Heon-chang, twenty-five miles north-east of Saimatae, since the 7th, repulsed by a night attack.

The Japanese right took possession of the heights east of Huang-ti, and attacked the Russians at Wil-li-tzu. The left captured the line extending from Son-tai-tzu to Erhtai-tzu, while the centre dislodged the Russians from their position at Tetsung-shan.

OCTOBER 11.—The Russians reported to have crossed the Hun-ho in force.

Official announcement that the Japanese gunboat *Hel Ven* struck a mine off Port Arthur on Sept. 18 and sank with 300 men.

The Baltic Fleet of forty-two ships left Ravel for Libau.

The Japanese assumed the offensive on both sides of the railway. Their right was attacked by the Russians at Yen-shi-hu. The centre captured two guns.

OCTOBER 12.—The Japanese left won a decisive victory and captured a complete Russian battery. The right occupied Pa-chia-tzu and the northern heights at Shao-ta-ku.

Japanese Right and Centre Armies reported to be pursuing the Russians. Ten Russian guns taken. A Japanese plane taken. Mukden.

OCTOBER 13.—The Russian Army retreated to the Shaho, having been driven back from every part of the field, and having left behind, during the three days' fighting, thirty-eight guns.

OCTOBER 14.—The Japanese centre continued to advance. The right, after a sharp fight, occupied the highland north of Shao-ta-kau, forcing the Russians north of the Shaho. The left captured the heights near Hwangkiu-tien. The three Japanese armies crossed the Shaho.

OCTOBER 16.—After a slight lull on the 15th fighting was resumed, while the Russians continued to retreat, though making counter-attacks at the same time. Two guns were captured by General Yamada's column, which, on returning, was fallen upon by a Russian division and enveloped. The column broke through the Russians, but left nine field guns and five mountain guns behind.

Fourteen guns captured by Major  
Takaahima at Kanchia-tzu.  
The Japanese rushed the village of  
Linshan-pu after severe fighting.  
on the Shaho between the two centres.

OCTOBER 17.—Fighting on the Shaho between the two centres.  
The cruiser Bayan, at Port Arthur, reported to be sunk by Japanese shells.

OCTOBER 18.—A Russian attack on the Japanese Left Army repulsed. The Japanese Right drove the Russians out of Tung-hia-fen.

OCTOBER 19.—The Baltic Fleet left the Great Belt and proceeded through the Kattegat.

OCTOBER 20. - The Russian Army south of Mukden reported to be reinforced by 20,000 men.  
The Japanese reported to have retired at night from the village

of Shahu.

OCTOBER 22.—Complete returns show that forty-three guns have

More reserves called out in the districts of Warsaw, Vilna, Kieff and Moscow.

The Admiralty Court at St. Petersburg, sitting as the Supreme Prize Court, decided to release the *Allanton*, thus reversing the decision of the Vladivostok Court.

Extraordinary outrage by the Baltic Fleet. In the early hours of the morning the Russian warships neared the Gamsesick (Hull) fishing fleet, and after sending torpedo-boats to inspect them drew up in line and fired at them. The captain and one of the crew of one of the trawlers were killed and several men were seriously injured. Other trawlers were damaged, and one was sunk.

OCTOBER 24.—Demand for apology and reparation for the North Sea outrage sent to St. Petersburg.

OCTOBER 25.—A message sent by the Tsar expressing to the King and Government sincere regret for the "incident in the North Sea." Imperial decree published at Kharbin appointing Kuropatkin Commander-in-Chief of all the land forces in the East, and retaining Alexieff in the Viceroyalty.

(For Portrait Biographies see page 370.)



**GENERAL BANCROFT**  
Killed in the train of the Shobo



LIEUTENANT MONSIEUR ROY  
Of the Russian, who struck a Japanese officer  
and threw him into the water at Choson.



THE LATE LADY DILKE  
Wife of Sir Charles Dilke.



DR. MARCEL QUINTANA  
New President of Argentina



MAJOR YAMAZAKI  
Who was sent to demand the surrender of  
Fort Arthur.

17TH LANCERS AND 17TH LIGHT DRAGOONS



DRAWN BY J. S. CHARTERIS

THE LANCERS

THE

THE JUBILEE OF THE CRIMEAN CAMPAIGN—"INTO THE VALLEY OF DEATH"



ONE

LANCERS MOVING FORWARD  
TO CUT OFF RETREAT

4TH LIGHT DRAGOONS



7TH HUSBARDS IN THE REAR  
FROM A SKETCH MADE BY LORD TRENBURGH, LATE 17TH LANCERS, WHO TOOK IN THE CHARGE

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA. OCTOBER 25 1854

## Club Comments

BY "HARMAHKE"

Franchised England! The multitude of writers eagerly seeking for subjects to startle the reading public with seem to have overlooked a matter which is continually discussed at every club and country house, and in many a dining and drawing-room. The influence of France on English morality, manners, customs and taste during the past quarter of a century is an important feature of our times. The very fashionable Englishwoman of to-day either has her flat in Paris or continually pays flying visits to that capital, where she is almost as much at home as in London. She is acquainted with the social and other celebrities of Paris, has seen the last play produced there; has read the book which is for the moment the fashion in France, and is known at all the most popular restaurants and most-frequented shops. Her dresses have either been made in Paris, or are copies of Parisian costumes; she has adopted the latest manners affected by fashionable Frenchwomen, and openly announces that the heavy-minded English men and women, their dull conversation, the dismal lives they lead, their depressing prejudices and barbaric furniture, disgust her.

Were the very fashionable woman more or less isolated, as she was even half a century ago, it would take many years for her views to reach the ordinary public, and by the time it had filtered down to the latter, possibly our social leaders would have become as Puritanical as they are Parisian. But there are now clinging to the outskirts of English "Society" hundreds of men and women who diligently pick up every little fragment of social intelligence, and immediately communicate it to the newspapers. Those fragments are published, as they are received, in a hopelessly disconnected form; but even in this shape they convey to the ordinary reader that our leading men and women are not so solemn as they were, that English manners and customs are being remodelled on French patterns, and that admiration for the light and bright is to be affected by those who wish to be thought fashionable. That is sufficient materially to influence the character of thousands. Our writers abandon the sentimental style, our theatre managers will only accept plays which abound in satirical phrases, our millionaires despise English furniture, and fill their houses with paintings by French artists and Louis XVI. ornaments; and, it is to be admitted, our morals are remodelled to suit the surroundings.

Paris, the Capital of Vice! The ordinary English man and woman is convinced that Paris is the centre of terrestrial iniquity of the peculiar kind which we so much abhor in this country. As a matter of fact, England has not a monopoly of morality. There are hundreds of thousands of Parisians who



The Committee appointed to investigate the circumstances in which Mr. Adolf Beck was wrongfully convicted and sent to penal servitude for alleged fraud last week at the Royal Old Bailey Court, Old Palace Yard, Westminster. The Master of the Rolls was in the chair, the other members of the Committee being Sir Spencer Walpole and Sir John Edg. At one of the sittings Mr. Beck told the story of his prosecution and conviction, and was questioned by the Master of the Rolls.

THE BECK INQUIRY: THE WRONGED MAN TELLING HIS STORY TO THE COMMITTEE

A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY J. DUNCAN

are as strict moralists as the most Puritanical amongst ourselves, and there is as deep a devotion to religion in Paris as there is in London. But it is a singular quality of the English to pick up the bad in every country they visit, and to neglect the good. For several generations our leading men and women ignored France, and affected to believe that even to speak French fluently was a sign of depravity. Within the last twenty-five years French has been more carefully taught than it was at any time in the best of our schools, and many circumstances have

brought our fashionable men and women more in contact with Parisian "Society." The former have picked up from the latter much of their outward irrepressibility of manner, of their apparent laxity of morals, and of their supposed extravagance. They do not appear to have noticed that most of their French friends are deeply religious, are faithful wives, and thrifty women. It remains to be seen whether the importation into England of the follies and failings of the Parisians, without any correcting concomitant of their virtues, charms and refinements, will affect our fellow-countrymen and women for good or evil.

## Our Portraits

Lady Dilke, the wife of Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., was born in 1840, and was the daughter of Captain Strong who started the London and County Bank, and first had the idea of the Post Office Savings Bank. At twenty-two she married the Rev. Mark Pattison, rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Twenty-two years after, in 1884, Mr. Pattison died, and in the following year, immediately after the trial which darkened his political career, she married Sir Charles Dilke. An accomplished writer, politician, and art critic, she was also the acknowledged champion of the cause of working women and children, and she took a prominent share in the movement which brought about the appointment of women factory inspectors. Our portrait is by Thomson, New Bond Street.

Dr. Manuel Quintana is the new President of the Argentine Republic. He is an eminent lawyer and has had great experience in politics. He has previously been a candidate for the Presidency and was Minister of the Interior in 1893-4. He is well known in London, where he has made many friends during his several visits to Europe. Our portrait is by A. E. Witcomb, Buenos Ayres.

Captain Smith was the master of the Crane sunk by the Baltic Fleet. His son Joseph, in the course of an interview, has said: "The first intimation I had that we were being fired into was when I heard the shot coming into the ship. I was asleep in my bunk in the forecabin at the time, but I immediately dressed and ran on-deck.

And what a horrible sight I saw there! Lying His head had been almost completely blown away, and I nearly fainted at the sight. . . . I was so overcome by the sight of my poor father that I can scarcely remember anything more until we reached Hull. We had had an exceptionally fine trip, and my father would have made a lot of money out of it. My father had four sons, I being the eldest, and only sixteen. My father had been eight years in his employment, I do not know what my poor mother will do now."



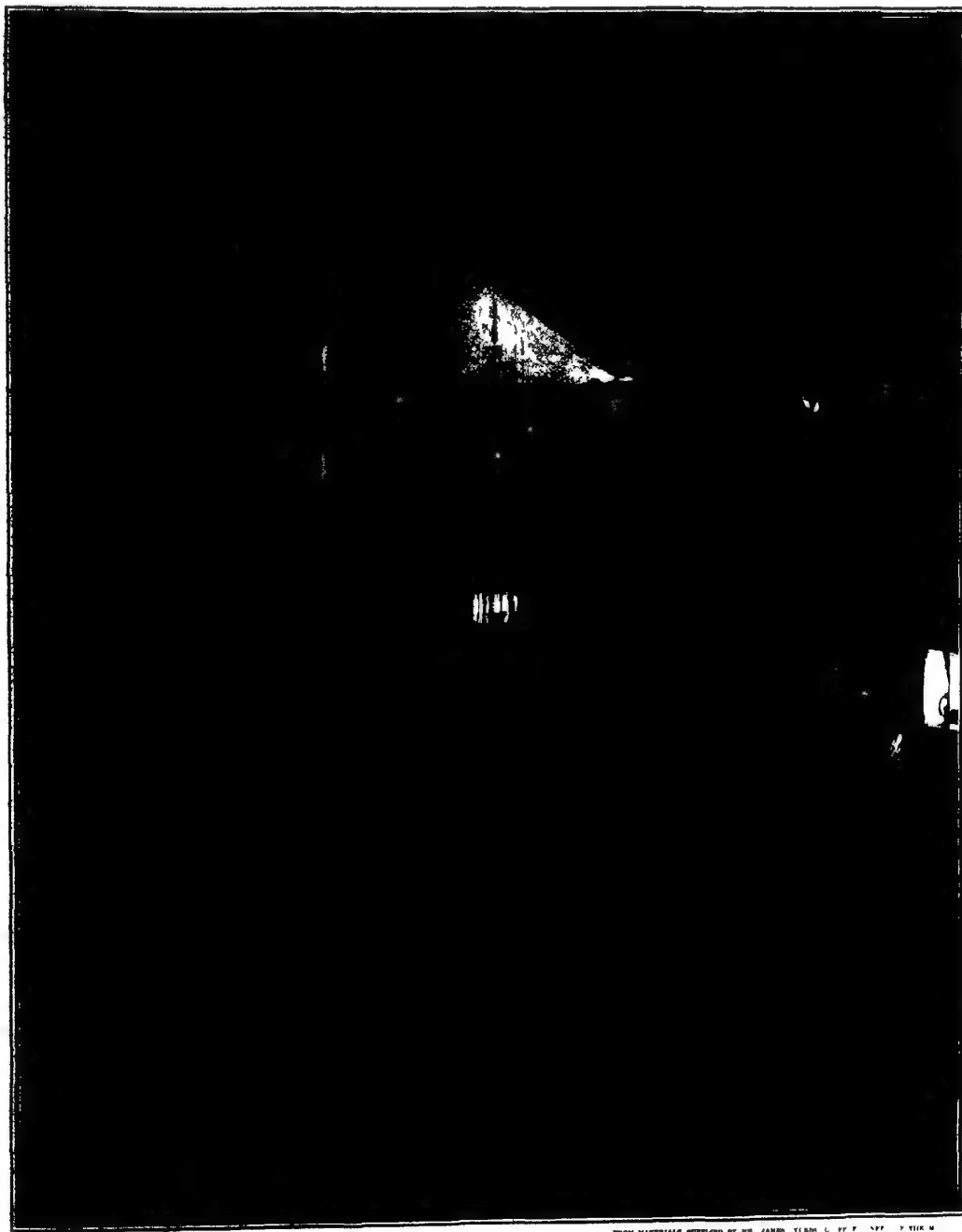
Pinhall seems to have caught on in the Navy. An exciting match was played between two teams—"Blacks" and "Whites"—the other day at Whale Island, before a large crowd of sportsmen, attracted doubtless by the novelty of the game. Our photograph is by S. Orbell, Brighton.

A NEW GAME FOR THE HANDY MAN: A PUSHBALL MATCH AT WHALE ISLAND, PORTSMOUTH

SUPPLEMENT TO THE GRAPHIC, OCTOBER 29, 1914

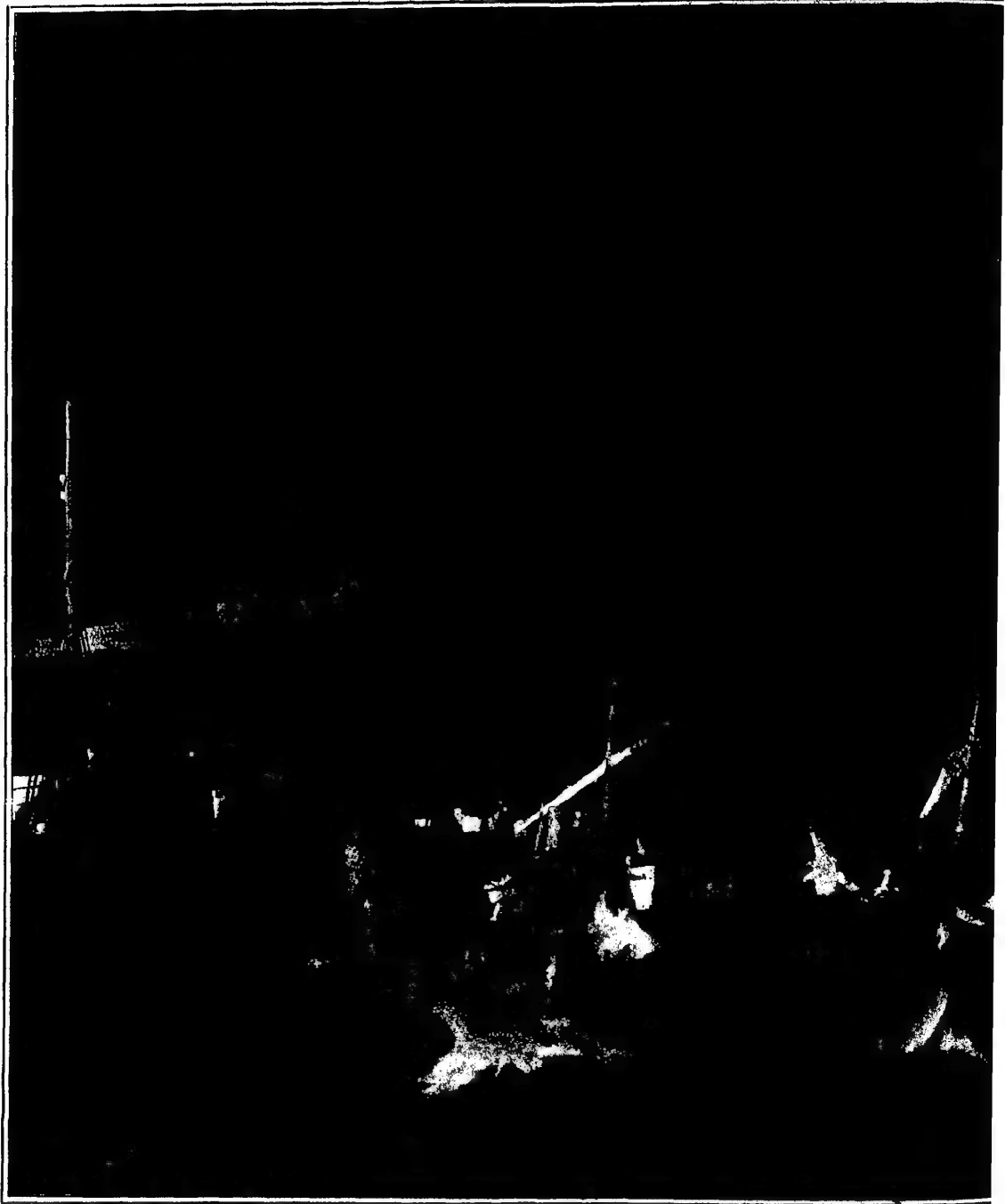
# THE RUSSIAN OUTRAGE IN THE NORTH SEA

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY EYE-WITNESSES



DRAWN BY P. G. WATSON

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY MR. JAMES THOMAS C. P. F. OFF. F. THE M.  
The Mino was one of the trawlers to be hit first. She was struck several times, but fortunately above the water line. No one on board was injured.  
THE FIRST SHOT: THE SUNK ON THE TRAWLER MINO



DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.

"It was a dark, clear night," said Mr. Stubbins, "with a choppy sea, and the Russian ships were distinct  
GENERAL VIEW OF THE GAMECOCK FLEET OFF THE

## THE BATTLE OF LIAOYANG

We publish this week the first sketches and photographs we have of the great battle of Liaoyang, one of the most stubborn and manly, severely fought actions the world has ever seen. It may be useful for the better understanding of the accompanying illustrations if we give a broad outline of the fighting that took place before the Russians retreated from Liaoyang. For some days before the great battle, a series of hard-fought actions led to a Russian retreat to Liaoyang. Here the Russians took up an advantageous position to the south of Mount Shushan, from which runs a range of hills to the Taiest River, giving good artillery positions. The battle, which began on August 29 and lasted five days, was the fiercest since the days of the American Civil War, both sides fighting with astonishing endurance. Heroic persistence on the part of the Japanese was met with dogged stubbornness on the part of the Russians. The latter were well entrenched behind three lines of defences, the first being a low range of hills, the next another range, and the third in the flats of the suburbs of Liaoyang. In attacking these positions the Japanese lost terribly. The Japanese advanced against the Russian centre and right on August 29, and bombarded the enemy's position, but the real attack began next day. First there was a heavy artillery fire, and then began a number of assaults, which only ended in terrible slaughter. On the next day the fighting was even more desperate. The Japanese attack failed, it being impossible to get within five hundred yards of the Russian position. Then General Oku resolved on a night attack—the third in twenty-four hours. After an artillery fire lasting about an hour, the infantry were again hurled at the position. In the darkness they blundered into barbed-wire entanglements, and fell in hundreds before the terrific fire from the Russian entrenchments. The 34th Regiment, however, managed to break through, and, in spite of a fire which mowed them down, managed actually to reach the first trench.



AN INTERLUDE: A MOMENT OF WELL-EARNED REST.  
From a Photograph by T. Buddman Johnson.

There the conflict must have been awful, to judge from the scene next morning, when Japanese and Russian corpses were found piled up several feet high. The attack had failed. But the Japanese were not to be deterred. Another attack was planned for daybreak. But General Kuroki had, meantime, been working round the Russians' left, and General Kuropatkin, seeing his line of communications threatened, deemed it wise to retreat before General Oku delivered his prepared attack. Shushan thus fell into the hands of the Japanese. The Russians fell back to their third position. But Kuropatkin, though defeated, was not routed, and there was more fighting yet to be done before the Japanese could win Liaoyang. Next day there were attacks and counter-attacks, Kuropatkin striving hard to penetrate between Nishan's (centre) and Kuroki's (left) armies. Again the losses on both sides were terrible. Next day a Russian attack was repulsed, and the Japanese were enabled to move up nearer the town, which they bombarded with the Russian guns captured at Nanshan. Soon the station burst into flames. For hours a heavy artillery fire was maintained, flames bursting out in various parts of the town. Shortly the Russian fire slackened; the Russians had begun to evacuate the town. By eight o'clock in the evening, on September 3, the Japanese had taken possession of the whole town. The Russians, it was found, had burnt quantities of stores and abandoned their guns. The descriptions of the scene of the fighting are horrible. In one spot lay the bodies of 200 Russians. Trenches and counter-trenches were filled with dead. One correspondent described the battle as a hell, and the horrors of the retreat are said to have been beyond imagination. Kuropatkin had extricated himself from a difficult position, but at a cost which can only be guessed at. The Japanese three armies are said to have lost some 50,000 men during the week's fighting, and the Russians must have lost as many, if not more.

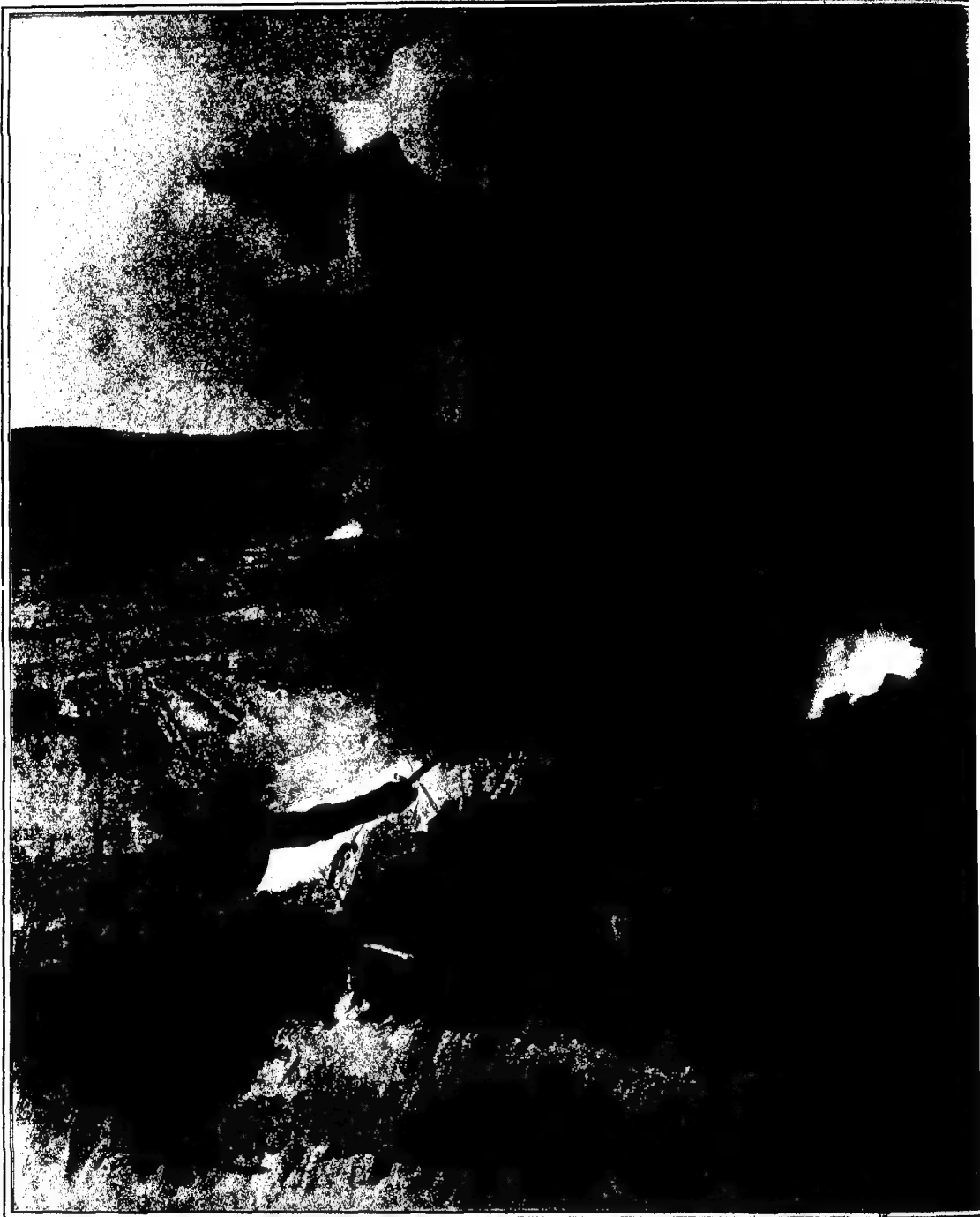


The battlefield was littered with trenches, and here and there was a sunk pit or cave from which the Russian riflemen fired on the advancing enemy. In one of these caves were seven Russians, who were compelled to surrender, and the Japanese who captured them were treated at the sight of the

solitude of one of the prisoners for a wounded comrade. Our illustration is from a photograph by J. Gordon Smith.

THE SURRENDER OF THE SEVEN: GOOD COMRADESHIP WINS JAPANESE SYMPATHY

CHINESE VILLAGE



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

Our Correspondent writes:—"The Japanese 34th Infantry Regiment made several separate attempts to take Grassy Hill, which was the centre of General Stackelberg's position. All were coming down from the splinter-proof, bayoneted all the g

WHERE THE BAYONET DID ITS WORK: THE TREN

GRASSY HILL



FROM A SKETCH BY LIONEL JAMES

On two occasions the assaulting infantry reached the lower trench two-thirds of the way up, where a sanguinary bayonet struggle took place. On each occasion the Russian supporters, who had gained a footing in the lower trench.

N GRASSY HILL ATTACKED BY THE JAPANESE



HEAVY GUNS CAPTURED BY THE JAPANESE AT NANSHAN AND USED AGAINST THE RUSSIANS AT LIAOTANG



HORRORS OF WAR: THE BATTLEFIELD OF SHURANPO



A RUSSIAN TRENCH ON THE TOP OF SHURANPO



A FIRST CLASS CARRIAGE LEFT BY THE RUSSIANS AT LIAOTANG

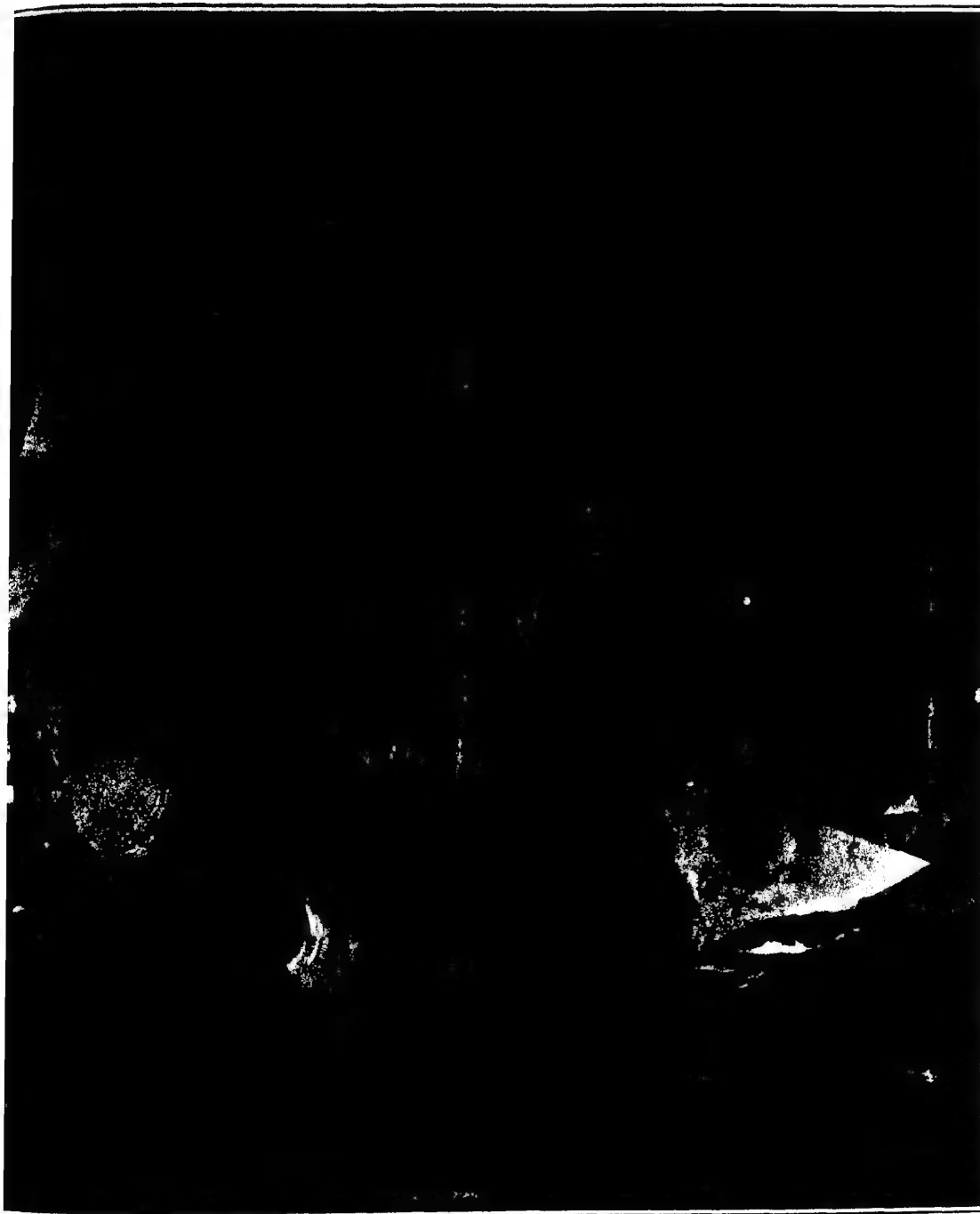


A BRIDGE NEAR ANSHANTZEN DESTROYED BY THE RUSSIANS WHEN THEY RETREATED

From Photographs by T. Holliman Johnston.



OCTOBER 20, 1904 - 1



FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY MR. JAMES STUBBS, CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE TRAWLER HIND

their searchlights all over the sea. There was no fog when shots began to plough up the sea all round us."

R BANK WHEN FIRED ON BY THE BALTIC SQUADRON



DRAWN BY F. G. DICKINSON

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY MR. THOMAS SIMMONS, CHIEF SURGEON OF HMS MOULMEIN

A dense crowd assembled at St. Andrew's Dock, Hull, to see the arrival of the Jamestown Fleet. The Moulinein, which brought home the bodies of Captain Smith and the cook of the Oranor, flew a flag at half-mast.

THE SORROWFUL RETURN TO HULL: THE TRAWLER MOULMEIN BRINGING BACK THE DEAD

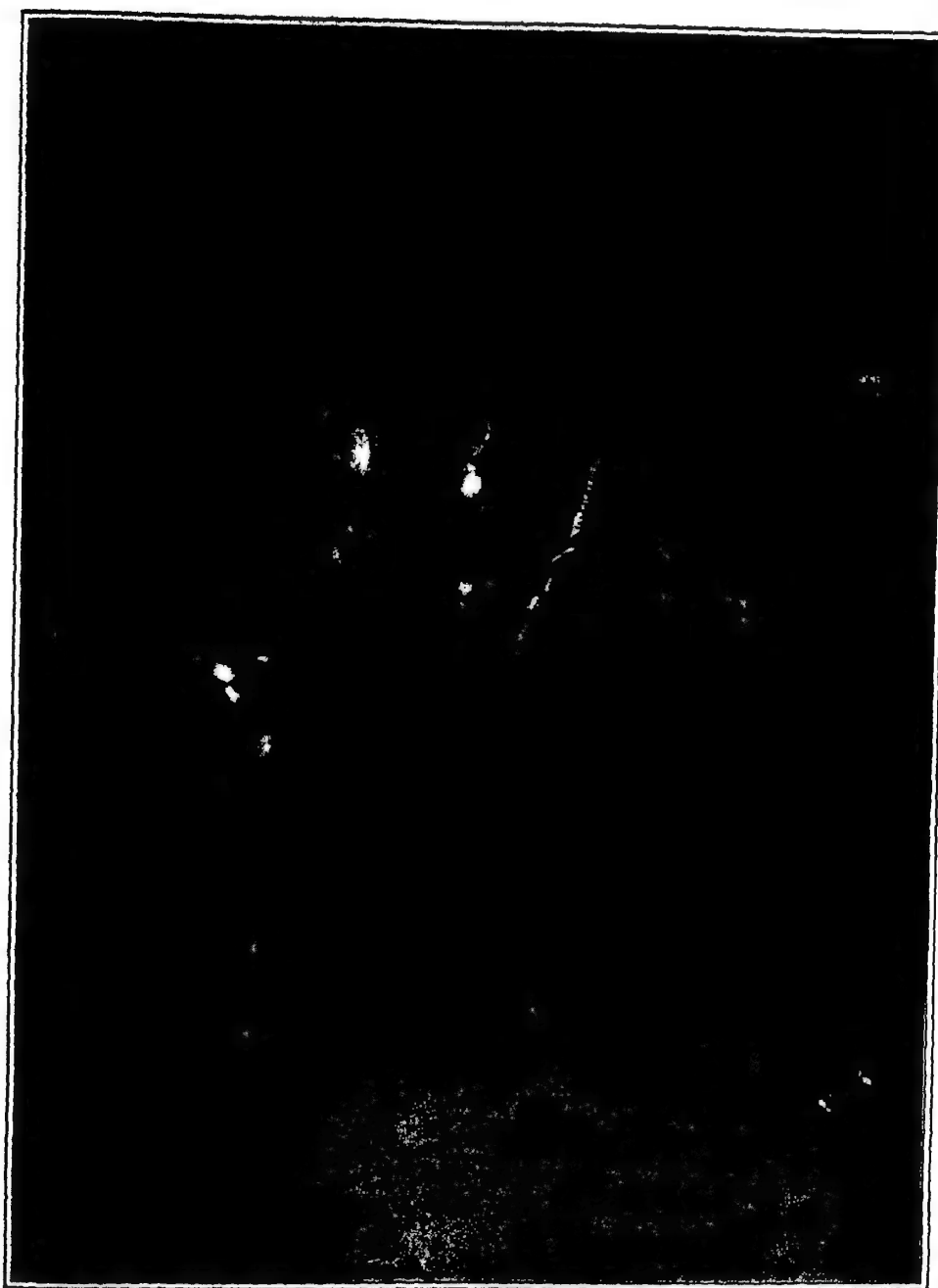


DRAWN BY F. R. HIGGINS

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY THE BRITISH OF ONE OF THE TRAWLERS

When the Oranor began to sink, assistance was sent by another trawler, and the injured were taken on board the hospital ship, while the dead bodies of the skipper, George Smith, and Leggett, the cook, were taken on board the Moulinein.

TAKING THE BODIES OF THE VICTIMS ON BOARD THE TRAWLER MOULMEIN



Alderman Pomeroy, the Lord Mayor-Elect, in accordance with custom, waited upon the Lord Chancellor at the House of Lords, on Monday, to receive from him an intimation of His Majesty's approval of his election as Chief Magistrate of the City for the coming year. He was accompanied by the Foreman of the Jury, Mr. Alderman Vaughan, Mr. Alderman Sir John Hall, Mr. Alderman Aldridge, Aldermen Sir John Hall, Mr. Alderman and Charles Rogers, Mr. Sheriff Wychman, Mr. Joseph Dumbleton, M.P. (Chamberlain of London), Mr. James Bell (Purveyor of the Mint), Mr. Adrian Pott (Recorder of London), Mr. Monmouth Crawford (Recorder of London), Judge Lawley Smith, B.C., Under-Sheriff of the Middlesex and Western Districts, and the Rev. J. H. Frost. The Recorder is introducing the new Lord Mayor, who is a brief sketch of his life. The Lord Chancellor having addressed Alderman Pomeroy and congratulated him upon His Majesty's approval of his selection to be Lord Mayor, shook hands with him and then retired.

TO SANCTION THE CITY'S CHOICE: THE RECORDER INTRODUCING THE NEW LORD MAYOR TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR

DRAWN BY H. H. PAGE





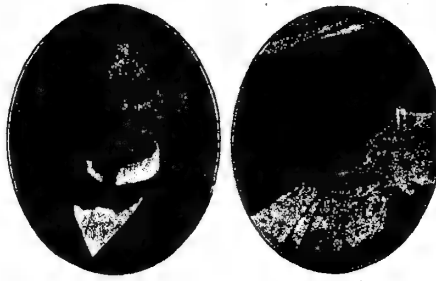
## Paris Settings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

That long-suffering individual, the French taxpayer, is at present indulging in an energetic protest against the tobacco *régie*. The manufacture of tobacco in every form is in France a Government monopoly. The result is, of course, that of all monopolies—i.e., inferior wares. I do not mean that the French tobacco is unwholesome. On the contrary, I believe that the products of the *régie* are all sound tobacco, without deleterious mixture of any kind. The addition of opium, glycerine and other substances by which a large number of American tobaccos get that particular soothing effect on the smoker is something which is semi-industrial in its nature. The *caporal ordinaire*, the *caporal supérieur*, the *Maryland* and the *Levant* are all sound and unadulterated, if coarse and rank, tobacco. They may be a little trying to a delicate larynx, but they will not wreck the nerves or ruin the digestion. One of the most common causes of complaint is the unsatisfactory way in which the tobacco is prepared. Sometimes one finds great bits of wood among the leaves. I sometimes imagine that the two monopolies, telegraphs and tobacco, get mixed, and that an occasional telegraph pole gets chopped up and finds its way into the pockets of *caporal*. The *régie* explains that these chunks of wood are from the branches of the tobacco plant.

Of late years, however, the *régie* has shown a little consideration for its customers, and introduced a finer cigarette of Spanish tobacco. These are known as *Bastos* and *Niñas*. At first they were very good, but now they have developed a peculiar faculty of smoking away all by themselves. If one lays a *Bastos* or a *Niñas* down for half a minute and goes to pick it up, all that is left is a little packet of grey ashes. This, it is said, is due to an excessive amount of sulphur. In any case, whatever the cause may be, the French smoker considers that he is wronged. This peculiarity is the more irritating that it is in direct contrast to the average French cigarette, which, unless pulled at continually, at once goes out. I sometimes think that this is arranged purposely in order to encourage the consumption of matches, these being also a Government monopoly. If a smoker requires an average of five matches to get to the end of each cigarette, and only five matches in ten lights (a record for the French match), the result to the Minister of Finance must be very satisfactory.

It is curious how the memory of Waldeck-Rousseau is being exploited by people who did nothing but oppose him and his policy while in life. They have now discovered that he was a great statesman of great moderation of views. The reason for this is that there is reason to believe that when Waldeck-Rousseau passed the Bill regulating the question of the Religious Orders he did not intend it to be applied in the manner it has been by M. Combes.



MR. EDWARD TERRY

Who were married on Monday.

LADY HARRIS

Mr. Edward O'Connor Terry, the owner of Terry's Theatre in the Strand, who has just married Lady Harris, widow of Mr. Augustus Harris, went on the stage in 1868. He made his first appearance in London at the Surrey Theatre. In 1880 he was at the Lyceum, and from 1880 to 1893 at the Strand. After his engagement at the Gaiety, which lasted until 1896, he opened his own theatre in 1897, where he played *Diogenes* in *Diogenes* and *Diogenes*. Mr. Terry is a Past Grand Treasurer of English Masons, Treasurer of the Royal General Theatre Fund, and President of the Theatrical Firm Fund and the Strand President Fund. He is a trustee of the Dramatic Club Fund, and one of the trustees of the Foundling Hospital, the Charing Cross Hospital, the Female Orphan Asylum, the Actors' Benevolent Fund, and the Actors' Association. Our portrait of Mr. Terry is by Russell and Bone, Baker Street.

In support of this they produce letters from the late Premier, such as Marcus Antonius produced *ante Caesaris*. But, fortunately for the French Republic, its Parliament has shown more wisdom than the Roman Senate, and have not declared that the *acta Waldeck-Rousseau* have the force of laws. If the late Prime Minister did not intend the Bill regulating the Religious Orders to be enforced as M. Combes has enforced it, he should have drawn it up a little more carefully, so that there should have been no ambiguity about its terms.

M. Berthoulet, the distinguished editor of the *Liber*, the other day, was lamenting that the red flag is now displayed in France with impunity, and seems to see in the fact a presage of "red ruin and the breaking up of laws." Two years ago, if a red flag had been seen in the streets of Paris its bearers would have been charged and, if need be, seized by the police, and the sedition emblem torn to shreds. Result—the Socialists and Communards displayed it on every possible occasion. Now they can wave it as much as they like, nobody takes the slightest notice, with the result that they will give up carrying it about, and seek for some new way to *rouler le gouvernement*. It was the same with the First of May celebration. I remember fifteen or sixteen years ago, when the first Labour Day was celebrated, the authorities were scared to death. They confined all the troops to barracks, the horses of the cavalry were kept saddled and bridled, and the

Champs Elysees, rue de Rivoli, and other principal streets were strewn with sand so that the horses would keep their feet if it should be necessary for the cavalry to charge. Thousands of nervous people fled from the city in expectation of a second Commune. Strange to say, nothing happened. The only crowds I saw were those that gathered to gaze open-mouthed at the cavalry mused in the Tuilleries Gardens and behind the Palais de l'Assemblée. Thirty thousand troops were kept under orders all day, buttoned up in uncomfortable uniforms, several thousand officers were exasperated by having to do police duty which the regular army hates, and all for nothing. Next year nobody took any notice of Labour Day. The employers announced that any man that wasted the holiday could have it, with the result that everybody went to work. If they could not be martyrs not a French workman would celebrate.

The annual struggle between the Paris cabmen and the public in regard to closed cabs has now begun. Every year the Parisians freeze in open cabs in October and suffocate in closed vehicles in May. The reason for this is that, if a cabman takes out an open cab during the day, when the sun makes the temperature bearable, and a closed one when the evening air is chilly, he has to pay an extra two francs. As the proprietor has two cabs to clean and the houses have to be hosed and unharmed this does not seem unreasonable. The cabman, however, declares that it is excessive, and refuses to change his cab. The result is that the Parisian drives about the city blue with cold because his *jeûne* and the cabowner cannot come to an agreement. In summer the reverse is the order of the day. But the Parisian is patient, and though he may grumble a good deal, he will take no steps to obtain redress. The "strike of fares" is an utopia, and the *cocher de fiacre* knows it.

FINE ARTS.—We have received from Messrs. Frost and Reed a fine pure mezzotint engraving by R. Wallace-Haster, from the well-known picture of Sir Thomas Lawrence, "Lady Acland and her children." The picture was exhibited in the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy this year, and is characteristic of the artist's work. The edition of the engraving is strictly limited and the plate is destroyed. Messrs. Landaker and Brown have issued a fine pair of humorous gulf subjects, drawn by Mr. Lionel D. Edwards—"Styried" and "A Threesome." The reproductions are in colour, and will no doubt be popular with the golfing community. The Fine Art Society have published a set of four humorous drawings, by Mr. Lance Thackeray, in colour, which will please bridge-players. The set illustrates a hand at "Bridge," and the subjects are "May I play hearts?" "The double heart," "Chicane," and "Killing a black suit." The story has another side to it besides that of the strict game; but the humour could only be appreciated by those who know the game. The artist's proofs are limited to three hundred.

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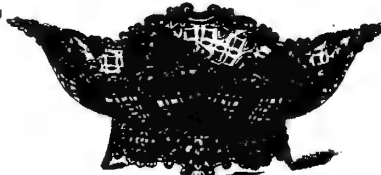
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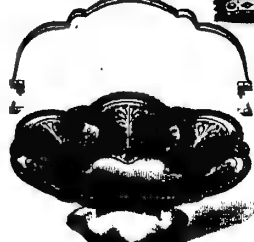
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\* "A Leader of Society at Napoleon's Court." By Catherine Wearn. (Unwin.)



On Trafalgar Day an interesting ceremony took place on board H. M. S. *Amazons*, off Southend, when gifts from the people of Essex were presented to the cruiser. The presentation was made by the Comptess of Warwick on behalf of the Earl of Warwick, the Lord-Lieutenant of the County. The subscribers to the presentation numbered 500, and the amount raised was over £200. The gifts themselves consisted of a silver centrepiece, forming an exact copy in miniature of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square; a massive silver shield for competition between the battery gunners' crews; and a silver cup for small arms competitions. The centrepiece stands 2ft. high, and weighs over 5000c. It was made by Messrs.

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don't like them.

After Junot's terrible death and Napoleon's banishment, Laura, whose riches disappeared with the Empire, turned her attention to literature, in which she was as successful as she was as "a Leader of Society at the Court of Napoleon."

OF SOCIETY AT THE COURT OF MADRID.

<sup>1</sup> Tibet: the Country and Its Inhabitants." By F. Grenard. (Hutchinson and Co.)

The present volume is devoted to the story of (what the author calls) the "journey of exploration in the face of incredible hardships across the wind-swept uplands of Central Tibet from west to east." The mission penetrated to Nam Cho Lake, sixty miles north of the Chinese border, where the Chinese soldiers they were attacked by Tibetans and Dauraidi du Rhina were killed. The Tibetans were narrowly escaping annihilation. The second part of the volume contains an interesting account of the manners and customs, the social and economic life, and the religious life of Tibet. According to the author the life of the Tibetan seems to be miserable. He lives in the midst of a formidable swarm of gods and demons; his tent or house is dirty, uncomfortable, cold, and bare; his clothes are full of vermin, and his food is staid, and his life is a constant struggle to escape more fondly than the Tibetans attach very little importance to what others regard as immoral, and the author cites their example to disprove the theory that the people of the high countries have naturally better morals than those of hot countries.

"The Royal Navy List" (Witherly and Co.), the one hundred and eighth number of which is just issued, remains a model of what such a list should be, easy of reference and absolutely trustworthy. The publishers announce that the January number of the "Royal Navy List" will contain many additional features of interest and importance. The scope of the present hook will be greatly enlarged. The price will be 10s., and the annual subscription 35s.

# PREMIER

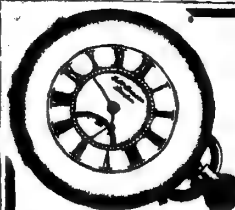
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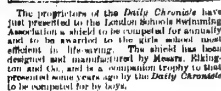
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Drawn by CLAUDE THOMSON, R.A.

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Mr. Robert

Mr. Robert Hichens's story of "The Garden of Allah" (Methuen and Co.) is impregnated with a singularly subtle and altogether unfamiliar charm. It is nothing less than the magic of the great Sahara, which somehow seems to creep into the very bones of the reader, and to take possession of him even as it took possession of the Domini Enfiladen, the Englishwoman who, grown weary of herself and her world, sought freedom from both in the desert, and found life and passion. The last was

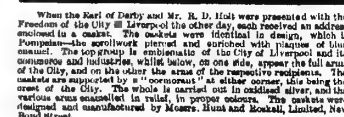
the entrance of the merely human element upon the scene, the charm of which we have spoken, the charm of breadth and boundless vision, and unintermitted communion between the soul and the unveiled face of infinite Nature—all much more than suggested—*the* spell remains after the spirit of evil has been exorcised from the Triptami monk who had become Domini's wedded lover, and when she, despite her dissolutions and her posthumous memories, harnessed to the chariot of the spirit of evil, is left to convey an infinitesimal fraction of the glamour to which Mr. Hichens has devoted over five hundred closely packed pages. *It takes* all the author's time, and, we must add, all the reader's time, to follow the thread of the story, which is so completely out of harmony with its anti-epicure. But its interest is slight and its effect is speedily forgotten in the memories which the spirit of the Desert has inspired Mr. Hichens to make both large and long.

Mr. Francis Gibbille has thrown into the form of a novel (Chapman and Hall) an earnest and dramatically arranged plea for the extermination of war. His heroine, Claire St. Evremont, while still little more than a school-girl, is flattered with the rival love-making of a young poet, Victor Duforest, and a lieutenant of Prussian Uhlans, Albrecht von Hedenmann. The outbreak of the Franco-German war inspires her with the romantic notion of herself as "la plus belle" of *Parisian pour la Syrie*, and the prize

part. Her *damn*, *it* need not be said, is first gradually brought down, and then violently dispelled. Thrown, by circumstances, into the midst of the last throes of the great struggle, she sees the face of *was* as many another has seen death—misfortune misery, all the loathsome incidents of disease and famine, the heart-breaks, the ruin of bones, and, worst of all, the contagious taint of the pestilence, and she is left to gaze on the face of *was* could scarce enter *without* shame or stain. That is the test, printed as luridly as words will allow: the sermon is preached by a certain "Doctor Alexia," a consumptive Russian who has escaped from Siberia, has evolved for himself a Pantheistic theology, and holds—to make his point of a question which puts his trial (and to a nutshell)—*Was*'s a game stick, were he a game stick, and *was* a game stick, were he a game stick. A historically misinformed reader that the adage would be truer to facts if turned upside down. For *was* is essentially a popular game until it meets defeat—and then, no doubt, it is natural that kings or statesmen should bear the blame. That consideration, however, which may weary the hearer, the sermon, does not affect the poet, as an immortal source of all the horrors of *was* that Mr. Gribble could squeeze into a single view.

Out of somewhat trite materials Mr. F. Marion Crawford has constructed a more than ordinarily pathetic story (*Macmillan and Co.*). The plausible and intensely respectable villain, Felo Corbajo, who joins his wife and attempts to murder his stepson for an inheritance, will be found essentially familiar by readers who remember the early days of sensational fiction; and the self-sacrifice of the peasant-heroin, Regina, to the freedom and happiness of her lover is a foregone conclusion almost from her entrance into the story. None the less, *Corbajo* is notable, if not for the originality yet for the completeness of his villainy and for the equal thoroughness of his repentance. There is nothing in the book that is likely to give satisfaction to be desired; while the pathos of Regina's fate pains rather than loses from the result of anticipation. The scene is laid mainly in Rome, where Mr. Crawford, if not always equally at his best, is in the position of a specialist.

There is a touch of life, the beating pulse of the day, about the new exhibition of the Institute of Old Painters. Restrictions of numbers, stricter selection, and a sympathetic and catholic attitude towards every school and a freedom of expression, have resulted in a collection more in harmony with the spirit of the times. At the same time there is little of the eccentricity that distinguishes the painter who deliberately goes in search of novelty and originality at any price. The colour of the shop is to be noted far less than is the ease with most modern exhibitions; earnestness and sincerity have clearly inspired the majority of the members and their friends; and the result is a pleasant display, which, modest as are the pictures in point of size, more truthfully represents the younger and more vigorous school of Great Britain than any we have seen for months past.

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| 6 ft. 6 in.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 6 ft. 6 in.             | \$28 00        | \$2 15                          | 7 ft. 6 in.               | 7 ft. 6 in.             | \$38 00        | \$2 75                          |
| 6 ft. 6 in.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 6 ft. 6 in.             | \$28 00        | \$2 15                          | 7 ft. 6 in.               | 7 ft. 6 in.             | \$38 00        | \$2 75                          |
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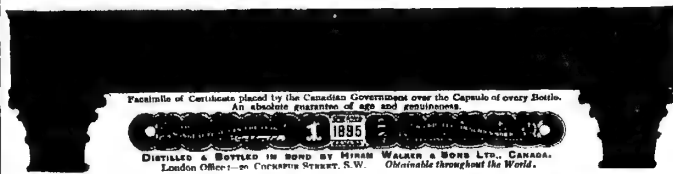
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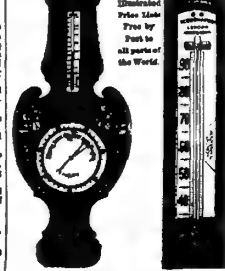
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clear a note before—Mrs. Davis, with a landscape in sombre harmony of rich dark blues and greens, with a green sky, and Mr. Ritchie, with a skilful picture of snow in sunshine and shadow seen between the tree-trunks on the rising ground.

Mr. Charles Shannon challenges the spectator with his "Romantic Landscape." It is filled with an Old Italian sentiment and beautiful Italian colour, yet is unfortunately marred by the ugly stooping figure he so often affects, in imitation, it seems, of Degas. His friend, Mr. Ricketta, not less earnest and grave, paints a "Christ Before the People" led by a black man, which is not only too dark, but is less a composition than a bit of a composition. True sentiment inspires the picture of two children, "In the Shadow," by Mr. Lee Hanky, and a fine appreciation of the work of Mr. Jacob-Hood's spirited

it is important. Mr. Nowell and Mr. Talbot Hughes are entirely successful, but Mr. Henry, with an admirable full-length of a young lady, called "The Brown Dress"—how they will run on Whistler's titles!—Mr. Lavery with a "Lady in Black," with blue tangles, against a black background, and M. Jacques Blanche, with another full-length, lead more than three men's share of interest to the exhibition. Yet M. Blanche is not at his best. The lady, whose beauty is not very striking, stands against a bathing-tub; the broken colour is pleasing and the greys are good; but the result is, in effect, below what this brilliant painter has encouraged us to expect. There are two interesting animal paintings—Mr. Philp Stretton's staghead in a chair, "In the Lap of Luxury," and Mr. Ryan Shaw's harsh but vivid picture of racers at the starting-gate, "Sun, Silk and Sineew," curiously convincing as a scene, but wholly unconvincing whether as to the drawing of the horses or the colour of the grass.

## Rural Notes

### THE SEASON

The swallows have now forsaken us. It is notable that while in the spring the male birds arrive a fortnight before the females, for whom we presume they have time to select a home, in the autumn it is the young ones which fly first, and the sexual division is abolished. Male birds are stronger than females, and the old books attribute their first arrival to this cause. But the autumn flight sees this curious change from a matter of sex to a matter of age. The first flight of the young in October is not fully accounted for, but it may be that the young require greater warmth than the mature birds, and therefore feel the colder air more acutely. It is very mysterious that the birds which do not know the way should lead it. The arrivals of redwings, fieldfares, and other winter birds are little compensation, somehow, for what the season takes away, and thus it is, as the poet says, that "red autumn falls on the old red leaves like pain."

### URNS IN RUSS

Much interest attaches to the arts and crafts colony formed by Mr. Ashbee, in Campden, in North Gloucestershire. Lord's Gainsborough and Redesdale and Canon Houghton, together with artists like Mr. Ashbee, R.A., Mr. Parsons, A.R.A., and Mr. Paul Woodroffe are strongly supporting the attempt to carry on the decorative work of large studios and workshops in an absolutely rural part, where each workman can and does possess a separate cottage, and where most of them, after their eight hours' trade union day, have sufficient energy left to cultivate a garden and vegetable patch. The artists advocates of the scheme dwell on the gain by reason of the clearer light and longer hours of daylight to

work by; but it must be confessed that this is robbed of its chief advantage by the trades union rigidity over hours. If the country is to be effectively exploited by craftsmen and artists they must work ten hours a day in the months of long daylight in only 35 work only six hours in the dark months. The most encouraging feature, perhaps, is the readiness of young workmen to adopt a country milieu; Mr. Ashbee has never had any difficulty in getting youths, even from the East End, to come to Campden.

### AN INTERESTING SALE

A sale of an almost unique character has just taken place, by order of Mr. Justice Warrington. It consisted of the Beaulieu Canal, which is a feature of a beautiful stretch of nearly forty miles of rural Hampshire. It is named from the town celebrated by Mr. Gilbert in *Rosseters*, and originating at that place traverses Basing, Odham, Wincfield, Cookham, and other charming places before it "falls into" the River Wey. Its nine-and-twenty locks are formidable impediments to rapid navigation, but add much to its picturesqueness. The company formed to use it as a waterway in 1790 were very unfortunate in only having fifty years clear run, for these admirable enterprises require a very lengthy time to be developed and become of general public use and repute. Hardly had sleepy Hampshire and then hardly less sleepy Surrey become aware of a real facility for cheap transit of goods and farm produce than the railway came forward and annexed the business. To-day, when railway charges impede agricultural development more than all other causes, the increasing cheapness of the rural waterway may once more enable it to pay a dividend, for, while perishable produce must needs go by railway, there is a vast amount of agricultural produce which could be and should be sent to London by the fine sixty-ton barges which the canal is built to accommodate.

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Convergence is the act of bringing the two eyes to bear upon the object looked at, and any weakness of the muscles which control the movements of the eyes soon becomes apparent in the form of eyestrain, headache, brain fog, &c. The fact that it is a muscular and not a visual error makes people think that because they can see well that spectacles will not assist. This is a mistake, because spectacles with union lines are made which have the effect of bringing objects nearer together or separating them more as may be necessary to relieve the strain on any particular set of muscles, and although these spectacles do not alter in any way the size of objects viewed, they have a wonderful effect in relieving headaches. Errors of convergence also frequently exist in connection with other defects, in which case the prism can be combined with the power necessary to correct them.

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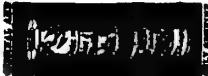
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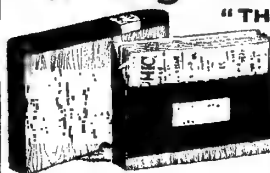
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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

PRICE 6D. PER COPY

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 1894

1894

NO. 1000



THE GRAPHIC

When the British troops fell on the Indian army, the British were met by the British army, and the British army was defeated. The British army was defeated by the Indian army, and the British army was defeated by the Indian army.

THE ANNIHILATION OF THE ORISSA REGIMENT, AN OCTOBER 1894

## Topics of the Week

Although here and there a grumble has been heard at the terms on which the North Sea of Good Sense of reasonable men has ratified and approved the Agreement. It would be a bad thing for the peace of the world if nations always acted on the first impulses of their passions. These passions have their uses, and it is the duty of statesmanship to employ them as a leverage with which to secure the satisfaction of what is reasonable for their appeasement. While there was much that was arrogant and excessive in the demands put forward by the most warlike exponents of the legitimate indignation of the British people, we do not regret it, because it certainly strengthened the hands of the Government in insisting on an equitable minimum. On the other hand we think that the greater credit is due to the Government for its sobriety in not travelling beyond this minimum and for its courageous confidence in the innate reasonableness of the nation in abiding by it. In principle both the British and Russian Governments were agreed from the beginning. St. Petersburg could not deny the absolute justice of the four points in the British despatch. Apology, reparation, punishment of the culprits, and precautions against a renewal of the outrages were obviously the least that we could ask, as they were certainly the least that the circumstances required even from the point of view of Russian dignity. But Russia made the concessions conditional on an inquiry, and we could not but suspect that this condition opened the door not only to delay but to evasion. It was an exceedingly difficult and delicate point to deal with, because to act on our suspicions seemed to imply a doubt of the *bona fides* of the Tsar and an interference with his sovereign prerogative. Moreover, delay, even with securities, seemed likely to prove distasteful to the thoroughly aroused anger of the British people. Happily both sides were inspired by an earnest desire to avoid a rupture, and so the inquiry was agreed to by this country, and the Tsar reciprocated our concession by promising to act loyally upon the findings of the Commission. We are unaffectedly glad that this settlement has been arrived at, because war with Russia under the present circumstances would have been a peculiarly hateful thing. Apart from the fact that we could not have extracted much profit or glory from such a war, we might also have incurred the reproach of hitting an ancient foe at a moment when he was already down. This is contrary to British traditions and also to British taste. Another reason why we had the Agreement is that it constitutes a defeat for the mischief-makers in Russia, who were notoriously anxious to drag us into war, in order, if possible, to bring about worse international complications. These desperadoes in high places now know the limits of their influence, and we do not doubt that the lesson taught them will have a wholesome effect on the relations of Russia with this country in the future.

The political campaign that breaks out every autumn is now in full swing, and politicians of the first, second, and third rank are all making speeches in different parts of the country. The principal honours of the campaign have so far been secured on the Liberal side by Mr. Asquith and Lord Rosebery. The former especially has been exceptionally active in speech-making. The latter, as usual, has confined his efforts to one or two occasional appearances. Although Lord Rosebery once spoke of "plunging a lonely furrow," it is evident that he prefers to appear as a rare and dazzling meteor. Among other speakers may be mentioned Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill, who have been hunting as a couple in the north of Wales, and have bagged some large meetings and much applause. Conservative speakers have been comparatively few, the efforts of the party having been mainly concentrated upon the national gathering at Southampton. Great expectations were formed before this meeting assembled with regard to the speech that Mr. Balfour was announced to make. Each wing of the party was hopefully looking forward to a declaration which would definitely decide to which of the two wings the Prime Minister belonged. The international outrage on the Dogger Bank destroyed all these hopes. Mr. Balfour, in the face of the grave emergency through which the country had been passing, rightly decided that it was better to confine his speech to dealing with the issues that had arisen between England and Russia. Now that the storm between the two countries is happily removed, this temporary interruption to the ordinary stream of oratory about domestic controversies will certainly be followed by a fresh outburst of vigour. Throughout the country, in fact,

there is a conviction that the General Election cannot be postponed for many months more, and both parties are exerting themselves to the utmost to prepare for the contest.

The British taxpayer who groans at the increasing cost of our First Line of Defence, **The Growth of Navies** should find some comfort, if not refreshment, in the fact that some countries, which have very little need of naval protection, beat us hollow in their recent expenditure. In the case of Great Britain, the increase of outlay since 1898 is 447, whereas Germany, with hardly any length of littoral to protect, spends 68½ more on sea power than she did five years ago. The reason is, of course, the Kaiser's ambition to get hold of a larger share of the ocean-carrying trade of the world; he shrewdly considers that adequate naval protection must be secured as a preliminary. It is much the same in the instance of the United States, whose outlay on maritime forces has increased by 1314 since President Roosevelt conducted the Great Republic to World-Power. He, like the Kaiser, was chiefly influenced to throw economy overboard by a craving for a mercantile marine commensurate with the dignity and enterprise of his country. France, on the other hand, has only increased her naval expenditure by 45 per cent. in the same quinquennial, being apparently quite content with both the safety of her littoral and the share of the ocean-carrying business she has already obtained. But Russia can hardly advance either pretext to account for the augmentation of her annual disbursement for naval purposes by 367 per cent. The St. Petersburg Government now very nearly equals that of Paris in the magnitude of its expenditure on fleets and crews, each spending rather more than a third of Great Britain's current outlay.

Lord Kitchener's estimate, that at least ten Indian millions sterling will be required to restore **Army Re-organisation** thorough efficiency to the Indian Army, has given something of a shock to those stalwarts of economy who would dearly like to see our wonderful Asiatic Empire run on the cheap. Of course, it is highly desirable to lighten the pressure of taxation, especially in cases such as the salt duty, when it squeezes the poorest classes unmercifully. But, after all, the protection of three hundred millions of British subjects from the horrors of invasion is an immeasurably more important object than, say, a drawback of an anna in the rupee to the tax-paying ryot. Most fortunately, too, the Commander-in-Chief formulates his by no means extravagant demand at a time when the Calcutta Treasury happens to be remarkably affluent. The splendid crops which followed the famine have put money in all pockets, while the sufficiency of the present year's rainfall guarantees the peninsula from a recurrence of famine for another twelve months at least. What, then, does Lord Kitchener want the ten millions for? Principally, we believe, to bring the defensive system on the North Western Frontier and its flanks up to date. Three several lines of Russian strategic railways are being pushed forwards as quickly as may be towards Eastern Persia and Northern Afghanistan, and as they have very little commercial value, no sane person can dispute the necessity of our adopting corresponding precautions from Peshawar to Beluchistan.

It must be, we fear, anything but gratifying to **West Indian Cotton Growing** Mr. Chamberlain's detractors to note that ever since he, as Colonial Secretary, took off his coat to rescue the West Indies from impending ruin, than ancient British Colony has become more and more prosperous. Luck? Hardly so. It was not chance but design which brought the now flourishing banana industry into being, nor was it "masterly inactivity" that stultified Jamaica and other islands with luxurious hotels, to attract wealthy visitors from Europe and the United States in winter. What stands to Mr. Chamberlain's permanent credit is that he helped the Colonists to help themselves in the very nick of time, and being thus encouraged to fight against pitiless adversity, they put forth efforts in other directions than banana cultivation and the provision of caravanserais de luxe. The latest outbreak of the energy thus engendered takes the form of cotton-growing, and so appetising is the prospect of large profits that some 10,000 acres are already under cultivation with Sea Island seed. That valuable variety, so essential for use at many Lancashire mills, grows luxuriantly in some of the islands, and there seems little question that before very long the County Palatine will be able to reckon safely on a steadily increasing supply of West Indian cotton, beyond the power of gambling rings on either side of the Atlantic to "corner."

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHEV-STERRY

"To tip or not to tip, that is the question!" and it certainly is a most important question at the present moment; but for all that the subject is by no means new. It has been debated over and over again long before any of us can recollect, and no satisfactory rule has been arrived at. You will find, as a general rule, the inscription "No fees" by no means indicates that the proprietors tip will be unaccepted. I can only call to mind one place of public entertainment where the rule was rigidly adhered to, and that was at the old Gaiety Theatre, when under the management of the late John Hollingshead. There I have several times seen the proffered fee returned with thanks and a polite intimation that gratuities were not permitted. I recollect he told me that he never gave an attendant a second chance and anyone known to have accepted a tip was instantly dismissed, and that he generally managed to discover the delinquent. And, after all, fees at theatres and payments for bills of the play are infinitely more unbecomingly than tips at restaurants.

In a very rare pamphlet by Albert Smith, entitled "The English Hotel Nuisance," which is before me as I write, I find, among other reforms insisted upon, was that attendance should be charged in the bill. This idea, which was intended to protect the unwary traveller from imposition, was warmly welcomed by landlords and generally adopted. The consequence was that the hotel proprietors received a sensible addition to his income, while the servants steadfastly refused to forego any portion of their customary vails. The result was a double tax on the purse of the unfortunate customer. And this tax has continued to the present day. Besides heading a crusade against hotels, Albert Smith entered a significant protest against the harpy of the theatre, who flourished to an alarming extent in his day. In one of his protests on the subject he spoke of "the miserable system of extracting every extraneous pence from the audience, by the combined agencies of box-keepers, box-book keepers, bill-sellers (in whose toils our managers appear to be so hopelessly entangled) is a shame and disgrace to our public places of amusement." We have probably improved since those days; but these matters, in many places, leave a good deal to be desired.

Seeing, since the times alluded to, the prices at theatres have more than doubled, the payment for a seat should include programme, care of overcoat, and every comfort that the house can afford. You are occasionally compelled to pay half a guinea for an entertainment that is not worth half a crown, and it is unreasonable that you should be subjected to additional fines. Indeed, the half-guinea stall should be infinitely more luxurious than it is in the majority of theatres. I am afraid I have strayed away somewhat from the subject of tipping. But I fancy that if the matter is discussed much further we shall have some protest from the Great Unipiper. I hold that many persons who receive a tip do not in the least deserve it, while frequently those who are worthy of such a testimonial are altogether neglected. For instance, we often tip a man at a restaurant who does nothing but look on, while the cook, on whom the success of the entertainment entirely depends, receives nothing. Again, we frequently tip the guard of a railway train, but the engine-driver on whom your safety—oftentimes your life—depends, receives no honorarium whatever. I can only recall—in my long experience—on instance where the pilot of the train has been substantiated remembered.

We have heard a good deal of music-pirates lately. But there are pirates of poems as well. Frivill writers of verse are familiar with countless applications for permission to set their words to music. When it is intimated that the terms are so-and-so, and permission will be given on the receipt of a cheque, probably no more is heard of the matter. But they say there is another way in which words may be obtained without all this trouble and formality. It is simply to snux a copyright poem—alter its title, omit the name of the author, set the verses to music, and publish it. It is then almost impossible for the author and owner to trace his work, and it is only by the merest chance in the world that he finds his property has been appropriated. This method of proceeding is, it is needless to say, entirely disapproved of and discouraged by all the leading music-sellers, but it is impossible for them to recognise and place all the verses they have brought before them, and they are as much the victims as the author is.

It is sincerely to be hoped that there is no foundation for the rumour that the paved delta in front of the National Portrait Gallery is to be ornamented by a gun presented by the War Office. In the first place, a gun is a very poor and unsatisfactory ornament deprived of its military surroundings, and in the second this particular space, which is probably the best out-of-door site for sculpture in London, should be reserved for some statue of distinguished importance. I did my best to get the fine statue of King James the Second placed here, but the authorities were please to hide it behind the Admiralty. Therefore, I have nothing further to say with regard to this matter.

Commenting on my remarks with regard to the proper pronunciation of Clarendon, the genial "Rambler" of the *Wills and Gloucestershire Standard* says: "Myself, a native of our fair old town, I have never heard one of my neighbours call the place 'Clieater.' I am aware that form is mostly favoured by visitors, but the native regards the central 's' as superfluous and says 'Clieeter' or 'Clieiter'—or, once more, if you want the rendering of the name in the brand Gloucestershire vernacular, you have it in 'Tizetatur.' I am very glad to have this information on the subject and to have this much-debated point settled by such an excellent authority. My numerous correspondents may look upon this decision as final."

## The Theatres

### "THE WALLS OF JERICHO"

There can be but little doubt that Mr. Sotto has scored an unquestioned success with his new play, produced by Mr. Bouchier at the GARRICK on Monday night; but this will be less for its intrinsic merits as a play than because it embodies a trenchant attack on modern rapid bridge-playing Society. In brief, it is the story of Jack Froisher, a stalwart Colonial, who, having amassed a huge fortune, comes home to enjoy it. He marries the daughter of a Marquis, buys town and country houses, and fondly imagines that the wedding guests which made him a man to be reckoned with in Queensland will enable him to stamp himself upon London Society. He soon finds his mistake. The envying air of Mayfair says his manhood, and in a very short time he finds that he is regarded merely as an eccentric, amiable faddist who will pay bridge losses cheerfully and lend money indiscreetly. His wife wastes her time flirting with frivolous coeds, and his son and heir is neglected. He is like a lion caught in a web, and he sees no way out until a kindly friend advises him to rouse himself and stamp on Society because the modern fabric of corrupt Mayfair will fall like the walls of Jericho before every one vigorous blast. Accordingly he asserts himself; no longer will he be a cipher in his own house, and in the end his wife, who really loves him, is brought to her knees, and we are given to understand that a new and more honest life will begin. Parallel with this story runs that of Froisher's old friend, Hankey Bennister, who also has made a fortune, and returning home falls in love with the Marquis's younger daughter, and proposes to follow in Froisher's footsteps. No object-lesson will dissuade him, and as his story is only carried to the eve of marriage, we are left uncertain as to whether his barque will pass through the same troubled waters. There is a curious indication on the part of the author to represent Queensland as a sort of Utopia, peopled by strong, earnest men and women who have large families, great ideals, and who do not play bridge; but apart from this Mr. Sotto, who seems disposed to take a leaf from the notebook of Bileus and scourge social evils, has contrived to give us several very telling scenes. It is all very one-sided, as precepts are apt to be; but Froisher's denunciations of the world in which he lives are strong and effective, and the moment when he turns on his wife after rejecting her childish admirer is well written and admirably played by Mr. Bouchier, who, indeed, is excellent throughout as the strong, earnest Colonial. Mr. Sydney Valentine is amusing as Hankey Bennister, the second millionaire—a simple, unpolished diamond; and Miss Muriel Beaumont was very pretty and charming as the frivolous Society girl, whose life so far has been untouched by realities and who plays the game of insincerity merely because the atmosphere in which she lives is insincere. Miss Vanbrugh has no very great opportunities as the wife—she might very well stand up and defend her case—but she is easy and natural, while Mr. O. B. Clarence gives a clever sketch of the senile, insouciant Marquis, a type very familiar on the stage but not often met with off it. Of the minor parts the freshest, both in writing and acting, was that of Miss Mornington, the bridge-playing daughter of a bishop. In this Miss Effie Clements, whose name is unfamiliar to us, showed that she had an excellent sense of comedy and made a great success. To sum up, the first act is dull and the last weak, but the two which come between are vigorous and interesting and ensured the play receiving an enthusiastic welcome.

Writers on the drama and all who are interested in theatrical matters will welcome the "Dictionary of the Dramas," compiled by the late Mr. W. Davenport Adams, the contents of which have just been published. The published volume ranges only from A to G, but another volume is "in the press." The book, which is published by Chatto and Windus, is a work of great value, for it is crammed with information about plays, playwrights and all matters connected with the stage.

*The Playhouse* is the title of a new theatrical weekly which will appear in the course of next month. It will be an illustrated companion, and, like the *Era*—a journal whose supremacy has for so many years been unchallenged—will be wholly a professional organ. It will be edited by Mr. Austin Fryers, whose name is well known in connection with theatrical matters.

For the Charles Morton instigated at the PALACE Theatre on November 8, the preliminary list of those who have promised their services includes Mr. Rutland Barrington, Miss Edna Bringer, Mr. Arthur Boucher, Mr. Seymour Hicks, Miss Evelyn Millard, Mr. Arthur Vignos, Miss Alta Reeve, Miss Beethoven Tree, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Mr. Lewis Waller, Miss Genie from the Empire, and an excerpt from the ballet *Entente Cordiale* from the Alhambra; while in addition to the whole body of London theatrical and variety managers, headed by Sir Henry Irving and Sir Charles Wyndham, the honorary committee includes the Marquis of Downshire, the Earl of Durham, Lord Alington, Lord Burnham, Lord Glenesk, Baron Alfred de Rothschild, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and a number of other distinguished personages. The box office is now open for the sale of seats.

Mr. Gilbert Hare, who is managing the SAVOY Theatre for Mrs. Brown-Potter during her tenancy, is now engaged producing *1 Patience*, which will be played with *Gertrude Rustiana*. *Church of Stage*, by the Rev. Forbes Phillips, will be seen, for the first time, on Thursday afternoon, November 10.

On Monday night Mr. Geo. Edwards revived that charming ballet, *The Millionaire Duet*, at the EMPIRE. The artistic blending of colour in costume and scenery and the swing with which the ballet goes from first to last should render it as great a success as when it was first introduced. There also appeared for the first time in England the Four Loken Brothers in a very novel and daring gymnastic act.

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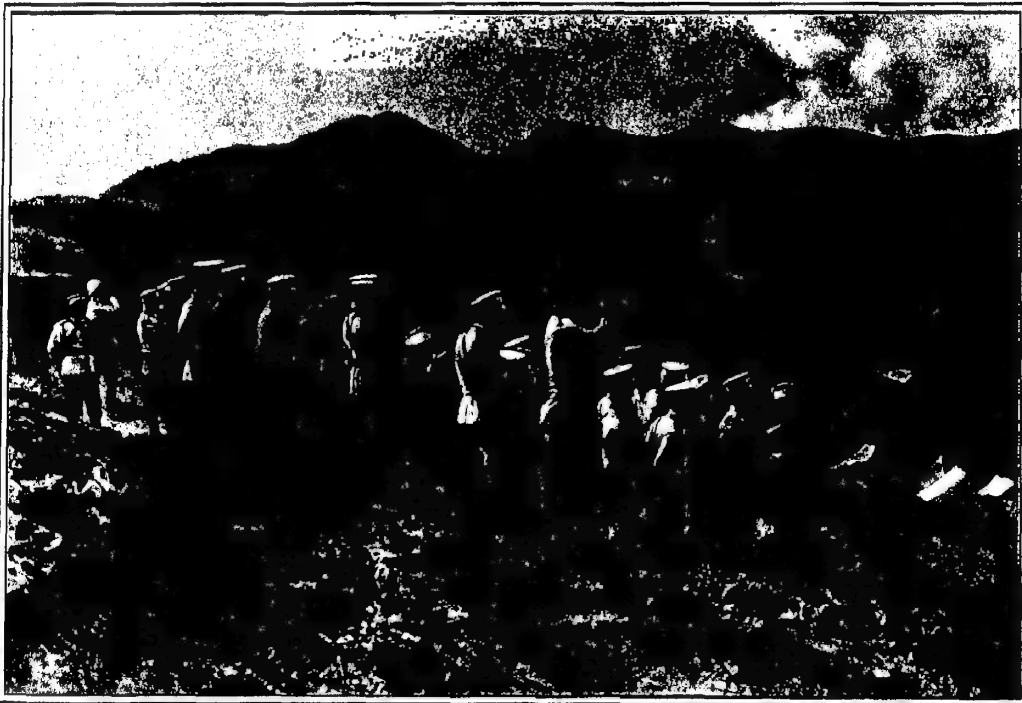
From the Academy Picture by JOHN H. F. BACON, A.R.A.





The Japanese infantry behaved with great gallantry in the assault at Liaoyang, bursting their way over the trenches and through the breached walls and parapets into Liaoyang. The sight of them throwing off their overcoats before they charged made onlookers feel that something would happen. Our illustration is from a photograph supplied by T. Kaddiman Johnston.

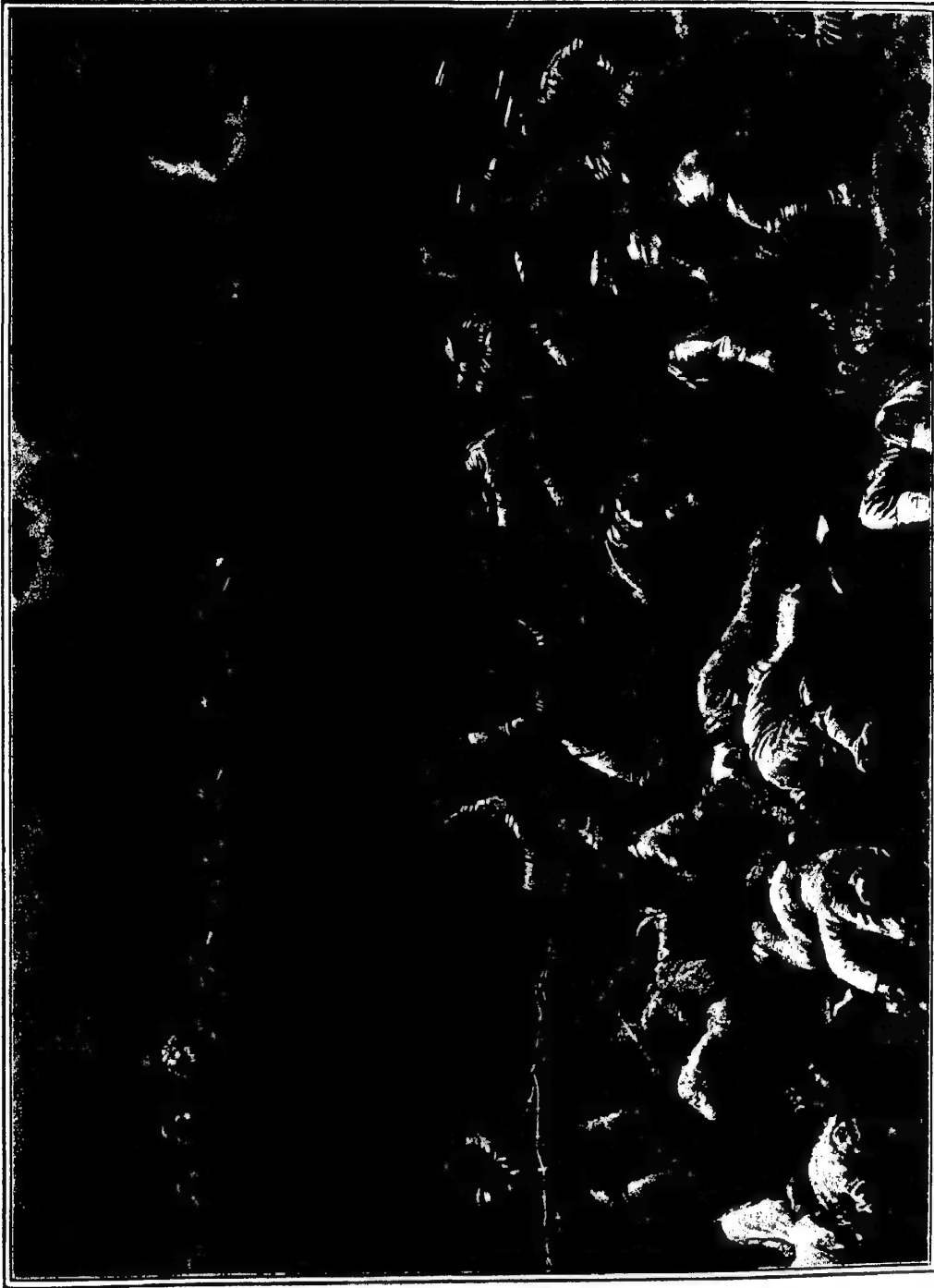
PREPARING FOR A CHARGE: JAPANESE INFANTRY THROWING DOWN THEIR OVERCOATS AT LIAOYANG



GENERAL KUROPATKIN'S STAFF WATCHING THE PROGRESS OF THE BATTLE OF LIAOYANG

From a Photograph by a Correspondent.





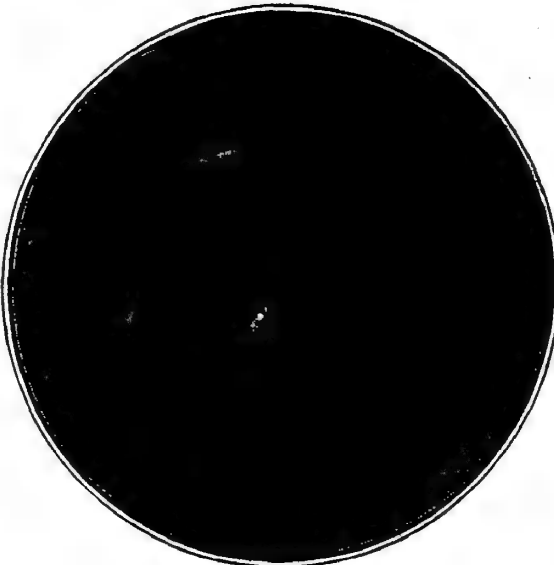
FROM A LETTER BY A CORRESPONDENT  
The results had an, untried front, and was protected by a bar of wire entanglement, covering a hole of pits containing rifles at the bottom. In the end, the 4th Japanese  
regiment, armed this position after losing nearly five of the 10 platoon who locked their way through the entanglement with axes  
GALLANT JAPANESE PIONEERS: BREAKING THROUGH OBSTACLES IN ONE OF THE ASSAULTS ON THE RUSSIAN POSITION AT LIANYANG.

## "Place aux Bâmes"

BY LADY VIOLET GERVILLE

Fashionable weddings have been very frequent this autumn. Miss Pauline Astor's marriage, one of the most recent, attracted a large congregation of spectators and friends. The bride, a very pretty girl, has been brought up with an unostentatiousness uncommon to the daughters of millionaires, and her bridal dress struck a note of dignified simplicity. It was composed of soft white satin trimmed with old and costly lace, and she wore only a plain tulle veil over her small wreath of orange blossoms. Whether decorated to the verge of magnificence or simple to the acme of plainness, whether made of rich satin or of softest and most diaphanous *marcelline de soie*, the wedding robe is invariably becoming to brides, and this chiefly owing to the long straight folds of the dress, the white purity of colour, and the graceful flowing of the veil.

Long veils are so decorative and so suited to youthful beauty that we wonder ladies in England have not adopted the mode of the mantilla for many purposes, the *matinée* especially, where the absence of high coiffures and pyramids of feathers and flowers would be gladly welcomed by all the audience, excepting the fair sinners themselves. The cap is apparently making a frantic effort to come into fashion again in Paris for theatre-going, and certainly, after beholding the fascinating little caps worn by the actresses in *Veronique*, one feels that this is indeed the ideally pretty head-dress. Another form of head-gear especially suitable for winter and to all kinds of faces would be the hood as worn in the time of Reynolds and Romney, or even earlier. The hood, composed of silk, trimmed with lace and bright-coloured ribbons, and arranged by artful fingers appropriately to the waves and curls of the



THE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF ITALY: THE FIRST PORTRAIT OF THE INFANT CROWN PRINCE  
From a Photograph by Goupil and Beaulieu, Milan.

present coiffure, could be made a thing of beauty, and also a most artistic little wife; in addition, it would keep the ears and throat warm and be more appropriate to the elderly and the delicate than those fly-away hats and toques that are all the milliners offer us for our cold-weather head-covering. Let but one fashionable beauty wear a bewitching hood and the trick would be done. Are not the little smiling-angels in the hoods and mantlets of Hogarth's pictures as pleasant and alluring as their mistresses?

Lady Aberdeen, speaking at the Ladies' Kennel Association, which appeals very strongly to the sports-loving members of society, suggested a new profession for women—viz., the training of women as nurses and the providing of hostesses for the canine sick. She advised that lectures on the subject should be given. Women have already found some openings in these matters, by the breeding and exhibiting of dogs, and by the profession of ladies who make it their business to take out pets for walks in the parks, and attend to them otherwise. But the owners of dogs are often at a loss what to do in their pet's ailments, and a nurse might find scope for her sympathetic talents, though I fancy most of us would have more confidence in the learning of the regular "vet."

In the course of some remarks I made about the increasing luxury of the education of children and young people, I incidentally mentioned the fact that the Woolwich cadets had fired to rise by, a remark which has apparently given annoyance to these young gentlemen, for whose attainments I have the greatest respect. I certainly did not mean to say anything derogatory to them. My information was derived from a Woolwich cadet himself. But as there seems some misconception in the matter I hasten to quote my correspondent's letter. He says: "At present we are allowed fires in bedrooms only



Hoggar, mate of the trawler *Osney*, had his right hand completely blown off just above the wrist and some very serious wounds in the neck and shoulder. By ambulance, on the hospital ship, having no one competent to attend him in dealing with the case, had to be content with con-

servative surgery and with trying to save the limb. He showed no pronounced symptoms of shock. But the Dr. Johnstone's still, Hoggar would scarcely have survived. As a fisherman, he was in action. On Saturday he was taken to London, and is now in the London Hospital for treatment.

A VICTIM OF THE NORTH SEA OUTRAGE: THE ARRIVAL AT KING'S CROSS OF THE WOUNDED FISHERMAN HOGGAR

DRAWN BY V. G. THOMAS

on Sundays from other church grounds; when daily five thousand are only 100,000 men for the first few weeks. Early morning first are not allowed till the first of December. The only luxury I referred to was the having a fire to sit by. It is a practice most women do not indulge in, and I should have thought it unnecessary and unwelcome for young men. In other respects I am convinced the Woodwith Cadets are not pampered, and I am very pleased to reassure my readers on this point.

The German Emperor presented the Empress on her birthday with a very fine specimen of a cabinet of the Louis XV. period, inlaid with various woods, and adorned with gold bronze mountings, the work of a famous cabinetmaker in Berlin. People almost care more for art, and encourage its production in a way that is, unfortunately, neglected in England. A great deal of money is spent here in antique furniture, very little in encouraging the finest work and the artistic skill of our artists. When one reads the memoirs of men like Bismarck, Cavour, and others, one appreciates the position of the artistic workmen of those days. The Pope, the cardinals, the nobility, the patrons of art all vied together in enthusiasm at the view of some new object; they discussed and admired it; and finally paid large sums for its possession, some which the artist left entirely to the generosity of the purchaser.

The credulity of women in matters of beauty treatment is really astounding. Instead of turning the whole armoury of the law upon painters, who at most make a guinea and sometimes only a few shillings out of their clients, and really do no serious harm, the Press should take up the case of the face specialists, who are mostly ignorant persons who sell specifics, the results of which they cannot even guess. Their earnings are great. Women spend from five pounds to several hundreds in these places, and buy quantities of useless, if not harmful, creams and washes, for which they pay heavily. Silly girls waste their parents' money, and elderly ladies spend their all in this wild-goose chase after beauty. Violent measures are inevitably fatal to the complexion and the delicacy of the skin. But if the beauty doctor simply told her clients the truth—that health, plain living, and a few simple ointments are all that is necessary, she would quickly see her *salvo* emptied. It is here, more especially, that false pretences, rule and designing persons find their dupes, while folly and vanity founder in the clutches of the quack.

Novelties in dinner-table decoration are few and far between, but at the naval banquet given at the Savoy Hotel, someone seems to have hit on a very happy and appropriate idea. The tables were arranged in the form of battleships and grouped in columns of three, while on each stood tall masts bearing their respective lights and ensigns.

### Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

A brilliant conversationalist, whose imagination occasionally produces plausible substitutes for facts, has stated that Mr. Arthur Balfour last week exclaimed—"I resign, but the newspapers govern!" If Mr. Balfour did not utter the phrase, I am well that it has been put into his mouth, for a condition is being established which, for a hundred and one reasons, should be opposed. It is known to all who are behind the scenes in the official world that the newspapers are continually now causing the authorities serious trouble. Some editors imagine that they have (a) to sell their paper; (b) to provide news; (c) to represent the nation as Ambassador-in-Chief; (d) to assume the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs; and (e) to govern the country. They are not all able to spare the time to do those important matters justice, and, therefore, they occasionally make very embarrassing mistakes; blunders that greatly add to the difficulties which those whom the King has appointed to carry on the business of the State have to contend with.

A story is told in connection with this subject that deserves to be repeated here. The late Lord Salisbury—when he was Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs—delicately hinted to an editor that the condition was becoming intolerable. "Quite so," answered the editor. "Quite so. I am prepared to do all I can to assist you. If your Lordship will undertake the duties of editing my newspaper, I will willingly take over your appointment of Minister for Foreign Affairs and your position as Prime Minister. I will even do more! I will assist you to edit the newspaper!"

Editorial government of the country has its disadvantages. The editor has a staff of correspondents and reporters who pick up information, and he has the news agencies which provide him with more. All that material has to be considered and dealt with in a few hours. The ordinary Government has a vast staff of ambassadors, ministers, agents, consuls, spies, and clerks, who provide every item of information which it is possible to procure, and this is all warehoused in the brains of men in the various Government offices whose business it is to deal with this or that matter only. Of course, in these days, it is well to change our customs to suit them to the altered circumstances, but it is wise to entrust the Government of the country entirely to editors who have insufficient information and time, while we have trained men in control of all the necessary machinery who have all the facts before them?

One Prime Minister described the situation correctly when he was in office: "I am the driver, but the horses are continually taking the bit between their teeth and bolting. It is, therefore, the business of a modern Prime Minister to drive the team when he can, and to appear as if he were driving it when it is running away with him. It is sometimes a terrible ordeal that I have to undergo. I am driving the coach round a sharp corner with deep ditches on either side, and the day so foggy that I can scarcely see a yard before me. At that critical moment a hundred editors from the far sides of the ditches throw spears and crackers under the horses, or flash lights in my face! If you object to this conduct,

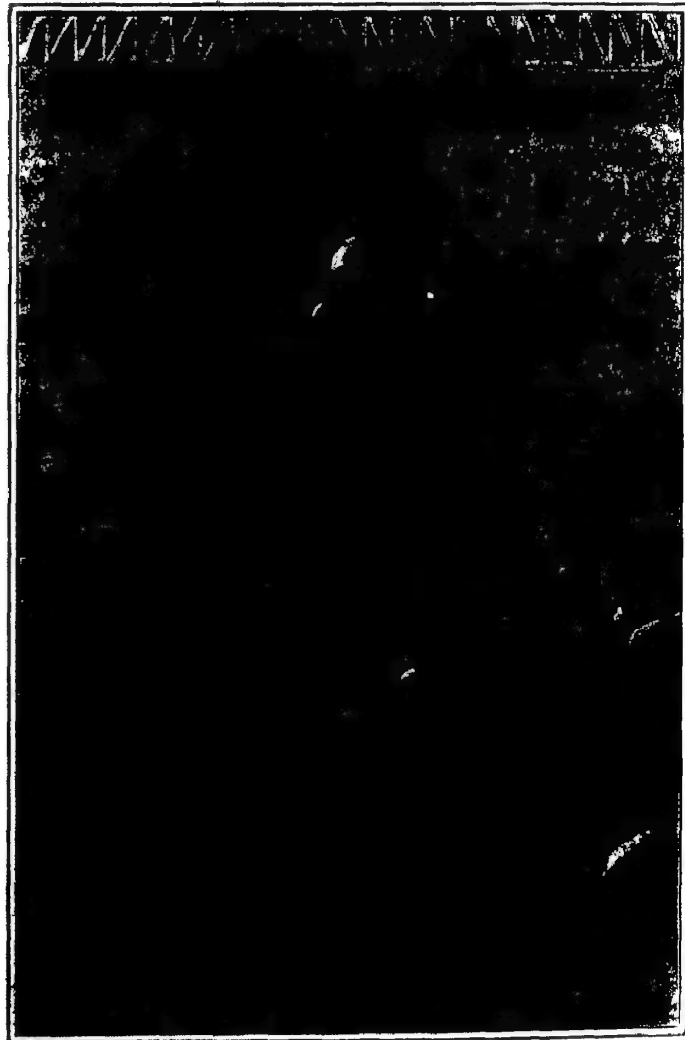
they throw a rope across the road, and drag you off the coach! These must be a catastrophe some day."

The motor-car has come to stay, and though old-fashioned men and women object to it, it is they who will pass away first. On the other hand, it is greatly to be regretted that many men who have either position or wealth imagine that they can ignore the law which orders them not to travel at more than so many miles an hour. It is generally a county magistrate or a well-known person who drives his car at excessive speed when the road is clear. He argues that the police will not interfere with him, and that he is so much more sensible than are ordinary men that the law should not be enforced in his case. But even county and other magistrates occasionally meet with an accident, and, besides, if they travel faster than the law permits, less sensible persons—if they are less sensible—see apt to copy their example. There is a suggestion that is being discussed, however, which, though it is as yet in a crude condition, may develop into a reasonable proposal. A—, a doctor, has been telephoned for to attend a case of life or death, and every instant saved is of the utmost import-

ance. Should the law provide that if A— pays, in extra money, in the shape of taxation, by showing a coloured light, or by other some easily seen signal, he may, on such an occasion, run his car at urgency speed? That is a matter which will have eventually to be considered.

### Messrs. Tooth's Gallery

The most striking canvas in Messrs. Tooth's Exhibition is the large landscape, "Dartmoor," by Mr. David Langbush, an unsuccessful study of misty atmosphere and delicate tints, but there are besides important examples of Turner, Fryer, Bonham, David Cox, and Th. de la Haye, a splendid group of "Troupes de Vaches à la Rivière," by M. Thieriot, and a memorably powerful romantic landscape, "Au Oubli," by Mr. J. L. Pinner, as well as pictures by M. F. de la Haye, Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. MacWhirter, and other popular favourites. One room is devoted to water colours.



"We, after all, have asked nothing of others that I believe we should not gladly have granted had we been in their place. We have asked no duty—and I do not think much duty was pressed in the heart of any man who takes advantage of what might perhaps be a slight if it is possible to enforce any demands. We have appealed simply to justice, to equity, to the principles which ought to govern the relations between nation and nation, and we have not appealed in vain."

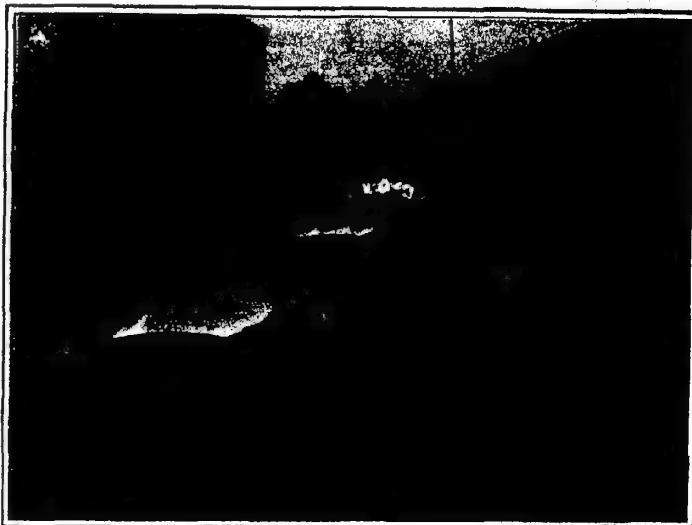
MR. BALFOUR ON THE NORTH SEA OUTRAGE: THE PREMIER SPEAKING AT NOTTINGHAM

DRAWN BY A. S. ROYD

## The King's Coronation Picture

More than two years have passed since King Edward VII. was crowned in Westminster Abbey in circumstances so dramatic and moving that, apart from the tremendous historic importance of the celebration, the whole world looked breathlessly on. This magnificent ceremony, in which the actors and the spectators were the greatest in the land, Mr. Edwin Abbey has been engaged in painting, and the picture being now last completed, it is now being exhibited at the Hanover Gallery in Bond Street, under the superintendence of Messrs. Agnew. Mr. Abbey has attempted a very difficult task, and better than Hayter, Leslie, and Lockhart, he has succeeded where they failed, in producing a vast picture which, while being a "document," is a great pictorial effort, fine in effect and rich and splendid in harmony of colour.

The scene, as witnessed by the artist, is viewed close to the throne, and opposite the box in which were grouped the Princesses of England, the Royal children, and at the back Sir Francis Laking and Sir Frederick Treves. The artistic importance of this feature is in its being artificially lighted behind, so that, against the red rays, the figures of the ladies are in beautiful tone and value, and contrast sharply, yet delightfully, with the clear daylight scene below and the brilliant illumination above. The Queen stands facing us between the Bishop of Norwich and the Bishop of Oxford, a radiant figure, awaiting her own crowning in the hands of the Archbishop of York. This prelate, occupying the middle of the picture, stands facing the King, while Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, is in the act of placing the crown—cloverly emphasized by the cold brilliant light thrown upon it—on the head of the Sovereign. He, in golden robes, sits in the ancient King Edward's chair, attended by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, while all around are princes, peers, kings of arms, ministers, a splendid motley group, gorgeously arrayed, standing between the vast piers of the hoary Abbey. The moment chosen is when all raise their coronets and cry "God Save the King!" The galleries are filled with ladies and a few Members of Parliament, and the fronts of the balconies are quietly beautiful with hanging embroideries and tapestries. It is a pity that only a section of the scene can be given; but that was inevitable, otherwise the figures of the chief actors in the great drama would have been dwarfed. It is a pity, too, that the processions on the higher side have been wholly omitted; but that also was inevitable, as otherwise the details of ceremony and festal pageants would have been masked. A compromise has been adopted that gives the most and loses the least, and we feel that a great chapter of English history has been brilliantly placed by Mr. Abbey on the vast



THE PROCESSION IN THE STREETS; THE KRAMER WITH THE REMAINS OF CAPTAIN SMITH

canvas. There are not fewer than 115 portraits, all recognisable. The picture is a triumph for the artist, whose work it to make its

tour, after being seen in London, throughout the United Kingdom, the United States, and the principal Colonies.

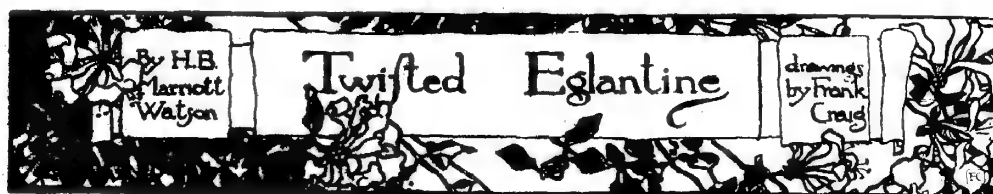


DEATH BY V. J. WAUGH

The funeral of Captain Smith and William Leggett, the victims of the Russian outrage in the North Sea, took place last week, and on every hand there were evidences of the deepest sympathy and sorrow. The "Bullfinch," to which Order Captain Smith belonged, attended in their regalia, and the band of the society was fixed up in the square at the end of Ribbles Avenue. As the coffin was borne out of the house, a veteran leader of the Fishermen's Association gave out the first line of "Lead, kindly Light," which the band immediately played. By this time the crowd had grown to enormous dimensions, and ordinary traffic was practically stopped. The procession started in two sections, one from Ribbles Avenue, Ribbles Street, where Captain Smith lived, and the other from Foreman Avenue, Foreman Street, the house of a friend of Leggett's to which his body had been taken. The remains of Captain Smith were followed

by a number of mourning coaches, in the first of which were Mrs. Smith (the widow), George Smith (the eldest son), and Charles Redvers and Thomas Smith (nephews). The other representatives were the Mayor (Alderman W. Jarman, J.P.), the Mayor-elect (Alderman F. Leonard), the Town Clerk (Mr. R. Leveroll), Alderman Cohen, Mr. N. Jarman, and the City Treasurer. The principal mourner following Leggett was his mother, who was almost overcome with grief. The burial service was conducted by Captain White. At the graveside Mrs. Smith had to be supported, as she nearly fainted. On the coffin of Captain Smith was a wreath of white chrysanthemums, cornflowers and lilac-of-the-valley from Mr. H. O. Mortimer, the Russian Vice-Consul, who also joined the mourners at the graveside.

THE FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS OF THE NORTH SEA OUTRAGE: CAPTAIN WHITE, THE MISSIONER, READING THE SERVICE



"It chanced that one bright day about a week after his escape Faversham had descended eastwards, and, driven by the pains of hunger, had made bold to knock on the door of a tavern under a spreading oak."

## CHAPTER XXI.

SIR PIERCE WOODS

While these things passed in Barbara's mind Gilbert Faversham was being driven from covert to covert through the Forest. The hunt which had begun so tragically went forward with the more zest on the part of those who conceived they had now something to avenge. The fugitive had lain in wait and flung the unfortunate sergeant over the precipice. That this had happened was obvious to

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the most impartial gossip; for which reason poor Faversham had been hunted out of his retreat on the succeeding afternoon, coming off hardly with his liberty. He was now like any high tobyman, as he confessed to himself bitterly, and whoever should shoot or capture him would do the King a service. He saw now how great his mistake had been in that precipitate flight, and began to settle down slowly to despair, and with despair to desperation. The dross and rides of the forest were many and varied, and these were his home during the day. By night he ventured more than once into inn and cottages in the outlying parts, but his tattered uniform and the growing noise of his story rendered these

salutes increasingly perilous. Presently, as he felt the Forest, wide as it was, would prove too small for him, could close in upon him and betray him to the enemy. At times he slept in the open under the pines, or in the bracken and the bracken, and even his ultimate fate drew nearer and nearer to him. There was no hope to hold it at arm's length much longer.

It chanced that one bright day about a week after his escape Faversham had descended eastwards, and, driven by the pains of hunger, had made bold to knock on the door of a tavern under a spreading oak. He was made welcome, set down to food and

wound ale, and, to avoid suspicion, it not questions, gave out that

he was one of the troop that was exploring the Forest as bounds explore a spyglass. Of what had happened, however, he found his host profoundly ignorant, nor did he display any particular interest. It was of opinion that the deserter would be caught, but that Faversham had a hard task before him; and at last his dull eyes lit on the lieutenant's coat. Faversham, noticing his glance, laughed. "Aye," he said, "it's no easy work, as you say, in these wild places of the Forest. It is rough and tumble all along, and I am sick of it. We are no nearer than we were a week ago."

"A week?" echoed the host. "Have you been at this a week? I suppose you are from Lyndhurst?" he added, still fixing his eye on the uniform.

"Lyndhurst," repeated Faversham.

"Why, there's some soldiers there, they tell me," replied the man. "Come this morning."

"Oh, yes, we are at Lyndhurst," said Gilbert as he diffidently as possible. "That's why I'm here to make inquiries."

But as he was reflecting that the troop was too close for comfort, and that it would be wiser for him to return to the more deserted and interior regions of the Forest. The day was hot, however, and the forenoon, and he was so tired with the experience of the past week that after the innkeeper had left him, he fell asleep in a chair by the window.

The tavern lay a few miles along the high road to Winchester from Lyndhurst, and was an unpretentious affair. Yet it so happened that Sir Piers Blakiston, returning from the former town, discovered that one of his horses went lame, and pulled up his chaise at this very spot. The sound of the carriage, together with the voices on the road, awoke Faversham, and he looked out with the sharp glance of one who has been accustomed to take alarm. Immediately his gaze fell on Sir Piers, and the hot blood, which was his heritage from high-spirited ancestors, mounted in his face, and drum beat along his arteries. He pushed open the window wider and stared at

to extract a stone from the horse's shoe. Suddenly he felt a tap on his arm, and, turning, found himself face to face with Faversham. A light of excitement shined in the lieutenant's eye.

"Sir, I wish a word with you," he said.

Sir Piers looked at him in doubt. Every lineament of his face beamed with what he wanted, and Sir Piers allowed a frown to flit over his countenance as a shadow fits on the water and is gone.

"Good-day, Mr. Faversham," he said courteously. "It seems that we are always meeting unexpectedly, and as if we were always having a few words."

"I should like to recall to you, sir," said Gilbert sharply, "a promise you made me a week or so back. I do not suppose it has escaped your memory after the lapse of so long a time."

"He spoke in a surer, and Sir Piers's eyes visited him from the crown of his head to his feet, absorbing in detail the disorder and disfigurement of his dress."

"I suppose," said Sir Piers deliberately, after his survey. "I suppose it does seem a long time to you, Mr. Faversham. I have known counts last better a whole month, and I am told there are some who can keep 'em a full year in repair, a practice I do not personally favour."

The insolence of his words was not accentuated by his tone, which, as always, was quite civil and suave. Yet it maddened Faversham more than a coarser surer.

"If you are a gentleman such as you boast yourself, you will come out of the chaise and speak with me," he said, controlling himself by a severe effort.

Sir Piers shrugged his shoulders. "You have me at a disadvantage," he answered, preparing to alight. "You appeal to me in a servile manner. People like myself are placed necessarily at a disadvantage, Mr. Faversham," he continued, stepping down, "by having to respond to that appeal."

"It is obvious that you would find it inconvenient," interrupted Faversham, with elaborate irony.

"From persons like yourself," went on the baronet cool and unheeding. "You will easily understand that the odds are all against me if we can make no reciprocal appeal."

"I understand you," said Faversham coolly now. "and I dare say we shall manage to settle everything between us comfortably," with which he turned and led the way towards the tavern.

A little orchard of trees and late summer flowers lay at the back of the inn, and hither Faversham directed his steps and that of his companion, who stopped more than once in his passage along the garden to admire the hollyhocks and the dahlias, and to inhale the fragrance of the stocks. Faversham came to a pause by a tiny rustic arbour, the work of rough hands and rude art, but prettily grown with creepers.

"You know why I have brought you here," said abruptly. "My dear lieutenant," said Sir Piers pleasantly, "I fancy I am with the idea of killing me, which despite the fact that I have just made my will and ordered my affairs, does not (I will confess it frankly) fall in with my wishes. I am not yet too old, you see, to enjoy life. In another ten years, say, I might welcome your attentions, if I could persuade you to call again, so to speak. His Royal Highness is quite ten years my senior, and he does not flag."

"Sir Piers Blakiston," said the young man, quite coolly still. "I should like you to give your attention to the situation, which is serious enough. Your wit and your stream can keep till another occasion; as they do not touch me now. I have brought you here to answer to different charge altogether, and that I explained to you when we met in the Island yonder. I do not suppose that you wish me to repeat it. I think, indeed, it would be uneasily, as there is no need to name names."

"I think, Mr. Faversham, that we have got beyond scruples about names at this point of time," replied Sir Piers gravely. "But you are right in supposing that I desire no reminder. Indeed, your amazing and intolerable conduct is in my mind now."

"Then we are quite agreed, sir," said Faversham grimly. Sir Piers made a gesture of dissent.

"My good sir," he answered, "there is such a thing as form and order. I may be stupid, but I confess I see not how you are going to educate these out of the present circumstances. I admit that I have committed myself to meet you, which, for my own sake, I regret"—a sardonic smile played on Faversham's face—"—inasmuch as I do not wish to have on my conscience the death or injury of a young man whom I believe to be, from some points of view, quite estimable. But there it stands, lieutenant, I may continue to call you so, and I will redeem that promise at the first fitting opportunity, which I cannot think this," he added, with a quizzical smile.

"It is my opportunity," said Faversham simply, "and I may never have another."

"I condole with you," replied Sir Piers, "but I cannot see that it alters my case. I did not consent to a conflict which has the appearance of a common and vulgar quarrel. If I am to meet you, it shall be according to the common rules of the duello. I am speaking very plain, sir."

"I am acting plain," returned Faversham. "You have a pistol, sir, and I have mine. We will stand at twenty paces."

"Really, my good young gentleman," protested Sir Piers, "I believe you are mad. Do you know that at twenty paces I shall throw a hole in your heart, and heaven knows what misadventures may arise, as we have no witnesses. I protest I would sooner lose a hundred guineas at faro than go through the experience."

"You shall not overreach me with your mincing ways," said Faversham, breaking out with an oath. "You must stand here and face me."

Again, said Sir Piers, with a gesture of weariness, "again, you embarrass me by your appeal. I have no option, but I declare it is assassination, and I have never yet assassinated anyone. You will, at least, permit me to secure the attendance of my man. I am not used to be seconded by valets, but if you will have being cool enough to hold him off at the same time that she refused to visit his offences with feminine hysteria. He recognized in her attitude a cynical interference which was worthy of a man, or at least of a woman of the world. He had not expected this in one so young so handsome, and so clean of mind. Mere youth had few attractions for him; but to Barbara's charm of personality he had wholly surrendered, and his indignation must be momentary by the point to which he had gone. He had stepped across the border of doubt and Dexter, and, oddly enough, had not reconsidered his determination. He had undergone no disillusionment, such as he was wont to experience out of a long acquaintance with affairs of the heart; indeed, it seemed to him that he would be content to install the girl in his London house, and sit with her in the heat of the life till the end. It was a queerly sentimental point of view for Bea Blakiston, and one which he would himself have ridiculed in another; but, after all, it is given to very few, if to any, in this world to be set apart from human weaknesses, particularly upon the sexual side. Sir Piers was carried away as he had not been for nearly twenty years; that was the plain truth, and there was nothing more to say."

Faversham said nothing, but even into his angry soul the desirability of having witnesses penetrated. He had his hand on his pistol, and he kept it there whilst Sir Piers walked down the little pathway and vanished among the trees. Somehow it did not enter his head that his foe might not return, but might take advantage of the chaise which must be by now awaiting his appearance. The house shut off the orchard from the road, and Faversham waited by the arbour. He could not have been three minutes before Sir Piers came into sight again, followed by his coachman and the stable-boy. These very ceremoniously he introduced to Faversham.

"An honest man, John Grove, as I understand, by name, and a youth, with an excellent craft at horse, as I can bear witness, Edward Edge. I will give you the choice, Mr. Faversham."

"You are making a mock of this matter," cried Gilbert with passion. "I must ask you to remember I'm serious, and to dispense with these buffooneries."

Sir Piers raised his hand. "I declare, Mr. Faversham, that I have never encountered anything so ridiculous in my life," he said. "I know no other way to treat it. If you were content to wait—"

"I will not wait. I accept your witnesses," cried Faversham. Sir Piers cast an eye across the orchard towards the road, and then towards the stables, which lay some fifty paces away.

"If I am not mistaken, sir, you came riding," he said.

"What of that, sir?" demanded Faversham.

"Why, Mr. Lieutenant, only this, that I think you should go riding."

"I do not know what you mean," said Faversham angrily. The coachman and the stable-boy stood apart; Sir Piers approached nearer to his rival. "Mr. Faversham, what uniform do you still wear? His Majesty's, eh? Well, outside in the road you will find that uniform represented also, and in some force."

Gilbert Faversham uttered an exclamation. "Treachery!" he said. Sir Piers shook his head.

"I shall never make you understand the difference between a gentleman and a—another," he said sardonically. "I gathered, from a brief conversation with the leader and the triumphant air of someone else, that your landlord—"

"Damn him!" ejaculated Faversham.

"He had his suspicions of you," said Sir Piers with a look askance at the tattered clothes. "They have come from Lyndhurst, and, thanks to me, believe you in the tavern still. I am only suggesting—"

Faversham turned away impatiently. "You have the better of me," he said with a gesture of impotent anger.

"Your horse is there—there is a lane at the back," pursued Sir Piers. "If I might advise—"

"I thank you for your warning," said Faversham, interrupting.

"But I need no advice, sir."

"I'm afraid our little affair must wait," said Sir Piers.

Faversham made no answer. He had the horse out of the stable and was mounting. Sir Piers watched him with interest.

"Help the gentleman to mount, Edward Edge," he said in a voice of command to the stable-boy, who hurried forward to obey. Faversham shook him off impatiently, and turned his horse to the back of the orchard.

"Open the gate for the gentleman, John Grove," ordered the butler.

Faversham looked round and saluted. There was a scold from the house, which attracted his attention, but the groom of the trees hid them from the road. Sir Piers returned his salute gravely.

"Time passes, Mr. Faversham," he said, and also cast a glance through the orchard.

Faversham's gesture as he struck his horse and passed out into the lane was eloquent of despair and resignation. Fortune had intervened even on his vengeance. He was an outlaw, who had lost all, even his right of honest anger. He disappeared from view to the accompaniment of these bitter thoughts.

Sir Piers, having deftly disposed of the solitary, mounted his carriage and was driven to Brockenhurst. He could not be bothered

with Mr. Faversham, and had welcomed the advent of the posse as the easiest way out of his difficulty. As he now went southward he heard the hoots of the hounds baying the road as the troop wheeled upon Faversham's track, and he dismissed the lieutenant from his mind. He was occupied by a far more important matter, which concerned Barbara. On reaching the Rose and Crown he made a change in his dress, and after a little delay proceeded to Mowden. During the week he had not been inactive. The girl had displayed no overt antagonism after the first day, and Mrs. Garraway was more than friendly. He had made up his mind to kneep, and he had put up with the deficiencies of the rustic inn with that express purpose. Barbara's mind it would have been hard to analyse, nor would she have attempted the task. She had come to accept Sir Piers's presence there as she had accepted it on his first visit, before her father died. What had happened seemed very far away, and, moreover, it must not be denied that she experienced some pride and satisfaction in having brought about so great a revolution in the man. That satisfaction her feminine vanity could not resist, and she was inclined to be the kinder to him because of it. Of Gilbert she had not thought much, but was aware that he was still at large, and vaguely believed that all would go well, and that, like a brave rebel, he would in time make his terms with the enemy. She lived too intimately in her immediate emotions to achieve any perspective, and her wayward nature drew a certain pleasure out of hanging on the brink of doubt and irresolution, with the knowledge that she could decide one way or another in a moment. The question which occupied Sir Piers concerned her decision, and he had come back from Winchester fully determined to force it. The more resistance which he encountered in her, coupled with the bold way in which she faced facts, had endeared upon him an increasing fascination. With the experience of him which Barbara had, many a girl would have fled from him, and, again, many would have forgiven him and succumbed to his position and person. But this girl did neither, being cool enough to hold him off at the same time that she refused to visit his offences with feminine hysteria. He recognized in her attitude a cynical interference which was worthy of a man, or at least of a woman of the world. He had not expected this in one so young so handsome, and so clean of mind. Mere youth had few attractions for him; but to Barbara's charm of personality he had wholly surrendered, and his indignation must be momentary by the point to which he had gone. He had stepped across the border of doubt and Dexter, and, oddly enough, had not reconsidered his determination. He had undergone no disillusionment, such as he was wont to experience out of a long acquaintance with affairs of the heart; indeed, it seemed to him that he would be content to install the girl in his London house, and sit with her in the heat of the life till the end. It was a queerly sentimental point of view for Bea Blakiston, and one which he would himself have ridiculed in another; but, after all, it is given to very few, if to any, in this world to be set apart from human weaknesses, particularly upon the sexual side. Sir Piers was carried away as he had not been for nearly twenty years; that was the plain truth, and there was nothing more to say."

Sir Piers had an invitation to sup at Mowden; but he arrived there some time before he was due. Mrs. Garraway was absent upon duties connected with the farm, and it was Barbara who received him. At first, it is true, she sent down word that her brother would be back presently; but almost immediately upon top of that message, and while the servant was returning with a request from the visitor, she changed her mind, and descended. Clad in blue, and very delicate of feature, but with a strong and willful eye, Barbara greeted him coolly. She enraptured Sir Piers, who, finding his glass, surveyed her with the liveliest signs of approbation. The act had a certain familiarity which she recognized, and which he had intended her to recognize, but which did not ruffle her. "You are amazingly beautiful, child," he said, and dropped his glass and sighed.

"My mother will not be back for half an hour," she said, paying his compliment no heed.

"I shall look forward to seeing her," he said sardonically.

"But in the meantime—in the meantime—"

In the perceptible pause she intervened. "I hope I shall do for a stopper," she said, smiling.

He did not smile. "Barbara," he said gravely, "I think we have been too long babbling about the past. We will pretend, if you like, but I am tired of pretence. Think of it, child. For fifteen years or more there has been nothing but pretence. You see how frank I am. I have pretended to quarrel, pretended to like, pretended to hate, pretended to be jealous, pretended to love. Perhaps the worst pretence of all is to pretend that others don't know you are pretending, even while your manner makes it obvious. Yet it is the pretence of pretence which is the last straw of one's duty to Society."

"You take Society duties very seriously," he said, said Barbara lightly.

"Barbara, if a man is born on a desert island, what has he but the desert? If it is a question of habit. Give him something else, and he will grow into a new habit, if it is in his nature. But pity the poor wretch on the desert island! His stomach may be full, his bed may be down, and he may walk among diamonds nine days a day; but—he is on the island. Custom, my dear, grows a mask on one. You see my face. Do you suppose that it signifies what I feel? No; I lost that identity in childhood. If you would know the truth you must go deeper."

"I have no desire, sir, to know any more. I am not curious, and, besides, by this I have learned as much of you as is convenient."

Sir Piers lifted his face, as if she had struck him. "You shall say what you like," he said. "But you shall learn more, and what you shall learn hereafter shall be nothing but pleasant to you."

"I cannot trust the mask of your face," she retorted, "nor the mask that your words are either. I think I have learned a good deal, though I am still so young."

"Barbara," he said coolly, "do you suppose you are right

in your attitude? You say you are young, and that is true—so true that it accounts, I think, for your unkindness. I understand all you would say. I have wronged you, I have shamed you, I have tempted you. Yes, that and a thousand times that I will confess to. But, child, I do not regret it; I glory in it. If you were what I supposed you to be—a facile girl without too much individuality, I would do it again. You were not, and I am chagrined at my blunder, chagrined too to have put you in a false position. But I had then and I have now the same object. The same emotion inspires me. I want you, Barbara, and by Heaven I will have you." He ceased in a sharp, authoritative note, in which also evident passion sounded. Barbara's eyes fell.

"There is no mark here," she said to herself, "no mark at all," and her bosom was agitated by the very violence of his declaration. She went to the window.

"I think you would be better in London," she said.

"I will not go back to London," he said with vehemence. "I will not go without you."

"Then you will never go," she replied.

For answer Sir Peter took a step forward, and came in her side.

"I am a wilful man," he said. "I have ever been used to have my own way, and you baffle me. But I do not think you will baffle me always. I trust your heart, Barbara, rather than your eyes. Oh, they are wild and mettlesome. I would sooner trust to some high-spirited mare than to you. But that is what I like. I don't want to trust you; I want to admire you. Give me yourself, child—let go, and I will catch you. I swear to you that it is sweeter to let go."

"You think," she said, with a little ring of scorn to disguise how much she was moved by this proud man. "You think I am clinging desperately lest I should be carried away by my feeling for you? Oh, but I know you."

He took her hand. "No, you do not," he said firmly, "and you do not know yourself. You have a little knowledge of what it is in you to be or do as any girl at school. It pleases you to think that you know the world because you have seen a fragment of it, and that you know your own nature because you have realised one particular part of it. Believe me, dear child, you cannot fathom a woman's nature until you are a woman; and that you are not—only a beautiful alluring girl, only a girl with the promise of all things."

"And one who loves you, I suppose?" she breathed rather than spoke.

He turned her face to the light of the empty sky, and in the twilight scrutinised her to the bottom of her soul. "I think so," he said slowly. "I think so. I cannot tell. You are a riddle to me yet. I hope so. But I shall know to-night."

"You shall know now," returned Barbara, braver in her words than in her spirit. "I do not."

"Is it so?" he asked; and the fire blazed in his eyes, so that she shrank from him. "Is it so, dear? I'll not believe it; by Heaven I'll not! Give me your hand, and tell me last. Give me your face. Child, do not wrangle with me, but lay bare your own soul, and see!"

He held her in his grasp, and his face, aflame and miraculously changed, was within a few inches of hers. The command of his gaze, which had always had an influence upon her, held her rigid. She did not wince, indeed, was conscious only of a curious glow that warmed her through, and did not frighten. And so they stood for some thirty seconds of time; and then there was a noise at the door, and, turning swiftly, they perceived in the dusk the bare in that game that was being played across the Forest—the hare, Lieutenant Gilbert Faversham, dusty, dainty, worn, and stained, and wearing a haggard look of despair.

(To be continued)

## Our Portraits

Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wylie Norman was born on December 2, 1826. He joined the Bengal Army in March, 1844, and served in the Punjab Campaign of 1848-49. He was present at the action of Soderapore, and fought in the memorable battles of Chillianwallah and Gujrat, subsequently spending six years on the Peshawar frontier, where he bore his share of the almost constant fighting. It was at Peshawar that Lord Roberts first met Lieutenant Norman, who at the time was one of the two senior officers on the staff of Sir Abraham Roberts, father of the future Commander-in-Chief. Sir Henry Norman served not only in the siege of Delhi, but in the relief and capture of Lucknow, besides in many minor actions, and later in the South African Campaign. After these campaigns Sir Henry Norman saw no more active service, but filled various important positions under Government. His last post, to which he was appointed in April, 1901, was that of Governor of Chelsea Hospital—a fitting berth for a veteran officer of such varied service. Sir Henry Norman was made a Field-Marshal in June, 1902. Our portrait is by Lafeyette, Dublin.

If he does most for poor humanity who most makes us laugh, then Dan Leno's name should be written large as a public benefactor, for it can surely have fallen to the lot of but few people to amuse so large a number, and those in every rank of life. At the Middlesex Music Hall (the famous old Mogul) he was the greatest of favourites; but then so he was too with the children at the pantomime. Old Drury, and it is well known that when he was commanded to appear at Sandringham Royalty found him no less irresistible. He was only forty-one years of age, but overwork had severely taxed a not too strong constitution, with the result that two years since he had a lamentable breakdown from which he had never completely recovered. He appeared last year as usual in the pantomime at Drury Lane, and up to a week or so since he was appearing in the "Kittie," but every body saw, with regret, that he was but an echo of the old Dan, the Dan who created the "Widow Twinkley," "Mrs. Kelly," "The Showwalker," "The Walter," and a host of other inimitable sketches. His real name was Gavan, and he began life as a clog-dancer, and for years he was a champion



THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY NORMAN, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., Governor of Chelsea Hospital.

of this quaint and not very exhilarating art. He has told us himself in his reminiscences of the fearful struggles of those early days, when with his father and mother he wandered round the country and starved. Success came to him when he was defeated as a dancer and devoted himself solely to that delightful "patzer" which never failed to bring roars of laughter. It was not that the matter of those sketches was always particularly funny; it was more that the little comedian had an extraordinary gift of natural humour, so that the turn of a phrase or inflection of his voice convulsed his audience, and it is with real regret that one reflects that his quaint personality will no more make one forget all worries in ten minutes' honest laughter.

Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, G.C.B., and Mr. Butler Aspinall, K.C., have been appointed by the President of the Board of Trade to report on the recent occurrences in the North Sea, the quantum of damage, and as to compensation. Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge was born in March, 1839, and entered the Navy in January, 1853. He served in the Crimean War and Indian Mutiny. From January, 1895, to November, 1897, he was Commander-in-Chief on the Australian Station, and was made a K.C.B. on Queen Victoria's birthday in 1899. His last appointment was that of Commander-in-Chief on the China Station. Mr. Butler Cole Aspinall has a considerable practice on the Northern Circuit, and has long been one of the most important counsel in the Admiralty Court. The Board of Trade Inquiry will probably begin without delay. Evidence will be given on oath by the owners and crews of



Admiral Kakinura, it will be remembered, is the Japanese naval commander to whom was allotted the task of leading the "Yodvros" Squadron. On the left are his wife and daughter, and on the right is his son. Our photograph was supplied by E. Rudmann Johnson.

ADMIRAL KAKINURA AT HOME

the fishing vessels as to the causes and extent of the damage, and the Commissioners will simply report the evidence taken, which will be forwarded to the International Tribunal. This will probably obviate any necessity for the Hall fishermen attending a trial that tribunal, which, it is understood, will meet at Vigo. The Inquiry will express no opinion or judgment as to the conduct of the Russian fleet.

## The Court

The King returned to town on Saturday. During his stay at Newmarket, His Majesty attended the race each day and dined in the evening with various friends—Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild at Palace House, Sir Daniel and Lady Cooper at Warren Tower, etc. Before leaving on Sunday, the King had a capital day's sport in the precincts of Chippington Park, where a bag of over 500 head was made, partridges predominating. His Majesty and the rest of the shooting party lunched in a marquee in the Park, and later King Edward had tea with his hostess, Mrs. Montagu Thorne, at Chippington Hall. He reached Buckingham Palace in the evening in time to give a dinner-party, where the Marquis de Savaud, Rear Admiral the Hon. Hedworth Lambton and Mr. Arthur Sassoon were among the guests. On Sunday morning the King attended Service in the private chapel at the Palace, and paid a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Clarence House. He also received Prince Louis of Battenberg. On Tuesday the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Prince Christian visited the King, who gave a long audience to the Russian Ambassador. His Majesty now joins the Queen and Princess Victoria at Sandringham, Prince Charles being installed at Appleton House for the winter. The Queen has been driving about with her daughters and has seen her grandchildren from York Cottage daily, while on Sunday the whole royal party went to the morning Service at Sandringham Church. Next week their Majesties begin their autumn series of house-parties, the guests arriving on Monday to keep the King's sixty-third birthday on Wednesday. On Monday, 14th inst., the King and Queen came up to Windsor for the reception of the Portuguese Sovereigns, who stay from the 15th to the 19th, and will visit the City in state on the 17th. When they leave, King Edward and Queen Alexandra spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. W. James at West Dean Park, Sussex, and thence return to Sandringham, where they will have another house-party from the 26th inst. till Monday, the 5th prox., to keep the Queen's birthday. Prince Charles of Denmark will join the Sandringham party shortly, on completing his present term of service in the Danish cruiser *Hermald*. He had a most enjoyable visit to Newcastle, where he was entertained at lunch by the Mayor, and was made a Hon. Brother of the Trinity House on the Tyne. He gave a luncheon in return on board the *Hermald*.

The Princess of Wales has been in town to superintend preparations for the annual show of the Needlework Guild, of which she is a most zealous working member. The Princess stayed at Sandringham with her children and will shortly be beginning his round of shooting visits. With the Princess he will spend a few days in December with the Earl and Countess of Lichfield at Melbury House, near Dorchester. The Prince and Princess are to be at Windsor for the visit of the King and Queen of Portugal.

Princess Christian and her elder daughter, Princess Victoria, are back from their South African trip, and are much the better for the change and their novel experiences. They were away rather under three months, but saw a great deal in the time. They came home in the Union Liner *Kildare Castle*, and were met by Prince Christian, just returned from Germany. No sooner had they got back to Cumberland Lodge than they visited the Windsor Nursing and Medical Home, where Princess Victoria is a patient during her recent illness.

The Duke of Connaught was none the worse for his painful month, and is now settled with the Duchess and family at Clarence House. He is fast recovering his usual health. The Duchess of Albany is very busy with her favourite Bedford Fund, and was present, on Saturday, at a reception at Grosvenor, arranged by the Mayor and Mayoress on behalf of the Fund. The Duke and Duchess of Fife and family are the last of the Royal party left in the Highlands, and will not come south before the middle of the month. The Duchess is especially fond of her Scottish home at Mar Lodge, and remains there as late in the season as possible.

## Mr. McLean's Gallery

As a pleasant mixture of work by artists of various nationalities, the winter exhibition at Mr. McLean's Gallery claims much attention. One of the best pictures noticed in it is the "Sunset in Autumn," by M. Harignies, a broad and vigorous technical achievement which charms by its delicate sentiment and beauty of style. Corré's "Evening," "At the Fairy Dance Ball," by M. van Haanen, Melnikov's "Fleur-de-Mar," by J. M. Swan's "The Green Ship," and the marvellous "Job," "The Swan Bridge," "Holland," by James Maris, are also among the better features of the collection; and there are two or three known pictures, "Lydia Langmaid," and "Shilling Peas," by Mr. Luke Fildes. A cleverly painted costume composition, "In Dante," by Mr. John Bacon, must also be noted.

ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION.—The International Jury have awarded to the London and North Western Railway exhibit the gold medal for general excellence.



AFTER THE BATTLE OF MUBANPO: BURYING THE DEAD



A RAIL CROSS WAGON LEFT BEHIND BY THE RUSSIANS AT LIAOYANG



JAPANESE ARTILLERY BOMBARDING LIAOYANG RAILWAY STATION BY USING THE HEAVY GUNS CAPTURED FROM THE RUSSIANS AT BANSHEAN



A MOUND OF WHEAT AND ANOTHER OF HAIL SET ON FIRE BY THE RUSSIANS AT LIAOYANG



ORATION OF COLONEL SAKITA AND OTHERS OF THE 34TH JAPANESE INFANTRY

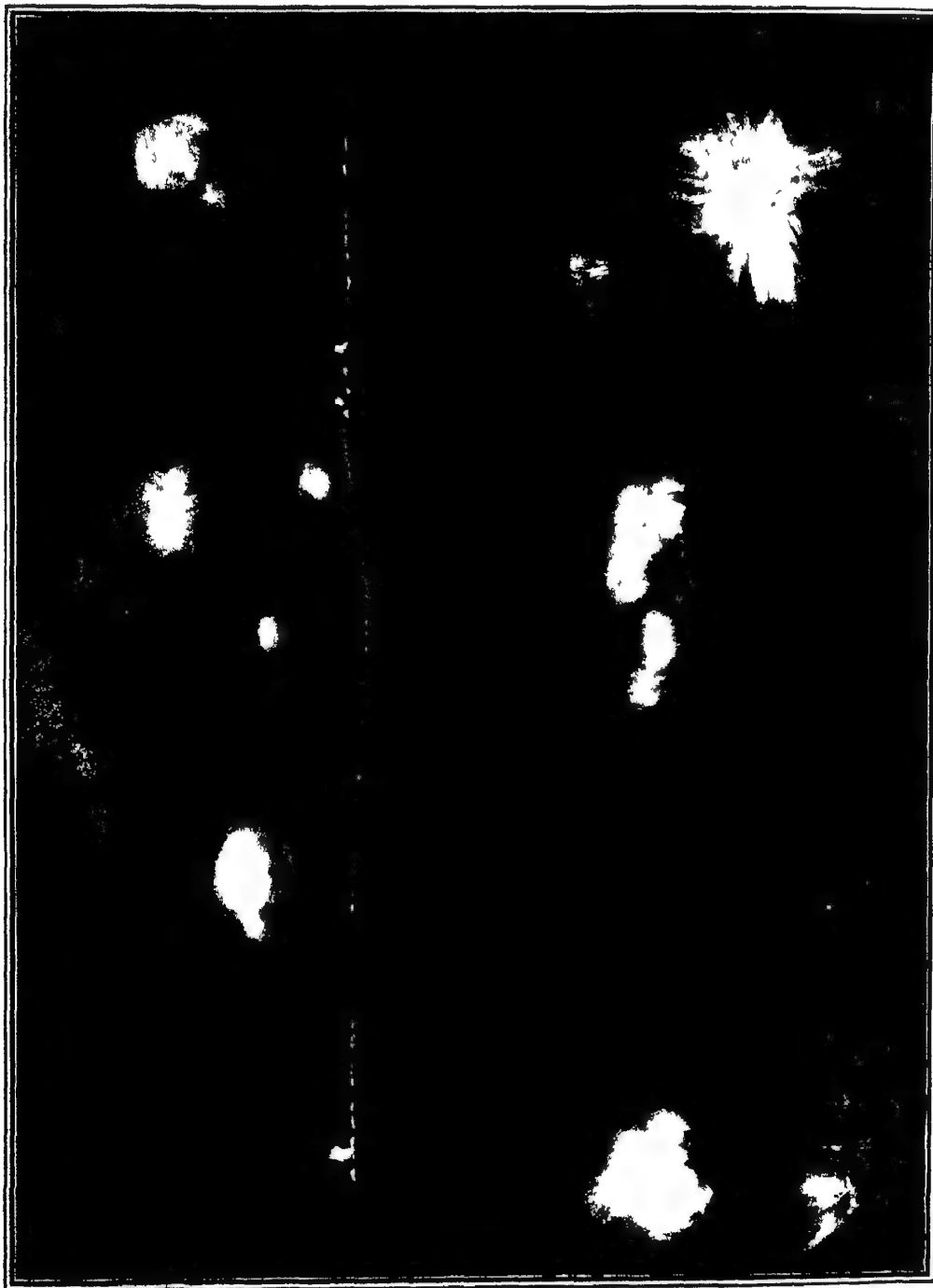


A CHINESE BOY CRYING AT THE THUNDER, WHICH HE THINGS TO BE THE ROAR OF GUNS

# SNAPSHOTS ON THE BATTLEFIELD: INCIDENTS OF THE FIGHTING AT LIAOYANG

From Photographs by T. Huddleston Johnson.







DR. H. N. ANSELMARIA  
11) Doctor of the North Sea Mission Ship Joseph and Sarah Miller  
12) Doctor of the North Sea Mission Ship Joseph and Sarah Miller

### "The Graphic" Diary of the War

The entry in the North Sea still continues to occupy public attention. The first in the line, was a letter by the anonymous correspondent of the North Sea, who was to be held on the matter, but the news published on Tuesday that the Baltic Fleet had sailed from Vigo, leaving four officers behind, renewed the apprehensions of a crisis. Admiral Rozhdestvensky has at last been allowed to proceed on his way to the Far East, evidently not deeming himself in any way responsible for the outrage. Admiral Sir Cyrenus Briggs and Mr. Butler Vignolly, K.C., have been appointed to conduct the Board of Trade Inquiry and the evidence given before them is to be forwarded to the Court of Inquiry. This will obviate the necessity of sending the fishermen to the Court. From Paris have come details of a heavy bombardment of Port Arthur, Japan, some days. The Japanese report is so confident that the town, which is reported to be in flames, is still at all. The operations of the south of Mukden are practically at a standstill. There have been occasional skirmishes and outposts are unsteady, but that is all. The Japanese are expected to attack shortly.

OCTOBER 25. Marshal Oyama reported that the total Japanese casualties in the Battle of the Shaho were 15,879.

By an order of the day the Volunteer cruisers Sandenok and Friedrichshagen, commissioned by the Russian Government, were ordered to return to the Baltic Fleet and Danzig respectively.

The two express of regret for the incident in the North Sea, and the expression of sympathy for the sufferers in a son as the two missions were cleared up.

OCTOBER 26. The Russian battleships Imperator Alexander III, Bismarck, Orel and Kuznetsov, and the transport Amiral Korshikov, anchored in Vigo harbour. The Port Commandant notified Admiral Rozhdestvensky that the Spanish Government would not allow him to take possession of Vigo. Later he was allowed to provide each ship with enough coals to reach Tangier.

The Swedish steamer Alderman arrived at Vigo and reported that she had been chased by a cruiser of the British Fleet on the 21st.

The Japanese delivered a despatch general attack on the Eastern Fleet at Port Arthur and silenced the

Russian batteries. The town reported to be in flames in the night.

OCTOBER 27. Funeral of the victims of the North Sea outrage at Hull.

Telegram received at St. Petersburg from Admiral Rozhdestvensky, stating that he was attacked by two torpedo boats in the North Sea and expressing regret that the fishermen should have suffered.

Artillery duel on the banks of the Shaho immediately south of Mukden.

The British steamer 'Haban', which was seized by the Japanese on suspicion that she was attempting to run the blockade at Port Arthur with contraband, released by order of the Vice Court of Sancho.

The Japanese drove the Russians from a high hill ten miles east of the Luyang to Mukden Railway on Kuroki's front.

A British Sir Cyrenus Briggs and Mr. Butler Vignolly, K.C., appointed to conduct the Board of Trade Inquiry as to the North Sea outrage.

OCTOBER 27-28-29—Heavy bombardment of Port Arthur continued.

OCTOBER 28.—The British and Russian Governments accepted in principle the proposal to refer the points in dispute regarding the Dogger Bank affair to a Court of Inquiry, and it was also agreed that in the meantime the Russian men of war should remain at Vigo in order that the naval authorities might ascertain which officers were responsible for the outrage, and that the parties adjudged to be guilty should be punished.

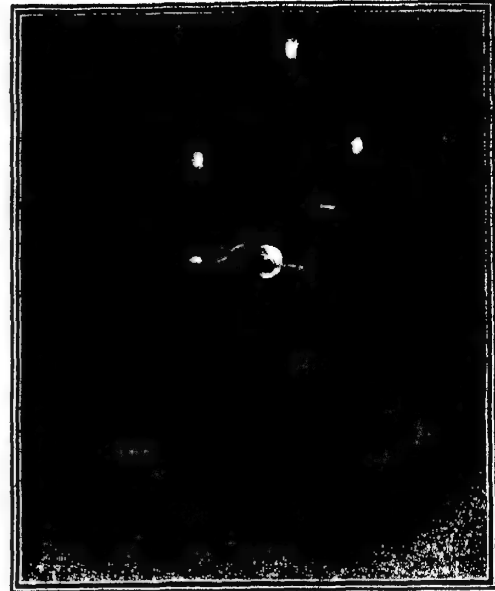
A General Council held with the object it is understood, of dealing with the North Sea outrage.

A portion of the Baltic Fleet reached Tangier.

The German trawler 'Sonntag' arrived at (re)emund and reported that she had been fired at by the Baltic Fleet on the 21st.

General Stosel reported to have telegraphed to the Tsar his farewell, adding 'Port Arthur will be my grave.'

OCTOBER 29.—The British cruiser Lancaster arrived at Vigo.



The Mission Ship which belongs to the Deep Sea Mission is fitted up with all modern surgical appliances including an X-ray apparatus. It has a good dispensary and six beds including two swivelling ones which were of the greatest comfort to the fishermen who were severely wounded the other day by the Baltic Fleet. During the past two months 120 cases have been treated among the fishermen as outpatients, and nine on the ship as inpatients. The equipment and usefulness of this and the other two vessels are dependent upon the contributions of the public, and the ship acts as a fishing boat, when not able on her own behalf. A library and various journals and newspapers are lent to the men, and these are greatly in demand at all times. A letter signed by Mr. J. Thomas and others specially appeals for funds for the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen which does much invaluable work, and yet is in great need of funds.

THE SURGERY IN THE NORTH SEA MISSION SHIP JOSEPH AND SARAH MILLER  
FROM A SKETCH BY A COX

Visits exchanged between Admiral Rozhdestvensky and the commander of the Lancaster.

OCTOBER 30.—Explosion of a mine in Moji. The mine was pulled up off Chifu and was brought to Moji, where, on being transferred to a gunboat, it exploded. Several persons were injured. Two Russian positions at Port Arthur captured by the Japanese.

OCTOBER 31. Meeting of the Cabinet. The King had an interview with Mr. Balfour, and also with Lord Lansdowne.

NOVEMBER 1. Fresh war scare. Baltic Fleet left Vigo. The Channel Fleet reported to have left Gibraltar cleared for action. Later, a communication issued from the Foreign Office stated that before the Russian fleet left instructions were given to the Admiral in order to prevent injury or inconvenience to neutral shipping. Four Russian officers left behind at Vigo to give evidence at the Inquiry.



The bay and harbour of Vigo, to which attention has lately been drawn through the presence of the Baltic Fleet there, was on October 15, 1702 the scene of a naval battle in which the combined British and Dutch fleets attacked the French Fleet and the Spanish galleons. Several men-of-war and galleons were captured.

VIGO AS IT WAS TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO  
FROM AN OLD PRINT.



ADMIRAL SIR CYRENUS BRIGGS  
Appointed to conduct the Board of Trade Inquiry as to the North Sea Outrage.  
11) Dr. H. N. Anselmaria



MR. BUTLER VIGNOLLY, K.C.  
Appointed to conduct the Board of Trade Inquiry as to the North Sea Outrage.  
Photo by Dalziel Phipps, New Bond Street.



AS THE HERO OF "MOTHER GOOSE," 1900-3



AS THE HERO TRANSFORMED IN "MOTHER GOOSE," 1900-3



AS SISTER ANNE IN "BLUEBEARD," 1901-2



IN HIS SKETCH AS A MIDWAY



AS A CAVALIER AT A COVENT GARDEN BALL



ONE OF THE LATEST PORTRAITS



AS NELSON AT A COVENT GARDEN BALL



AS DAME TROT IN "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK," 1899-1900



KENNETH CAMPBELL DAN LENO JOHNNY DANVERS IN "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK," 1899-1900



THE POPULAR COMEDIAN AND HIS WIFE

# THE LATE MR DAN LENO AT HOME AND ON THE STAGE

From Photographs by Langford and by W. Davey.



RUSSIAN MILITARY ATTACHÉ TALKING TO A RUSSIAN CAPTURED AT LIAOYANG

Photo supplied by T. R. Robinson, Johnston



GENERAL FUJI THE NEWLY APPOINTED JAPANESE GOVERNOR OF MANCHURIA



The admirable organization of the Japanese Army Medical Service has won praise on all sides. In the field, Japan has a distinct advantage over her adversary. For Russia's medical service is headed by a man who is a level with ours in the Crimea before the advent of Miss Florence Nightingale. Four out

of five wounded Japanese are, through skilful treatment, able to return to the front. Our photographs were supplied by T. R. Robinson, Johnston

FROM THE FIELD OF BATTLE JAPANESE WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT LIAOYANG



The Russian positions on the Shoushan Hills were carried by direct assault by frontal attack. The Japanese lost terribly, the trenches were filled with dead, and the hillside presented a horrible spectacle. It is customary with the Japanese to cremate their dead, but the number of bodies was too

numerous to allow them to do so on this occasion. Our picture, too, shows one corner of the battlefield. The Sanitary Corps has been busy sorting the bodies of friends and foes, and is shown burying the Japanese dead. Our photograph is by J. Gordon Smith.

AFTER THE BATTLE FOR THE SHOUSHAN HILLS: JAPANESE HURRYING THEIR DEAD



The Russian position at Anshanchan was strong, and much surprise was felt by the Japanese when it was seen that the enemy had begun to retreat from it. The Japanese immediately occupied the surrounding heights, and pressed on the retreating forces. The great battle that was to have been fought

on the road to Liao-yang became a rear-guard action, in which a Japanese Division—that of Nagao—hunted the troops covering the retreat, while the main body of the Russian Army fell back. Our photograph is by J. Gordon Smith.

THE REAR-GUARD ACTION AT ANSHANCHAN: JAPANESE RESERVES WAITING FOR ORDERS



DRAWN BY F. DE HARMEN

Perhaps the bloodiest battling of the whole engagement took place on the Russian left—that is, in front of Kuroki's force. The Russians were using the hilly country of Sy-kwan-tun

as a pivot from which to hurl an overpowering force upon Kuroki, so as to overwhelm him; but before they had concentrated for this supreme effort, Kuroki's troops

A GLIMPSE OF SUCCESS: GENERAL KONDRATOVITCH'S INFANTRY



FROM A SKETCH BY LIONEL JAMES

ried the Russian covering position. Masses of Russians on September 3 were hurled at the position, and the battle surged backwards and forwards, until finally the Russians were in possession of their own again by virtue of sheer weight of numbers. But the success came too late, and was too expensive to be of lasting value. Liao-yang was already virtually lost.

TURING THEIR GUNS FROM GENERAL KUROKI'S ARMY AT LIAOYANG



"ASOP"

FROM THE PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ IN THE MUSEO DEL PRADO, MADRID. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY







THE BATTLE OF LIAOYANG: THE JAPANESE

FAÇSIMILE OF SKETCH BY OUR

The real history of the battle of Liaoyang has yet to be written. At present we can only piece together the descriptions sent home by various correspondents, who, of course, could only describe such portions of the fight as they saw. But we have learnt enough of the main facts to know that the five or six days' continuous fighting that took place before the town fell into the hands of the Japanese was the fiercest that has occurred since the American Civil War. It is impossible, in reading the telegraphic accounts of this terrible conflict, not to be struck with the splendid fighting powers of both sides. The desperate and heroic persistence of the Japanese and the stubborn resistance of the Russians equally compel our admiration. One military critic questions whether any European troops could ever have assailed the carefully prepared position to the south of Liaoyang as did the plucky little troops of Oku and Nodzu amid scenes of slaughter that have rarely been equalled. During the Boer War we read much about the fury of frontal attacks, but the Japanese still seem to believe in them on occasions. Not only so, but by sheer persistence they carry the position before them. Still, in looking at the battle of Liaoyang, we must not forget that Kuroki's attack on the Russian left materially assisted Oku and Nodzu in their frontal attacks, since Kuropatkin had constantly to be withdrawing troops from his centre and his right to resist Kuroki's turning movement on his left.

#### THE STRENGTH OF THE RUSSIAN POSITION

The Russian position at Liaoyang was one of great strength. Three positions had been selected for the defence of the town. The first line was a chain of low hills at right angles to the railway, six miles south of the town. The next was a supporting range about three-quarters of a mile north of the first line, and, finally, there was a line of intrenchments skillfully made in the flat land of the suburbs. Enormous trouble had been expended over the first line of defence, nothing known to modern military science being omitted to make the position strong. There were five distinct hills joined by low saddles. On the right were lofty rocks some 600 feet high, from which the artillery were directed by telephone. The rest of the position averaged 200 feet in height. Upon every crenel of vantage the Russians had constructed forts, dug rows of intrenchments and pitfalls, and placed barbed wire entanglements. The Russian works were, indeed, more like permanent defences rather than mere field fortifications. The forts in the second line were also protected by banks of

wire entanglements stretched above pitfalls eight to ten feet deep, with sharp stakes at the bottom of them. In front of the first line was flat land, in which grew tall millet, some ten feet high. Altogether the position in front of the Japanese was about as strong as it was possible to make it by both the nature of the land and by the ingenuity of the defenders.

#### THE BEGINNING OF THE FIGHT

Against this position the three Japanese armies advanced with great difficulty owing to the bad state of the roads. On the right was Kuroki, the hero of Feny-huangchang, Nodzu was in the centre, and Oku led the Japanese left. Oku had, it is estimated, about 110,000 men with 200 guns, Kuroki 90,000 men, and Nodzu 60,000, with 400 guns between them. On August 29 the Japanese advance guard got into touch with the Russian outposts. The real fighting began on the following day. The attack was opened just before dawn by a heavy fire from 160 guns which lasted all day, and then towards dusk the intrepid Japanese infantry began to advance. Opposite them was the rocky height, which correspondents christened "Gibbaltar," and just below the height was a large hotel Chinese village. Three times the Japanese successively tried to assault the position, but the hill of land that met them swept them back. The assault was renewed again and again, but it was found impossible to dislodge the defenders. On the morning of the 31st both armies vigorously renewed the battle without either side gaining much advantage. The losses on both sides were terrible.

#### KUROKI'S TURNING MOVEMENT

In the meantime Kuroki had been busily occupying the attention of the Russian left. He crossed the Taitse River and threatened to cut the Russian lines of communication. On August 31, having crossed the river, Kuroki drove back the enemy's infantry, and one column occupied Pao-shih-shan, which is about forty miles east of Liaoyang. The next day an advance was made towards the highlands of Hei-ying-tai. The Russians made a counter-attack, but the Japanese captured one position of the hills. At night the attack was renewed. This encounter was one of the fiercest yet recorded in the war. The contest raged until well into the morning. On approaching the trenches the Japanese encountered novel defences, consisting of wires strung along the ground highly charged with electricity. The men encountering these in the darkness received severe



PREPARING FOR THE FINAL ASSAULT

ARTIST, FREDERIC WHITING

As the Russians defending the trenches also threw hand grenades or shells among them with terrifying effect, wounding many. This attempt to seize the position, which would form an important vantage ground for either army, failed. Subsequently the Russians assaulted Hsai-yang-tai Hill at night, and once the Japanese were driven from their trenches, they returned to the struggle, however, and finally expelled the Russians. The slaughter on both sides was great. The spectacle which the hill presented has seldom been equalled in any war. The trenches, ditches, and furrows for shelter. Trenches and counter-trenches ran in every direction, varying to the number of attacks and the different points from which assaults had been attempted. To the summit 200 Russians lay with their rifles where they had fallen. It appeared that they advanced upon the word of command, and the whole line was mowed down when almost upon the crest. The bodies were black, having lain there in the sun while the firing was so constant and so that the Japanese were unable to bury them. Many corpses were strewn in the fields below. Hordes of shells had fallen on the hill, tearing pits and furrows in it. The Russians had succeeded in delaying Kuroki's advance, but in order to do so they had been obliged to withdraw from the front opposed to Oku and Nodzu.

#### THE CAPTURE OF BOUSHAN

Now let us return to the other two Japanese armies. General Oku, after his two abortive assaults, retired on a third—the third in twenty-four hours. At seven in the evening the Japanese were back again to prepare for the infantry assault. After an hour's bombardment, the infantry advanced again. The *Times* correspondent, in graphic language, tells how they did. There was, he says, gruesome evidence on the following morning to show how, like horses in a race, the horse infantry had struggled into barbed wire entanglements to die, how, in the darkness, sections had thrown themselves down thirty yards from the firing line, and how, when the flashes marked the goal they were never to win. But the first battalion of the 1st Regiment, which for forty-eight hours had been lying in the scrub at the foot of the green hill, broke through abatis and entanglements, and, in spite of a flanking fire which swept away group after group, had enough endurance to reach the first trench. What

happened there none know; but in the morning, Russians and Japanese were found lying intermingled waist-deep in the ditch, while from parapet to entanglement, perhaps 150 yards, the thick trail of prostrate khaki told a tale that no pen can describe. The assault had failed. Personal telephones told headquarters the desperate news. But Japanese infantry is not to know failure. The laconic reply was—"Reinforce and assault again before daybreak." But the outcome had already fallen on the first act of the drama. Whether shaken by repeated attacks, headed for his left flank, or finding that Kuroki could be held with difficulty from his communications, Kuroki, who was present in person, countermanded a general withdrawal from the position about midnight, so that the Japanese occupied the whole works in the morning up to the second position without striking another blow, while the Russians fell back to their third line, leaving seven prisoners, dead entombed in a trench, in Japanese hands. These, with the position and a portion of the Russian dead, were the net results of this negative victory, which at the lowest computation cannot have cost much less than 10,000 casualties. Kuroki, was beaten, but not killed by any means.

#### FINAL STAGES

When the Russian position was found to be evacuated it was thought that the Japanese would march into Liangyang, but there was more fighting yet to be done. *Chiao-ling* is a peninsula 2 miles long, and the Japanese occupied their entrenched position extending from the railway four miles eastward on the north face of the town. The Russians did not wait to be attacked, but, assuming the offensive, tried to force their way between Oku's and Nodzu's armies, striving to retake the positions they had lost. They were repulsed, but with great difficulty. At daybreak on September 3, the Japanese bombardment increased in fury, and huge fires were seen to break out in the town—partly the result of Japanese shells, and partly of Russian incendiarism. A lull in the battle was succeeded by another fierce bombardment at sunset, and then the infantry began the assault, bearing their way into the town. Before three next morning all the works were in the hands of the Japanese. Kuroki had left the town two hours previously, and had managed to extricate his army. Liangyang had been won, but at enormous cost to the Japanese, and the Russians, in their gallant defence, lost fearfully too. Roughly estimated, the total loss of the Japanese at Liangyang was about 50,000, and the Russian casualties cannot have been far short of that figure.



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## Paris Settings

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

The death of Paul Delmet is, to a certain extent, a national loss. For during his lifetime he contributed not a little to the enjoyment of his fellow countrymen. His songs are sung throughout the whole of France. He was one of the last of the *Chansonniers de Montmartre* who sang his own compositions. His works are to be found by the score, and all were popular. His "Stances de Manon" was, perhaps, the best known. Five years ago he had nothing else in the streets of the French capital.

"Manon vaud le soleil,  
C'est le printemps, c'est l'été,  
C'est l'amour, naïve et chaste,  
C'est le nid dans le buisson,  
Venez épouser le Français  
De l'île, de l'air, et de l'eau."

Delmet specially contributed to the happiness of the working classes. His romances had just that touch of sentiment which the Paris work-girl loves. The ambitious musician is one of the characteristic features of the French capital. They generally go in pairs, one a singer and the other a violinist, though sometimes a harp or a mandoline is added. As soon as they have selected a likely "patch," generally the corner of some side street leading on to a busy thoroughfare, the violinist strikes up and the singer goes through the first verse of the song. Before it is finished he has generally a crowd of a couple of hundred persons round him. He then distributes fifty or sixty copies of the song to the audience, and then starts afresh. His audience follow words and music, and by the time the second verse is reached, they are able to join in the chorus. As soon as three or four strophes have been sung the singer goes round and collects the songs he had distributed, or receives their equivalent in cash, at the rate of ten centimes per copy. The little Parisian work-girl seemed always to have two sous to spare to buy the latest work of Paul Delmet. Many of them have very fine voices and an excellent ear. These songs help to beguile the long hours in the atelier, when the needles are being busily plied.

A great writer once said that if he could make the songs of a country, he cared not who made the laws, and I imagine Paul Delmet did more for his countrymen than any deputy. Strange to say, the words for most of them are written by a deputy, who signs the pseudonym of Maurice Bonkay. I forget his real name for the moment, but I know that it is an augur of his *nom de plume*. Delmet began life as an engraver of music. He sang for some time in the chorus of Paris churches, and then tried his luck at the "Caveau," one of the oldest Montmartre cabarets. From here he moved to the Chat Noir, then in the zenith of its fame. *Le rétrograder centenaire* had grouped round him that brilliant galaxy of talent—Fragouilles, Jules Jony, Machal, Courteline, De Sivry, Caran d'Ache, Willette, Steinlen, etc., and the cabaret in the Rue Victor Massé was crowded by the rank and fashion of Paris.

For some time Delmet contented himself with singing the works of others till Salis made it a rule that his *chansonniers* should sing

their own works. This made Delmet take to composing, and the result was the collection of songs, which are as charming as anything of their kind in the world. His "Vieux Mendiant" has probably gone round the entire world.

"J'avais un grand sac plein d'écus,  
Qu'on m'avait légué mon grand-père;  
Des deux blancs qui battaient plus  
Des tous les deux de la terre.  
Ah, c'est écus,  
Qu'en me sa fait,  
Qu'en me sa fait, Margie la brune?  
Faut-il dans tes doigts, c'est par là,  
Et chantez au clair de la lune."

It was always a matter of great surprise to me that Delmet's songs never reached England. I know no French composer whose work is better suited for the English public. I used to meet Delmet nearly every evening when he took his omnibus at the Place Pigalle to go over to sing at the Nectambules in the Quartier Latin, and I often advised him to put himself in relation with some London publisher. But he only shrugged his shoulders and said "J'y pense," but never did anything. His "Stances de Manon," "Petits Chagrins," "L'Étoile d'Amour," "Tout Simplement," "Petite Brunette aux yeux doux," "Le Vieux Mendiant," and a score of others would take London by storm. Though only a Montmartre *chansonnier*, Delmet earned good money. He sang each evening in two cabarets, one in the Quartier Latin and the other in Montmartre, and received twenty francs per evening from each. Then the author's rights on the hundreds of thousands of copies of his songs sold throughout France brought in even more. Dominique Bonnard, his *canevareur* in Montmartre for many years past, told me one day that Delmet, in good years, made as much as 40,000 francs a year. But, like all the singers of the Montmartre cabarets of the old school, he had no order: his money melted between his fingers. As a result, he has left nothing in the shape of ready cash to his widow and his five children; but, I imagine, the author's rights from his many songs will bring in a substantial sum for many years to come.

Delmet had not any great voice, and could never have sung in anything larger than the small rooms in which the Paris cabaret is established. He was a curious figure, with his eye-glasses (he was short-sighted to a degree, the result of engraving music-plates) and his timid air. But if he had no great voice he was an artist in the fashion in which he sang. I can think of no finer performance than his rendering of "L'Étoile d'Amour" or "Petits Chagrins." Another point about his songs is that they were all in excellent taste. There was a single one that could not be sung in a drawing-room. Delmet is probably the last of the *chansonniers* of the old school. The modern Montmartre singer is no longer the Bohemian, but looks after business very sharply and has a very good eye to the main chance. But with the *vie d'artiste* the real cabaret has disappeared. With the exception of the Cabaret de Quai d'Arts, and perhaps the Cabaret des Arts, I know of no place where the old traditions of the Chat Noir and other famous establishments are now maintained. The fashion has passed, the *bohemian* no longer finds his way to the heights of Montmartre. The days when a double row of private carriages could be seen outside the Chat Noir are gone. Princes and Kings, *incognito*, no longer visit the Sacred Hill. All its great

glories have disappeared. Rudolphe Salis is dead, Jules Jany ended his days in a lunatic asylum, de Sivry, that creature of genius, succumbed to asthma. Machal is gone, and now Paul Delmet has joined the great majority.

## The Simplon Tunnel

Herr Hugo von Kager is the chief engineer of the Simplon Tunnel, the work on which is being prosecuted in the face of such terrible difficulty. The contractors for the tunnel are the Hamburg firm, who employ a certain number of German engineers and foremen, but the unskilled labour is mainly Italian. Work has been carried on from the Swiss and Italian sides simultaneously, two parallel headings with numerous cross connections being pushed forward from each side, and there now remain only 280 yards to be excavated before the headings meet. The workers in the Swiss boring have suffered severely from springs, the amount of water



HERR HUGO VON KAGER  
Chief Engineer of the Simplon Tunnel.  
Photo by E. Steinhilber, Berlin.

which had to be dealt with (partly arising from natural infiltrations and in part comprising that introduced artificially for refrigeration, rock-boring, etc.) amounted at length to 3,672 gallons a minute; but even this would not have sufficed to stop work, as has now been found necessary, but for the abnormally hot thermal springs which have been encountered at intervals. The men can and do work in cold water; but hot water is another matter, and although the boring springs are cooled by jets of cold water being directed into their midst, the temperature of the workings became unbearable. This, combined with an impending landslide, has necessitated work being abandoned for a time, at least, on the Swiss side, and the tunnels are closed with two iron gates which weigh about eight tons, and are built to resist a pressure of 147 lb. per square inch of surface. On the Italian side work still progresses in spite of encountering a spring hotter than any yet tapped which discharges 650 gallons a minute, and the work will probably be completed from this side. It is feared, though, that grave difficulties may be encountered when the Italian heading has advanced sufficiently far to blast an entrance into the submerged Swiss heading.

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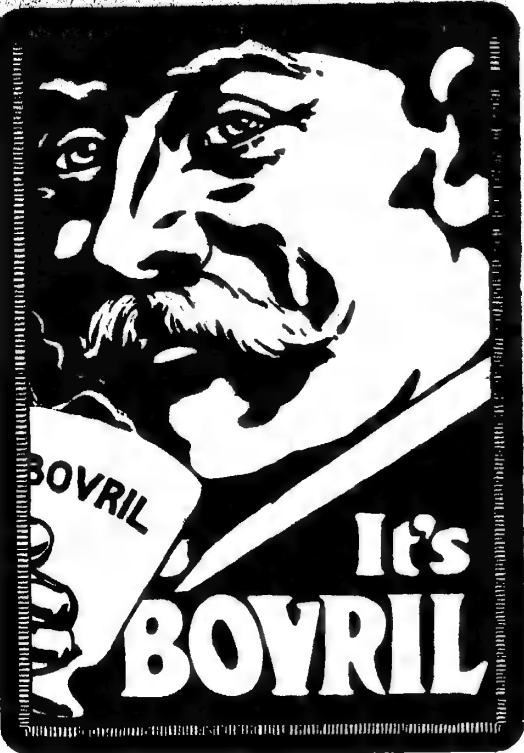
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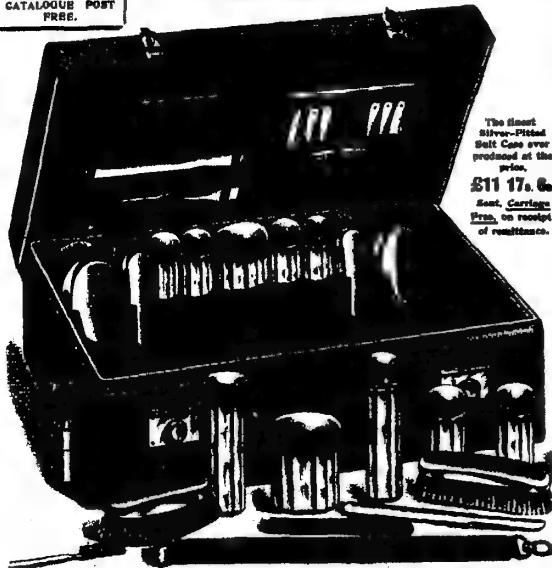
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Rorodina. Emperor Alexander III. Rorodina, Orel and Krasa Suvoroff. The transport Amadul anchored at Vigo on October 26. They left on November 1, 1904, bound for the coast of Spain. The Rorodina, the Krasa Suvoroff. Post officers were left behind to give evidence before the Court of Inquiry.

#### THE RUSSIAN WARSHIPS AT VIGO

to Cesar Borgia to secure for herself certain art treasures among the confiscated goods. Among the other lives related are those of the unhappy Giovanna, granddaughter of the King of Naples, the charming but short-lived Beatrice d'Este, the pathetic Caterina Curiano, Queen of Cyprus, the adventurous Bianca Capello, and the ever-ready and determined Caterina Sforza. The book is well illustrated with reproductions of portraits of the chief ladies of the time by the greatest artists of the Renaissance.

#### SIR HENRY HAWKINS\*

It is unnecessary to say that the reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins make up a work in which, literally, there is not a dull page; in particular that part which deals with the earlier stages of his career, when he was still a struggling and obscure barrister, is full of interesting memories. In spite of his extraordinary industry he did not lose touch with the gay world, and his stories of the gaming-clubs, racecourses, and prize-fights of the first half of the nineteenth century have a delightfully old-world flavour. We read of the fashionable gaming places, and the "manifold characters and scenes of Crickford's," and with regard to the latter there is, perhaps, a tinge of regret in the author's heart when he writes: "There never was anything like it, either in its origin or its subsequent history. There never will be anything like it in an age of refinement and laws which have been wisely passed for the protection of fools." We are told of justices in an unofficial capacity attending prize-fights, and of ladies "who in these days witnessed the drawing of a badge, or a dog-fight on Sunday afternoons." The experience gained at the places of popular amusement was of great assistance to Sir Henry professionally, and we read of a defaulting tipster who paid up a sum of £75 to his dupe for fear of the judge. "It was no sudden repentance on the man's part that caused this outburst of honesty, for he said, 'Why it's that *Oxford* as to try me, as' 'c's a member of the Jockey Club; he'll wear me off every course in *the Kingdom*.'" The man was acquitted, but Sir Henry warned him: "I had you been indicted with your friend for a conspiracy, I do not know what might have happened. As it is, the evidence fails to prove the

\* "The Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins, Baron Brampton." Edited by Richard Harris, K.C. 2 vols. London: Arnold, 1904.

charge against you; but let me say don't go to any racecourse again—' 'I hope, my lord, you won't sentence me to that,' said Sharp. 'I paid the money.' 'I cannot sentence you to that, but never let me see your face again! I let me give you that caution.' 'I help me,' said the man to his counsel, whose seat was close to the dock, 'I'd sooner see the devil.' 'Then go to him,' said his counsel. 'Sir Henry speaks of the difficulty in deciding exactly how much to say to a jury in summing up, and remarks how easy it is to say too much, as in a certain case where the jury found 'a verdict of not guilty, giving the 'benefit of the doubt' as to what the judge meant.' But it is also easy to say too little. "In a case of fowl-stealing which I was trying, there was a curious defence raised, which seemed too ridiculous to notice. It was that the fowls had crept into the nocking in which they were found, and which was in the prisoner's possession, in order to shelter themselves from the east wind. Forgetting that I had an unreasoning and ignorant jury to deal with, I thought they would at once see through so absurd a defence, and did not insist their common-sense by summing up. I merely said: 'Gentlemen, do you believe in the defence?' They put their heads together, and kept in that position for some time, and at last, to my utter amazement, said, 'We do, my lord; we find the prisoner *not guilty*.' It was a verdict to the prisoner and a lesson for me."

Sir Henry did much by his sarcastic complaints to better the wretched accommodation provided at some towns for the judges on circuit. There is much that is entertaining in connection with the more celebrated trials in which Sir Henry took place, notably the Tichborne case; and also two chapters purporting to be written by his celebrated dog "Jack." The "Reminiscences" are ably edited by Richard Harris, K.C.

#### "THE PRODIGAL SON"

There have been signs of late that Mr. Hall Caine was forgetting the first and paramount duty of a novelist to himself and his public—namely, to tell a story. The functions of preacher and prophet are unquestionably best kept apart from what is so distinctly among the recreative arts as fiction; unless, of course, they are artfully

concocted between the lines. No exception, however, can be taken on that ground to Mr. Caine's newest novel. "The Prodigal Son" is, above all else, a story, a story of purely human interest, powerfully told, and dealing, like all the best work of the kind, with broad types of character easy to recognize and to comprehend. The scene, apart from excursions to London and Monte Carlo, is laid in Iceland, thus obtaining the two advantages of a distinctively picturesque atmosphere, and of those simple conditions of life from which strong passions stand out so much more dramatically than when they are complicated by complicated social conventions. Oscar Stephenson, the "Prodigal" of the title, is one of those loved and, in their way, lovable creatures whose brilliant weakness is more perilous to themselves and others than any depth of deliberate villainy. Oscar's total lack of will rather than of heart—though to this it practically amounted—led to the wreck, not only of his own life, but of the lives of father, mother, brother, wife; of all, indeed, who came within the circle of his more than feminine fascination. A man of successful talent (he becomes a musical composer of European fame), he falls so low as to forge his father's name to pay the debts of the woman who, next to himself, was his evil genius; he is seduced into a not very creditable arrangement for helping the establishment at Monte Carlo to cheat its customers; and he sells the right to exhumate certain compositions which, in one of his sentimental paroxysms, he had buried in the grave of the wife whose heart he had broken. That Mr. Caine can be unaware of a somewhat similar, if less dramatic, transaction as reported of another man of genius, is not to be supposed. Of course, all the risuous results—and cruel indeed they are—are perversely traced by Oscar's victims to any source but Oscar; equally, of course, it is his somewhat morose but punctiliously honourable and devotedly self-sacrificing brother Magnus, who bears the worst of the blame and nearly all the blame. To take the work as a whole, the author's characteristic excellences—picturesque narrative, a strong grasp of character, and a masterful rendering of human nature in its supreme agonies of rebellion and despair, have never been more effectively displayed.

TO H.H.M. THE KING

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## The Christmas Bookshelf

### STORIES OF ADVENTURE

The powers of this year's Christmas literature are in the field. Some familiar names are absent, but new writers are filling up the gaps, and boys, at all events, need not complain that their likings are not studied. Stories of adventure are plentiful, the leading being towards historical tales. The very title of "England Expects" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), suggests the days of Nelson, and, accordingly, our great naval hero is the pilot of an entertaining sea yarn, with pageants, spies, the battle of Trafalgar and two bright boys as the ingredients dextrously mixed by Mr. F. Harrison. Spies, by the by, are generally reckoned despicable, but the talents and fervour of "The Phantom Spy" (Nelson), by Fox Russell, quite put out of sight the unpleasant side of his work in the days of Napoleon and Wellington. Altogether a very brisk story. Turning from the Navy to the sister service, we get a sad and realistic picture of the Crimean War from Mr. John Finmore.—"In the Trenches" (Nelson)—who reads here, somewhat in the steps of the late Mr. Henry. Carefully put together, the story is a trifle dull, though over-precision, and wants a little lightening. Back over the centuries to the struggles of York and Lancaster for a lightly written tale of Old England by Mrs. Henry Clark.—"A Trusty Rebel" (Nelson), wherein a follower of the impostor Perkin Warbeck passes through many exciting adventures. Next Miss Eliza Pollard takes her readers across the Channel to follow the fortunes of "The Knights of Liberty" (Nelson), a branch of those secret societies who fought against despotism under Louis XVIII. Miss Pollard holds a strong brief against the Jesuits, and provides a very thrilling tale. No less exciting is the sketch of the Franco-German campaign, "Ringed by Fire" (Nelson), with its powerful picture of the horrors of war in the siege of Metz. Miss E. Everett Green knows her subject thoroughly, and therefore rivets her readers' interest. Adventure pure and simple now comes to the fore in the heat brace of books, devoted to pirates on sea and land. In each there is a mystery, for while "The Pirates' Heart" by A. Alexander (Nelson) tells of hidden treasure in a lostness of Landy Island and Elizabethan buccaners, "Highway Pirates" by Harold Avery (Nelson), describes the search for a secret chamber containing a lost will. Both tales brim over with sensations. As a contrast to these somewhat bloodthirsty narratives comes a tale of school life, "The Grid Bar" (Black), by P. G. Wodehouse, who is an adept at picturing the ins and outs of a schoolboy's career in just the way to appeal to his readers' personal experience.

### ON CLASSIC GROUND

This is the age of brevity. Young readers want their fiction in small, strong doses, and are apt to sneer at the favourite old stories as long and prosy. Now Mr. S. R. Crockett, hewing to the spirit of the age, wants to interest the present generation in the Waverley novels, and tries to tempt them into reading Scott for themselves by telling the simple stories as "Red Cap Tales" (Black). First he told them to those fascinating small people whom he introduced long since as Sweetheart and

Sir Tooty Lion; and the result was so satisfactory that "the Scott shelf in the library has been taken by storm and cascades." So the effect is to be tried on other juveniles, the present book dealing with "Waverley," "Rob Roy," "Guy Mannering," and "The Antiquary." If his young readers do not forthwith rush for Scott's novels it will not be Mr. Crockett's fault, so well has he condensed these fascinating stories of the

Wizard of the North. With its good coloured illustrations this is a delightful gift-book, and the little insericles depicting the author's own small people give an additional flavour. Much the same idea, in a small scale, has been followed out by Alice Spencer Hoffmann in her "Stories from Shakespeare for Children" (Dent). The "Midsummer's Night Dream" is, of course, the very play to attract fairy-loving children, and as Miss Hoffmann tells the story very graciously, her little book is a good introduction to the real study of our great dramatist. There are some dainty illustrations by R. Anning Bell, although the drawing is not always blameless.

### "A STORY OF THE DAYS OF NELSON"

A great interest is attached to "By Conduct and Courage: A Story of the Days of Nelson" (Blackie and Son), in that it is the last of the late Mr. G. A. Henry's great series of historical stories for boys. Mr. Henry's books are always virile, and his heroes are brave and adventurous; and the hosts of boys who have read his stories will look at his last volume with feelings of kindly regret for their old friend. The story introduces us to Nelson, under whom the hero, Will Gilmore, serves in several battles. The boy's life at sea is full of exciting adventure and stirring incidents. There are some dozen capital illustrations, by W. Rainey, R.I., one of which we reproduce. This picture shows the hero and the crew of the cutter of H.M.S. Tartar boarding a Moorish craft. The cutter had no sooner reached the Moorish vessel than she was sunk by a round shot. The men climbed from the sinking boat on to the strange vessel, and were confronted by fully a hundred armed Moors. The contest was too uneven to last, and the redoubtable Will and his comrades were taken prisoners. Of course, they escape, and Will subsequently gains great credit under Nelson.

### REDKIN LORE

Children who live in far-off countries may not have so many books as those in civilised towns, but they often get their stories in a much more original way—through native tradition. So it was with the boy who listened to old Uncle Remus, and so it was with the little lad who lived in the Indian village, Muskoma, across the Atlantic, and listened to the tales of a friendly chief. "What Owasippi, the chief, told the boy, the "New World Fairy Book" (Dent), by H. A. Kennedy, tells to English children, and very fascinating they will find it. The tales are full of characteristic colouring, queer animals, and the poetic fancies which belong to a people far from the prosaic routine of town life. H. R. Miller's illustrations have well caught the spirit of the book. There are some pretty ideas, too, in "Bedtime Fairy Tales" (Simpkin, Marshall), by Harold Hamel-Smith, which hide nice little morals not too visibly put, and are just short enough to interest a nursery audience, while the fairy and the practical world are fancifully blended in "The Sun Child" (Bradbury, Agnew), by R. C. Lehmann, where an inhabitant from the upper world comes down among the commonplace people of our earth. Not are the wags quite forgotten, for many a laugh will be raised by the merry pictures and verse of "Baby Bunting and Co.," by Irene Payne (Jarrold), and "Billy Ruddylos" (Swan Sonnenschein), by Lily Schofield, who depicts an ancient British boy in specially diverting fashion.



"AS THEY CLIMBED UP THEY WERE CONFRONTED BY FULLY A HUNDRED ARMED MOORS"

From "By Conduct and Courage." By G. A. Henry.

# The Two Sauces of To-day

## REMARKABLE LETTERS

### FROM LHASSA.

A letter written on the 6th August, 1904, by an Officer of General Macdonald's Tibet Mission Force then in Lhasa, and received by HUNTLEY & PALMERS, LTD., READING, says:—

"It may interest you to hear that your Biscuits are on sale in this City. This morning in the market that has been established just outside the camp, I came across a small tin, and inside were your 'NICE' Biscuits."

Another British Officer, writing from Lhasa on the 14th August, very kindly sent HUNTLEY & PALMERS a tin of their biscuits which he had bought from a Tibetan woman, expressing his wonder at finding them there.

### FROM CENTRAL AFRICA

Messrs Greenlade & Co., 7 Philpot Lane, London, wrote on the 22nd August as follows:—"You may be interested to hear that our Mr. F. J. Greenlade, who was a member of 'The Arderne Party' which recently visited Victoria Falls on the Zambesi by the first through train from Cape Town, writes:—

"As we were boating on the Zambesi, just above the Falls, one of our Boats took in a good deal of water; the native baled out the water with a 'Huntley & Palmers' Biscuit Tin. It was so unexpected to find such an emblem of civilisation in this, the interior of Africa."

These letters show that Huntley & Palmers Biscuits have preceded the British Flag into the most inaccessible and exclusive regions of the world, affording some answer to those who lament the supposed decline of British commercial enterprise. The Secret of

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VICTORIA FALLS,  
ZAMBESI RIVER

## The S.S. Pandora

The Pandora, now lying in the Thames, is a yacht with a history no less interesting than that of her owner, Mr. T. C. Kerry, who knows the South Sea Islands "like a book," and who is the only Englishman known to have crossed New Guinea from sea to sea. There are, indeed, few out-of-the-way corners to which Mr. Kerry has not penetrated as hunter, explorer, sailor, pearl-fisher, or trader, and his thrilling adventures would fill a large-size volume. The Pandora was originally a British gunboat, and was known in the sixties as the *Newport*. Since those early days she has become a famous explorer, and under the command of Sir Allen Young battled with the ice in the Polar regions. Her surveying work in the Magellan Straits is one of her many other achievements. The yacht is a sunny old vessel, built of oak and teak, copper fastened right through and built on a beautiful lines. She is as sound, in fact, today as on the day she was built. Her engines are new, and she is capable of doing about eight knots. The mission on which the Pandora sails a few days hence is one of twofold interest. Mr. Kerry is helping the Colonial Office by taking out mails, parcels, gifts of clothing, etc., to the lonely colony on the island of Tristan d'Acunha, which lies almost midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, and he is also taking a few passengers. This lonely island lies in such a position that it mixes both eastern and western ships, and the islanders receive only the rarest visits from a whaler and occasionally from a British warship. The inhabitants number about seventy, and are descendants of sailors, castaways, and a handful of soldiers left on the island when it was garrisoned by a company of British artillery during the time of the Great Boerwar's exile at St. Helena. When Mr. Kerry visited Tristan twelve years ago he found a sailor named Green



MR. T. C. KERRY'S STEAM YACHT PANDORA, WHICH IS TO TAKE OUT THE GOVERNMENT MAILS TO TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.  
From a Photograph by J. W. Cavanagh, Warrington.

installed as the chief man. The islanders have no laws, church, or money, but they have plenty of cattle and raise potatoes and even grapes. Grain they cannot raise, as this island is infested with rats. The people are coarse-skinned and rather childish in manner, but very honest and hard-working. Mr. Kerry has leased three islands—Inaccessible, Nightingale, and Gough Islands—from the Government for twenty-one years, and he believes that on Gough Island, which he only once visited for a few hours, he will find a

great treasure in the form of an immensely valuable guano deposit. There are millions upon millions of penguins and other birds, which contribute to this valuable deposit. Gough Island is about forty square miles, and lies about 300 miles from Tristan. It has never been explored, and it is believed, only once visited—the visitor being the famous Challenger. What other treasures Mr. Kerry will find on this and his other two islands time alone can tell, but that the voyage will be of intense interest, not only to himself but to his friends and crew of thirty all told on the Pandora is very certain. The yacht is at present lying in the West India Dock, and any presents in the shape of clothes, books, and preserved foods will be most acceptable to the islanders.

**CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.**—Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons have again provided a marvellous collection of novelties for Christmas. Much is expected of Messrs. Tuck, but each year they seem to surpass even the high standard of excellence that is looked for in their productions. Every taste, every class is catered for. The rich man and the poor man, the gay and the serious, the sporting and the art-loving—all will find something to their liking in the wondrous variety of subjects and designs included in their collection of Christmas cards. There are upwards of 8,500 new designs. Mention should also be made of their Christmas postcards, of which there are 300 new sets. The calendars are, as usual, most artistic productions—the pictures chosen for reproduction being by old masters or by well-known modern artists. For the young people there is an infinite variety of toy books, varying in price from 2d. to 7s. 6d. To look at them makes one long to be a child again—truly the little people to-day are better provided with books than were their parents, and they owe thanks to "Father Tuck" for much, especially for his charming "Annals," which is always a favourite.

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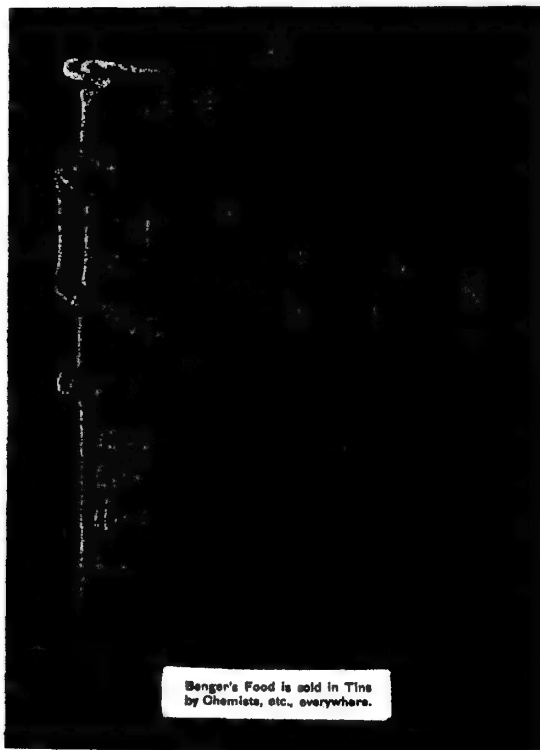
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## Rural Notes

## THE SEASON

October has been an admirable month. It had its chill touches and its gloomy days to warn us of what no winter fails to bring. But these were its monitions and not its own mood, which was genial and reasonable. If the first fortnight cut off the dahlias the last brought on the chrysanthemums, and the showers which were useful to make the land work well under the plough and the drill were succeeded by a spell of dry and sunny weather, to which a slight north-east wind imparted a bracing touch. In no year, within recent record, has farm work been so advanced on the last day of October as it was when the month closed on Monday night last. There have certainly been increased sowings not only of wheat but also of rye, of winter oats, and of October beans. There have not, so far as we can glean, been any important sowings of October barley, which, after occupying the soil for nine full months, only fetched 23s. or 24s. at the exchange. Roots have gone on growing and mellowing. Quality will be a feature of this year's crops, and palatability. Quantity is variously estimated, most farmers expecting somewhat less than usual in mere bulk. But if stock take kindly to the roots, the matter will leave a balance of satisfaction on the farmer's side.

## THE "ROYAL" AND THE GOVERNMENT

The proposal to ask the Board of Agriculture to make a large annual grant in aid of the Royal Agricultural Society, is one which was best abandoned. It can only lead to constant and unprofitable debates every Session in Parliament, and is an idea which, on the face of it, is utterly incomplete. Either the Government must take over the Royal, or else the Board of Agriculture must endow agricultural shows generally. As the other great shows are paying their way, and only ask to be let alone, the first alternative is really the only one. The Government would, in our opinion, be very ill-advised to touch the affairs of the Royal Agricultural Society of England at all; but if they decide to step in it must be as Masters, not as bolstering up a shaky concern out of the taxes.

## WHITE EGGS AND BROWN

The preference for white bread over brown has an odd antithesis in the preference for brown eggs over white. The very origin of the egg preference is obscure, whereas the bread question is relegated to a period of poverty, when brown bread eaters were the very poor and white bread on the table was the first sign of a rise in condition. Farmers tell us that the grocer is as well aware as the agriculturists that a white egg is quite as good in every respect as a brown one, but the retailer has to bow to the customer's whim, and his assurance of what is the plain fact is put down by the buyer to the vendor having a stock of unsaleable white eggs. The taste of the public is harmless, except that it causes a great run on breeds of fowls which

are bad sitters, or, rather, very nervous ones, as they lay a few eggs and then become desperately broody. The only sort of fowl which lays brown eggs, and lays a large number of eggs before a broody disposition becomes dominant, is said to be the Grand Langshan, and everybody cannot keep that breed. The Board of Agriculture devotes leaders to many minor agricultural troubles. Would it be too much to suggest a leader informing the public, on official authority, that white eggs equal in flavour, nutriment and digestibility the brown?

## RABBITS

While the Crown is advertising for persons to thin the rabbits in Royal parks, while farmers complain of depredations by these animals, and while the fecundity of the creatures is a by-word, it seems indeed strange that we should pay a large yearly tribute to Belgium, France, Russia, and North Germany for those rabbits, which, moreover, are not underselling the English, but, on the contrary, when labelled "Outland"—and most foreign rabbits are so labelled—are held for a higher price than the British Bunny. The sportsman is too apt to look down on the rabbit; but synonym for fox-hunting as the *lapin* is in France, the sport is by no means to be despised, for the animal is rapid, wary, and erratic, and if it was rare would be regarded as a chase worthy of the best. Rabbit-breeding and shooting, in fact, needs systematic study, so that both the supply of good food should be increased without recourse to importation, and the fecundity of the rabbit made the occasion for exercise in the skill of the good shot.

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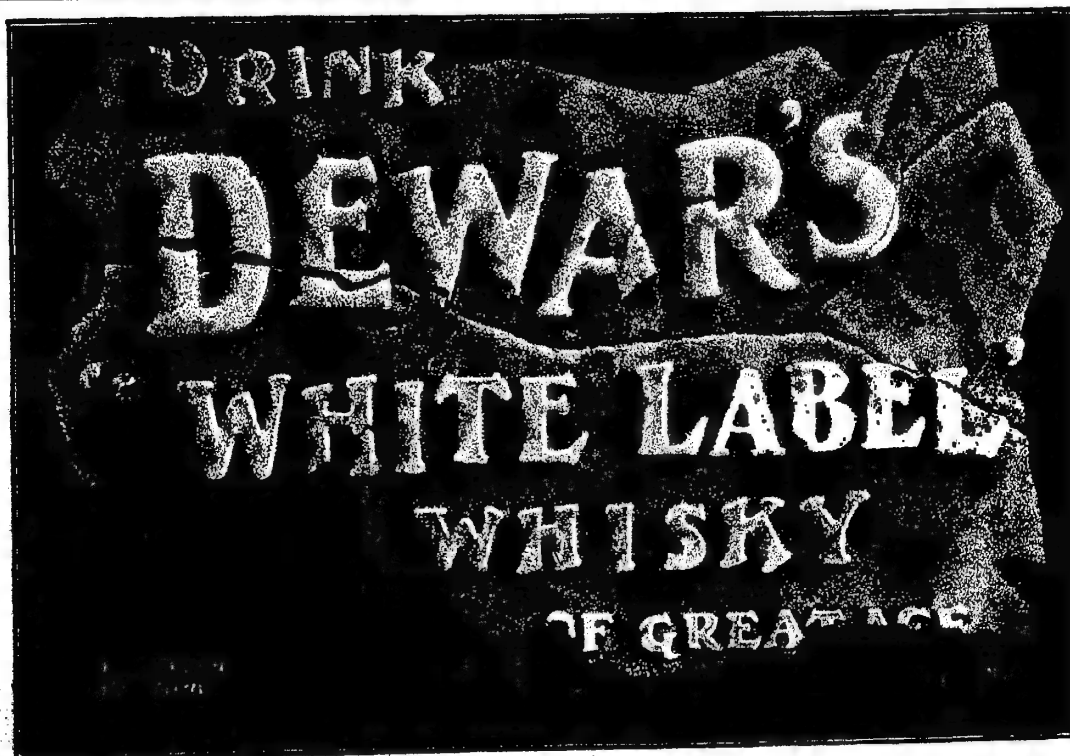
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# LAZENBY'S SOUP SQUARES



## Music Notes

It is to be feared that the opera season which is now in progress at Covent Garden will have tempted many of us to break the tenth commandment and over-naples Opera Company. Ecologues, of course, such a thing is thus to everyone except the subject of them, yet up to the present at any rate, it has been quite impossible to find any flaw whatever in this most admirable body of singers.

At the time I writing only one opera has been played with which we are not thoroughly familiar—that is to say, Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*. In otherwise we have had Verdi's *Ida, Agnès, and La Bohème*, and in the latter, Puccini's *Tosca* and *La Bohème*, and *Manon Lescaut*—all old friends of which it is not easy to tire. We all will be glad to see a fortnight ago, and it is quite unnecessary to speak of the success of the other operas, for most music-lovers must know that almost by heart. The performances, however, are of the highest quality for reflection. In the first place, we are tempted to wonder how it is that most of the principals have never appeared in London before, or have been absent for so many years. Some of them, for example, as popularly reported to be Verdi's greatest creation, and after his performances in *Tosca*, *Agnès*, and *La Bohème* than can be no reason to dispute his claim to that proud position. In each of these operas he has tried to do us such an exhibition of fine singing and interesting acting as we rarely get our good fortune to see on the lyric stage.

Mme. Bismarck, again, though a somewhat conventional

actress, has a magnificent voice. Up to the present she has appeared as *Amelia* in *La Bohème* and as *Ida*. The latter part needs, perhaps, rather greater dramatic talent than she seems to possess, but she was a splendid *Amelia*, and sang the music beautifully. Signor Vagnoli has not visited London for a very long time, yet his voice seems to have lost little of its beauty in the interval that has elapsed; while Signor Armandi, the famous bass, is evidently as fine a singer as he was in the days when he first came to London, in order to play *Gerolamo* in *Manon Lescaut*. Miss Alice Nicken is still only on the threshold of her career, but if she lives up to the standard which she set herself as *Gilda* in *Rigoletto* and *Manon* in *La Bohème*, she will have no reason to regret her boldness in leaving musical comedy for grand opera. Of the other principals, Mme. Gnanoli made a career of unquestionable excellence, while Signor Anselmi, a tenor who has often sung at Covent Garden in the past, has done very useful work.

One of the most notable features of the performances has been that every part in every cast, from the largest to the smallest, has been filled by a thoroughly sound artist. It is impossible to insist too much on the importance of this, for the *ensemble* invariably suffers if one or two of the singers fall out of the rest. This is, moreover, a point that is only too often forgotten by managers of opera, and we frequently hear performances during the grand opera season, in which it is as a rule of Melba and Caruso first and the rest nowhere, such a stigma can never be cast upon the San Carlo Company, and even on nights when Caruso, the greatest of all tenors, is singing, the *ensemble* never falls anything short of perfection.

The concert hall at beginning to open their doors once more, and last week both the London Symphony Orchestra and the Queen's Hall Orchestra began their seasons. The playing of the former probably came as a surprise even to those who knew how excellent were the instrumentalists, and how thoroughly they were accustomed to playing with one another. It is not too much to say that at the present moment there is no finer band in England. Herr Nikisch, Herr Sienbach, M. Colonne, and the other famous conductors who are to lead it this year, should find it in an instrument on which they will be proud to play. Both the balance and the quality of the tone are ideal, and under Dr. Cowen's direction it gave admirable performances of Beethoven's Third Symphony, Wagner's *Faust Overture*, and the conductor's own "Phantasy of Love and Life."

The Queen's Hall Orchestra is improving space, and before long it should be as fine as ever the old band was. Tchaikovsky's "Manfred" Symphony filled up fully half of Saturday's programme, and the performance was in every way excellent. But the work itself, truth to tell, is long-winded and not particularly interesting. It has never been popular here, and we doubt whether we are likely to hear it very often. Mozart's delicious II Minor Piano Concerto, however, is as fresh to-day as it was when it was first produced, and it is impossible to believe that this fascinating work will ever be laid on the shelf. M. Raoul Pugno, who has no equal in Mozart's music, was the soloist, and played the music so perfectly that the audience would not be satisfied until he had given an encore.

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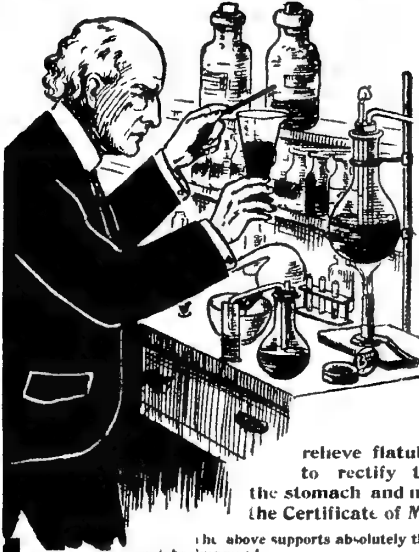
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relieve flatulence, sick headache, and biliousness. . . . May always be relied upon to rectify the overflow or insufficient flow of bile, and to lessen congestion of the stomach and intestines. Bile Beans are an excellent family medicine, and we award the Certificate of Merit to the Bile Bean Company in respect of them."

The above supports absolutely the claim we have long made for Bile Beans, and more convincing evidence of their merit could not be imagined.

The verdict of *Science Siftings* coincides with the verdict of the public. Five years ago Bile Beans were practically unknown in Britain. To day they are the favourite family medicine, preferred above all others as a cure for liver complaint, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, and allied ailments. This is not merely our statement. It is proved by thousands of unsolicited testimonials from people in all walks of life.

What is the reason that Bile Beans are so rapidly replacing the old-fashioned preparations dating back fifty or sixty years, most of which contain some harmful mineral substance? Because Bile Beans are a modern scientific triumph, are compounded from the finest medicinal roots and herbs in the world, made in the best equipped laboratories in the world, are mild in action, yet always effective, are suitable for the most delicate invalid, are convenient to take, are not too expensive for the working man and woman, are the best family medicine and they cure.

Larger quantity for the price is offered by some of the old-fashioned remedies, because larger doses of them must be taken before any results are obtained. Quantity at a cheap price does not signify a good article. The vegetable ingredients in Bile Beans are so balanced and so highly concentrated that large doses are not necessary, consequently a box of Bile Beans is far more economical because once cured by them you stay cured, and you do not acquire the pill-taking habit.

## BILIOUSNESS. HEADACHE.

Mrs. Sarah Benjamin of 208 Jubilee Street, Mile End Road, London, suffered for years with biliousness and indigestion, yet Bile Beans have now restored her at 60 years of age to complete health. She says: "I was a perfect martyr to biliousness and indigestion. These ailments made me very weak and my nerves became shattered. My fits of biliousness were accompanied by splitting headaches, and I was unable to digest even the lightest food during these attacks. I suffered like this for many years until twelve months ago when Bile Beans were recommended to me. I obtained a supply and soon found they were doing me good. I continued improving, and when I had finished the course I was completely cured. At the present time I feel in excellent condition."

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BEANS  
FOR  
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# THE GRAPHIC.

No. 1,824.—Vol. LXX.

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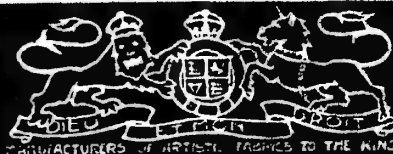
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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1554. Vol. XX.  
Published on Friday, 11th Nov.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1905. Price 6d. per copy.



THESE TWO MONUMENTAL FIGURES, WHICH WERE FOUND BY THE BRITISH ARMY IN 1893, ARE THE REMAINS OF THE GREAT MONASTERY OF DHARMA-RATNA, WHICH WAS BUILT BY THE KING OF BURMA IN THE 14TH CENTURY. THE MONASTERY WAS DESTROYED BY THE BURMESE IN 1824, AND THE FIGURES WERE LEFT TO RUIN. THE BRITISH ARMY FOUND THEM IN 1893, AND THEY WERE TAKEN TO THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY IN LONDON. THE FIGURES ARE NOW ON DISPLAY IN THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY IN LONDON.

LEAVING CHANGI GENERAL MURDOCH AND RECOVERING A PART OF THE

## Topics of the Week

**The Inquiry**  
That the Anglo-Russian Convention for regulating the inquiry of the International Commission into the Dogger Bank outrage should have been received with mortification and gnashing of teeth in certain quarters is intelligible enough. The position originally taken up by public opinion in this country was that full redress should be made with the utmost promptitude or Russia would have to take the consequences. The demand of the Tsar for an Inquiry was flouted on the grounds—also quite intelligible—that we were satisfied with our knowledge of the facts, that those facts showed undeniably that an outrage had been committed, and that we had nothing to do with the extenuating circumstances which alone were the object of the Russian scheme of inquiry. Guided by this view an evening paper, the other day, expressed its disappointment at the terms of the Convention by exclaiming, "Oh! for an hour of Palmerston!" We call attention to this exclamation not because we are disposed to mock at it, but because it really affords the clue to the justification of the solution of the crisis adopted by His Majesty's Government. Could Palmerston have acted differently? No doubt, had the Dogger Bank outrage happened in his time, there would have been no International Inquiry, and we should either have received the redress we sought within a reasonable time or British ships of war would have thandered the indignation of the British people against the fortifications of Cronstadt. But this outrage happened in the year of grace 1904, at a time when certain solemn international undertakings in regard to international disputes were in force, and there can be no doubt that had Lord Palmerston been spared till then he would have found his scope of militant action much circumscribed by these undertakings. If, then, there has been a climb down—which we are far from admitting—the fault does not lie with Lord Lansdowne, but with the framers of The Hague Convention, who, by anticipation, bound this country to the method of seeking redress now adopted by His Majesty's Government. Once the Tsar claimed an Inquiry by virtue of The Hague Compact, we were, in fact, bound to give way. The only question which remains to be considered is whether the Convention, drawn up in pursuance of The Hague stipulations, is one which is likely to meet the requirements of the case as we in this country understand them. On this point there can scarcely be a difference of opinion. Provision is made for an exhaustive inquiry and for fixing the responsibility, and since we have already received a pledge that the persons who are found to have been responsible shall be tried and punished, we really have nothing more to ask. It is, perhaps, not very agreeable to bear "the law's delay" in a case which has so deeply and legitimately moved the passions of the nation, but the delay is inevitable, and we must be satisfied if we have a fair security—as we certainly have—of obtaining full justice in the end.

**Devolution or Home Rule**  
The movement started by Lord Dunraven with the object of securing some system of devolution for the benefit of Ireland, has not received much encouragement either from Unionists or from Nationalists. The Unionists denounce the whole scheme as Home Rule under another name. The Nationalists retort that it is certainly not Home Rule, and is no good to them. In spite of this discouragement, however, Lord Dunraven persists in his movement. With the general principle of devolution which Lord Dunraven and his friends are urging, we are all in agreement. The House of Commons is obviously overburdened with work, and any relief would be eagerly welcomed. The trouble is that directly we begin to deal with any phase of the Irish Question, we are brought up short by the never-ending religious difficulty. In this country, happily, men are appointed to public office without regard to their religious opinions. In Ireland the first question asked is what a man is—a Catholic or a Protestant. The Irish Protestants, therefore, fear that if the control of the Government in Ireland were to pass to any kind of popularly elected body, every Government post would be filled by Catholics, because the Catholics have the voting power. It is useless for the Catholics to retort that in the past the Protestants have used their ascendancy to secure all the leaves and fishes for themselves. Two wrongs do not make one right. The only fair system is to disregard religion altogether in selecting candidates for public office, and there is good reason to believe that at present this is done, because both Catholics and Protestants in turn complain that the Government is favouring their rivals. Therefore, until this primary difficulty of public appointments can be got over, it is

hopeless to look for the happy co-operation of Catholics and Protestants, and without that co-operation no scheme for Irish self-government can be satisfactory. The first task, then, that lies before Lord Dunraven is to convert his own countrymen. When—if ever—he has succeeded in doing that, he will not find the House of Commons reluctant to assent to any reasonable scheme of devolution that has been so framed as to safeguard the unity of the kingdom and the effective supremacy of Parliament. Whether he will satisfy Mr. John Redmond is another question.

**Khartoum College**  
Slowly but steadily, a true work of humanity is going on at the resuscitated city which Gordon strove to save, at the cost of his life, from pillage and massacre. There could be no more fitting memorial of that ungrudging sacrifice than Khartoum College, with its affiliated schools. When the idea of establishing this educational institution first took shape and substance, even its promoters were none too hopeful. It was much more a sense of duty than any expectation of success that urged them on; they felt convinced that the scheme would have won the warmest approval of the hero who had so resolutely sought to raise the Sudanese to a higher level, moral and intellectual. With almost surprising quickness, the appeal to the inner natures and aspirations of the Khartoum population received a most favourable response. Long before the College was finished, elementary schools sprang up as if by magic, and the main difficulty was not to secure a sufficiency of pupils, but to deal with the surplus candidates for the white man's learning. Such was the birth of the College; its subsequent growth is writ full and large in the last annual report by Mr. James Currie, the Principal. Here it is shown, in modest terms, what is already accomplished, while here and there it is indicated what remains to be done to completely equip the College as the educational centre of the Sudan. That is Mr. Currie's far-reaching aspiration, and, judging from the success so quickly attained, its realisation, in part or in whole, should not occupy many years.

**Rifle Practice**  
The Duke of Norfolk's recent appeal on behalf of rifle-shooting as a national pastime has not, we are glad to see, fallen on sterile soil. Lady Londonderry follows up that preface with a brief letter to the *Times*, showing how easily and inexpensively miniature rifle ranges can be improvised. Any building of moderate size suffices for the purpose, and this being secured, all that remains to be done is to give the target an iron backing to stop erratic bullets. At Wynyard Park, a coach-house twenty-five yards in length was utilised, and here, by the help of the Morris tube, the means of practice up to 250 yards were obtained. A club being formed, all the men employed by Lord Londonderry most willingly joined, and even more willingly remained members after they had learned to appreciate what the Duke of Norfolk rightly calls "the greatest of all national games." Three shots cost no more than a penny, while in many rifle clubs it is so arranged that part of this outlay is defrayed out of the subscribed funds. Of course, the cardinal object sought by the promoters of this form of sport is to strengthen the defensive quality of the civilian population, just as in the olden time all males above a certain age had to practise archery. But rifle-shooting, whether at miniature or at full-sized ranges, also has all the makings of a wholesome, exciting, and inexpensive recreation for young and old alike.

**The Louisiana Exhibition Awards**  
Thanks in no small measure to the personal co-operation of the Prince of Wales, and the support so properly afforded by Mr. Balfour and his colleagues, the British exhibitors at the great Louisiana Show have come out of the competition with an abundance of laurels. In all, they carried off between 600 and 700 distinctions, and to make this success all the more brilliant, "grand prizes" and gold medals largely outnumbered silver and bronze medals. As there is every reason to assume that the judges acted without bias in favour of any particular nationality, it would almost appear that this country is not quite such a decadent in industrial production as some gloomy folks affirm. Given a fair field and no favour most British goods can, we feel convinced, hold their own, and something more, against all comers. But it is not a fair field when they are handicapped by the liberal aid afforded to their foreign competitors by their respective Governments. Happily, that was not the case at the Louisiana Exhibition; for once in a way, Ministerial minds recognised the importance of demonstrating that Great Britain is very far from being played out in any of her staple industries, and we see the result of this "waking up" in the shipload of trophies brought back by British firms from the international tournament.

## The Oystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN COTTELL

By J. ASHEV-STERRY

There is but little doubt that art in the streets has made a distinct advance in the last five-and-twenty years. Though many of our statues, buildings and lamp-posts leave much to be desired, there is a distinct advance in good taste throughout the metropolis. In no department is this more evident than in advertisements. If you could contrast a bill-poster of 1870 with one of the present day you would be mightily astonished at the difference. The progress that has been made in posters during the last quarter of a century is something astounding. It is many years ago that I wrote concerning the power of the poster, and regretted that it should not be further developed from an artistic and educational point of view. I think some of the first distinguished posters were designed by Frederick Walker and Professor Herkomer, and since that period many accomplished artists have lent their aid to the development of the Royal Academy for the nation.

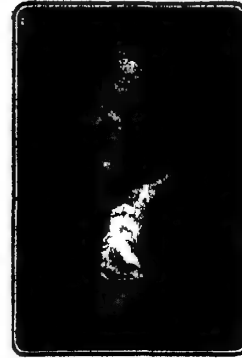
There yet, however, remains a branch of street art which is at a standstill and probably has not advanced in the smallest degree for the last half-century. And that is the boards outside taverns and public-houses, announcing the beverages that may be obtained within. They are precisely the same startling blue, brilliantly red, and essentially green backgrounds, on which notable brewers are glorified in garish gold letters, that I can recollect when I was a very small boy. Now, I believe, all these boards are supplied by the brewers. It is too much to ask that they should give us more variety and something considerably more artistic. The vast expense occupied by these boards affords a wide field for the decorative painter, and I imagine that "Mashub and Co.'s Sparkling Ales," "Vat and Cooler's Entire" or "Thursty, Kilkerrin and Quench's Noddy Stout" would taste no worse from being artistically announced. We know in Italy what wondrous value and speech effect they obtain from the extra-mural decoration of houses, and if the various brewers would only consent to forego the everlasting monotonous convention displayed in their tasteless and gaudy trade announcements it would contribute not a little to the decorative effect of London and the suburbs.

The new innovation of knee-breeches and silk stockings for evening dress does not appear to have caught on, and I am not at all surprised. Not that it would not give a picturesque appearance to our evening assemblies, but that you rarely find a costume become fashionable if it is much written about beforehand. A change of this description cannot be brought about by a few individuals who are courageous enough to submit to be stared at as pioneers of the new gash. A national innovation must grow slowly; it must be gradually and insidiously introduced, till it strikes every one suddenly that it is the correct thing, and then there will be some chance of its adoption. Some time ago white waistcoats were introduced into evening dress, and had the effect of distinguishing it from the usual dismal waistcoat costume. This distinction has, however, been nullified by the adoption of white waistcoats by waiters at many of the restaurants. This circumstance impresses one with the necessity of caution in adopting in a hurry the most recently suggested evening dress. If we all array ourselves in knee-breeches and silk stockings, and then find that a similar garment has been adopted by waiters, we shall not gain much. Why does not each restaurant have a distinctive uniform for its attendants? This would not only add to the brilliancy of the room, but would prevent the patrons being mistaken for waiters—a by no means uncommon occurrence nowadays.

"When'er I take my walks abroad how many times am I interfered with by building operations. Sometimes it is a new hotel and restaurant, at others a bank, an addition to our play-houses, or a gigantic music-hall. It does not seem to matter much what it is, it generally comes to the same thing. I am thrust out into the roadway, my hat is injured by the unexpected scaffolding, my coat is disfigured with rubbish, my shoes are ruined by the uneven pathway, and my ankles sprained by unlooked-for snags and pitfalls. I have endured all this kind of thing—without the least compensation—for the last ten years, and I am getting quite used to it, and at last regard it to be something inseparable from the day's work. But there is one matter in connection with this state of things that calls for instant remedy and for the immediate interference of the police. That is the crowd of idlers that will persist in blocking up the circumnavigated footway by standing there and staring all day long at the British workman carrying on his business. Nothing, I am told, is so delightful to the idler as to see some one else hard at work. Now I have no wish whatever to interfere with the enjoyment of the unemployed, but I object strongly to his blocking up the pathway and preventing me from keeping appointments, and I earnestly hope the police will induce these loafers to move on, for I most distinctly decline to be compelled to inspect uninteresting building operations against my will, when I have more profitable employment demanding my immediate attention.

Now that a cheap restaurant has been successfully started it is to be hoped it will not long before some one follows with a cheap theatre. It is a curious fact, notwithstanding the increase in the number of the theatres and their patrons, the prices of admission are greatly in advance of what they were years ago. When everything else has become cheaper, the cost of amusement is very much dearer. It is difficult to understand why this should be. I am inclined to think any one who would be courageous enough to start a theatre with a bright, amusing performance, not too long, where the price of the stalls should be five shillings, and the other seats in like proportion, would make a very great success. If a good cheap theatre for the million were started I feel certain the million would patronise it.



MR. WOODMAN, J. J.  
J. J. SheriffTHE NEW LORD MAYOR  
Mr. Alderman John FordMR. ALDERMAN STRONG  
Senior Sheriff

### The New Lord Mayor and Sheriffs

The new Lord Mayor was born in 1829 at No. 81, Leadenhall Street—the premises in which he still carries on business. He was educated at Christ's Hospital and then entered his father's firm, Messrs. John Ford and Co. He was treasurer and is now president of the Aldgate Ward Schools, one of the few remaining schools entirely maintained by a single ward. In 1869 he entered the Corporation as a Common Councilman for Aldgate Ward. As chairman of the Coal, Corn and Finance Committee he carried through the preservation of Lying-in Forest. While chairman of the City of London School Committee he successfully piloted a report for the gift of the present site and building on the Embankment. He is a Past Master of the Leathersellers', Bannmakers' and Fruiters' Companies. In 1892 he was unanimously elected Alderman of Aldgate Ward, in the room of Sir Andrew Lusk. In 1895 he became Senior Sheriff in the Magistracy of Alderman Sir Walter Wilkin, his colleague being Mr. J. R. Cooper. He has, since 1899, been chairman of the London General Omnibus Company. He is a commissioner of property and income tax, and also of the land and assessed taxes for the City. He married in 1856 Harriet, elder daughter of Mr. Thomas Tulhym, and has two sons and three daughters. Our portraits are by the London Stereoscopic Company.

To commemorate Mr. Ford's election as Lord Mayor an exceedingly interesting little book compiled by Mr. Richard Kemp, has been published by Messrs. John Fisher and Co. dealing with the ancient and modern history of the Ward of Aldgate. The numerous illustrations, mostly taken from old prints, have a historic interest and are beautifully printed.

The Senior Sheriff, Mr. Alderman Thomas Percy Strong, has been a member of the Corporation since the year 1897, he being

THE LADY MAYOR  
Mrs. John Ford

appointed in December of that year the Alderman of the Ward of Queenhithe in succession to the late Sir George Robert Tyler, Bart. He has long been a liveryman of the Stationers' Company, and this year he is serving the office of Master of the company—a year that will be memorable for the fact that he has witnessed the 50th anniversary of the incorporation of the Guild. The other company with which he is associated is the Plumbers—a Guild that, like the Stationers, is actively associated with the industry it represents. In business circles he is known as the head of the firm of Strong, Hanbury and Co., Ltd., wholesale paper merchants, 195-197, Upper Thames Street, his partner being Mr. A. A. Hantbury. He is also the chairman of McMurray's Royal Paper Mills, Wandsworth. Apart from his municipal and business associations, the Alderman is best known by reason of his connection with the London Temperance Hospital, whose chairman he is. He claims a life-long connection with the City, he will serve as Sheriff during the coming twelve months, says the *City Press*, for not only was he born in the One Square Mile but his early days were spent within the sound of Bow Bells, his father, as was the custom in those days, reading over his place of business. Our portrait is by A. Weston, 16 and 17, Poultry.

The Junior Sheriff, Mr. George J. Woodman, J.P., has been closely identified with municipal work in the City for the past ten years, sitting in the Court as a member of the Ward of Coleman Street. The Guilds with which he is associated are the Frame Work Knitters, of which he is a past Master, and treasurer of the charitable fund, and the Wheelwrights, whose Senior Warden he now is. He was born in London, but claims descent from an old Buckinghamshire family located for many centuries at Wing near Leighton Buzzard. For some years he was a director of the London and Commercial Bank withdrawing from the board on the absorption of the undertaking by the Union of London and Smiths' Bank. In the year 1880 he turned his attention to building enterprises. Our portrait is by A. Weston, 16 and 17, Poultry.



THE COMPETITORS IN THE CHAMPION CLASS

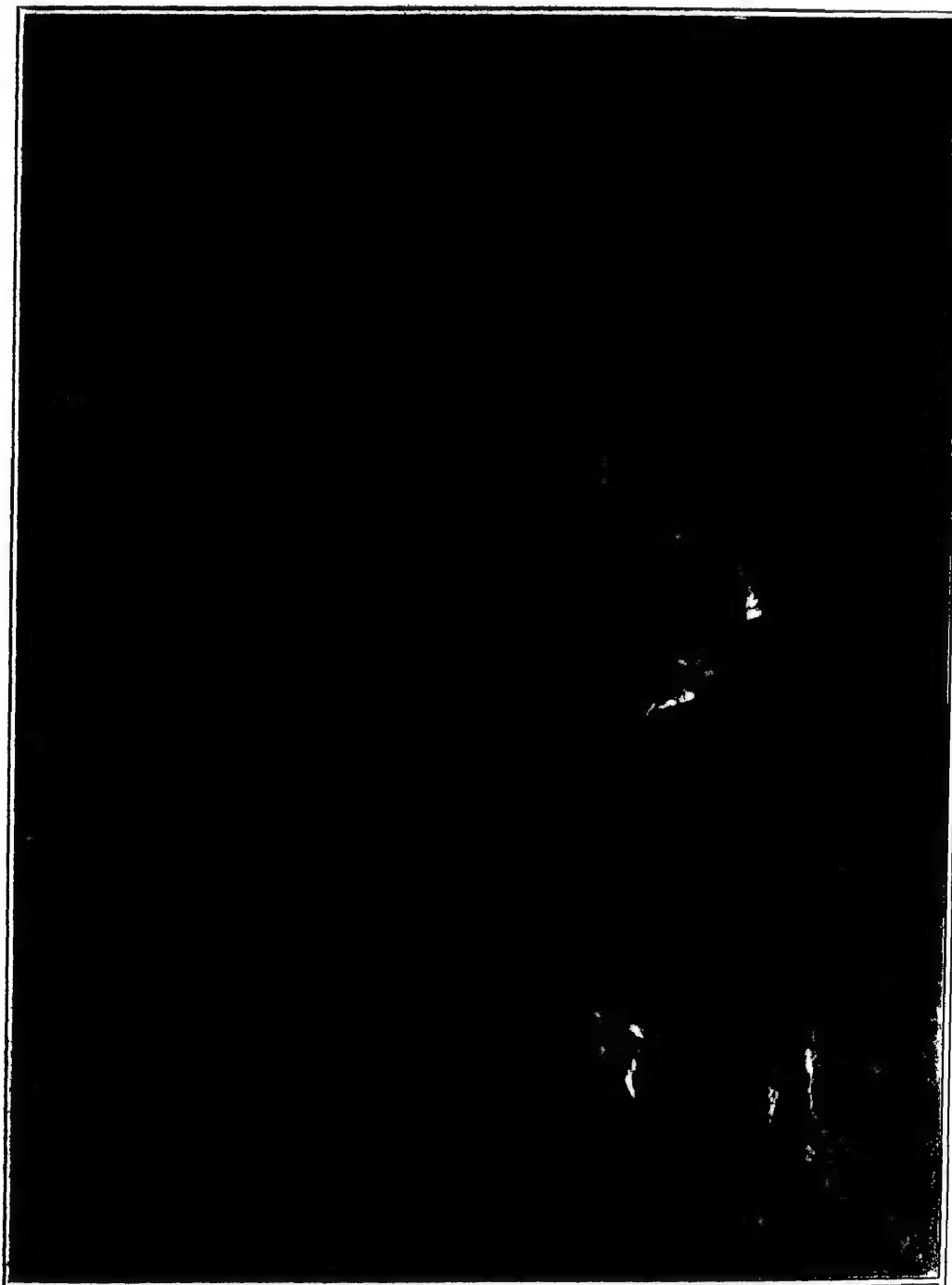


MR. W. HALL'S HANDSOME TEAM

The North Kent Agricultural Association's ploughing match at Wilmington Farm, Dartford, was a most successful one. The first prize was won by Mr. W. Hall's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The second prize was won by Mr. J. J. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The third prize was won by Mr. J. R. Cooper's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The fourth prize was won by Mr. J. P. Strong's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The fifth prize was won by Mr. J. F. Ford's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The sixth prize was won by Mr. J. S. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The seventh prize was won by Mr. J. T. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The eighth prize was won by Mr. J. W. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The ninth prize was won by Mr. J. X. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The tenth prize was won by Mr. J. Y. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The eleventh prize was won by Mr. J. Z. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The twelfth prize was won by Mr. J. A. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The thirteenth prize was won by Mr. J. B. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The fourteenth prize was won by Mr. J. C. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The fifteenth prize was won by Mr. J. D. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The sixteenth prize was won by Mr. J. E. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The seventeenth prize was won by Mr. J. F. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The eighteenth prize was won by Mr. J. G. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The nineteenth prize was won by Mr. J. H. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The twentieth prize was won by Mr. J. I. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The twenty-first prize was won by Mr. J. J. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The twenty-second prize was won by Mr. J. K. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The twenty-third prize was won by Mr. J. L. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The twenty-fourth prize was won by Mr. J. M. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The twenty-fifth prize was won by Mr. J. N. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The twenty-sixth prize was won by Mr. J. O. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The twenty-seventh prize was won by Mr. J. P. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The twenty-eighth prize was won by Mr. J. Q. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The twenty-ninth prize was won by Mr. J. R. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The thirtieth prize was won by Mr. J. S. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The thirty-first prize was won by Mr. J. T. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The thirty-second prize was won by Mr. J. U. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The thirty-third prize was won by Mr. J. V. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The thirty-fourth prize was won by Mr. J. W. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The thirty-fifth prize was won by Mr. J. X. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The thirty-sixth prize was won by Mr. J. Y. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The thirty-seventh prize was won by Mr. J. Z. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The thirty-eighth prize was won by Mr. J. A. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The thirty-ninth prize was won by Mr. J. B. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The fortieth prize was won by Mr. J. C. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The forty-first prize was won by Mr. J. D. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The forty-second prize was won by Mr. J. E. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The forty-third prize was won by Mr. J. F. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The forty-fourth prize was won by Mr. J. G. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The forty-fifth prize was won by Mr. J. H. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The forty-sixth prize was won by Mr. J. I. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The forty-seventh prize was won by Mr. J. J. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The forty-eighth prize was won by Mr. J. K. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The forty-ninth prize was won by Mr. J. L. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The fiftieth prize was won by Mr. J. M. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The fifty-first prize was won by Mr. J. N. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The fifty-second prize was won by Mr. J. O. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The fifty-third prize was won by Mr. J. P. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The fifty-fourth prize was won by Mr. J. Q. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The fifty-fifth prize was won by Mr. J. R. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The fifty-sixth prize was won by Mr. J. S. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The fifty-seventh prize was won by Mr. J. T. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The fifty-eighth prize was won by Mr. J. U. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The fifty-ninth prize was won by Mr. J. V. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The sixtieth prize was won by Mr. J. W. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The sixty-first prize was won by Mr. J. X. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The sixty-second prize was won by Mr. J. Y. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The sixty-third prize was won by Mr. J. Z. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The sixty-fourth prize was won by Mr. J. A. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The sixty-fifth prize was won by Mr. J. B. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The sixty-sixth prize was won by Mr. J. C. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The sixty-seventh prize was won by Mr. J. D. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The sixty-eighth prize was won by Mr. J. E. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The sixty-ninth prize was won by Mr. J. F. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The seventieth prize was won by Mr. J. G. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The seventy-first prize was won by Mr. J. H. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The seventy-second prize was won by Mr. J. I. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The seventy-third prize was won by Mr. J. J. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The seventy-fourth prize was won by Mr. J. K. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The seventy-fifth prize was won by Mr. J. L. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The seventy-sixth prize was won by Mr. J. M. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The seventy-seventh prize was won by Mr. J. N. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The seventy-eighth prize was won by Mr. J. O. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The seventy-ninth prize was won by Mr. J. P. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The eightieth prize was won by Mr. J. Q. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The eighty-first prize was won by Mr. J. R. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The eighty-second prize was won by Mr. J. S. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The eighty-third prize was won by Mr. J. T. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The eighty-fourth prize was won by Mr. J. U. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The eighty-fifth prize was won by Mr. J. V. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The eighty-sixth prize was won by Mr. J. W. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The eighty-seventh prize was won by Mr. J. X. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The eighty-eighth prize was won by Mr. J. Y. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The eighty-ninth prize was won by Mr. J. Z. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The ninetieth prize was won by Mr. J. A. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The ninety-first prize was won by Mr. J. B. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The ninety-second prize was won by Mr. J. C. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The ninety-third prize was won by Mr. J. D. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The ninety-fourth prize was won by Mr. J. E. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The ninety-fifth prize was won by Mr. J. F. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The ninety-sixth prize was won by Mr. J. G. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The ninety-seventh prize was won by Mr. J. H. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The ninety-eighth prize was won by Mr. J. I. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The ninety-ninth prize was won by Mr. J. J. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver. The hundredth prize was won by Mr. J. K. Woodman's team, which was composed of four horses and a driver.

THE NORTH KENT AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION A PLOUGHING MATCH AT WILMINGTON FARM DARTFORD

ment the other for more modern patterns. The photographer's idea in his halcyon was "a completely reversed bareback furrow with a good team completely burying grass and weeds," and the judges generally agreed that the standard attained was high. The first prize in the two classes for iron balance ploughs were won by Thomas Smith and George Peadar while the silver cup for farmers or farmers' sons was taken by Mr. E. J. Allen. From photographs by the "Topical" Press Photo Agency.



DEATH BY TRAIN 1891. R.  
 At the time of the recent...  
 A SIGNIFICANT ILLUSTRATION A GUN CREW ON A BRITISH CRUISER SLEEPING AT THEIR POST DURING THE CRISIS

## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

Mr. Robert Hichens has had the courage to protest against the encroachments of curiosity and the impertinent publicity given to the details of ordinary people's lives. Public men must bear the burden of their position, though even they ought to be able to keep their private life sacred, but when it comes to ordinary individuals, the dragging of all their most intimate concerns, faults, weaknesses and opinions into that fierce light which was formerly supposed to beat only on the occupants of the throne, and form one of the drawbacks of their brilliant position, the case is monstrous. Details of private life are not enough for the purveyors of news, they must have scandal; they must proclaim hidden secrets of private families, state that so-and-so's mother was in the divorce court, that his cousin committed suicide, his grandfather became a bankrupt, etc. In America no one's private affairs are sacred, and here we are rapidly approaching the same conditions. One wonders what has become of the law of libel, for nearly every one of the statements are libellous, and even when they are harmless they constitute an impertinent intrusion. As Mr. Hichens observes, to discuss the tastes, the habits, and even the appearance of young girls not yet out of the schoolroom, seems to verge on the kind of insolence that deserves chastisement. The evil is growing. Can nothing be done to preserve the sanctity of family life?

observed in her figure, her diet was proportionately diminished. This reminds me that the late Empress of Austria, who studied her health and figure carefully, possessed a waist of eighteen inches, which was also periodically measured, and the regimen changed if it increased in size. But then the Empress was a great housewife, and weight increasing across country is a matter of supreme importance.

The silk trade in England, and many of the looms that used to be so busy in Spitalfields are now silent. Yet the silks that come from France, the light glaucous silks especially, which women buy in preference for petticoats and linings of dresses, have grown absolutely useless. They tear at the first touch, and seem absolutely rotten. In all the shops complaints are loud about this state of things. Could not the English manufacturers give us good silks, warranted to stand some usage, and could not English women be persuaded to buy them only? At present ladies are growing disgusted with such thin, papery, rotten silks as are in the market, and are taking to the mooseen petticoats—a mixture of silk and wool. Where are the good rich silks of our mothers, which made splendid wedding dresses, stood of themselves, and wore for many a long year?

In Lady Susan Townley's book on China she gives an amusing list of sins to avoid, and merits which Buddhists must acquire in the search after holiness. To destroy animal life is considered a

the people themselves, who would thus gradually and innocently be educated into higher things and learn to use their intellectual powers?

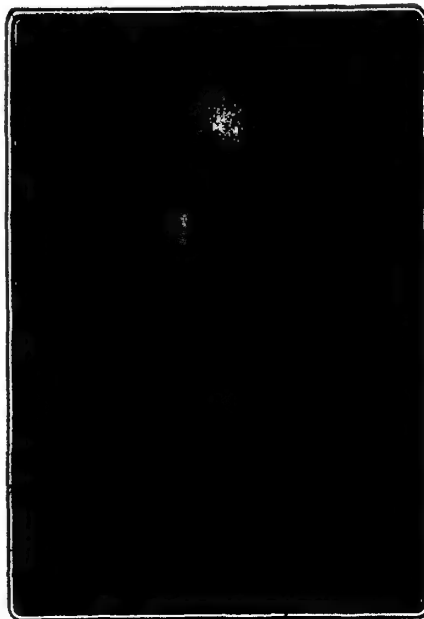
Those who are interested in the real drama should certainly avail themselves of the opportunity which will be afforded them by Mr. Benson's short season at the Concorde Theatre, beginning in February next, when such masterpieces as the *Trilogy of Aeschylus*, the plays of Shakespeare, and Goldsmith's and Sheridan's comedies will be presented. It is good occasionally to invigorate one's self with the remembrance of our masterpieces, so rare and so refreshing after a long course of jejune and hybrid specimens of so-called theatrical entertainments.

## Our Supplement

"Why should the King tax good liquor? If they must have taxes why can't they tax something else?" This was the argument, according to Pearson Hawker, of Morevenston, advanced in defence of smuggling. In vain did this famous West Country cleric inveigh against the belief sturdily held by many of his parishioners that there was nothing morally wrong either in smuggling or even in putting to death one of the officers of His Majesty's revenue. In what are called the "good old days," at the close of the eighteenth century, smuggling was general all round our coasts, and few people



MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT (REPUBLICAN)



JUDGE PARKER (DEMOCRAT)

## THE UNITED STATES PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION: THE RIVAL CANDIDATES

The chrysanthemum is the flower of the moment. It is as much the king of autumn as the rose is the queen of the summer. There is something even about its stately presence, its artistic colouring, its faint peculiar perfume. All over the country shows are being held just now to exhibit this brilliant flower. The blooms go on increasing in size and perfection: the colours in quainter, even green chrysanthemums are grown for their singular appearance. Chrysanthemums lend themselves to title decoration, to give a house decoration to ballroom decoration. They are easily arranged, they fall into handsome masses, and their ragged flowers bear a distinct individuality. Yet somehow they do not appeal to us personally, like the violet, or the sweet lily of the valley. They remain strangers to our hearts though they please our eyes. Still we would feel qualms about eating their glorious tinted blossoms, and turning them into a salad, which I hear is the latest fad of the novelty-seeking epicure.

There is no end to the care, the liver take of their pet dogs. Their diet, their exercise, their clothing, their happiness, are as much studied as that of the children; in fact, their value in actual pounds represents a big sum. The art of hygiene has been cultivated successfully, that on admiring the slim appearance, the silky coat and perk of a truly black poodle, I was told by her that the favourite was not measured eighteen and a half inches, and that she was periodically measured, and if any increase was

seen and thus to save the life of 100 insects secures one mark, to bury a bird another, and to lend an umbrella another, while to laugh at an ugly person costs three marks, to soil the page of a book five marks, and to see immoral theatricals ten. It strikes one that the Buddhist code of morality might be introduced into London with some advantage. It is, indeed, an act of self-denial to lend an umbrella, which is never returned, and as to dirtying, destroying, and losing books every bibliophile knows what that means! People have no conscience about the objects lent to them.

The cry is perpetually raised of the intolerable dullness of country life in a village, but why do not people endeavour to make it more interesting? Day by day the good old-fashioned customs, the fairs and holidays and quaint merry-makings are dropping into desuetude, and nothing but the public house takes their place. Why, for instance, should music be totally neglected? Why should not glee and carols be started as evening recreations? There are good voices among the working classes, as church choirs testify, but why not make all these things recreations instead of duties? Why not have little dances, smoking concerts, entertainments in which the villagers themselves should co-operate, and not merely sit like mute spectators looking on at others who are paid to assume them? Factory girls love dancing, and are encouraged to dance, and to act in their clubs. Could not amusements be made part of the parish institutions—amusements arranged and carried out by

nowadays have any idea of the extent to which this traffic was carried on. Smuggling was practised in the most open and defiant manner, and there was scarcely a fishing village—along the south coast, at any rate—which did not own a vessel, often several, whose sole and peculiar employment was the importation of contraband articles for the use of the inhabitants. Most of these vessels were armed, and carried larger crews than were needed for navigation in order to be able to offer stout resistance in case of attack. The system of prevention was very inefficient, and a few scattered Customs House officers, aided by a Revenue cutter or a cruiser here and there, had an excellent opportunity of getting their throats cut or their heads broken if they interfered. The magistrates winked at the traffic, being only too glad to procure a keg of good French brandy or some excellent claret, or maybe some silk or lace for their wives, at a low price, taking care to ask no questions. Indeed, the smugglers were sometimes aided and abetted even by the clergy. To live day in many a seaside town, especially in Sussex, can be seen narrow lanes between houses, which were originally constructed to afford every opportunity of escape to smugglers. When Revenue officers were alert and energetic, there were the most desperate fights, and an anecdote like that so ably pictured by Mr. Robertson in the plate which forms our Supplement was by no means uncommon. Smuggling was finally put down somewhere in the early forties, and the last of the old smugglers died about ten years ago.



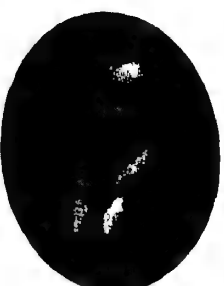
THE LATE REV. J. J. S. PEROWNE  
Late Bishop of Worcester



THE LATE HERBERT W. J. C. ALLINGHAM, F.R.C.S.  
Drowned off Auckland



THE LATE J. T. BROWN  
The Famous Yorkshire Cricketer



THE LATE MR. H. W. ALLINGHAM  
The Famous Surgeon

### Our Portraits

Dr. John James Stewart Perowne, ex-Bishop of Worcester, was descended from a French Huguenot family, which settled in this country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was born at Burdwan, in Bengal, where his father, the Rev. John Perowne, was one of the earliest missionaries, and was educated at Norwich Grammar School, and at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he had a brilliant career. From 1875 till 1878 he was honorary chaplain to Queen Victoria. Dr. Perowne was a member of the company engaged on the Revision of the Authorized Version of the Old Testament from 1870 till 1884, and a member of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts from 1881 till 1885. In August, 1878, he was nominated by the Crown, on the recommendation of Lord Beaconsfield, to the Deanery of Peterborough. He declined the sees of Llandaff and of Bangor when offered him, but in 1890 accepted nomination as Bishop of Worcester. Dr. Perowne was well known as a writer on theological subjects. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. Herbert William Allingham, F.R.C.S., who died at Marseilles while on his way to Egypt for the benefit of his health, was the eldest son of the eminent surgeon, Mr. William Allingham, and was born in London in April, 1862. Mr. Allingham's professional career was one of exceptional brilliancy, and his reputation as an operator was world-wide. He held the position of Surgeon to the Household of the King when Prince of Wales, and was subsequently appointed Surgeon to the Household of His Majesty. He was also Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales, and one of the Honorary Surgeons to King Edward the Seventh Hospital Officers. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

The famous Yorkshire cricketer, J. T. Brown, was born on August 10, 1860. He came out for Yorkshire in 1885, and four years later, having in the meantime been checked to some extent by bad health, took his place among the leading professional batsmen of the day. From that time forward, with, of course, some variations of form, he was brilliantly successful, and even as recently as last year he stood second to George Hirst in the Yorkshire batting averages in county matches. He was a batsman of many varied gifts. His late cutting was almost unsurpassable, he could get runs on all sorts of wickets, and he could, as occasion demanded, play either a brilliant or steady game. In the long roll of great Yorkshire batsmen he has not had more than three or four superiors. Brown had his benefit at Leeds in 1902, the proceeds being the largest that any professional cricketer ever received up to the time of Hirst's benefit this year. Our portrait is by Reinhold, Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

Lieutenant Edden, of H.M.S. Penguin, which is surveying off Kawn Island, was drowned through the capsizing of a whaleboat. Lieutenant John Courtenay Ffrench joined the Navy in 1897, and reached his present rank eighteen months later. He held one of the Humane Society's awards for saving life. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

At the moment of going to press the result of the American Presidential election had not been officially declared, but owing to the signal victory obtained in New York State, there was no doubt that Theodore Roosevelt had been elected by an enormous majority. America's youngest President, he has been one of her mightiest and will certainly live as an interesting type of American manhood. A wonderful organizer and a fighter, he is a man who has always known how to make use of the most unconventional, but none the less effective, weapons. Many Americans delight in him because it pleases them to have a man at the head of affairs who is a soldier, a scholar, a statesman and a hardy athlete, but it will be should he turned out it will be because his resolute initiative in affairs of State, his masterfulness, his combativeness, and his taste for utilitarian and Walt Whitman are considered by the Democrats to be a danger to the automatic working of constitutional democracy and to the old Washingtonian tradition. Judge Parker, who represents the Democratic Party, is Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York. When the courts are not sitting he spends his time on his farm in a little country village of one hundred inhabitants on the Hudson River, and even when he is at work he manages to run down for a day each week-end. As a young man he taught school, and then entered a lawyer's office, but soon had a business of his own. He is a man who is not afraid to say what he thinks, and he stands nearly six feet in height.

### Art Galleries

#### MR. J. LAVERY'S PICTURES

The chief feature of the exhibition of paintings by Mr. J. Lavery, which is to be seen now at the Leicester Galleries, is the large picture, "Spring," recently bought by the French Government for the Luxembourg Gallery. It is a delightful exercise in gradations of white, most daintily designed, and painted with very acceptable distinction. As a technical achievement it can be highly praised, it shows a remarkable perception of refinements of tone and subtleties of colour, and it is studied throughout with excellent judgment. The other pictures which are hung with it are far less ambitious, they are mostly small landscapes or sketches of figures with landscape backgrounds, and some of them do the artist incomplete justice. But through them all runs a vein of originality which can be recommended, and the best of them are very capable performances in which difficult problems of light and shade have been ably solved.

#### MESSES OBACH'S GALLERY

The new association which under the title "The Society of Twelve," is holding its first exhibition at Messrs. Obach's Gallery, appeals to that section of art lovers which understands and enjoys the slightest productions of skilful artists. The work which the twelve members have brought together consists entirely of drawings

and prints, many of which are little more than first ideas rapidly jotted down. That there is much in this which scarcely deserves notice cannot be denied, but the drawings and exchange of Mr. D. V. Cameron, Mr. W. Stran, and Mr. Maitland Burt, the lithographs of Mr. W. R. Thomson, the watercolours of Mr. W. Nichol, and the drawings of Mr. Linsen give a definite distinction to the collection. Whether the society will succeed in obtaining any large measure of public support remains to be seen, but it certainly ought not to be ignored.

#### MESSES AGNEW'S GALLERY

In the exhibition of picture by British masters which Messrs. Agnew in accordance with their annual custom have organised for the benefit of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution there is hardly a single canvas which is not of absolutely the first rank. Roeburn's marvellous portraits of "Sir Alexander Muir MacKenzie" and "George Lockhart Ross of Balmagown" (Hoggar's exquisite half-length of "Lady Caroline Wintlesley Romney's dignified "Lady Milnes," "Calneborough's "Duchess of Gloucester," and the most attractive picture of "Lady Elizabeth Clonson" by Reynolds are perhaps the gems of the collection, but many of the other works are of little less importance. The show indeed, provides a magnificent demonstration of the power of the greater artists whom this country has produced, and it makes the strongest possible appeal to every lover of noble and masterly achievement.



M. Laisne

M. Rivet, M. Guillaumet, M. Combes

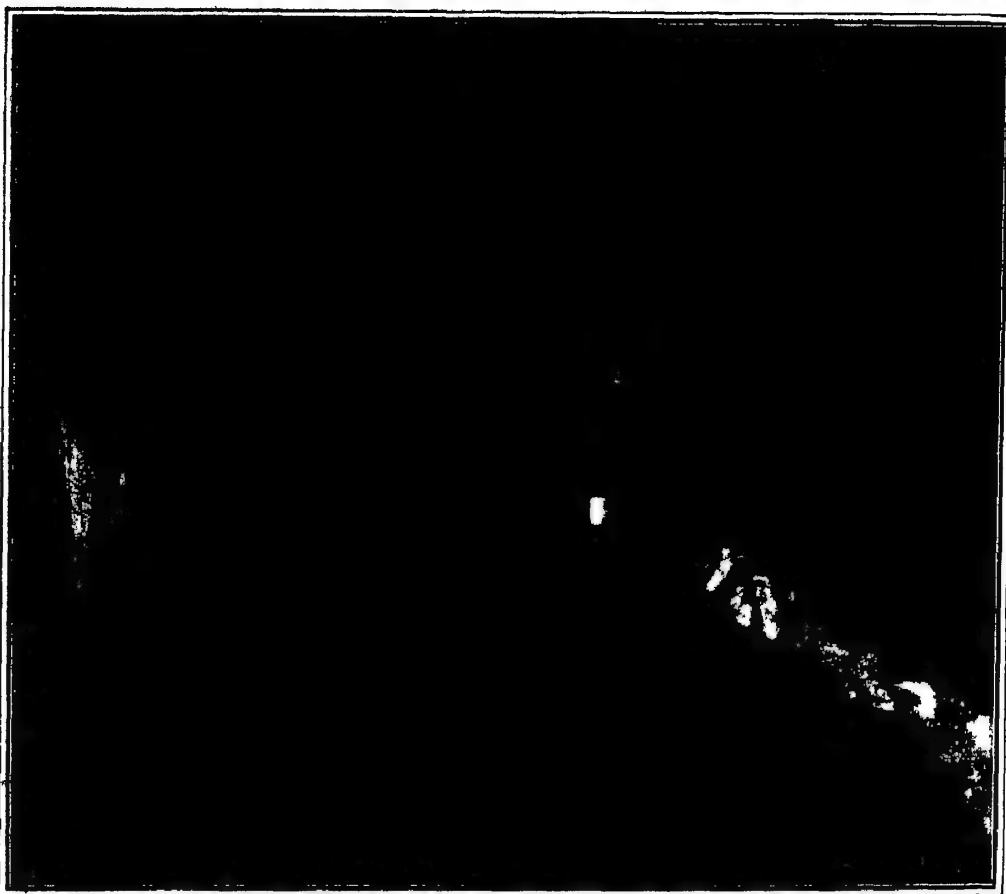
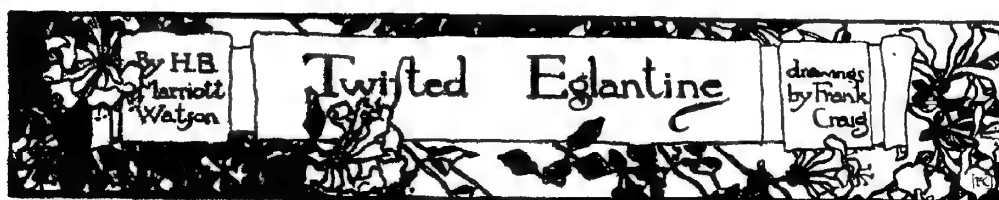
On Friday night, during a debate in the French Chamber of Deputies on the French Army and the role of the War Minister, General Laisne, a sound-bearer, was witness to a scene which was as dramatic as it was humorous. While M. Laisne was at the tribune M. Rivet, who was sitting in the front row, ran away taking refuge on the upper tiers of seats behind the tribune. All the members of the Chamber, in fact, left their seats, shouting "Condamné!" (condemned!) and "Basta!" (enough!) and the House in general moved in the midst of which M. Rivet, the President of the Chamber, was seated after a few minutes' interval when it was decided that M. Rivet should be temporarily expelled. It refused to leave the House, and the sitting was again suspended to allow the Military Council to return to their duties. The sitting was then resumed.

SLAPPING A WAR MINISTER THE ANARCHIST ON GENERAL ANDRÉ IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES

AN IMPRESSION BY ROSE DORVILLE







"At that moment, out of the dripping darkness, came a voice, and a figure all in white sprang from the cover. 'Mr. Faversham, Mr. Faversham! Oh, how wicked of you both! Who is hurt?'"

## CHAPTER XXII

## BARBARA'S CHAMBER

Faversham, escaping from the tavern in the afternoon, had gone once more into the recesses of the Forest for refuge, but found himself headstuck off by a detachment from the particular place he aimed at. Therefore, leaving this, he turned back and went south, going by the deep woods and drows of Lyndhurst towards the Queen's Bowery. He had in his mind at last the counsels of despair, for, realizing that there was no hope to hide much longer in the Forest, he had resolved to try and escape to sea from Lynnington or some other place of vantage on the Channel. And, this settled, his thoughts swung all down towards Barbara. He was very near Boldre, and if he adventured to Lynnington he must go nearer still. His heart longed to see her, and to feast upon her beauty, to receive, perchance, some tender word of affection, all the more that if he succeeded in his design he must say farewell to England for years, if not for ever. He made a tour, avoiding Breckenhurst, and steeled his way in the gloaming to Morden, in

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time to come upon the scene described in the last chapter. The outer door had been ajar, and, as he did not court publicity, he made no scruple of entering without notice. Drawn by the sound of voices, he had drifted down the hall, until he had been arrested by Barbara's tones, and entered the room in which she had received Sir Piers.

At sight of the intruder Barbara drew herself away from Sir Piers and uttered a cry. It was in part a cry of alarm, and in part of astonishment. She had recognized him, but how strange he looked. How wild his air was, and how uncouth his appearance. Blackston made no remark that was audible, but stood very still and erect, watching out of eyes that were growing cold like embers from which all fire is fleeing.

"I must beg your pardon, Miss Garraway," said Faversham at last in an unnatural voice. "I was in search of Mrs. Garraway and, attracted by voices, was misled into an untimely interruption."

"It is of no consequence, Mr. Faversham," she answered coolly, though her face burned, "you are always welcome. My mother will be here presently."

There was a awkward silence which Sir Piers made no effort to break. He was still contemplating the young man.

Now that I am here, however, said Faversham, turning to him and seeming to gather confidence in the anti-natural of those eyes, "I have something, which I shall like to say to this gentleman."

"You must not quarrel with Barbara quickly. You are strangely wild, Mr. Faversham. What is the matter? I did not recognize you in this character."

"I must beg your pardon," he said again. "These are not the clothes in which to appear in a drawing room or in decent company. I am not fit for decent company any longer. I am aware of that. But my views must be made known, which has been in hiding for a week is a great point. I am I said a glance at the last night. I wish to say to you. But I will not interrupt you long. I will only ask Sir Piers if I may give me a few minutes conversation."

"We had Mr. Faversham in more than a few minute conversation this afternoon," replied Sir Piers.

Barbara started. This afternoon? And Mr. Faversham. Then is settled? You have argued it with your argument. She spoke eagerly, and to obviously with sincerity. She had

imagine, I that the visitor could be settled in that simple way, and he was face to face with the astonishing mind of woman. Well, at least, he had a heavy charge of callousness, but not the heavy stuff of a man. Had he not seen her in Sir Piers's arms?

"He answered bitterly. "Things are not strange! that was Miss Garraway in Sir Piers's arms? Had he not seen her in Sir Piers's arms?"

"And did not tell me you had met Mr. Faverham," said Sir Piers, turning, still on Sir Piers.

"I did not," he answered mildly, "yet I intended to. I thought in all likelihood he would be doing so now, if Mr. Faverham had not anticipated me by his timely appearance. I am glad I was by an accident able to be of service to Mr. Faverham in warning him of the proximity of his enemies."

"Is that so?" said Barbara, with parted lips and a look of excitement.

"Yes," said Faverham, with a gesture of contempt, and he spoke to Sir Piers. "Sir, I have not his answer."

"Did you hear, Miss Garraway?" said the baronet. But she had taken alarm at the mutual attitude of the two men, and saw in this manner some frightening secret. She was certain they suppressed something and, being now recovered from her original confusion, her spirit rose to challenge them.

"You shall not go," she said with authority. "You shall not quarrel. Gilbert, you must give me your word that you will not quarrel with Sir Piers."

Sir Piers raised his eyebrows.

"My dear lady, I will confess the position is ridiculous, even theatrical, but *que voulez-vous?* I am not in control. You must ask Mr. Faverham. I believe he is taking me aside to thank me."

"Mr. Faverham?" she said with a fine air of appeal, which, however, did not touch him.

Miss Garraway, I beg you will not think I trespass on your wantonly," he said coolly. "Sir Piers Blackton, may I ask your attendance?"

Barbara's eyes flashed. Her spirit, if wayward, was as strong as his.

"I forbid you, Mr. Faverham, to quarrel on my account," she said decisively. "I will not have it. You shall not bring my name into your quarrels, and she was now of a very menacing face, and very beautiful to behold.

Gilbert Faverham gave vent to a little better laugh.

"I do not know when I may believe you," he said abruptly. "You blow hot and cold, Miss Garraway. You see about like a weathercock. I know nothing of women at all, I suppose, and I fail to understand you." He looked at his rival and his anger gathered, gathered also to see her standing in authority over him, forbidding him and ordering his movements.

"This man," he said, pointing a finger at Sir Piers, "has persecuted you, and yet I find you here with him on friendly terms, let us say. Good Heaven, Miss Garraway, do you remember how you wrote to me, a little time back, and what wrongs you have received from him? It is incredible. You play fast and loose not only with men's lives and hearts but with your own faith and sincerity. I cannot tell which was the true woman, the woman whose letter I have here, or the woman I surprised just now unemotionally. Indeed, I think I knew her at Daxter first where I had gone to save an unhappy soul, as I thought (poor fool!) to rescue a body out of death."

"What is your mean?" panted Barbara.

"When I got your letter I was before Flushing," he pursued, with increasing bitterness that swallowed all else, "and I thought you were in such a plight as to call for aid from me or any man that was a man, whether he loved you or not. We were to marry early in the morning. I asked for leave and could get none, and when the picture of you unbefriended, betrayed, and persecuted came before me, I could not bear it. I deserted."

"Gilbert!" she said. "A little brown crowned Sir Piers's brow."

"I traced you to the island slowly, and found into whose hands you had fallen. He led to one whom I faced him in Daxter and charged him with having abducted you. He said you were not in the house, and had never been. But by a chance I discovered that he lied, and I found you. I ask you to recall how you received me, and if I have not reason to think this Barbara Garraway that I see now was there first made known to me. It was then I swore that there was only one end between me and Sir Piers Blackton, only one for my own sake, if not for yours. Judge you, if I have not a ground of quarrel with this man, and judge you also between yourself and me if you have used me fairly."

"He turned towards the door as he finished, with a look that looked Sir Piers after him. But Barbara sprang forward.

"Mr. Faverham, do not go," she said excitedly. "Why did you not tell me this before, oh why?"

"I did not know that there was any necessity," he replied simply.

"You are a man of words," said Sir Piers, "and you are a man of words."

"She turned to the baronet.

"Sir Piers," she said imperiously, "Leave us for a time? I wish to speak to Mr. Faverham in private."

"I was about to do that," said Sir Piers, and, bowing like the rest.

She approached Gilbert rapidly, and put a hand on his arm.

"I want you to understand that I did not know what you have told me that I did not realize it properly," she said earnestly. "You will believe me, won't you?"

"Yes, I believe you," he answered wearily. "What interest did I not understand right that you deserted for me, that that you left as you did—and threw up so much for me, or I would not have written. I was hysterical and foolish."

"Oh, I can tell you my mistake in writing," he replied, and looked at her. "We have been at cross purposes, and it was I that was the fault. But you see I took your letter too seriously."

"You do not understand," she persisted. "It was serious, but I was mistaken, I was unwise—"

"I know, I know," he said impatiently; "seeing how things have turned out is unnecessary."

The pressure of her hand increased on his arm.

"And you will not quarrel with Sir Piers for my sake?" she pleaded.

"He started away with an exclamation. He could promise much, but not that, not to pardon a man who had grossly insulted him, and who would be left to enjoy the sweets of his love. The blood rushed from his face, but before he could speak Mrs. Garraway entered the room.

"Mr. Faverham!" she called in astonishment, and stopped where she was. Her features assumed a rigidity, which was usual to her in displeasure.

"It surprises me, sir, that you have ventured to show yourself here," she went on, "after what is known of you. I am told you are a deceiver, and killed a poor man in a quarry. Your family and mine have been acquainted for generations, but I cannot receive, or allow my daughter to receive, a coward and a murderer!"

"I wish, mamma, you did not know," cried Barbara in distress.

"Indeed, I do," declared Mrs. Garraway, turning indignantly on her daughter. "How dare you, miss, reserve him? The soldiers are looking for him everywhere, to arrest him."

"I was going mad, I am sorry I intruded," said poor Faverham.

"You shall not speak of him so, mamma," cried Barbara with spirit. "Mr. Faverham is a very generous man, who has suffered much from the faults of others."

"Indeed, they always say that," said Mrs. Garraway, somewhat staggered by her daughter's impetuosity.

"Yes, it is true," continued Barbara bravely. "It was I for whom he suffered. It is my fault he is in this position."

"You!" exclaimed Mrs. Garraway, helplessly.

"He deserted his regiment because he thought I was in peril," explained Barbara.

"Pooh!" ejaculated her mother, after a pause. "There, you've got hold of that silly tale again. Well, Mr. Faverham has had before, anyway, as there was a troop of horse coming up this way from Brockenhurst just now. I passed them in the chase."

"You must go, Gilbert, oh, you must go!" said Barbara, quickly. "If you stay here you may be taken."

"I will go now," said he, and turned to the door. "Miss Garraway, I thank you," he added quietly, and went.

But he did not pass directly from the house. Sir Piers was in the morning room, his back to the door, looking out at the shrub berries, in which the dusk was gathering, but his face about on hearing footsteps.

"I was wondering if I was to see you, Mr. Faverham," he said.

"If you will come, forth—the door is open—the lawn," said Gilbert, and indicated the way politely.

"The two men emerged upon the gravel walk, and took their way through the trees towards the river meadows. It was Sir Piers who broke the silence.

"I need not ask you, Mr. Faverham, if you have fully con- sidered this," he began, courteously.

"You need not," replied the younger man, bluntly.

There was a pause, and then Sir Piers spoke again.

"I have never met a more obstinate man in my life, nor a more unreasonable," he said emphatically, "and I really believe, Mr. Faverham, that you are going to embarrass me."

"I hope so," said Faverham, and as they had arrived in the place for which he had been steering, he came to a stop. "I have provided myself with pistols," he went on in a loud voice. "I took the liberty of borrowing a brace from the hall, to which perhaps one of us will be good enough to return them presently."

"I begin to think, Lieutenant," said Sir Piers, "that I could have made something of you in Society."

"Our business is a duel, sir," and Gilbert curtly.

"Ah, then, I shall certainly make something of you," said the baronet cheerfully. "I suppose it is assassination, but you are mad enough to leave me no option. Is it to be twenty paces, sir? You must make haste, if I may make bold to say so, or the night will be upon us, and I shall be safe."

Without reply, Faverham measured the paces, and coldly but civilly went through the preliminaries. They stood at the measured distance, the bubbling of the stream in their ears, and the descending lights of the sky in their eyes. A robin trilled and warbled from the garden.

"We will take the next note of the robin for a signal," observed Faverham.

"You must think me a devoted honest man," retorted Sir Piers trivially.

The loud raised its voice on the evening air again. A report rang out, and a wreath of smoke streamed out of Faverham's pistol.

"You must practise more, Mr. Lieutenant," said Sir Piers. "Your ball went wide by three inches," and lifting his pistol he threw the barrel lightly into the air and fired at the river. Indifferently. The blood started into Faverham's head, and he clenched his hand. At that moment, out of the dropping darkness, issued a voice, and a figure all in white sprang from the copse.

"Mr. Faverham, Mr. Faverham! Oh, how wicked of you both! Who is hurt? Oh, how could you!"

Barbara, with bare head, was between them, and throwing terrified glances from one to the other.

"We were trying to shoot a robin, Miss Garraway," said Sir Piers, and then, "You know that robins are great fighters, very quarrelsome fellows, bullets, my dear Miss Garraway, who will give you no rest, and must ruffle it on all occasions. However, he flew away. I may say we both missed." The tone in his tone was obvious, but Barbara took no heed of that. As well that no harm had come of the meeting, she went on quickly.

"Mr. Faverham, there is just time. The soldiers are coming up the chase. They will take you if you are not gone at once."

Gilbert started up suddenly from where he had stood, shamed by her unexpected appearance, and, with a hurried "Thank you," was half-way across the fields.

"Where are you going?" called Barbara, and the answer came back out of the night.

"For my horse in the stable."

Barbara cried out that it was too late, and that he must go the other way, but her voice did not reach him, being pitched low lest it should carry too far for prudence. Indeed, if she had known in the troops were nearer than she had supposed, having caught the sound of firearms and hastened their horse.

Barbara moved in agitation towards the garden, and Sir Piers accompanied her.

"I have no doubt he will escape," said the baronet. "He is an excellent horseman but a bad shot," he added.

"Oh, he will be taken," said the girl in distress, "and it was all for naught."

"Barbara!" pleaded Sir Piers. She turned on him.

"Oh, will you be silent," she cried. "Do you not see I cannot bear you! I wish I had never seen you."

At the back of the house they came upon a trooper, and fifty yards further upon another. There were no sounds from the stable. The dark had peopled the lawn with shadows, and by the rhodo dendrons a stately form was crouching. Barbara rushed noiselessly forward.

"Gilbert," she whispered, and the figure stayed.

"I could not reach the stable," he said. "They were posted there, and I crept by the orchard to the lawn. I am going to strike off by the chase."

"You cannot," she said. "They are there. You must hide in the house. Come with me."

He followed her, as if he had surrendered his right of action and initiative to her; and, indeed, he was feeling so greatly bewildered by the change in her attitude that he had lost some of his old buoyancy of will. They entered by the door through which Sir Piers and Faverham had stolen forth, and the baronet brought up the rear. Had he been visible in the darkness, he would have been seen to wear an odd black look foreign to the usual placid sanity of his face. At the foot of the stairs Barbara beckoned Faverham and ushered him up them; a knock at the hall door sent her precipitately forward, and she urged him with entreaties.

"You must hide. They are here. Come with me, I know," and he was carried forward, unable to protest. Barbara swept onward like a rapid furrow ghost, shining white in the gloom, and he followed. Then she paused before a door and threw it open.

"Go in there," she said breathlessly.

He put on his head and withdrew it.

"You cannot see," she said. "I will strike a light," and, hastening in before him, took a light from the tinder with fluttering fingers. The candle streamed on the blue walled room and the white curtains of the bed.

"It is your room!" cried Faverham, startled.

"Yes, yes, they won't come here; they won't dare," she said.

"I—I cannot," he said. "If they find me—"

"They won't. You must," she commanded him.

"Barbara," he cried, moved of a sudden to his relief.

"Yes, yes, quick. You have done more for me. Blow the candle out and hide."

She went out rapidly, and shut the door gently behind her. She waited a moment, and saw the glow die out in the cracks and through the keyhole, and then she went downstairs.

Meanwhile a brisk and respectable man of middle age, in uniform, was interviewing an elderly lady, who introduced herself as Colonel Master, with a warrant from Mr. Holton, J.P. When Barbara was half-way downstairs she paused and looked down on the group in the hall. Sir Piers stood in one side, seemingly impassive and undisturbed, yet he was aware that she had appeared. Mrs. Garraway was loudly protesting her indignation.

"There is no deserter here," she declared. "I do not harbour deserters, corporal."

"Begging your pardon, ma'am," replied the soldier. "But we have heard, not five minutes ago, that he was seen here."

"Well, he's been gone half an hour. I turned him away," declared Mrs. Garraway, a little taken aback, and repeated.

"I have a warrant and must search, ma'am," persisted the soldier civilly. Mrs. Garraway turned in despair to Sir Piers, and her hope returned.

"Such an indignity shall not be endured by the Garraways," she said. "Sir Piers, you will stop this, will you not? This gentleman, corporal, is Sir Piers Blackton, of Hone, His Royal Highness's most intimate friend."

The corporal saluted, but remained. He was obliged by his duty to search.

"Then Sir Piers shall complain on my behalf to the Prince and His Majesty and Parliament," remarked the mortified lady, "and you shall regret this insult!"

The corporal saluted, and gave an order to his men.

"What—what is it you want?" asked a menacing voice from the stairs.

The corporal respectfully acknowledged the new arrival and repeated his statement mechanically.

"Mr. Faverham, a deserter!" she said. "There is some mistake. What will you do with him, corporal?"

"Take him to Winchester, ma'am," said the blunt soldier.

"And what then?" she faltered.

With the air of one quoting from a well-known document, Corporal Master repeated in a loud expressionless voice.

"All officers and soldiers who, having received pay, or having been duly enlisted in His Majesty's service, shall be convicted of having deserted the same, shall suffer death, or such other punishment as by a court-martial shall be inflicted."

At the word "death," on which the corporal's voice rested, Barbara whitened, and put out her arms on each side involuntarily, as though by that act she would bar further progress. It was,



Captain Scott, the commander of the Discovery, lectured on the work of the National Antarctic Expedition before the Royal Geographical Society and its guests at the Albert Hall on Monday. At the conclusion of his interesting address, Mr. Clements Markham, president of the Royal Geographical Society, thanked Captain Scott for his lecture. To mark their appreciation of the ability with which Captain Scott had conducted the expedition, said the president, the Society had had a special Antarctic medal in gold struck for him, and one in silver for the officers and men who served under him. The medal was then presented to Captain Scott, who also received at the hands of the United States Ambassador the medal of the Philadelphia Geographical Society.

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S LECTURE ON THE ANTARCTIC AT THE ALBERT HALL: SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM PRESENTING THE EXPLORER WITH A GOLD MEDAL

however, the work of instinct, not of reason, and, her wits resuming their sway, she let her arms fall and stood motionless. Then she stepped heavily down the hall. Sir Piers's eyes watched her.

Meanwhile, the soldiers, under the direction of their corporal, had begun the search, and were exploring the lower rooms. Sir Piers found himself with Barbara in the morning-room.

"He escaped?" he asked in a low voice.

"He will not be taken," she returned defiantly.

Sir Piers bowed and said nothing. He knew when to be silent, and he knew, too, that his star was on the wane.

Mrs. Garraway, refusing to be a witness to the indignity put upon her, as if thereby she would become a party to it, gave herself the satisfaction of venting her anger on her daughter.

"You encouraged him, Barbara. It is your fault. Why did he come here?"

"He is a very old friend," said Barbara curtly.

"Yes, but not now he has disgraced himself," argued Mrs. Garraway.

"He has not disgraced himself, mamma," said Barbara firmly, and looked at Sir Piers.

"And Sir Piers will tell you that too," she added with meaning.

"My dear lady," said he, on this unexpected appeal, "if you ask me, I do not think Mr. Faversham capable of disgracing himself, though, apparently, he has the trick of disgracing others."

"There it is, Barbara. Sir Piers sees it," lamented Mrs. Garraway, on hearing this ambiguous reply. "We cannot hold up our heads again after this humiliation. To have common soldiers in the house, turning all things topsy-turvy, and stealing goodness knows what. It is monstrous!"

But Barbara paid no heed; for her ears had caught the sound of feet in the hall, and she slipped out of the door in a tremor. The soldiers were mounting the stairs. She followed.

They ransacked several rooms on the first floor, and came soon to the corridor in which Barbara's chamber lay. At the first door she hesitated, and sprang forward.

"It is my bedroom," she said to the corporal. "It is not necessary, but you may enter if you will."

She was aware, as the door opened, of a figure behind her, and vaguely knew that Sir Piers Blakiston had joined her. The corporal and his men made a somewhat perfunctory and embarrassed search, under the eyes of the beautiful mistress of that room.

"There is nothing," she said, with a deep breath. "And now you see how foolish—"

The corporal had paused by a door. "Where does this lead, m'am?" he asked, respectfully.

"You cannot go into my bedroom," said Barbara haughtily, and gained stature before their eyes in her regal pride.

Sir Piers's eyebrows lifted, and then he frowned.

"You must not push the lady's patience too far," he said.

"Come, corporal, be content. You have made a thorough search in every possible spot. There is no doubt the man has made his escape good, if he were here at all."

The corporal was plainly shaken; but he was a man of routine, and clung to his sense of duty.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said apologetically, "but I must do my duty, which is to search in all rooms."

"You shall not enter my bedroom," said Barbara, putting herself in his way, and flashing like an angry queen. "It is private to me."

The corporal looked awkward, and glanced from the lady to the baronet, and back again. He received no assistance from the latter. Slowly he produced from his pocket the warrant, and unfolded it. The baronet gave him courage, and he offered it to Sir Piers, as if he would invite him to be reasonable. But Sir Piers waived it aside.

"I have no doubt you are acting on authority as a soldier, corporal," said Sir Piers; "but, as a man, you cannot trespass on Miss Garraway's room."

The corporal grew red, and spoke with one of his men. "If the lady will give us her assurance, sir, that there is no one in there, maybe we might omit this room."

This was the extent of his concession, the compromise between his obedience to authority and manly shame.

Barbara stirred, and parted her lips to speak, but reading something on that eloquent face, Sir Piers said quickly:

"How can the lady know there is no one in there? How can she give you her assurance? You are none the better for that."

"Then I must search," said the corporal, falling back on mere doggedness.

Barbara darted an angry glance at Sir Piers, as if protesting against his statement, but he met it with mute eyes. He saw that the game was up, if she did not, and his interposition had been for her protection.

The corporal stopped swiftly past Barbara ere she was aware and turned the handle.

The next moment a knot of the troupers surged into the room. Blue and white was its taint, very dainty and pretty and virginal; and in the centre stood a man on whose countenance, torn with a conflict of shame and confusion, the light of the candles fell.

He was in the hands of the soldiers in a moment, but Barbara's voice stayed them, ringing loud and agitated through the room.

"That is not the man—that is not Mr. Faversham."

The corporal turned to her, staring.

"I did not want you to find him," she said swiftly, silently, and with a gasp. "He was hiding in my room, but it's not Mr. Faversham. I have known him all his life. But this gentleman is I did not want you to enter because he was here."

Sir Piers's eyes flashed, and he brought his elegant fist down on the table by which he stood with a little thump.

"Great God! he mutinied to himself. "She has ruined all—she has thrown herself away! She is mad."

The corporal stared harder than ever, and turned to the baronet.

"Is this Mr. Faversham, sir?" he asked.

"My good man," replied Sir Piers, grimly, "I cannot be expected to know every deserter in England. I know nothing of him; but he is evidently a friend of Miss Garraway's."

The solution of the scene, however, was near enough, for Gilbert, mechanically delivering the pistol to the corporal, said simply:

"I am Gilbert Faversham. Miss Garraway is mistaken."

(To be concluded)



At the British Gallery, British Street, a very interesting exhibition is being held of photographs and sketches by members of the Antarctic Expedition, who has just returned to the Discovery. The exhibition includes several photographs by Engineer Skelton, R.N., some water-colour drawings by Dr. E. A. Wilson, some articles of interest as to members of the Expedition, and topographical sketches.

THE EMPEROR PENGUIN ROOKERY ON SEA ICE NEAR CAPE ORZIER. THE EDGE OF THE GREAT ICE BARBER IN THE BACKGROUND

From a Photograph by Engineer Lieutenant Skelton, R.N., exhibited at the Discovery Antarctic Expedition. Reproduced by permission of the British Gallery.



THE CUIRASSIERS MIRROR FINAL TOUCHES BEFORE GOING ON PARADE

A SKETCH BY PAUL REPOUARD, AT THE BARRACKS OF THE 2ND REGIMENT OF FRENCH CUIRASSIERS



THE EYES AND HANDS OF GENERAL KUROKI'S ARMY: JAPANESE SCOUTS CROSSING THE YATUNG-RO



JAPANESE SOLDIER VIEWING THE BATTLE OF LIAOYANG FROM THE TOP OF A CHINESE HOUSE



MR. BURNETT BURLING, THE WELL-KNOWN CORRESPONDENT, VISITS A HOME AT HANCHENG



MEMBERS OF THE JAPANESE STAFF VIEWING THE BATTLE OF LIAOYANG FROM THE TOP OF SHUSANPO



GENERAL KUROKI'S ARMY DECORATING A SOLDIER WITH THE CROSS OF ST. GEORGE NEAR LIAOYANG



A POLICEMAN GUARDING THE PRISON AT HANCHENG

THE CAMERA ON THE BATTLEFIELD: SNAPSHOTS FROM BOTH SIDES  
From Photographs by our Special Artist, Frederic Whiting, T. Rockman Johnson, and Bullis, and by the Correspondent of "Collier's Weekly."

## The Court

"Many happy returns of the day" was the universal wish to King Edward from his people on Wednesday, when His Majesty kept his sixty-third birthday. The King always likes to spend his birthday at Sandringham surrounded by his family and a few intimate friends, so a small house-party assembled as usual. King Edward himself had come down to Norfolk from town at the end of last week, bringing with him Prince George of Greece and the Marquis de Soveral, and after a hearty reception at Wolverton Station, His Majesty drove to Sandringham House to join the Queen and Princesses. Canon Dutton preached at the morning Service in Sandringham Church on Sunday, when all the Royal party were present. The King's birthday, on Wednesday, was observed in the church bells at Sandringham and in the neighbourhood. The grandchildren from York Cottage and tiny Prince Alexander of Denmark were early arrivals to congratulate their grandfather, and as usual shooting over the Sandringham preserves was opened for the first time this season—this being an invariable custom for the King's birthday. His Majesty always wishes his poorer

Sovereigns on the King's behalf, and escort them to Windsor by special train. King Edward intends to meet his Royal guests at Windsor Station, and the Royal borough will greet them heartily as they drive up to the Castle. A State banquet and a "command" performance of *Montezuma* by Mr. Lewis Waller's company are the chief official functions, while the King and Queen have consulted their visit or respective tastes by arranging shooting parties for King Carlos—a most expert shot—and visits to hospitals and charitable institutions for Queen Amélie, who is so thoroughly devoted to nursing and philanthropic work. On Thursday the Portuguese Sovereigns visit the Guildhall in state to be entertained at lunch by the Lord Mayor and Corporation. King Carlos and Queen Amélie remain at Windsor till the 21st inst., when they go to Chatsworth on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and afterwards to Welbeck Abbey, to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Portland.

The Prince and Princess of Wales's family circle at York Cottage was complete again by the end of last week, when the Prince came back from his shooting visit to Elveden, and the Princess returned from town. Next week the Prince and Princess go to Windsor, and

background of the Hyde Park sidewalk is out of scale. Bigger than these are few leading personalities of note, although several of our leading painters contribute. These include a strong contingent from Scotland—Mr. George Henry, with his admirable picture of the late Mr. Stans Forbes, Sir James Galtie, who is not seen at his best in his "Mrs. Mansfield Jardine," Mr. Lavery, whose "Hon. Mrs. Burrell," in a grey dress with roses near—an admirable scheme—is the better of his two performances, Mr. Robert Brough, Mr. Bowie, and others. Mr. Lorimer, we regret to find, has fallen away considerably from his high level. Besides these, Mr. S. J. Solomon, A.R.A., Mr. Shannon, A.R.A., Mr. Melton Fisher, the Hon. John Collier contribute good work, but none of it of the first order. Two foreigners are represented—Monsieur Blancet, with a clever likeness of the Dowager Lady Colthurst, not up to his former standard, and Signor Mascini, with tricky portraits, in which the faces issues vaguely from a chaos of twisted-in but unrecognisable scenery. But the real interest is in the old friends here shown—not only in the over-sombre but masterly canvas called "Portrait of Two Artists," by Mr. C. H. Shannon (in reality a portrait of himself and Mr. Rickards), and in Mr. Hecker's beautiful rendering of the wife of Mr. Frampton, R.A., but mainly in the examples of the dead masters—Watts,



The cruiser Black Prince was launched on Tuesday afternoon from the yard of the Thames Ironworks and Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, at Canning Town, the ceremony being performed by the Duke of Edinburgh type, of which there are at present in all its under construction, she is armed at the waterline, is 480 ft. long, will have a displacement of 15,000 tons, indicated horse-power of 22,000, and a speed of twenty-three knots.

## AFLOAT: THE LAUNCH OF THE CRUISER BLACK PRINCE AT CANNING TOWN

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.

neighbours to share in the festivities, so there was the usual dinner to the workmen and smaller tenants on the Royal estates, when the King's health was drunk with much enthusiasm. The King, accompanied by the Queen and many of the house-party, came in during the need to see his guests. In the evening their Majesties had a small dinner-party. Shooting was the chief amusement of the guests for the remainder of the week. Since the King and Queen were last in residence at Sandringham the damage done by the fire has been repaired, and many of the rooms have been renovated, so that the house looks very bright. Their Majesties leave on Monday for Windsor to entertain the King and Queen of Portugal.

Their Portuguese Majesties reach England next Tuesday. They travel through France to Cherbourg, where they will be met by the Portuguese Minister, the Marquis de Soveral, and immediately go on board the *Victoria* and Albert to cross the Channel to Portsmouth. Their arrival in British waters will be marked by considerable ceremony—salutes from the warships, official reception at Portsmouth, and so forth, while the Prince of Wales will welcome the

after the King and Queen of Portugal's visit the Prince starts northwards to stay with the Earl of Durham at Lambton Castle.

## The Society of Portrait Painters

There are points of great interest about the new exhibition of the Portrait Painters' Society, although it must be confessed that the contributions now for the first time seen are as a whole below the mark. There are portraits of most kinds, from the official, even the photographic-looking portrait, to that which aims in arrangement and tone the aspect of an Old Master—only the "primitive" style, that which was lately affected in imitation of the early Holbeineque manner, is no longer to be seen. But of master portraits there are few. Of those which will attract public notice chiefly Mr. Strong's profile likeness of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain stands forth: it is a firm, solid piece of painting and a good work of art, but the features are too heavy and rubricated for those of the Statesman. Mr. Anthony Hope's portrait, by Mr. H. de T. Giambrook, is capital in feature, but the hat is not on straight—how many painters fall in putting their sitters' hats properly on their heads!—and the

Burne-Jones, Sandys, Whistler, and Mennel, and most curious of all, Corot! The great landscapist painted the portrait of a lady in black satin holding a red rose—"Leonide Leblanc," painted with much of the skill but none of the charm or grace of Alfred Stevens. The Whistler is a skilful but ill-drawn head, "La Neapolitaine"—a beautiful bit of colour if not of form; the Watts is the exquisite blue picture of the Marchioness of Granby; the Burne-Jones the well-known "Master Philip Comyns Carr;" and the Sandys, several of the literary portraits in coloured chalks drawn for the *Memoirs*, Macmillan. But the strong point in the exhibition lies in the important collection of the works by Franz von Mensei—whose reputation stands on the highest pinnacle in German-speaking countries. Von Mensei was the painter of many portraits of Bismarck—one of his best and one of his worst (Lord Rosebery's) are here; as well as his Von Moltke, the Emperor William, and others. But his pictures of ladies are dreadful—lolling eyes, sickening heads, and depraved expressions. Where could he have conceived such a idea? An admirable new feature is the filling of the Central Hall with the works of four of the younger sculptors—Mr. Derwent Wood, Mr. A. G. Walker, and Mr. Basil Goto. Mr. Wood stands head and shoulders above his confreres.

## Club Comments

BY "MARKHAMER"

It has been said by a wretched wit, that the modern Englishman spoils Art with a capital H. It is certainly true that he knows little of Art except the commercial value of the commodities which are grouped under the heading. He buys art treasures as a speculation or an investment, and the number of men and women in and out of English "society" who are now amateur dealers, and the quantity of curiosity shops there are throughout the country, show how large is this traffic. It is now proposed to open in London, in 1903, an International Exhibition of the Antique. American, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and other foreign, and also British owners, are to be invited to lend art treasures and curiosities, either merely as a loan, or for selling purposes. There are to be, if the proposal is adopted, old London streets and houses, old American, old French, old German, and old Italian, and so arranged that every period in each country shall be separately displayed.

There is much merit in the scheme, for, as London is fast becoming the distributing centre of the trade in the antique, it is well to gather together here as many art treasures as it is possible to obtain. Moreover, many owners who are at present disinclined to sell might lend their treasures to an International Exhibition, and, having been separated from them for several months, might be induced to reconsider their decision. From the point of view of those who are interested in art otherwise than financially, it would be of great value to have all the periods in every country fully displayed in close proximity to each other, so that the variations might be carefully studied and compared, and the influence of one style might be traced from this nation to that and the other. With the exercise of a little ingenuity we may still have produced for our entertainment and instruction, Living Pictures of the Past. Our ancestors in their various generations dressed as they were, amongst the pictures, decorations, and furniture that they lived with, and moving as if they were with us, as inasmuch

## The New Opera

The average member of the public, who knew nothing whatever about M. Maubert and Laguerre's play, might surely have been forgiven if he had left Covent Garden on Tuesday evening feeling a little mystified by Signor Cilea's new opera, *Adriana Lecouvreur*. The original drama is a good enough play of its kind. It is well constructed, workmanlike and effective in its own way. Signor Colasatti, however, is not to be congratulated on the way in which he has carried out his work of condensation. Of course the drama needed shortening before it could be made suitable for operatic purposes. Signor Cilea's idea of condensing a play, however, seems to him somewhat unusual, for he has cut out the whole of the first act and has given no hint as to its contents in his subsequent pages. Now, the first act in the original play provides the key to the situation, and tells us who Maurice is, and in what relations he stands to the Princess and Le Duclos, and of one or two other details of considerable importance in the subsequent development of the drama. The libretto of the opera, however, contains but the barest references to these matters, and it must be almost incomprehensible to anyone who has not either seen or read the original play.

It is a pity that this should be the case, for otherwise the opera, though not a masterpiece, has a good deal to commend it. It is so far as we are aware, the first of Signor Cilea's works to reach England, and it certainly shows its composer to be a man of talent. He scarcely, perhaps, has the melodic invention of a Puccini, and there are moments when his airs do not rise above the common place. Even the much vaunted "Intermezzo" which made such a sensation when the opera was first produced, and the Divertimento in the third act, which was generally supposed to be one of the great attractions of the work, proved to be nothing more than graceful and clever. Nor is his treatment of the great love scenes very convincing, and his music to them, though always appropriate enough, has not quite the touch of the great master.

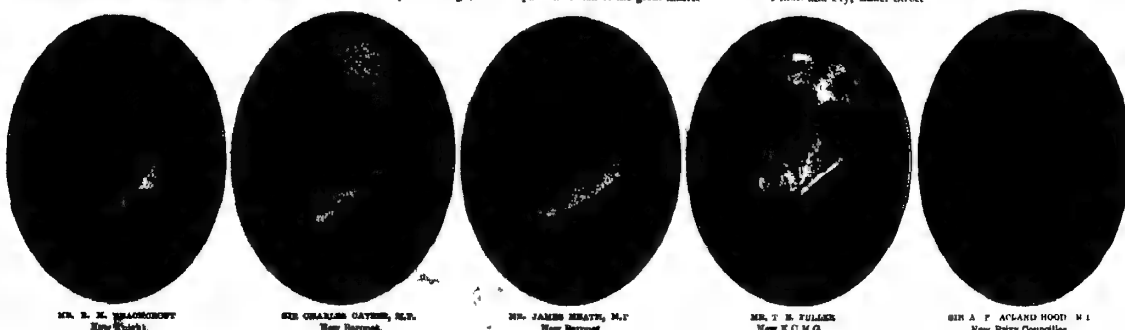
hon or only entered on one other violinist. Fritz Kreisler has given his only recital of the season, and it is with a feeling of regret that we realise that this event is over, for Kreisler is surely one of the greatest of living violinists, and probably no other number of the fraternity combines the technique of a virtuoso and the beauty of a great artist in so unaltered a degree.

One newcomer deserves special mention, and that is Miss Frangellie Anthony, who gave her first concert at St. James Hall last Saturday. She is not yet a finished player, but she has all the makings of a splendid artist, and it will be very surprising if she does not make her name known through the length and breadth of the land. Her tone is still small, but it is of singularly good quality, and she played Mendelssohn's Concerto in a manner that showed that she has not merely facility, but that she also has the strength for expression. Her faults are principally the faults of youth, and true and experience should correct them. In the meanwhile she is certainly a young lady of exceptional promise.

## The King's Birthday Honours

Sir Alexander Acland-Hood has been the chief Whig of the Unconquered party since the retirement of Sir William Walpole. An old Etonian and graduate of Balliol College, he was for many years an officer of the Grenadier Guards, with which regiment he served in Egypt. From 1886 to 1891 he was A.D.C. to the Governor of Victoria. He has sat in St. Stephen's since 1892 when he retired from the army, as the representative of Wiltshire. Our portrait is by Mayall and Co. New 11, St. Street.

Sir Charles Crysler is well known as a shipowner and as a member of the firm of Messrs. Crysler, Irvine and Co. of London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow. He is a member of the 1st Lancashire Volunteer Artillery. Sir Charles has a large landed estate in Renfrewshire and Perthshire, and was the first Conservative elected for Barrow in Furness. Our portrait is by Filbott and Fry, Baker Street.



THE KING'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS. SOME OF THE RECIPIENTS

their property—why should the "living picture" artists not produce that for our amusement?

The man of proverb is a man of prejudices, is a newly coined maxim which should not be disregarded. Many of the proverbs were the essence of wisdom in the circumstances which inspired them, but the circumstances have changed, and those proverbs do not apply to the new. "A rolling stone gathers no moss" was a wise proverb before steam had made travelling so easy as it is and had provided thousands of opportunities in every direction for those who are sufficiently enterprising to detach themselves from the surroundings of their origin. It is said that for every clerk who has employment in England to-day, there are two who are without. The enormous increase in the educated class in recent years is answerable, of course, for that, but an American in such a situation would seek employment in another branch of industry, whilst the ordinary Englishman, having been trained to be a clerk, will be fit for nothing. He is prepared, however, at the worst, to be a journeyman or an actor, imagining that to succeed in those professions requires no talent or training. It reminds the writer of a housemaid who, in giving notice, said that, being tired of service, she intended to go into "society."

Admitting, however, that the actor requires to have talent and training to succeed in his profession, it seems strange that he should be knighted when the author who has provided the plays is not.

Which is the higher kind of intelligence, that which produces a plot, creates a number of characters and situations, and composes brilliant conversation for the use of his puppets, or that which materialises those creations on the stage? No doubt, the public is more familiar with the actor than it is with the author, and as a matter of policy, there is more popularity to be obtained by the authorities by conferring a title on the former than on the latter. That consideration, however, greatly diminishes the value of such distinctions. If titles are to continue to command respect they must be conferred upon those who most merit them. Certain actors may deserve to obtain that reward, but some authors also should secure the distinction. As the New Year's Honours List is being prepared now, it is a suitable time to direct the attention of the sublimity to this matter.

But if these are points in which Signor Cilea falls short of perfection, there are others in which he excels. He is at his best when he is treating the crisp, bustling scenes in which the actors at the Comédie Française appear. What does it matter, if there is here and there a distinct flavour of Verdi's *La traviata*? No better model could be found for music of this kind, and that of Signor Cilea has more than a reasonable share of originality. The first two of the scenes are most happily preserved, and even Verdi himself could not have treated them better. Bright crackling sparkling music seems to be his forte, but if we may judge from a simple performance of one of his operas—a not very conclusive test—it does not appear to possess the strong dramatic force of a really great writer of operas.

Those who have followed the performances at Covent Garden during the last few weeks will hardly need to be told that the fullest justice was done to the new work. Mme. Giarretta is a superb artist—a clever vocalist and a finished actress at one and the same time. Whether she is playing Tosca or Minon I recall or Adriana Lecouvreur she is always great, and now that she has once found her way to London it is to be hoped that she will often return here. Signor Sammarco came over her with the reputation of being the greatest of Italian baritones, and he has lived up to that reputation. His Michonnet was a splendid piece of work. Signor Anselmi as Maurice, Signor Fortini as the Prince de Bouillon, and Mme. de Camerac as the Princess filled their respective parts to perfection, and the smoothness of the performance did infinite credit to Signor Campanini, one of the most painstaking and most gifted of the Italian conductors.

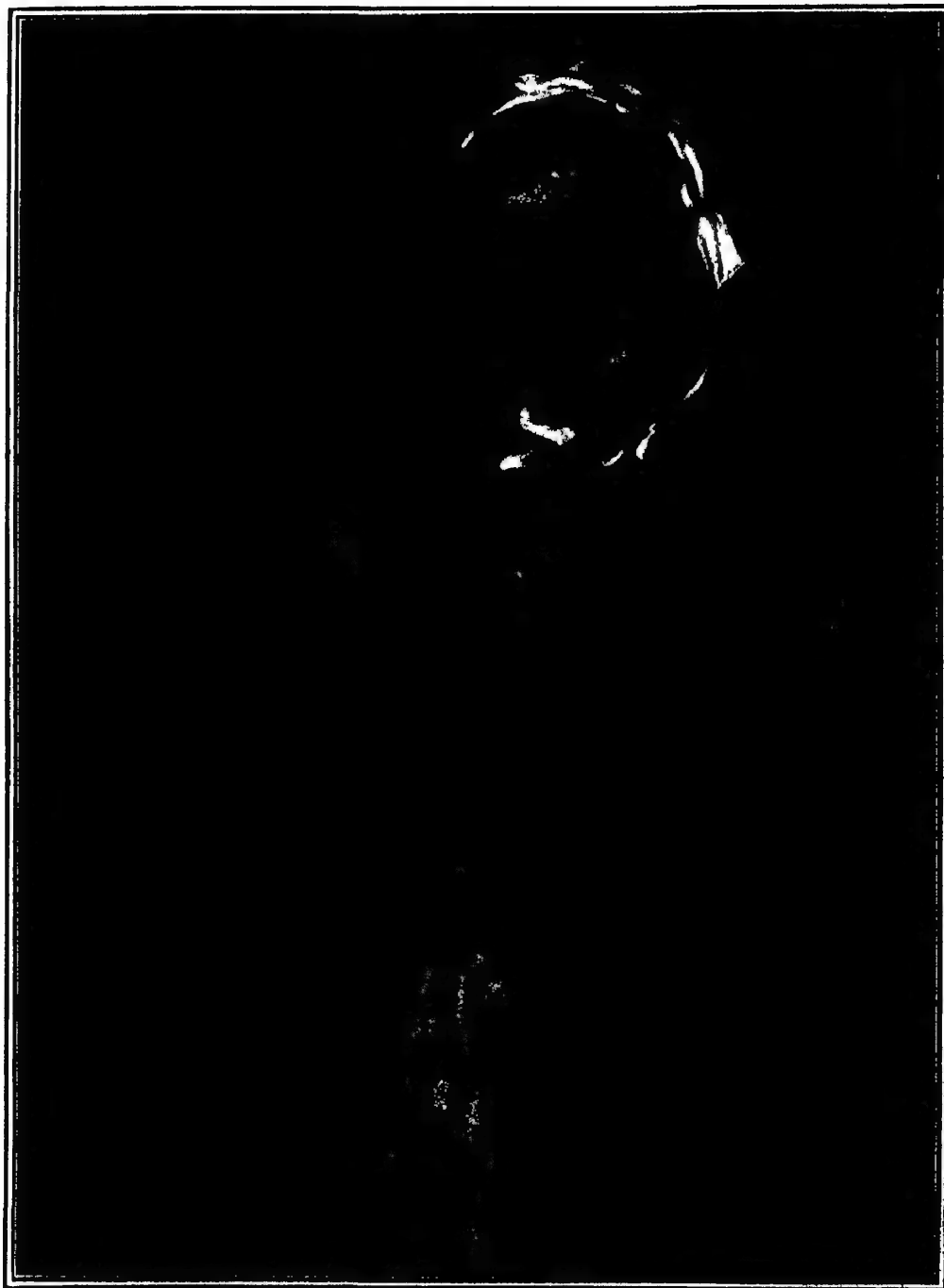
Are we to have another season of violin recitals? It certainly seems as present as if this would be the case, for, although the season is only a few weeks old a round dozen of violin recitals have already taken place. Of these Signor Sarasate has given three, and has shown that time cannot impair the exquisitely silvery quality of his tone or rob him of his playing of his charm. Benjamin Huberman has given four concerts, and it seems from his performance that he means to fulfil the great promise which he displayed when he first appeared here as a prodigy. Since those days he has progressed apace, and he has been permitted to play on Paganini's violin at

Mr. R. M. Beauchcroft is the first chairman of the North in the Water Board. Educated at Harrow, he was a hunter and a soldier thirty-six years ago and is a partner in the firm of Messrs. Beauchcroft, Thompson and Co. He was elected to the last London County Council, became an alderman in 1897, was deputy chairman in 1899, and vice chairman in the following year. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Mr. James Heath who has sat at Westminster for sixteen years where his father was before him for sixty years (1824-1880) is a great stomacher and a little literary (1874-1875) in the Staff of the Volunteer Cavalry. Our portrait is by Filbott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. Thomas Hubert Fuller, C.M.G., is the Agent for the London and the Colony of the Cape (1874-1875) in the Staff of the Volunteer Cavalry. Our portrait is by Filbott and Fry, Baker Street.

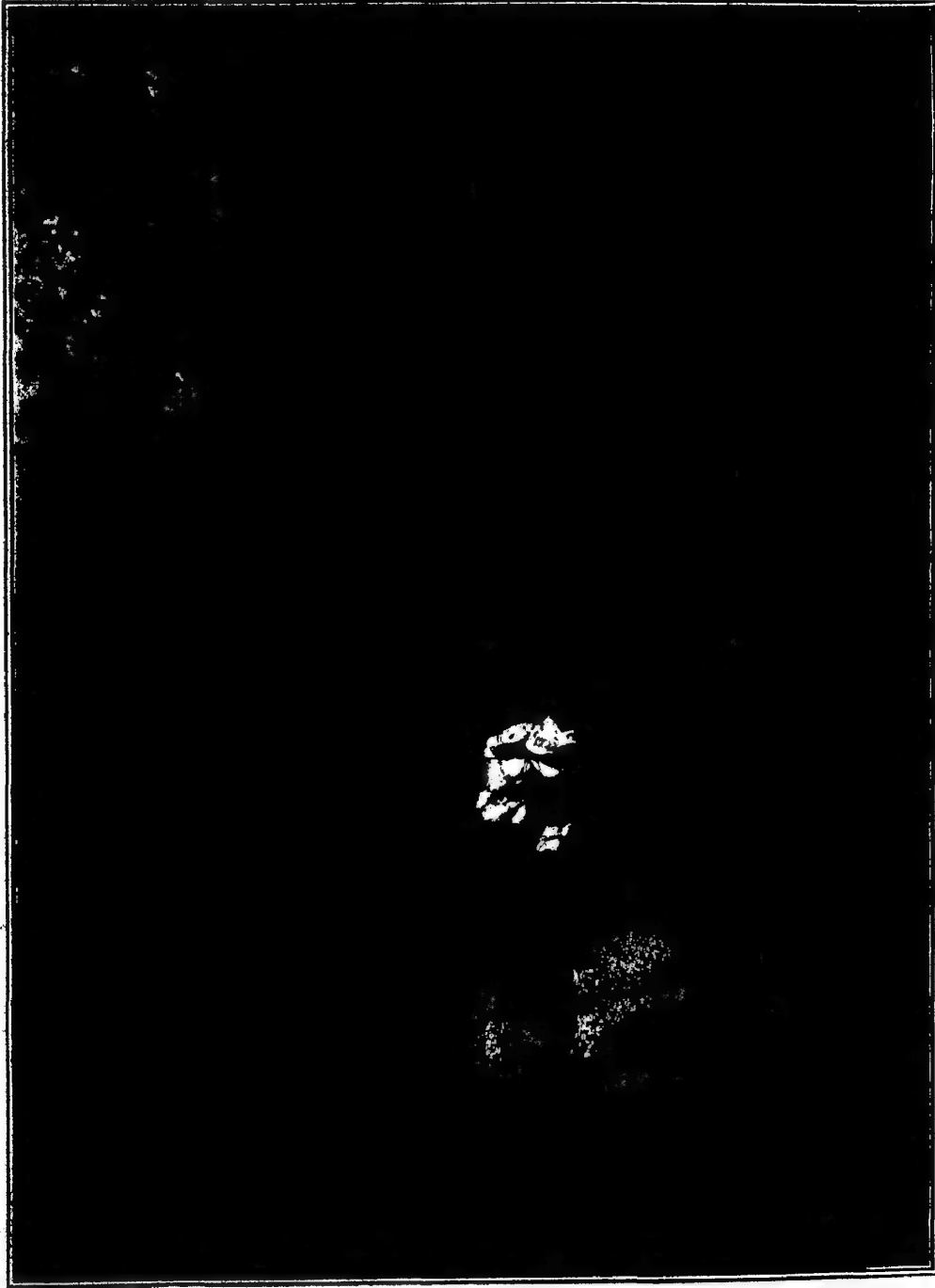
NEW ZEALAND. The time has come when it is well to call attention to the country which is unparalleled in the world for its beauty and its climate. It is a great stomacher and a little literary (1874-1875) in the Staff of the Volunteer Cavalry. Our portrait is by Filbott and Fry, Baker Street.



"L'ENTENTE"

FROM THE PICTURE BY L. R. GARRIDO, EXHIBITED AT THE INSTITUTE OF GEL PAINTERS





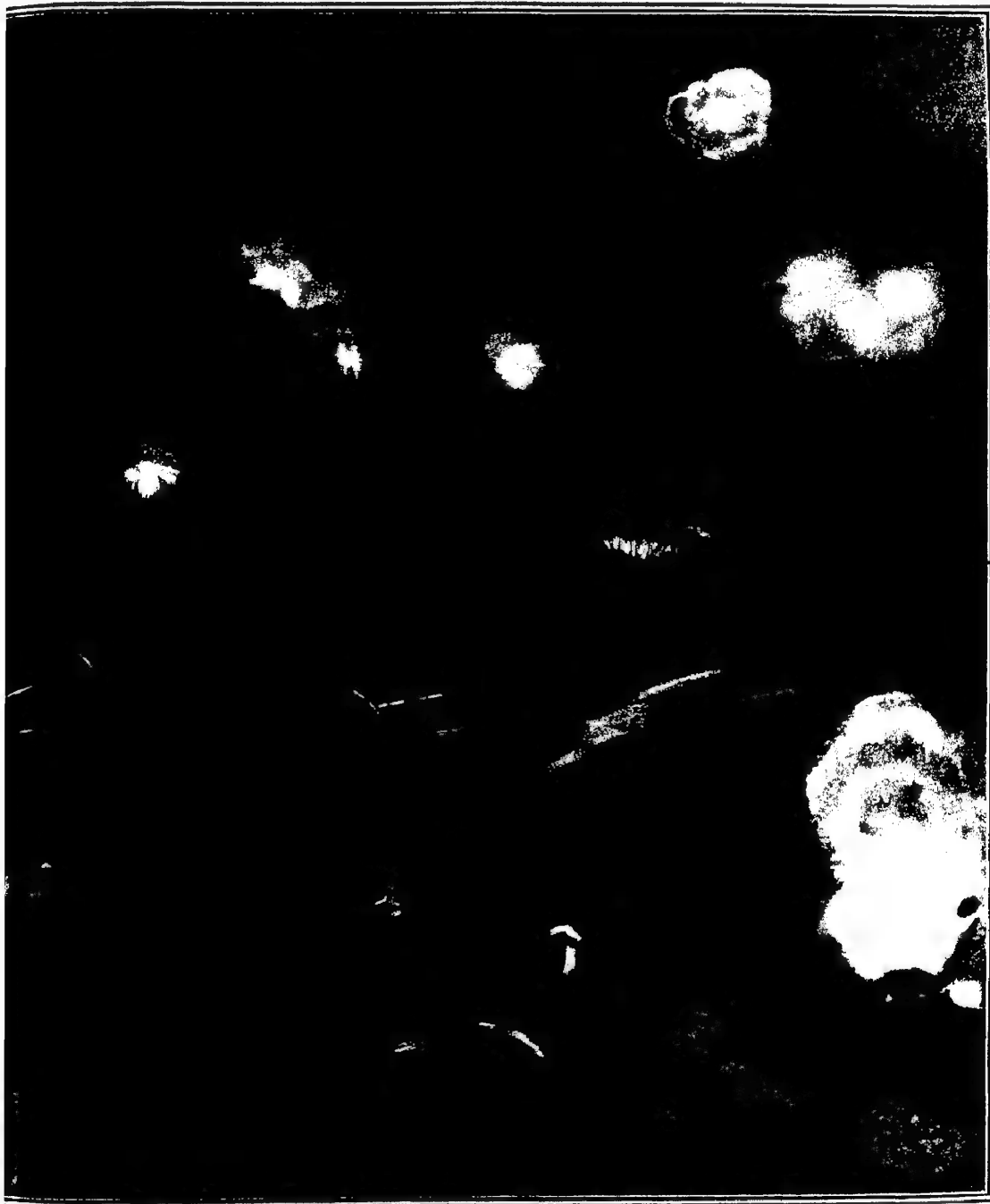
GENERAL BARON KURAKI AT HIS HOME IN TOKYO. The General is only gradually getting over the effects of the picture and the wife and children of the General. Baron Kuraki is present in a modest, retiring man. He is well known for his efforts for a very, at a last, with which he will not part. Our photograph was supplied by T. Rod. (Japan) Ltd.



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

During the rear-guard action by which the Russians prevented Oku from occupying Liaoyang for three days, one Russian battery behaved with great devotion. It was in the flat, just on the fringe of the city, and the Russians were within

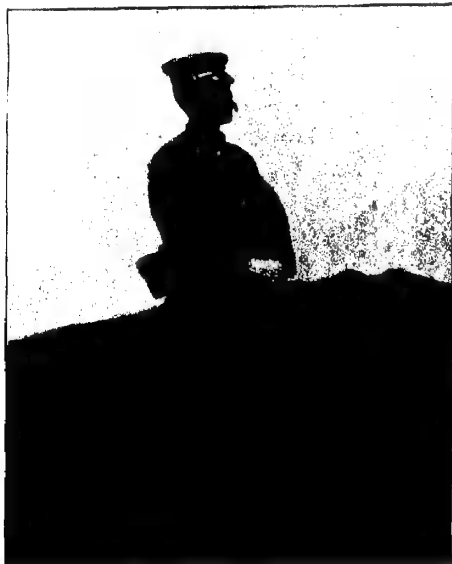
SEEN THROUGH THE GLASSES AT LIAOYANG: A GAL-



FROM A SKETCH BY LIONEL JAMES

hot crop, and twice the Japanese concentrated the fire of at least eighty guns on it, so that it seemed that nothing could live. Nevertheless, the battery always reopened its fire again and

**RUSSIAN BATTERY THAT WOULD NOT BE BEATEN**



General Kodama, who is playing the part of Lord Kitchener to Oyama's Lord Roberts in South Africa, is one of the best of Japan's generals. He commanded the Kagero division at the battle of Liaoyang. When this photograph was taken on the Shoushan Hills, the General had neither eaten nor slept for two days.

GENERAL KODAMA, CHIEF OF MARSHAL OYAMA'S STAFF  
From a Photograph by J. Gordon Smith.



A strict guard is kept over the correspondents with the Japanese armies; and every now and then they are ordered back when they get too near the fighting line. They are kept in entire ignorance of coming movements and have to make the best of such opportunities as they can get.

CORRESPONDENTS VISITING OUTPOSTS AT LIAOYANG  
From a Photograph by our Special Artist, Frederic Whiting.



On the Shoushan Hills the fighting was desperate before the position was carried by the Japanese. The Russians defended themselves valiantly with the bayonet, and the Japanese attacked with almost invincible intrepidity. The trenches next morning bore witness to the deadly contest. None were

filled with dead, Russians and Japanese being mingled together in one ghastly heap. Our photograph is by J. Gordon Smith.

THE GRIM SIDE OF WAR: ON THE MORNING AFTER THE CAPTURE OF THE SHOUSHAN HILLS











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【C】No. 1 (1, 11) 3. 130 NITROGEN

"A LADDER OF SWINDLES"

under the summer sun of May-day. The run of incident is lively, including a duel with Leicester; a tournament which seems to have strayed belated out of the period of "Ivanhoe;" and an attempt to poison the Queen in the interest—not, it may be hoped, with the connivance—of Mary of Scotland. It is altogether a spirited little romance, not at all in its author's manner, and not, apart from its liveliness, of any notable value.

"NOSTR MO"

We take it that Mr. Joseph Conrad, in his "Nostromo: A Tale of the Seaboard" (Harper and Brothers), intended a kind of *Epic of the effect of great Treasure upon the lives and souls of men and nations* who allow themselves to be possessed of the idea of it; if by a demum—a psychological condition not to be confused with *avarice* or any other merely ignoble passion. The great San Tomé Silver Mine, in the South American Republic of Costaquana, is the real hero or heroine of the novel in its influence over all the characters: introduce it, and an audience aesthetically pre-arranged to be fascinated will be magically attracted. The novel is a masterpiece producing a number of unexpected situations not always — we think — typical of human nature, but certainly always typical of Mr. Conrad's picturesque power. As a whole, however, it lacks that



Reduced from "A History of English Furniture." By Percy Macquoid,  
(Lawrence and Bullen.)

intensity of effect which its author knows so well how to obtain from the study of a single situation or a single character through and through. The canvas is too large and too crowded for clearness of purpose or sustained interest—the novel is of Epic length and the portraits of the rascals and ruffians who make them pass after a time by dint of repetition—not one of the leading personages seemed intended to excite a spark of sympathy; and the story of *mezzogiorno—angeli*, "swallowed back."—In the person of Nostromo, the hero, Mr. Conrad has done his best to give us a new kind of hero, on the one hand, some of the lesser portraits are masterly, regarded as detached miniatures. That of the old Garibaldian, Giorgio Viola, is as good as anything ever Mr. Conrad has done—a type, and yet with an incisive personality of its own. It will have been gathered with a little more care that the author has a great grasp of mind, and we have found "Nostromo" somewhat disappointing. The main reason is that Mr. Conrad has employed upon elaboration the skill and labour that should have been devoted to compression. And, after all, there are not many good things that might not have been

"THE MERRY-GO-ROUND"

The central situation of Mr. William Somerset Maugham's "The Merry-Go-Round" (William Heinemann) will be familiar to all who have witnessed its dramatization under the title of *The Man of Honour*. The "problem" for readers or spectators, whether a man is bound to ruin his whole life, and perhaps the lives of others, in order to give the name of his wife the honour of his name, is a problem which the philologist might find in the word itself. Upon him by his sense of honour, come what may, is a little blurred in the novel by a number of other distinct low stories, matrimonial, social, or otherwise, of various degrees of pathetic or other interest, that distract the attention. Still the episode of the name is the central one, and it is the only one that counts for honour's sake, not only a woman hopelessly out of her own sphere, but all her heterosexual relations and every imaginable misery, is put with signal force in the form of a question for the reader to answer if he is able. Amid such a host of characters, all with their own parts to play, the central figure is a woman, even in male company, that will excite everybody. Our own favourite Miss Pegg, the elderly middle lady of kind heart and bitter tongue, who, having already done service in her mother's "Mr. Cuddock," reappears to even greater advantage. Her keen and shrewd comments on things and people, flavoured with a blend of wit and common sense and natural humour, are the salt of a decidedly clever novel.

## LOST MASTERPIECES

Mr. St. John Hankin has followed up his "Dramatic Sequels" in an excellent little volume of his "Poems," the main reprint from *Think*. The connecting idea is very ingenious. The verses are well selected from the collection of an American millionaire, whose mania it is to gather together unpublished fragments of the work of our best-known poets. As a result we have poems complete and incomplete in the style of Swinburne, Rossetti, Wordsworth, Burns, Kipling, Moore, and many others. Some of the poems are really beautiful, and for instance, Wordsworth's, the Kipling and the Tennyson. In certain other cases Mr. Hankin "has done his work so well that

[illegible]

# Humperdinck and The Pianola.

To those who are intimate with contemporary music and musicians, the name of the composer of "Hansel und Gretel" is known as that of one of the foremost musicians of our day.

Like many other great artists, he was inclined to the belief that the Pianola was neither better nor worse than other piano-players, and not worthy of serious consideration as an artistic musical instrument. That was before he had heard the Metrostyle Pianola. When he had done so he gave us the following letter:—

"The Metrostyle Pianola which I have just heard has filled me with admiration and wonder. Although I have heard instruments play the piano before, I had no idea that it was possible to play with the taste and expression of an artist; and the Metrostyle, it seems to me, is almost as valuable as the instrument itself. Your success with the Metrostyle should be very great."

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Profession."—*Medical Magazine.*

If you did not know that the whole thing was a joke the reader might very well be deceived. They are, in short, few parodies than admirable little essays in the style of the different poets. The volume concludes with a selection of political pieces. With the exception of Mr. Anstey's delightful work we know no one whose work so thoroughly deserves regularising from the pages of *Punch* as that of Mr. Hankin, for the author of that witty comedy, *The Zoo Mr. Wootchips* is a most excellent and scholarly humorist.

#### "LORD COLERIDGE"

It is an interesting coincidence that the "Life and Correspondence" of Lord Coleridge should be published precisely at the same moment that the "Reminiscences" of his equally eminent colleague in the great "Chinaman" case, Sir Henry Hawkins, have made their appearance. The difference in the circumstances under which each made their respective starts in life is singularly striking. Sir Henry achieved success in spite of tremendous odds, while in the case of Lord Coleridge, without wishing to detract in the least from his merits, it must be confessed he had everything in his favour. The son of a judge, educated at Eton and Balliol, he is depicted by his biographer at the time he left college for the bar in the following words:—"At three and twenty, however, with life all before him, he comes before us a young Don Magnifico, surrounding himself with all the appointments and belongings of a scholar of birth and means: a library of the best books arrayed in costly bindings, proof engravings of the old masters, a horse to ride, an income which permitted him to contribute to the furtherance of public schemes in which he was interested." The years he spent at Oxford were most important as regards the formation of his character; he "went up" just at the time when the Oxford movement was beginning and "the genius, the penetration, the sanctity, perhaps, too, the *croquis* of Newman drew him by an irresistible spell, and never released their hold." Apart from this, his life was not very different from that of most undergraduates. One of his old fags at Eton writes to him: "I have heard from several fellows that you are quite the dandy, and sport a blue coat with a velvet collar and chains innumerable, and that, to use your own expression, 'if gold chains and silk and satin make a man, you are made.'" In another letter, when he was in the Isle of Wight, occurs the following suggestive passage: "this time it is his father who writes: 'I suppose it is not the first time you have been in love, and I dare say will not be the last by many a score. I should advise you, if you are very desperate, to let off a sonnet or two. My dear good father always underdressed of glaucous salts; perhaps, for general constitution, his was the best regimen. Your journey may require the sonnet also.' The biographer is full of enthusiasm for his eminent relation, and has taken a great deal of trouble in collating a vast amount of material; but, unfortunately, it seems unlikely that that enthusiasm will communicate itself to the general reader. There is, after all, nothing so very remarkable in the life of

"The Life and Correspondence of John Duke, Lord Coleridge," written and edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. (London: Heinemann, 1904.)



The Russian Admiral is here shown on his way to call on the Moorish Minister for Foreign Affairs. On the right is the interpreter of the Russian Legation, while on the left is a member of the Legation Guard in Moorish costume. Our illustration is from a photograph by R. J. Langard.

#### REAR-ADMIRAL ROZHDESTVENSKY PAYING A VISIT OF STATE AT TANGIER

letters of Lord Coleridge, and the fascination of his personality, which all his friends seem to have felt so strongly, is lacking. Letters—and there are a terrible number in the book—have to be very good to make attractive reading. Still, as the collection comprises correspondence from such men as Matthew Arnold, Jowett, Newman, and Gladstone, it is not uninteresting. Perhaps the most charming side of the book is the great affection which existed between Lord Coleridge and the other members of the family, which is fully evidenced in their correspondence. The illustrations are chiefly from portraits.

#### "EDWARD AND PAMELA FITZGERALD"

In this book Mr. Campbell gives the life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, joint founder of the notorious league of "United Irishmen," who came to an untimely end, in prison, from wounds received during his arrest in Dublin. It contains much interesting correspondence from the pen of his mother, the Duchess of Leinster, his aunts, his sisters, and his wife, the charming but ill-fated Pamela, adopted, if not actual, daughter of Madame de Genlis. These letters, besides their bearing upon the history of the characters portrayed in the book, are full of entertaining side-lights on the family life of the time, the life between the sisters, their little flirtations, of which the following is an example: "I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am likely to get over that foolish antipathy I have had all my life for rats, as C., one of my favourite Beaux, is so like that animal that it is impossible not to be struck with it, and yet I don't shudder at its approach, which gives me hopes that I may not faint away when next I see a mouse as I did at Malvern." The book is well written, although it shows a considerable bias. It may be true that Edward Fitzgerald was a charming personality, and the favourite of his brothers and sisters, and that once committed to the Irish cause he did not attempt to desert it at the last, but it is going a little too far to describe him as "something more than a hero and higher than a patriot." In his political opinions the "child of the French Revolution," he first offended the Government by renouncing his title in Paris, for which indiscretion he was deprived of his commission in the Army. Soon after this he devoted himself entirely to the interests of the Irish malcontents, and conducted negotiations with France on their behalf. A price was set on his head, and after some time spent in hiding he was betrayed by an informer and received the wound which caused his death; while his wife was banished. It is an age of rehabilitation, and the author makes a vigorous defence of the unhappy Pamela against her detractors. The book is interesting reading, but the author brings nothing new to light; he discusses, but cannot explain, the apparent neglect shown by the Fitzgerald family towards the banished Pamela, and also the mystery of her parentage.

#### "THE GIRL IN GREY"

Curtis Yorke's Mark Chetwode, whom Miss Ray Disworde, as "The Girl in Grey" (John Long) set out to bring to her feet by way of vengeance, is certainly one of the numerous progeny of the Rochester of "Jane Eyre." And when an attractive young governess enters the service of a masterful widower of dangerously violent temper—as violent as on one critical occasion to give the girl in grey a good thrashing—the least experienced of novel-readers knows what is bound to happen. In short, Curtis Yorke has given his readers a good old-fashioned novel of a good old school that still, despite its regulation incidents of hairbreadth rescue from a rising tide, misunderstandings that a real breath would blow away, and all its other conventionalities, still seems able to hold its own against the newer schools that come and go.

"Edward and Pamela Fitzgerald," by Gerald Campbell. (London: Arnold, 1904.)

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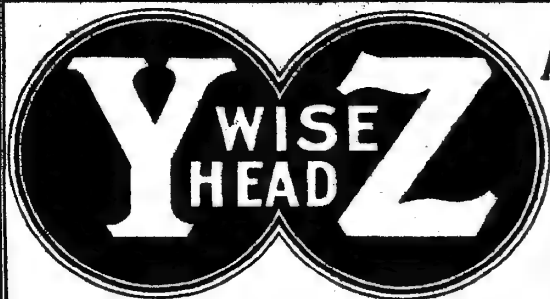
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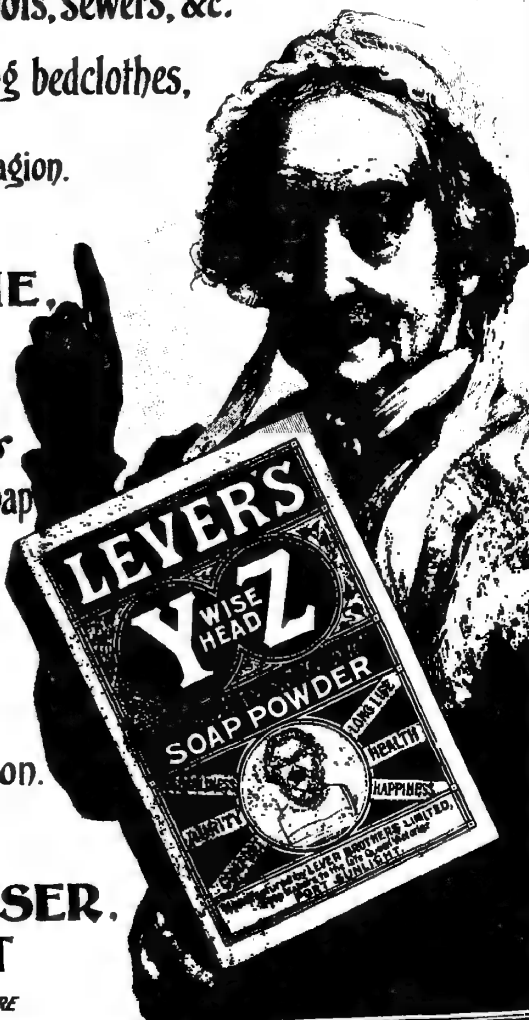
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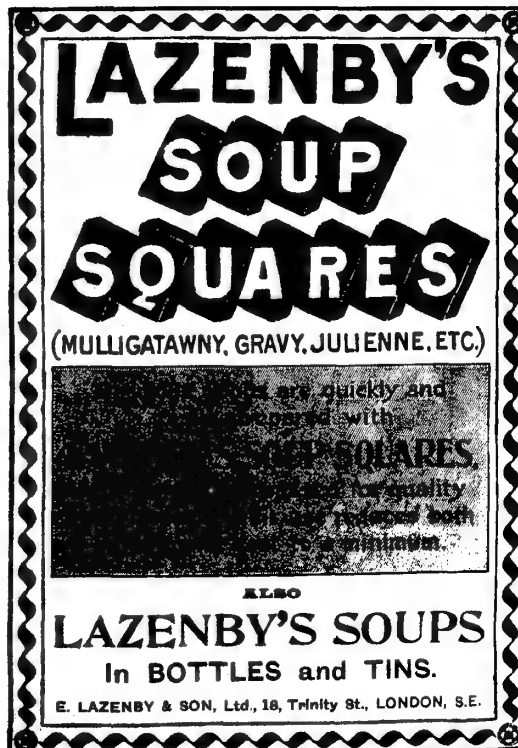


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## The Theatres

The sixth season of the German Theatre in Great Queen Street, under the direction of those capable actors, Messrs. Hans Andersen and Max Beland, began on Monday night. The company is again a strong one, and consists of Mesdames Camilla Dahlberg, Betty L'Arronge, Rosie Grant, and Ida Weiss, Messrs. Hans Stock, Rudolf Legner, Bruno Witzinger, and Hugo Rogall, the majority of whom are now well known in London. The play chosen for this, the first week, has been one new to England, we believe, though an old favourite with German audiences, namely, *The Grasshopper*, by Oreste Blumenthal and Kadelburg, a comedy of a not unamusing but somewhat old-fashioned order, dealing with the modern restless desire for "town air" as opposed to the more healthy quietude of the provinces. The play was well acted all round, and most cordially received.

To an interviewer in the *Daily News* Mr. G. Bernard Shaw has been delivering himself of some characteristic utterances, with reference to his play, *John Bull's Other Island*, and the criticisms which it has received. "If you have never been a dramatic critic," he says, "you cannot understand what a troubled state a man is reduced to when, after spending twenty years in an occupation which does not involve the smallest use of his brains, he is suddenly compelled to go through two hours and three-quarters of really severe mental exercise. It is only natural that the next day's papers should reveal the dramatic critics in rather a shattered and hysterical condition. But I think they have done very well. At all events, they have done their best. You see, you must allow for the fact that they have all been taught to believe that a play without a sexual intrigue in it is not a play at all, and that my interest in religion, in politics, and in the natural history of mankind as distinguished from stage heroes and heroines, is a personal eccentricity of mine, like my vegetarianism or my antipathy to such fashionable forms of statuary as starch and backing."

Three special notices were announced at the SAVOY Theatre for Thursday, Friday, and today (Saturday), of the Vicar of Glastonbury's much-talked-of play dealing with the embolism effect of an illicit love, *For Church or Stage*.

Mr. Arthur Boucher announces that when Christmas comes *The Walls of Jericho* will be played as usual every night, but the notices will be suspended for a few weeks, until the children's holidays are over, to make way for the entertainment for them, which this year will consist of a one-act play, written by Tom Gallon, which will probably be called *Jane's Christmas Party*, and an adaptation, by Rutland Barrington, of the two favourite "Dumpty Books," entitled *Little White Barks* and *Little White Barks*, with music by Wilfred Bennett and Frederick Rose, with additional numbers by Rutland Barrington and Milton Wellings. Miss Nellie Brown will appear in both plays, as the heroine of one and the hero of the other. Miss Madge Titherage will be the principal girl in *Quotations* in the musical piece, little Iris Howkins will represent "Little White Barks," and Mr. Boucher has also engaged the popular Frank Lawton, who whistled himself into fame in *The Belle of New York*, and has not been seen on the London stage for some time.

To-night (Saturday) witnesses the production of Mrs. Craigie's new comedy, *The Flute of Pan*, at the SHAFTESBURY Theatre. Miss Olga Netherfield produces the play, and with her in the cast will be Mr. Herbert Waring, Mr. T. W. Somers, Miss Annie Hughes and Miss Kate Phillips.

The King has commanded two special performances at Windsor Castle during the visit of the King and Queen of Portugal to this country. On Thursday, the 17th, Mr. Herbert Tree and His MAJESTY's company will appear in *A Man's Shadow*, Mr. Tree in the double rôle of Laroque and Laveran, Mrs. Tree as Julie, and Mr. James Fernandez as De Noctville; while on the following Saturday Mr. Lewis Waller and the IMPERIAL company will be seen in *Monsieur Beaucaire*, Miss Evelyn Millard taking the part of Lady Mary Carlisle.

The Mermaid Society began its season at the ROYALTY on Monday night with a revival of Congreve's *The Way of the World*. The principal characters were thus allotted: Falstaff Mr. Frank Lascelles; Mirabel, Mr. King Fordham; Witwood, Mr. Nigel Playfair; Petulant, Mr. Dennis W. Clough; Sir Wilfred Witwood, Mr. W. H. Knibbs; Walworth, Mr. J. H. Telford; Lady Wishfort, Mrs. Theodora Wright; Mrs. Marwood, Miss Ada Potter; Fumble, Miss Meta Pelham; and Mrs. Millamant, Miss Ethel Irving. Those who did not see Miss Irving's brilliant performance in the spring have thus been afforded another opportunity.

Mr. George Alexander is announcing the last nights of *The Garden of Life* at the ST. JAMES's, and on Saturday, November 19, he will revive *Lady Windermere's Fan*.

Miss Marie Tempest, according to present arrangements, will open the CRITICISM on Tuesday week with *The Freedom of Venus*, a comedy written for her by her husband, Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox.

A curious change has come over Mr. James Bernard Fagan's poetical play, *The Prayer of the Sower*, on the occasion of its fifth presentation. In place of the termination which leaves the hero restored to his inauspicious voice lending over the grave of his noble mistress, there has been substituted a happy finish. The monk, as before, kills his two assassins, but Miss Brynton no longer dies a lingering death from a stab by Mr. Oscar Asche's poisoned dagger, but lives to make her lover happy, for the Pope withdraws his ban against the marriage, and all is well. It is truly not so artistic a finish, but it is a concession to popular taste.

BRITISH PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION.—Two Grand Prizes—one for decoration and the other for furniture—as well as gold medals for upholstery and sanitation, have been awarded to Messrs. Waring by the authorities of the St. Louis Exhibition. These high marks of distinction have been conferred in connection with a remarkable and interesting suite of rooms suitable for a modern country mansion. The Grand Prize—the highest honour obtainable—has also been awarded to the White Label Worcestershire Sauce, manufactured by Messrs. J. A. Sharwood and Co., Limited.

## The Statue of Milton at Cripplegate

A statue of Milton was unveiled last week in front of Cripplegate Church, in the parish of which the poet lived, and in whose precincts he was buried. The statue, which is the finishing touch to the restoration of Cripplegate Church to its original form and aspect, is the gift of Mr. Deputy Beddley, who is honourably known outside Cripplegate Ward as its historian, and is the work of Mr. Horace Monford.

For his authority for the statue as a portrait the sculptor has gone to the bust of Milton which is to be found at Christ's College, Cambridge. The bust was the work of the sculptor "Pierce," and was fashioned in 1654, some four years before "Paradise Lost" was written. Very well chosen, therefore, are the words inscribed on the pedestal:—

O Spirit . . . what in me is dark  
Illumine, what is low raise and support;  
That to the height of this great argument  
I may assert Eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men.

The unveiling of the statue was under-

taken by the Lady Alice Egerton, a descendant of that Earl of Bridgewater who was Milton's patron and friend, and a namesake of the Lady Alice Egerton who took the part of "The Lady" in the masque of "Comus" which Milton wrote to please his Mæcenas. Among those who witnessed the unveiling ceremony were the late Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Lord Rosebery, Sir Henry E. Knight, and the Sheriffs and Under-Sheriffs.



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#### Books of Reference

"Mediterranean Winter Resorts" (Harrell, Watson and Viney), by P. A. Reynolds Hall, a new edition, is now published, in dividers South Europe and the other Islands. The book may be had in two volumes or in one. The new feature in this edition is the Appendix, which contains

articles of a more general character. Austrian winter resorts; hints for English householders in France; French railway law; French hotel law; English versus Continental hotel charges; Mediterranean cruises for health and pleasure; wintering in the West Indies; India as a winter resort, are among the subjects dealt with in this Handbook of winter resorts.—A very useful little book is issued by Messrs. John Walker & Co., Limited, under the title "Great Britain's Colonial and Indian Possessions." Of each

Colony information is given under the following heads:—Geographical position, history and manner of acquisition, physical description, climate and population, productions, government and dioceses.—"London of To-day" (Jarrold and Sons), by Charles Eyre-Paouco, is issued in cheaper form than heretofore, but does not seem to have lost any of its well-known features. The book is to be particularly commended to visitors to London from America and the Colonies.

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## Rural Notes

NOVEMBER

Tusser begins his "November Allotment" with a warning to the pig. Now mast is gone—beech-mast, on which pigs used largely to live. Sowing, and poultry are as much November's care now as in the sixteenth century. "Poor bull-ock, doth crave, Fresh straw to have," says this Elizabethan farmer, and the threshings will have provided the where-withal. Chimneys are to be swept before fires are resumed, and it is to be mended, not to be removed. All good advice. "See, quailers, is the cat, 'Poor Wrennel soon hatched.'" But we adult ourselves beaten by Wrennel. It may mean a weaned calf. The more recent records of November show some smart falls in temperature. In 1901 nobody wanted fires on the 1st; everybody had to have them by the 3rd. Snow seldom comes before November, but in 1879 there was a heavy fall, half a foot, on November 20. There has been no high tide in the Thames of the last nine years quite rivaling that of November 15, 1864. The great gate of

November 15, 1901, has soon been forgotten, but it was a real storm, with remarkable records. November of recent years has not been extraordinarily foggy, but the "London particular" of November 5, 1901, was one of the densest on record.

## AGRICULTURAL AREAS

The crops have been secured, the changing pastures estimated, the forests surveyed. Finally we have, in the *Buff Book* issued on Saturday, a full statement of the areas (1) devoted to permanent grass, (2) gone out of cultivation altogether. The permanent grass has increased by 163,561 acres, so that the tendency to do with less labour and depend on food in the indirect form of live stock, rather than the direct form of crops, is still prevalent. The land gone out of cultivation amounted to 25,966 acres, and this is a very bad sign indeed. Many readers, even among those who know country life well, will fail to see this at the first glance, because land from time to time gains by a rest. The Board of Agriculture have, however, a separate return for these fallows, and no land which the occupier means to cultivate next season is returned as "gone out of cultivation." No, the cultivated area of the United Kingdom during the nineteenth century was gaining on the uncultivated, but we are now going back. The fallows amount

to 225,490 acres, against 221,000 acres last year. In one way this is encouraging, for the wasted land should yield especially well in 1902. But there is the suspicion that some of this area has been returned as fallow in hope that not all of it will actually know cultivation in the ensuing year.

## AGRICULTURE AS A BUSINESS

Mr. Arthur Rogers is favourably known to the agricultural and literary world for his able editing of his father's (Professor Thorold Rogers) monumental works on *Agricultural Wages and Prices*. He has now written a book which gives the country resident, whether farmer or owner, a very valuable, because wholly practical, insight into the business side of modern agriculture. The work really covers new ground, and the fourth chapter, which is devoted to recent developments in the processes of distribution, should be worth to working farmers many times the half-crown at which the volume is published by Messrs. Methuen. We note with satisfaction, to take one example, that the position of the hay and potato markets is handled with firmness, and the drawbacks of the present system are freely mentioned. This is exactly what is required, and the agricultural writer of the hour has means of helping to direct the procedure of sellers in many respects.

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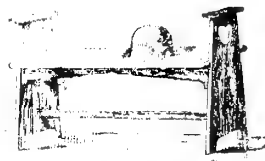
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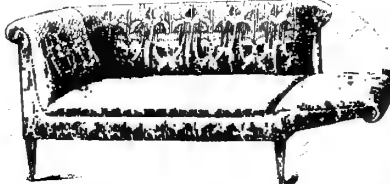
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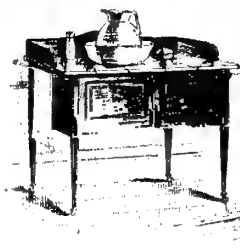
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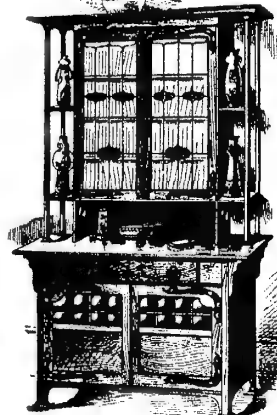
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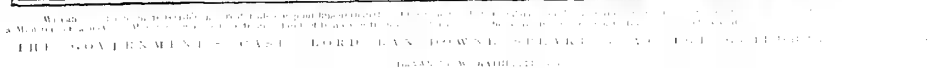
**VIOLIN**

Violins and Mandolins, in Cases, No. 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100, 105, 110, 115, 120, 125, 130, 135, 140, 145, 150, 155, 160, 165, 170, 175, 180, 185, 190, 195, 200, 205, 210, 215, 220, 225, 230, 235, 240, 245, 250, 255, 260, 265, 270, 275, 280, 285, 290, 295, 300, 305, 310, 315, 320, 325, 330, 335, 340, 345, 350, 355, 360, 365, 370, 375, 380, 385, 390, 395, 400, 405, 410, 415, 420, 425, 430, 435, 440, 445, 450, 455, 460, 465, 470, 475, 480, 485, 490, 495, 500, 505, 510, 515, 520, 525, 530, 535, 540, 545, 550, 555, 560, 565, 570, 575, 580, 585, 590, 595, 600, 605, 610, 615, 620, 625, 630, 635, 640, 645, 650, 655, 660, 665, 670, 675, 680, 685, 690, 695, 700, 705, 710, 715, 720, 725, 730, 735, 740, 745, 750, 755, 760, 765, 770, 775, 780, 785, 790, 795, 800, 805, 810, 815, 820, 825, 830, 835, 840, 845, 850, 855, 860, 865, 870, 875, 880, 885, 890, 895, 900, 905, 910, 915, 920, 925, 930, 935, 940, 945, 950, 955, 960, 965, 970, 975, 980, 985, 990, 995, 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## AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 10 1990



## Topics of the Week

**Friends with France**  
Any lingering idea of the artificiality of the Anglo-French reconciliation has been completely dispelled by the overwhelming majority by which the Lausanne Convention has been approved by the French Chamber.

It is true that in this country the Conventions passed through Parliament without a dissentient vote, while in the French Chamber of Deputies ninety-four votes were cast against them; but any conclusions based on a comparison of this kind must be vitiated by the fact that there is an essential difference between the French and British members of Parliament, inasmuch as the former is literally the deputy of his constituency, whereas the latter is, before everything else, a member of the Imperial Parliament, pledged less to local than Imperial interests. Hence the larger issues weigh with the British Parliament, while in France the action of the deputies is swayed by the local views of their constituents. Nevertheless, only ninety-four deputies were found to voice local dissimulation in regard to the details of the Anglo-French Convention, while 430 accepted the Conventions almost with enthusiasm. When we remember that it is only a few years since so powerful a personality as M. Clemenceau was excluded from Parliament because he was suspected of Anglophobia, we are able to measure the great revolution of feeling which has taken place in France. It is doubtful whether the anti-British feeling was ever as profound as it seemed or it would not have been overcome so easily. What people took for invincible enmity was really a fit of the sulks, and it only required that some public-spirited personages should courageously take the question of reconciliation in hand to carry it to a successful issue. We owe to the insight, the courage, and the persistence of men like King Edward and President Loubet, together with Lord Lansdowne and M. Delcassé, that the good work has now been happily accomplished. That it is a good work there can be no question. A friendly understanding between France and England is not only beneficial to the two countries immediately concerned, but it is of the utmost value to the world at large. It is, in the first place, a supreme guarantee of peace; and, in the second place, it constitutes an overwhelming concentration of the political forces and impulses which make for popular liberty, liberal government, orderly administration, and, in short, all the higher aspects of national life. It is no mere coincidence that the vast strides made by the Reactionary spirit during the last generation have synchronised with the mutual alienations of the two great Liberal nations of the West, which dates from the bombardment of Alexandria. It is to be hoped that no short-sighted views will be taken in either country of the scope and import of their rapprochement. In the course of the debate in the French Chamber, M. Jaurès spoke some wise words on this subject, repudiating the exclusive character claimed for the conciliatory policy pursued by France, and holding it up rather as an example and a nucleus than as a diplomatic expedient. There can be no permanence in combinations of nations which have no other end in view than the isolation of some other nation. The greatest diplomatic genius of our age, Prince Bismarck, worked on these lines, with the result that the imposing fabric he constructed scarcely survived him. No enduring alliances are founded on common enemies. The new union for which M. Delcassé has striven has, we are persuaded, a nobler basis and a better aim. Its basis is found in common material interests and common moral aspirations, and its aim is to serve the peace of the world and the good of humanity.

**Empire-Growing Cotton**  
The granting of a charter to the British Cotton-Growing Association marks a further stage in the development of the movement for increasing the supply of Lancashire's raw material. The British Cotton-Growing Association was started rather more than two years ago as an outcome of meetings previously held by the Oldham and Manchester Chambers of Commerce. The Association began modestly with a guarantee fund of £50,000 for the encouragement of cotton-growing within the Empire. The early experiments were so satisfactory that at the end of a year it was decided to continue them on a larger scale and to increase the guarantee to £100,000. Scarcely had this decision been taken before the importance of the movement was emphasized by the urgency of speculation which followed the shortage in the supply of American-grown cotton. The work of the British Cotton-Growing Association was, therefore, pushed on with the energy that is characteristic of Lancashire business men. It was soon found, however,

that if the Cotton-Growing Association was to accomplish permanently effective work, it must be organised as a trading corporation. In order to secure the additional powers needed, application was made to the King for a Royal Charter. The Charter has now been granted, and the grant was celebrated a few days ago in a public banquet at Manchester, at which Mr. Lytton and the Duke of Marlborough both spoke upon the prospects of cotton-growing within the Empire. One feature of the newly chartered Association which distinguishes it from most commercial companies is the frank avowal that no profits are expected. The public is asked to subscribe a sum amounting (with what has already been subscribed) to £500,000, but the articles of association explicitly state that no dividends or distribution of profits can be made for at least seven years. During that period any profits made are to be expended in extending the work of the Association. The probability is, however, that in such work as this there will be no profits in the ordinary commercial sense. What the Association hopes to accomplish is the extension of the area of cotton cultivation so that Lancashire may secure a wider supply and a fuller supply of the raw material which is essential to her industrial life.

**Unemployed Belarius**  
Only one objection can be raised to the appeal of the National Association for employment of reserve and discharged soldiers of good character. It is that the State and not a private organisation, however influential, should accept the entire responsibility of providing these gallant souls with work of one sort or another. Sooner or later, unless recruiting is to become more and more difficult, the nation will have to face that liability, be the cost what it may. But, in the meanwhile, the number of these deserving claimants on national gratitude continuously increases, and the Association acts most rightly, therefore, by appealing to all employers of labour to remember poor Belarius whenever any vacancy arises in their establishments. "We have on our books," writes General Green-Wilkinson, the hard-working chairman, "numerous warrant and non-commissioned officers of high character and long service fit for positions of responsibility and trust; and many of the rank and file most suitable for warehousemen, porters, labourers, carmen, horse-keepers, messengers, doormen, clerks, groomers, coachmen, etc." It will be seen that a very wide choice is offered, thus meeting all requirements, except of an entirely abnormal character, and it is hard to believe that patriotism has so shrunk among British "captains of industry" as to ignore the sad position into which thousands of the country's defenders are thrown through no fault of their own.

**Hockey**  
It is very evident that the fine exhilarating game of hockey—called in the Sister Isle "hurly"—is steadily gaining ground in popular favour. While less "scientific" than cricket and not so rough as football, it is quite their equal in manliness and interest. To be a first-grade player, it needs a cool head, fleet legs, inexhaustible wind, and unflinching good temper, even when the shin comes into violent collision with a swiping stick. That painful "incident" can be provided for, however, by wearing leg-guards up to the knee, now a common precaution round London. That the gentler sex should have already seized hold of the game, proves that it can be played artistically without any risk of injury. And very vigorously do some West End school-girls race backwards and forwards, club in hand, and taking chance knocks as "all in the day's work." In some suburbs ladies' hockey clubs have lately come into being, and there is no prettier spectacle than a match between equally expert teams of feminine players. Atalanta herself did not present a more graceful appearance than some of these pretty proficientes as they strive against one another for the honour and glory of their respective clubs. It is a good game all over for both sexes, and deserves the popularity which it has lately acquired in most parts of the kingdom.

### CONCERNING

## THE KING OF PORTUGAL,

WITH FULL-PAGE CARTOON.

See the Current

"BYSTANDER."

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBURST

Passing over London Bridge the other day, I cannot say that the extension of the footways over the river struck me as being an improvement. It is true some space has been gained, but it seems to me that after all the trouble taken and the money expended the gain is somewhat inconsiderable. The footways appear to be considerably wider than they were formerly. Possibly some of this space might with greater advantage have been devoted to the road. Furthermore it strikes me that the open balustrades detract not a little from the massive dignity of Kennie's original design—there is a weakness and frivolity about them which is quite out of harmony with the rest of the structure. It always seems to me to be a pity that instead of altering the old bridge they did not boldly double its width. Of course the expense of this would have been enormous, but I am inclined to think it will have to be done some day, and it would have been infinitely more satisfactory from an artistic point of view.

The temporary covered bridge that was erected during the alterations is undoubtedly a good deal missed. With its massive timbers and its roofing it was a very picturesque shelter, whence you could gaze on the ever-changing aspect of sun and sky, on the endless variety of always moving craft and the countless changes in the swift river hastening towards the sea. Moreover, it formed a pleasant protection during those rainy days which we occasionally experience in the English climate. Indeed, this bridge was such a distinct success that it is to be hoped that amid the numerous bridges to come, some of them, at any rate, may be covered. If you have ever been, as I have, in the middle of Westminster Bridge in a fierce shower with no umbrella and all the buses and cabs full and their drivers scornful, you would appreciate the force of my remarks.

Amid all the alterations in and about London Bridge I was glad to find that the flight of steps on the south-western end are but little changed. They remain very much the same as they were when the interview between Nancy, Rose Maylie, and Mr. Brownlow—lovely watched by Noah Claypole—took place, which was so graphically described in "Oliver Twist" by Charles Dickens sixty-seven years ago. Wandering down the thorough from this point and proving about Southwark, I was surprised to find how little was left of the Dickensland which I described, and which Mr. A. D. McCormick illustrated a few years ago. Indeed, with the constant rebuilding and everlasting alterations of old neighbourhoods, the London of Dickens, and of Thackeray too, has well-nigh disappeared. This is to be regretted, seeing they are about the only two authors in whose geography the British public takes the least interest.

A canal may not be everyone's fancy, even though he be possessed of plenty of spare cash, but I am somewhat surprised that the Haringston Canal found no purchaser the other day. With an energetic management there are doubtless possibilities about the scheme provided it were properly developed. It has suffered—as so many canals have suffered—from want of links. With, say, a ten-mile link to the Kennet and a twenty-mile link with Winchester, it could open up a communication with Bristol, South-western, and the Great Western, and would be a very useful link in the railway system. It is a pity that the canal is not being developed, and that the cheap method of carrying goods. When we see the excellent and profitable results from such a system on the Continent, it is surprising we should allow so many canals to be neglected, and in some cases to be devoted to other purposes.

The lighting of the London streets in the opinion of many is not equal to what it was before the introduction of electricity. The light may be more brilliant, but it is not so diffused. There are more black shadows, and it is not so comfortable a light as it was formerly. You see great blinding cold white gloves which flicker, and occasionally go out altogether, but there is nothing hearty and genial about modern street illumination. The cheerfulness of London at night is in most cases entirely due to the shops. See how glorious are the chemists' shops with their red, blue, and green bottles, the fruiterers' shops with their piles of oranges, the fish shops with their rows of scarlet lobsters! How gorgeous does all this array of colour look reflected on the gleaming pavement on a wet night. Some streets are dependent at night-time on the shops, not only for their cheerfulness but their light. You can see at once if you traverse these thoroughfares after midnight or on a Sunday evening. You may find a good example of this in Villiers Street in the Strand. It is well lighted and cheerful enough early in the evening, but if you arrive at the Charing Cross Station on the Embankment by the last train you will discover what a dismal thoroughfare you have to pass through before you reach the Strand. And yet with its crowded traffic—principally pedestrian—it should be one of the best-lighted streets in London.

A recent occurrence impels me to inquire why more efficient precautions against fire are not taken in country mansions? Most of these ancient structures, by reason of the large amount of wood employed in their construction and other reasons, are especially inflammable, and are often burned to the ground with all their valuable contents long before the arrival of the fire-engine. Now why do not such mansions have a special fire-brigade of their own—with watchmen to patrol the place at all hours to see that everything is safe? And why are not all the servants instructed in fire-drill, so that they would know what to do on an emergency? It would doubtless be of some expense, but in the long run it would be found economical.

## The Theatres

### "THE FLUTE OF PAN" AT THE SHAFTS-BURY

The warmest admirer of Mrs. Craigie will hardly be disposed to praise unreservedly her latest dramatic effort, *The Flute of Pan*, with which Miss Olga Nethercole opened the SHAFTS-BURY Theatre on Monday night. To put it plainly, it is a long, tiresome, "talky" play, dealing with one of those mythical countries of which Mr. Anthony Hope's *Kuturnia* is the prototype in drama, though years ago, in a brilliant little story, "Prince Otto," the late R. L. Stevenson first broke the ground. Of all the plays, though, which have preceded it, *The Flute of Pan* most nearly resembles *His Highness My Husband*, but whereas the one is bright and amusing, Mrs. Craigie's effort is extremely wearisome, and by no means to be compared with the same authoress's *The Archbishop*, or with *The Bishop's Move*, in which she collaborated. The story deals with the Princess of Sigaria, who, seeking a husband to share the cares of State, selects Boris, Earl of Paltersher, a young nobleman whom she has refused years before, and who, as a more or less direct consequence, has taken to sit and socialism. Both very proud, they allow trifling misunderstandings to stand in the way of their love, and though they marry and Boris gallantly quells a rising in the Princess's principality, it is only at the last moment, when a foolish little Court lady confesses that the Princess is suffering for her own escapades that the young couple arrive at a happy understanding. The play is well but not dramatically written; it is overloaded with processions, dresses, minor characters, and stretches of dialogue which may be natural but are not interesting, with the result that a very mingled reception was accorded to it on the first night.

Miss Olga Nethercole may have been a very natural princess, but in plays of this character the strictly natural is not necessarily interesting. Mr. Heriott Waring looked well, and did his best with the part of the young nobleman who forsakes his studio for a palace, and Mr. C. W. Somerset struggled—very ill at ease—with the part of a Grand Chamberlain; but no one, with the exception of Miss Annie Hughes, who was a charming little intriguing Countess, was convincing; and the audience felt this sadly. It is a thousand pities, though, that on occasions such as this, when the temper of the house must be felt behind the footlights, that attempts should be made to make speeches, and such scenes be enacted as on Saturday. Those who sympathise with the plucky managers in her misfortune at having produced an unsatisfactory play, of course applaud, while a noisy minority in the pit and gallery "boo" their protest. Far better to bring down the curtain and maintain a dignified silence.

### "FOR CHURCH OR STAGE" AT THE SAVOY

The Rev. Forbes Phillips's much-advertised play, *For Church or Stage*, written, as we are told, to preach a sermon more easily preached from the stage than from the pulpit, proved to be a singularly inept piece of work dealing with a well-worn theme. A successful young clergyman, with a more or less dowdy wife, falls in love with a beautiful actress who is living under the protection of a young officer. His love for her "enables" him and vice versa, so that he neglects wife and child, while the lady's love for him makes her literally repent her sorry past. At a meeting at the Savoy Hotel they first decide that "affection is the only virtue," but subsequently realise that the unwholesome influence is sometimes detrimental. The woman, therefore, sacrifices herself to save the man and to prevent their beautiful love becoming "sordid." On their parting the curtain falls. The whole thing is of no value, and it is only regrettable to see good actors wasting their efforts over it.

### "LONELY LIVES" AT GREAT QUEEN STREET

Following the comedy, *Die Grösst*, left the German Company established at the GREAT QUEEN STREET Theatre has now produced *Einsame Menschen* (*Lonely Lives*), by Gerhart Hauptmann. This five-act play is not unknown in London, having been produced not very long since by the Stage Society. It is a curious dreary study, showing how a half-crazy student and agnostic, Johannes, begins a platonic intimacy and friendship with Anna Mahr, an emancipated woman, whom his homely little wife, impressed by her ability, has unwisely invited to make a long stay in the house. For a while there is the usual talk about purely platonic friendship, but ultimately this breaks down, and Johannes, having all but broken his wife's heart, ascertains that his affection for the woman is the love which is by right his wife's. The visitor on this stage, having done all the harm possible, decides to leave, saying that she will not wreck a home which she apparently does not realise is already ruined, and the man, in despair over her departure, goes out and commits suicide. Altogether a singularly literary, uncomfortable play, though it affords Herr Hans Andersen and Herr Max Behrend considerable opportunities.

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King Carlos and Queen Amelie of Portugal arrived at Portsmouth on Tuesday. Their Majesties travelled to Chertsey by train, and there they embarked on the Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert, which was escorted by the cruiser Renal, the gunboat Zens, a 100-gun ship, and the destroyer Nycten and Leno. The fleet at Portsmouth lay to anchor in five columns, and when the Royal yacht arrived, all the vessels "dressed" and ran up the Portuguese ensign at the main.

#### OUR ROYAL GUESTS: THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL YACHT VICTORIA AND ALBERT AT PORTSMOUTH

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.



As the Royal yacht neared the landing-stage King Carlos was seen to be standing on the starboard side of the upper bridge. Queen Amelie was on the lower bridge, attended by Admiral W. E. Fawkes and the Marquis de Sotomayor. Our illustration is from a photograph by Stephen Critch, Southampton.

#### THE ARRIVAL OF OUR ROYAL GUESTS AT PORTSMOUTH: THEIR MAJESTIES ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT



DRAWN BY F. DE HANSEN

On the platform at Windsor Station to meet King Carlos and Queen Amelia were the King and Queen, Princess Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, Prince Arthur, the Princesses Margaret and Victoria Blanche, a number of officers and Court officials, and the Mayor and Corporation of Windsor. As soon as King Carlos had alighted from the train, the two Kings embraced. King Edward

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. WALFORD

then aided Queen Amelia to alight, and King Carlos walked over to Queen Alexandra and knelt for her hand. The two Queens greeted each other affectionately, and, after some presentations had been made and the Mayor had offered his address of welcome, the Royal party drove to the Castle.

OUR ROYAL GUESTS: A HEARTY WELCOME FROM THE KING AND QUEEN AT WINDSOR

## The King and Queen of Portugal

For foreign Sovereigns—the German Emperor excepted—are better known in this country than King Carlos and Queen Amélie of Portugal. The King has frequently visited England, while the Queen, as one of the exiled Orleans family, was not only born in England, but passed all her early years at Twickenham. Apart from these links to our shores, both the Portuguese Sovereigns are specially interesting figures in themselves. Since King Carlos succeeded his intellectual father, King Louis, so, at fifteen years ago, he has shown a tact and statesmanship which have made him one of the most successful of Portuguese rulers. Nor has he had an easy task, for financial troubles and foreign difficulties have kept his hands full. Yet Dom Carlos has steered safely through the troubled sea of State, and has brought Portugal to a high position among the nations, besides being himself popular both at home and abroad. For King Carlos is essentially a genial monarch, who, in the interval of State business, can enter heartily into social recreations and take up hobbies. He is fond of photography, plays lawn tennis admirably, and is, above all, a keen sportsman and a first-rate shot. He carefully cultivates outdoor exercises, not only for the love of athletics, but because His Majesty is decidedly inclined to stoutness. The King is an inveterate smoker and an excellent conversationalist. He is just forty-one years old. Royal unions are not always love-matches, but the marriage of King Carlos and Queen Amélie is an exception. His Majesty, when Duke of Braganza, was distinctly difficult to please in the choice of a wife. It is said that the portrait of Princess Amélie d'Orléans, eldest daughter of the Comte de Paris, was one day placed in his way as if by accident, and the young Duke was at once fascinated. Personal acquaintance increased the attraction, and eventually the young couple were married at Lisbon in 1886. The marriage has proved most happy, for the King and Queen are as devoted to each other as in the first days of their union. They have two sons, the Duke of Braganza, aged seventeen, and the Duke of Beja, aged fifteen, most bright and promising lads. Queen Amélie, now in her fortieth year, is one of the most accomplished and charming Queens on the throne. Eldest daughter of the Comte de Paris, she was brought up in England in the utmost simplicity, and her English education gave her that love of outdoor sports which is so distinguishing a characteristic. She is a fearless rider and a first rate whist, while thoroughly domestic and intellectual. What, however, has most endeared her to her adopted country is her devotion to her people's welfare. The Queen has studied medicine thoroughly, so as to understand hospital work and general nursing, and is untiring in her efforts to improve the public health. The higher education of the women entails her warmest support, and there is scarcely any charitable undertaking throughout Portugal which has not the Queen's support. Her Majesty still keeps her simple tastes and is never happier than when going about *à cheval* in some quiet gown among the poor of Lisbon, or gardening with the King in leisure moments, their Majesties having a splendid collection of estates. Like her sister the Duchess of Aosta, Queen Amélie is unusually tall, and proves a stately Queen indeed. Our portrait of the King of Portugal is by Duino, Porto, and that of the Queen by Reutlinger, Paris.

Both the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse—now divorced—are thinking of trying matrimony once more. It has long been an open secret that but for the Tsar's objections the Duchess would have married her cousin, the Russian Grand Duke Cyril, and it is now said that the Tsar's veto is likely to be removed. Meanwhile, it is stated the Grand Duke will shortly be betrothed to Princess Dorothea zu Salm-Holstein-Schick. She is the youngest daughter of the late Prince Hermann, a fair, pleasant-looking girl of twenty-one, but only a serene Highness.

## Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

"It is the social massacre of the younger sons," recently said a well-known English statesman, in the course of an after-dinner discussion on the consequences of competitive examinations and the increase of education. Until five-and-twenty years ago, almost every younger son of well-connected parents, and of moderate intelligence, could obtain employment in the Army, the Navy, or the Civil Service. If he did not growly misbehave himself, or was not especially stupid, he rose in rotation, and retired eventually on a substantial pension. Now, however, for every vacancy that occurs in the Army, the Navy, or the Civil Service, there are many carefully educated candidates, and more often than otherwise the well-connected younger son is amongst the unsuccessful competitors. "What shall we do with our sons?" was a question which was asked several years ago, in the dull season, in a London newspaper, and was intended to be discussed by middle-class parents; it is now anxiously discussed by fathers and mothers in the West End. That shows how far and fast we have travelled.

gambles furiously; and, when the reckoning has to be paid, refers the matter to his parents, who, being most anxious not to see him ruined, and equally so not to attract attention to their own impecunious condition, generally contrive to satisfy the creditors. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the question, "What shall we do with our sons?" is one which is being now continually discussed by a class of parents which formerly regarded that difficulty as the special trouble of those whose social position was inferior to their own.

It can have but one ending: the younger sons will eventually agitate in their thousands to have the law altered which settles the property on the elder son. They will argue, with much justice, that, as the conditions of life in England are completely changed, and they no longer are provided for by the State on account of the influence of their connections, the family capital must be divided to give each child a fair chance of earning a livelihood. Already in every club in London men are to be heard complaining that in these days it is impossible to succeed without capital, and that it is unjust to hand ten thousand a year to one son, and leave the rest of the sons to half starve on two or three hundred a year. They deal

with the utmost irreverence with the argument that the glory of the name and its associations must be maintained, and say "My elder brother is to sustain the reputation of the family by spending money lavishly on actresses and race-horses, and we, his younger brothers, by being exposed in the Bankruptcy Court! If it had not been for the system of handing the whole property to the elder son, the late Sir William Harcourt could never have imposed the death-duty tax, and surely, it would have been better for the family to share the money with us than to divide it in the course of time with the public?" There is much to be said in favour of that view, and it is curious how generally it is being adopted.



HIS MAJESTY KING CHARLES I. OF PORTUGAL  
Now on a visit to this country.

"If you have something to sell that will suit us, we will buy," say the employers, and the younger sons answer, "We have our connection." They have sold that connection to the City, and the City has secured most of the money there was in the West End; to the art-dealers, and the art-dealers have cleared out half the great houses in England; to the estate agents, and the estate agents have sold half the large properties; and to the wine and cigar merchants, and those have half-poisoned their aristocratic customers! The situation is not without a humorous side. However, what is to be done with that class of younger son now? That is a question which is especially interesting to the Government at the moment, for the parents are still a power in politics. Much of the dissatisfaction with the Government which is entertained in the West End is caused by the inability of Ministers to provide employment of the kind, though, of course, it is traced to another source.

The younger son himself, however, does not, apparently, care much for the difficulty. He assumes that his first duty is to keep up appearances, for thus he can make useful friends, and may also obtain opportunities of extricating himself from a perilous position. He dresses admirably, lives like a miniature millionaire, bets and

## Cotton-Growing in Central Asia

Just as the vagaries of the American cotton market have stimulated the cultivation of cotton in various parts of our Empire, so also has Russia for years past been endeavouring to render her mills independent of the United States. The district chosen for the experiment, which is illustrated by the photographs reproduced on page 672, was the Khanate of Kokand, and especially the valley of the Zarafshan, lying to the west—the most fertile and best-watered part of Central Asia. According to the account given by Messrs. Skrine and Denison Ross, in their *Mandarin* work, "The Heart of Asia," a large proportion of the Zarafshan Valley is now

under cotton, raised chiefly from American seed. The seed is sown in April, and towards the end of September the ripe pods are picked and exposed in heaps for sale. In average years an acre yields 1,400 pounds, and gives a net return of £5 10s., considerably more than other crops. Several years ago there were 45,000 acres under cotton, but the prospects for extending the crop are not encouraging, the area of the land suitable for cotton-raising being limited in extent, and the soil, though naturally rich, having been exhausted by centuries of cultivation needs much manuring.

Kokand was the last of the Central Asian Khanates to fall under the Russian yoke. The capital was seized in 1876 by a force under Skobelev, who subsequently became the first Governor of the Khanate, which was annexed to Russia under its ancient name *Farghana*. The town lies on the railway connecting Samarkand with Andijan and has a population of 80,000. It is enclosed by a wall twelve miles in circumference, surrounded, like many Central Asian towns, by beautiful gardens. The most noticeable building is the old palace of the Khans, similar in architecture to the mosques of Samarkand. The inhabitants of the provinces are chiefly composed of the town-dwelling Sarts and the nomadic tribes of Uzbeks and Kirghis, men of swarthy complexion and short and sturdy in build. They are great cotton eaters, and their favourite drink is brick tea. Their chief relaxations are music and dancing, especially on the festivals of their religion.

## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

Actors are recognised as long-lived persons (perhaps on the principle of the survival of the fittest), and one is therefore not surprised to hear that Mrs. Gilbert, the celebrated comedy actress, is making her farewell tour at the age of eighty-three. The old lady is as brisk and lively as ever, and reminds one of that other wonderful veteran, Mrs. Kewley. Here, then, is the recipe for a hale and hearty old age—hard work, and a keen interest in life, continued to the very last. One is never too old so long as energy and enthusiasm remain. Unfortunately, most people grow morbid and pessimistic long before they are old in years. Another happy old lady mentioned in a contemporary journal gave us her secret of youth the following answer:—"I know how to forget disagreeable things. I tried to master the art of saying pleasant things. I did not expect too much of my friends, I kept my nerves well in hand, and did not allow them to bore other people. I tried to find any work that came to my hand congenial. I did my best to relieve the misery I came in contact with, and sympathised with the suffering."

Why do people persist in using French words when there are good old English words to serve the purpose? It is a habit that is growing daily. For instance, at dinner people give you "menu" instead of "bill of fare," though the items are such English dishes as boiled cod, roast beef and apple tart; one is accommodated with a "serviette" instead of a napkin (an English word, but originally of French origin), as the Scotch word "napery," used for household linen. When you enter a shop you are served with "corsets" instead of stays, costumes by a "costumière" instead of dresses by a dress-maker; "blouses" take the place of shirts, or waists, as the Americans have it; and hose are offered for stockings. The former word is, however, English. At the theatre we have programmes instead of playbills, and matinees in place of afternoon performances; toques are adjusted with as much ease as hats, and we eat in a restaurant as cheerfully as in a dining-room. There are, of course, untranslatable words which must be used, but our good old English language is rapidly becoming a hotch-potch of foreign words, while telegraphy is doing its best to oust all the crisp and racy Saxon speech. Whenever possible let us determine to use an English instead of a French word, both in literature and conversation.

Needlework is no longer fashionable, and where ladies used to bring their work and sit together chatting, they now sit empty-handed, smoking cigarettes or vice playing bridge. An excellent example was given by the late Duchess of Teck, who worked piles of garments for the poor and took the deepest interest in art needlework and the London Needlework Guild. This interest has been continued by her daughter, the Princess of Wales, and now the third generation, the little Prince Edward and Albert and their sister, Princess Mary, have all contributed their mites to the present exhibition of the London Needlework Guild. The woollen scarves, the knitted mittens, and the petticoats worked by the Royal children will doubtless be duly cherished and appreciated by their recipients, and if, in addition, young ladies can be persuaded to create anew an interest in needlework for others, a double benefit will accrue. So many idle hours are wasted in doing nothing, that girls may well follow the example of the charitable and amiable mother of our future Queen.

Miss Frances Low, the well-known journalist, has been writing about the distress which she says is prevalent among women journalists, part of which she attributes to the increase of bread-snatchers, or free lances in literature, who do not live by their work, and are ready to take any small sum just to eke out their pocket-money. I have always urged on women not to allow their pocket-money to be bettered, or to offer indifferent work for small pay. Every girl who wants to make a few shillings thinks she can write, at any rate turn out a fashion article or a gossip about social happenings. The consequence is a flooding of the market with poor stuff, and the increasing difficulty for the breadwinner to earn a living wage. Women are, as a rule, far less well trained and less competent in journalism than men, and, consequently, we see very few who ever rise to the highest rank, or are employed except on ladies' papers, where the pay is invariably indifferent. Every profession

is overlooked, the journalist's most of all, but a great deal of the poverty of women-writers is due to their incompetency and to their acceptance of a salary by which they cannot live. The few who do good work can generally find a market; in addition, the journalist, like the poet, is born, not made.

The National Union of Women Workers held a conference last week in York, with very satisfactory results. The speeches, especially those of Mrs. Creighton and Miss Clifford, the president, were characterised by peculiar breadth and good sense, and some of the papers read were extremely interesting. Mrs. Creighton, in her concluding address, considered the mass of Englishwomen were still too fond of pleasure-seeking, and said that if they showed a greater desire to undertake public work, more would be given them. And above all she urged on women workers to avoid the fault of the age, viz., living in a constant rush and hurry, and to cultivate a sense of retired leisure. Wise words these and appropriate from the widow of a great scholar—words which, in their public or their private capacity, women should lay seriously to heart. No good work was ever done without reflection and in a hurry.

At the Birmingham Town Hall, meanwhile, Lady Tweeddale was engaged in opening the sale and exhibition of the Scottish



HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARIE AMÉLIE OF PORTUGAL

Now on a visit to this country.

industries, and parenthetically remarked that much of the material was made in the Isle of Lewis, which until fifty years ago had belonged for two hundred years to her family. The beautiful woollen fabrics executed by these industrious islanders are now fashionable and appreciated, and worn by women of all grades and classes. It was the Duchess of Sutherland who first helped the fishermen to exercise their new trade, when the gathering of kelp, an industry on which they had previously subsisted, failed them, owing to foreign competition. The beautiful dyes obtainable in the cloths are, to a certain extent, due to this seaweed, which lies so plentifully on the coast.

The popularity of bridge and the number of hours some people pass in playing this attractive game would ensure, one would imagine, great competency and skill on the part of most players. Discussing this with one of the greatest authorities recently, I asked him whether the standard of excellence of the amateur player had not increased enormously. He replied that he did not think so. Women, especially, learnt like parrots out of books, acquired rules, but rarely thought of the reason why, or put their knowledge and observations into practice. They reached a certain standard, and there they remained. The same thought and intelligence that makes a man a statesman or a writer is necessary to make a man or woman a good bridge player.

## Our Portraits

General Baron A. V. Kaulbars, who has been appointed to the command of the Third Manchurian Army, entered the service in 1861, and served in the campaigns of 1863, 1871, 1872, and 1877-78. He held a divisional command in the China (Boxer) War, and is well acquainted with Manchuria. In Turkestan General Kaulbars occupied himself largely with scientific studies, and received the gold medal of the Imperial Geographical Society for his explorations on the Syr Darya and the then unknown hinterland of the Issyk-Kul Lake. During the Khiva Expedition Baron Kaulbars traced the waterway from the Sea of Aral to the Amu-Darya. In 1880 he succeeded Prince Dandukoff-Korsakoff as Political and Military Agent in Bulgaria, but that mission was not very successful, and, after a disagreement with the Ministerial Regency, he left the Principality with the Russian Councils. General Kaulbars, who is now in his sixtieth year, succeeded, in January last, General Count Musinin-Pushkin as Commander-in-Chief of the Odessa Military District. The new commander has the reputation of being one of the best cavalry officers in the Russian Army. Our portrait is by J. Antonopoulos, Odessa.

The Rev. Dr. J. Thain Davidson, the famous preacher, was a Fortharrie man, and was educated at Edinburgh University and at the New College of the Free Church in the same city. In 1857 he was ordained to his first pastorate, that of Maryton, near Montrose. In 1859 he came over the border and settled at Salford; but after three years of ministry in Lancashire, he was

announced a monthly Sunday evening lecture to young men, and young men came to hear him in great numbers. In addition to the large congregations that flocked to his own church, for many years he addressed still larger audiences at the "services for the people," which he inaugurated at the neighbouring Agricultural Hall. In 1891, after nearly thirty years of active and useful life at Salford, he accepted the less arduous duties of pastor at Bolton. Here Dr. Davidson now proved that his powers of attraction had not forsaken him, and the Felling Presbyterian Church, which, at the time when he went there, was in very low water, is now in a very flourishing state. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Viscount Tarnham, the new Unionist member for Haverham, is the only son of Lord and Countess Winterston, and was born on April 4, 1883. Viscount Tarnham is a grandson of the first Duke of Abercorn and of the sixth Duke of Bedford. In addition he is a nephew of the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne, of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, of Harriet Countess of Lichfield, and the Marchioness of Blandford. He was educated at Eton and Oxford University, and is a lieutenant in the Sussex Imperial Yeomanry. He is the youngest member of the present House of Commons. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Mr. Edwin Hayes, R.N.A., R.L., the marine painter, was born at Bristol in 1824, and was educated in Dublin, where he first studied art. In 1857 he was elected a member of the Royal Institution Academy, and he was one of the earliest members of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours. He visited America, Spain, Italy, Russia, Holland, and Scotland for the purpose of obtaining scenery and studying the vessels of various nations. Mr. Hayes was a regular contributor to the Royal Academy exhibitions. Our portrait is by Langton, Buckingham Palace Road.

Mr. George Lennox Watson, the famous yacht designer, was born on October 30, 1851. The second of a medical practitioner, he was educated at the High School and the College school, Glasgow. When only sixteen years of age, he was appointed to the Messrs. Robert Napier and Sons, and after the expiry of the office of Messrs. A. and J. Inglis. As soon as he came of age he started business on his own account in Glasgow as a naval architect. He designed no fewer than four challengers for the America Cup, namely, *Thistle*, *Valkyrie II.* and *III.*, and *Shamrock II.*, and it is well known that Sir Thomas Lipton endeavoured to persuade him to design a fifth. It is not only, however, as a designer of racing yachts that Mr. Watson made a name for himself. His cruising yachts were famous for their seaworthiness as well as their speed. He built also a number of steam yachts, of which, perhaps, the

most famous of them example is the Lydsstrata, the floating palace of Mr. J. Gordon Bennett. He designed, in addition, a number of passenger, cargo, and mail steamers—a total fleet of more than 400 vessels. He was honorary naval architect of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution till the time of his death. Our portrait is by W. Ralston, Glasgow.

Dr. Murphy is Medical Officer of the London County Council, and has done a great deal in the direction of the protection of public health in the metropolis, particularly in the matter of the prevention of the spread of smallpox and other contagious diseases. With regard to the latter he had obtained considerable experience as Resident Medical Officer of the London Fever Hospital. Prior to his present appointment he was Medical Officer of Health for St. Pancras, and Assistant Director of the Local Government Board Vaccination Department. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Sir Michael B. Nairn, Bart., is a prominent citizen of Kirkcaldy, a generous contributor to charitable objects, and a founder of the cottage hospital and technical schools. Our portrait is by Kettle, Kirkcaldy.

Vice-Admiral A. D. Fanshawe is in command of the Australian Squadron. He was born in 1847, and is the second son of Admiral Sir Edward Fanshawe, G.C.B. He was A.D.C. to Queen Victoria

## The Royal Visit

Since King Edward came to the Throne, the exchange of visits with reigning Sovereigns has been a marked feature of his reign. The Kaiser, the King and Queen of Italy, a representative of the Emperor of Austria, have all paid return visits, besides the Head of the French Republic, and now England warmly welcomes King Carlos and Queen Amélie of Portugal. The Royal travellers crossed France by special train to Cherbourg, where the Victoria and Albert, with an escort of four British cruisers and two torpedo destroyers, was in waiting. Their Portuguese Majesties reached Cherbourg on Monday afternoon, receiving various official greetings on the way through France, while there was an elaborate official welcome at Cherbourg. They at once went on board the British Royal yacht, and gave a dinner-party in the evening, entertaining the various British officers and the chief French military and naval officers in command at Cherbourg. Early on Tuesday morning the Victoria and Albert started off across the Channel, attended not only by her British escort but by three French warships during her passage through French waters.

### ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND

King Edward and Queen Alexandra returned to town today before their Royal guests arrived, subsequently going to Windsor Castle, and the Princess of Wales to Falmouth, where the Prince and Princess stay during the Royal visit. The Prince meanwhile travelled

the guests. British and Portuguese flags were everywhere, with garlands of greenery and many tasteful decorations, the Portuguese colours of blue and white mingling prettily with our English red, white and blue. King Edward and Queen Alexandra awaited their guests at the station, and the meeting was most cordial. After the Mayor had presented an address the Sovereigns drove off together in State, surrounded by troops, and cheered lustily by the groups gathered all the way to the Castle. There was another guard of honour in the Quadrangle, and the Princesses were at the State entrance to offer further welcome. Most of the Royal Family had assembled at the Castle for the reception. The Sovereigns dined privately with the King and Queen and Royal Family in the Oak dining-room, whilst the rest of the guests were entertained in the State living-room. Wednesday was comparatively a quiet day, King Edward taking King Carlos out shooting in Windsor forest, with the Prince of Wales, Prince Christian and a few other guests. In the evening there was a State banquet in St. George's Hall, with the magnificent gold plate displayed, and the Yeomen of the Guard lining the room. Music in the State drawing-room followed.

### IN TOWN

Thursday was set apart for the State visit to the City. London prepared a hearty reception, the decorations along the route from Paddington to the City being very elaborate and beautiful, especially near the Mansion House. Guards of Honour were to be provided at the station and the Guildhall, and the whole route



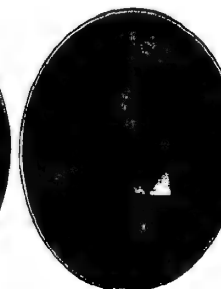
GENERAL BARON A. V. KAUDERN  
appointed to command the Third German Army.



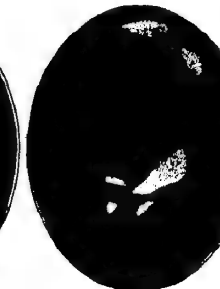
THE LATE REV. J. THAIN DAVIDSON  
Well-known Presbyterian Minister.



LORD TURNOUR  
New M.P. for Hereford Division.



THE LATE MR. EDWIN HAVER, B.L.  
Marine Artist.



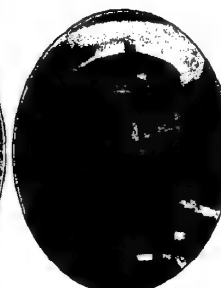
THE LATE MR. U. L. WATSON  
Yacht Designer.



SIR MICHAEL NAIRN  
New Baronet.



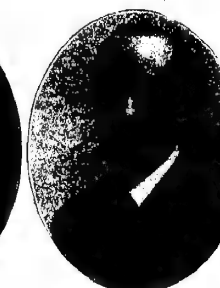
ADMIRAL SIR ARTHUR FANSHAW  
New K.C.B.



LIEUT.-GENERAL W. F. WRIGHT  
New K.C.B.



SIR EDWARD BOYLE, B.C.  
New Baronet.



SIR SHIRLEY MURPHY  
New Knight.

1895-7, and second in command of the Channel Squadron 1899-1900, and has held many other important naval appointments.

Lieut. General W. F. Wright is the chief officer of the Headquarters Staff of the Royal Marine Forces. He was born in 1846, and was educated at the Royal Naval School, New Cross. He entered the Royal Marines in 1862. He has a long and distinguished record of services, and is the author of "Crises of the Naricaus with the Detached Squadron." Our portrait is by W. A. Sawyer, Walmer.

Mr. Boyle is a leading authority on the law of Rating and Compensation and the author of several legal works. In 1900 he contested Hastings as a supporter of the Government, and in 1903 the Rye Division of East Sussex. He is at present the prospective candidate for Taunton. Mr. Boyle has for many years been interested in various charities, and is a Vice President or Governor of some thirty hospitals and other benevolent institutions. He resides at Queen's Gate and Ockham, Sussex, and is a member of the Carlton Club. Our portrait is by H. Montague Cooper, Taunton.

THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION.—Messrs. Liberty and Co. have been awarded a grand prize for Liberty silks, satins, and crêpes.

down to Portsmouth, where he stayed the night at Admiralty House. Many Royal guests have landed at Portsmouth, but only the few have seen such a fine naval display as awaited the Portuguese Sovereigns when the Victoria and Albert steamed into the harbour shortly before noon on Tuesday. Owing to the recent political crisis an unusually large number of warships belonging to the Home and Channel Fleets were assembled at Spithead, and as they thundered out their salutes and flew their flags, the sight was most imposing. Every vessel in the harbour was gay with bunting, the landing-stage and the town were beflagged to match, and a gathering of brilliant uniforms, naval and military, in the Dockyard added to the effect. Directly the Royal yacht anchored the Prince went on board to greet the Royal guests in the King's name, and presented the various Court officials attached to their Majesties' suite during their stay, together with Sir Evelyn Wood and Vice-Admiral Sir A. Douglas, Commanders of the Southern Command and at Portsmouth, the Mayor of Portsmouth, and many other officials. At one o'clock their Majesties landed, and, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Portuguese Minister, and the staff of the Legation, the Sovereigns passed through a guard of honour to their special train, which brought them to Windsor in two and a half hours.

### AT WINDSOR

The Royal Borough had made herself very smart to greet

would be lined with troops, while Life Guards escorted the Royal carriage. An address was to be presented at Paddington, and on reaching the Guildhall, the Mayor and Mayoress would receive King Carlos and Queen Amélie, and conduct them to the Library, where the address of welcome was to be offered. Luncheon in the Guildhall would follow, and the King and Queen would then return to Windsor. Afterwards Mr. Trevelyan's company were to give a performance in the Waterloo Chamber, supper in St. George's Hall closing the evening. Friday and Saturday were again to be devoted to shooting in Windsor Forest, with a State banquet on Friday evening, and a performance of *Monsieur Neveu* by Mr. Lewis Waller's company to-night (Saturday). To-morrow (Sunday) is to be spent quietly, and on Monday their Portuguese Majesties conclude their visit to Windsor and come up to town, where Buckingham Palace will be their quarters for the next three weeks in the intervals of country-house visits. Besides staying with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth, and the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck, they will probably spend a short time with Queen Amélie's brother, the Duc d'Orléans.

When the Windsor party breaks up on Monday the King and Queen leave for Sussex to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Willie James at West Dean. Later they return to Norfolk, when the King will go on a shooting visit to Lord Farnham at Castle Rising. The Princess of Wales returns to Sandringham, and the Prince goes to Lambton Castle to stay with the Earl of Durham.





"The court-martial was over, and so Lieutenant Gilbert Faversham lay under sentence of death."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### HOW FAVERSHAM WAS WELCOMED HOME

It was more than three weeks after Gilbert Faversham's arrest that Mrs. Garraway was amazed and delighted to receive an unexpected visit from Major Harry Miles. Those three weeks had been filled with melancholy events and bitter memories. Mrs. Garraway had not been witness to the astonishing scene in her daughter's bethchamber, but she became soon acquainted with the dreadful scandal which rumour brought to her ears. The report of what had happened spread abroad in the district and grew in spreading, till Barbara's fair name was threatened and actually tarnished. The good lady flew into a passion of resentment when she had wind of it, which was not lessened by the sudden desertion of Sir Piers Blakiston.

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Sir Piers drove in his chaise to Moynan, on the day following the arrest, and, very droll and grand and mighty civil, begged to be allowed to pay his respects to Mrs. Garraway and Miss Garraway. Miss Garraway was not visible, but her mother appeared, wearing a harassed friendly face. Sir Piers was, it seemed, on his way to town.

"Letters, my dear madam, of an urgent nature, as you will understand, bring my pleasant visit to an end. I have been absent long, and I hear that the Prince is impatient. He does not grow philosophical with years."

"La, Sir Piers, His Royal Highness is not so old," said Mrs. Garraway.

"I should be the last to think so, Mrs. Garraway," he answered. "But he has been younger and more tolerant. I will confess that whereas my blood ran warmer once, I grow larger-hearted daily. I can forgive and I can endure."

Mrs. Garraway observed archly that Sir Piers had endured a

great deal of their rustic company, which fetched from him a compliment as neat as ever he paid to any Countess.

"We shall see you soon again, sir," asked Mrs. Garraway anxiously.

"I trust so," returned he, "but in London this time where I shall hope to do by you some small part of what you have done by me in the Forest. We will not make you strangers."

"Oh, la, Barbara is not strange to London," murmured she.

"No," said Sir Piers with an odd look. "You cannot mean. I consider Miss Barbara to be a full Londoner," and was surprised by the apparition of the girl herself. She entered very much from the garden, and flung off her hat.

"It is hot, mamma," she said. "Good day, Sir Piers. Is that your chaise before the door?"

"Sir Piers goes to town, my dear, this day," said her mother.

"He is here to say good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Barbara, and held out her hand.

"My dear—!" began Mrs. Garraway, but Sir Piers took it, stopped, and put his lip to it.

"I wish you good-bye, Miss Garraway," he said, and at once took his leave in a most courteous and easy way. It was, as Mrs. Garraway said, almost as if they had said farewell to a relative, so kind he seemed.

"But we are to see him soon in town, Barbara," she pursued. "He said so. No doubt he will get us both invited to Lady Marston's. I will come this time, I promise you. I can see he means something."

Barbara was not thinking what he meant at all, and had in that time hardly any thoughts for him. But Sir Piers himself, on his journey towards Winchester, did turn over the girl in his mind.

"She has no discipline," he said to himself. "It is the last thing that women will learn. A woman is as selfish as a man, but, lacking discipline, which is to say, form or order, she makes an appearance of generosity and has an air of sacrifice. Both are false," which gave him food for thought all the way to town, and was the genesis of several celebrated remarks at which His Royal Highness and the familiars of that circle professed themselves profoundly tickled.

Barbara's thoughts during those weeks scarcely left Gilbert, whom she now fancied herself to have done to death. She ran to extremes as easily as she ran to emotions, and the lieutenant of foot was marked and designated in her eye as her especial victim. She followed his course to Winchester in her mental vision, and separated with him in his lonely cell. In the light of her new mood she discovered not only how deeply she had wronged him, but also how much he had sacrificed for her; and that, she resolved, must be the measure of her forgiveness for him. Her mother was indignant with Gilbert for bringing such disgrace upon them, and his own mother held her peace and avoided interrogation. It was easy to be seen that she, too, doubted, and that her son's arrest had struck at her pride as well as at her affection.

"It was for me he deserted—! It was for me," cried Barbara, finding herself unable to reach the mother's heart. But that appeal was equally futile. Mrs. Faversham examined her coldly.

"I know nothing of that," she said. "But if so, it proves only that my son is a weakling. He has dishonoured his father's name."

Barbara returned to Mowden with a bitter, desperate heart, and received a plan. She would go to Winchester and offer her evidence before the court-martial, tell the story of her wrong, and of Gilbert's chivalry. Surely after that naked narrative of fact the spirits of those stern judges would be tempered, and they would deal real justice. But Barbara, emotional as she was, was not a mere foolish girl, as Blakiston had found. On second thoughts she did not see the proper dramatic effects flowing from her scheme. The judges were cold-eyed, and grinned; they admired her for a marvellous fine girl; but they did their duty, as the corporal had done. They pushed her aside and obeyed the law, the law which created them, and would destroy Gilbert. It was a machine without heart or pity—a machine in which the corporal and the judges must play their allotted parts, unfettered by the prayers or sobs of a weeping woman. Yet this design so prevailed upon Barbara that, even with the doubt of its efficacy in her heart, she determined to go to Winchester to the trial. Alas, for the failure of human purposes! Upon the day of the court-martial she was ill of a fever, tossing in her bed, and talking delirious nonsense to the air. When the child to which she had readily fallen a prey had passed away, the court-martial was over, and ex-Lieutenant Gilbert Faversham lay under sentence of death.

Major Harry Miles arrived early in the afternoon, and took tea with his hostess. He was red with colour, burned with exposure, and blustered about. He had no art of conversation, but drank a dash of tea, and then took advantage of a suggestion that he should try a glass of wine.

"Perhaps I will be more to your taste, Major Miles," said the lady.

"Indeed, ma'am, it is," assented he, and settled down more at his ease.

Barbara sat at her embroidery on the sofa, looking very pale and sad. "I remembered that she remembered, too, that she kept her eyes on her work."

"Yes, indeed, we are most of us back again," said the Honourable Harry Miles, obedient to his hostess's question.

"Those that is, that haven't left their homes in Walcheren. We took Flushing, but the force was too great at Antwerp, and the General dared not venture. And here we are back in disgrace, an lick, and dead and wounded, all told, are a pretty tale."

"And have you seen your friend, Sir Piers Blakiston, His Royal Highness's friend?" asked Mrs. Garraway, leaping at the name, according to her custom. "He has been in this neighbourhood lately for quite a long time. We are to visit town shortly, when we hope to see Sir Piers again."

"We are not, mamma. We shall not see him," burst out Barbara, pale-faced, from her sofa.

Major Miles coughed and glanced at her.

"Why, yes," he said deliberately, but in such a way that his sheer force trumped on the older woman's astonished exclamation.

"I saw Blakiston in town. He is mightily occupied with the winter season in Brighton, they say, which is to be very unglorious." Major Miles stopped, and, having no diplomacy, deserted the subject, and lunched heavily back to the earlier topic.

"Talking of Flushing, ma'am, there was one of your Hampshire folk did very well there."

"Why, that's good news for us all," said Mrs. Garraway, smiling.

"And, I hope, Forest folk?"

"Yes, he was," said Miles. "Faversham's his name."

"Faversham?" said Mrs. Garraway, her nostrils moving.

Barbara laid aside her work.

"Was it Mr. Gilbert Faversham?" she asked in a low voice.

"That he," said Miles cheerfully. "He got into a mess for leaving his regiment without orders. If it were not for that, why, there's no doubt he would have had his company, and been thanked

besides. 'Twas he saved a mine at his own risk at Flushing. He was marked out, I know, being of his own regiment was'am."

He spoke to Mrs. Garraway, but looked at Barbara. Their glances encountered, the girl's eager, the man's awkward and anxious. Barbara was aware of something that appeared to her in his gaze; he was like a dumb dog that would speak and can only show eloquent eyes. Major Miles rose to go, and Mrs. Garraway protested that he must stay and sup. Silent for a moment, he looked again at Barbara, and awkwardly fumbled out a negative. He must go, but would like to go by the Chase, if Mrs. Garraway would allow him. He had never been through the Chase. Mrs. Garraway was delighted, and Barbara got to her feet.

"I will show you, Major Miles," she said quickly.

Mrs. Garraway beamed on the visitor.

"Yes, child, you shall. Major Miles would not find his way easily. And I hope my Lord Broomley is well, Major."

It was not until they were in the Chase that Miles spoke, and it was in his habit of clumsiness and frankness.

"I have come to tell you that there is influence being brought in behalf of Mr. Faversham, Miss Garraway," he said. "He has friends."

"You, Major Miles?" she asked eagerly.

"It is you, who know him so well, and what a brave man he is, who are helping him."

"It is others besides myself," he said.

"Yes, I know; his companions and comrades, who, like you, judge him at his true worth. Do you know, major, that I had intended to tell his judges all, and go before them and face them, and tell them exactly why Gilbert Faversham left his regiment. But I fell ill, and was wandering in my wits. But I will tell you, and you can use it and help him. No one knows it but myself and another; for Mr. Faversham was too generous, too foolish to urge it in his defence. You shall know everything."

"I—I think I know a good deal," stammered the honest major.

"How is that?" she demanded in surprise. "You don't know."

"Mr. Faversham told me something that night he got a letter and deserted," said the major, blundering on, and "Blakiston has told me the rest."

"Blakiston! Sir Piers!" she cried—"that villain!"

"It is he that is using his influence," pursued the major, bent on getting to his goal.

"Sir Piers Blakiston! He is our enemy—mine and Mr. Faversham's. If we depend on him we are lost. If you know the story—"

"Oh, Blakiston is not bad," declared the Honourable Harry Miles. "It's a matter of women with him, you know. He has laws of his own, and thinks he has a right to make 'em. Not that that's my view. But a man's a man, Miss Garraway, even if you don't like it. You can't get over that. And, damme, Blakiston's not a bad fellow."

"You must allow me to differ, sir," said Barbara, very proud and haughty, and added again: "If he is interfering Mr. Faversham is lost."

"Why, no, he is saved," said Miles bluntly, and to her exclamation answered: "Sir Piers has represented to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales that a man of such services as Lieutenant Faversham rendered at Flushing deserves special consideration, and that his merits should weigh against his defaults. I believe His Royal Highness endorsed that view very strongly, with the result that His Majesty has ordered a free pardon—"

"A free pardon!" cried Barbara, in an ecstasy, and in her enthusiasm blattered the soldier's hand. When he touched her on the edge of the Chase, it was with certain flattering reflections on Sir Piers's taste that Major Miles occupied his mind, and he rode pensively to Lyndhurst.

Barbara's news was not long contained in her bosom; it was broken to Mrs. Garraway, and thence sailed upon the autumn winds abroad. Mrs. Garraway received it with indifference, but afterwards with a more satisfactory attitude.

"After all, I'm very glad, Barbara. There is something good in Gilbert Faversham despite his crimes, or Sir Piers would not have taken all that trouble to exert his influence." Upon which Barbara for a moment looked as if she would have spoken, and disclosed the truth; but she shut down her lips and refrained.

Major Miles had told her that Gilbert was to be released that day, and she pictured him returning to the arms of his mother, amid the satisfaction of all his tenants and servants. It was not, however, to a joyful household, or among celebrations of joy, that he returned that evening. The dusk had dropped when he knocked on the door, and the old butler opened to him. News had reached Mrs. Faversham of her son's release, and she had given her orders, so that the old man displayed no surprise.

"This way, Master Gilbert," he said, as if his master was a guest—an expected guest; and he led the way into the library, in which, before the dying embers of a fire, the gaunt woman sat in a tall chair. She rose to her height, and turned a cold cheek to her son.

"You have come, Gilbert," she said without emotion. "Your supper is quite ready."

"Mother!" he said in distress.

No sign was in her face, which was in as severe control as if it had been Sir Piers's own; and she said to him, "Mother!"

"Mother!" he appealed again.

"Gilbert, I dare say you are hungry," she said. "If you will come into the other room—"

But he muttered an explanation of anger.

"It was so you sent me forth—it is so you welcome me back," he said. "The honour of the name, or what you think so, is more than your son, and your pride than your affection. If this is all, mother, I will go elsewhere, I will go abroad—I will not return. If my mother cannot believe in me nor respect me, I have no right to look for trust or respect in any other living soul."

Her lips trembled, but she did not spare herself nor him.

"I have welcomed you back, Gilbert, as my son, and the heir

and inheritor of an unstained name. But I cannot pretend that that name is no longer unstained, and that the shame has not pierced my heart."

He looked about him round the room, and its desolate and melancholy aspect struck him. The book-shelves were bare and austere, the curtains were blank and repelling, the very floor, with its cold oak, refused and denied hospitality, and the fire was as ashes that cold October day. It flashed across him in his despair that his mother was right and that he had been wrong to return. He sighed.

"I will go to-morrow," he said in a low voice. "You shall not be troubled by that. You are right, mother."

It was not so dark but figures were visible out of the long window over which the blinds had not been drawn, and the sound of a horse on the drive mechanically called on Gilbert's attention. He looked out, and someone went by on horseback. Even while he was getting back his wits sufficiently to wonder who this might be, Barbara broke into the room in her riding-dress, her eyes full of excitement.

"Mrs. Faversham," she began, speaking very fast, "I have come with good news. I rode over as soon as I heard of it. Gilbert is pardoned—he has received the King's free pardon—"

She paused, for the form by the window which she had not noticed moved forward.

"Gilbert!" she cried.

"Barbara!"

There was a pause, and then he said:

"I thank you for your kindness in riding over to bring my mother the news. She had it, however, earlier, even before I arrived. She was quite prepared for that."

If there was any bitterness in his words it did not show in his face.

Barbara looked at the mother. The situation struck her as strange. It was not what she had expected and pictured. The grim face was turned to the vanishing fire, and Gilbert stood apart towards the window.

"Mrs. Faversham, you are glad . . ." she stammered.

"I am glad my son has come home," said the widow, "but I fear that he will not stay long. He is leaving early on a prolonged visit to—"

"Where?" asked Barbara breathlessly.

Gilbert turned away. His mother was silent.

"You must not go, Gilbert," cried the girl, lifting her arms towards him in appeal. "You shall not go. You have suffered enough. There is no one who is not in your favour, from His Majesty downwards. They understand all. It is known how brave you were at Flushing. The Prince of Wales has spoken of it, Major Miles tells me. Mrs. Faversham, he must not go. He is a brave man. None will never know how brave. You should be proud of him, as I am."

Gilbert turned to her again with a wondering look, and his mother's hand was lifted in attention.

"If you go, I will go," cried Barbara in a tremulous voice. "I will not let you go alone."

Gilbert stooped forward and took her in his arms, where she gave a little sob.

"Barbara!" he said, in a voice of wonder and ecstasy.

Mrs. Faversham looked at them steadily for a moment, and then, rising, she stooped from her gaunt height, and, taking the embers of the fire together, put on more coal with a trembling hand.

Sir Piers Blakiston was subjected to the fire of many questions on his return to town, but he had his retorts very prompt and ready.

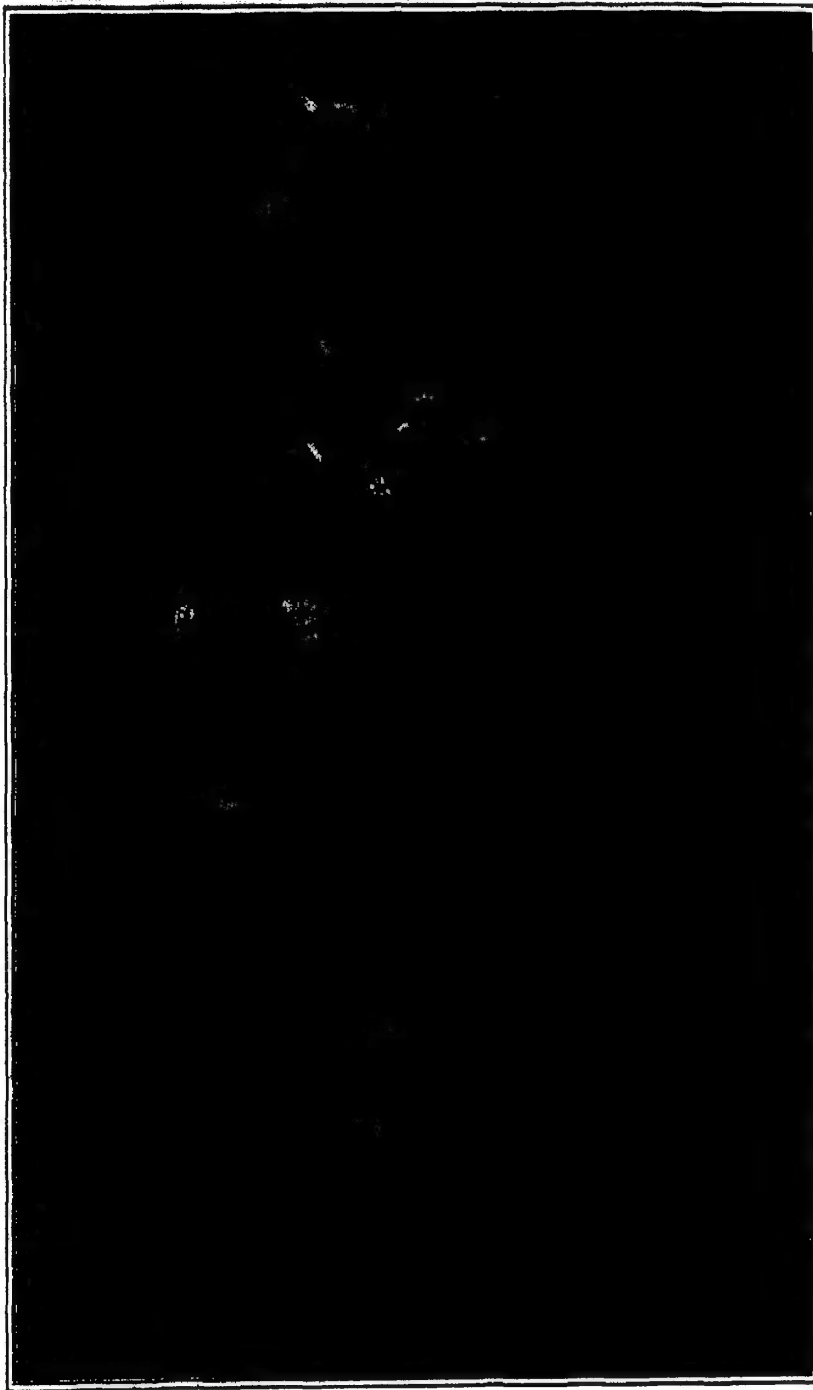
"I have been at my pig-stye in the Isle of Wight, sir," he said to the Prince; "It needed cleaning." And Sir Piers's pig-stye became a phrase in the rogue.

The news of Faversham's liberation was brought to him in Brighton by Harry Miles, who also made certain statements as to Mrs. Garraway. But Major Miles was always a reticent man.

"You interest me, Harry," said Sir Piers over his card. "You interest me unusually. She was a pretty, handsome fellow—and I," he added, meditatively, choosing a card. "She thinks that we must be rewarded for his pains, dear soul. She is too conscientious, damme, and a conscientious woman is the devil! I played a card, and resumed. "The light, Harry, is in my eyes. I see you have lived out of civilisation long, and have lost your manners. Please remove it. I would have my wife beautiful, and my mistress conscientious. After all, my first thought was the more prudent, Harry. I think it is as well she is not as well as my wife."

#### THE END

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—The eighth edition of "Bailey's Hunting Directory" (Vinton and Co.) is admirable in every way, the information given being full and accurate. From "Changes in Hunting Countries" we learn that while two private packs of foxhounds have been given up, the number of foxhound establishments in Great Britain is increased by the addition of three packs. The section relating to otherhounds is enlarged by the addition of several new packs. More of the small key-maps of hunting countries, with fixtures marked, and a corresponding alphabetical list of meets, are given in this edition. The list of winners of point-to-point races in this edition gives the names of the winners, second and third horses in each race, with the names of the owners and riders. We have also received "Tours in the West Indies," an illustrated guide published by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company; "Jerusalem: a Practical Guide to Jerusalem and its Environs" (A. and C. Black), by H. A. Reynolds-Bell, which is intended for the tourist, and will be found to be complete and trustworthy without being voluminous; "The University Correspondence Calendar, 1903-1904, and Matriculation Directory" (Burlington House, Cambridge); and "Gun and Rod in New Brunswick," issued by the Crown Land Department, New Brunswick.

[illegible]

A meeting was held last Saturday night at Kano House to commemorate the independence of the British Cotton Growing Association. Sir A. James presided. A lecture was given by Mr. E. A. B. Maitland, Director of the Association, on the cotton industry in the tropics. He pointed out that the cotton industry in the tropics was a very important one, and that it was one of the main sources of income for the tropical countries. He also pointed out that the cotton industry in the tropics was a very important one, and that it was one of the main sources of income for the tropical countries. He also pointed out that the cotton industry in the tropics was a very important one, and that it was one of the main sources of income for the tropical countries.

PROMINENT ADVOCATES OF COTTON-GROWING IN THE EMPIRE: A GROUP AT THE MANCHESTER BANQUET

DRAWN BY H. M. PACEY



CHARGE



"FOR ANNIE LAURIE I'D LAY ME DOWN AND DIE"



FIGHTING HIS BATTLE OVER AGAIN

## THE YOUNG IDIA IN THE SISTER SERVICES

If anyone were to inquire where the best soldiers in the Army come from the answer would assuredly be, from the Duke of York's School and from the Royal Gibraltar Military School. Both these institutions educate the sons of soldiers. Preference is given to total orphans, to those whose fathers have been killed in action or have died on service, to those whose mothers are dead and whose fathers are on foreign service, and, lastly, to those whose fathers are ordered on service abroad or whose parents have other children to maintain. The boys come to these schools with a certain amount of military

ardour, and the training they receive fosters that pride in the Army that goes to make a good soldier. Londoners miss the sight of these "tiny Tommies," in Chelsea, for the school has recently been moved into the country. The smart appearance of these boys at the Military Tournament always excites comment, and with the public they are always great favourites. The same remarks apply equally to the little bluejackets in the Royal Greenwich Hospital School, where the sons of warrant officers, non-commissioned officers, petty officers, and men of the Royal Navy and Marines are educated. The Navy boys are a little older than those of the

sister service, the admission age for the former being eleven to fourteen, while at the Duke of York's School boys are taken in between their ninth and eleventh year. The best proof of the excellence of these institutions is to be found in the fact that the lads who begin their connection with the services in them always do well, and it is very rarely that any boy who has started in this way has anything but the best of characters. The subject of one of our photographs—the Chelsea Pensioner telling yarns to a group of "Yorkies"—appeals to one's imagination very strongly. It is a pretty object-lesson. Our photographs are by A. J. West.



Malaria having broken out in several parts of Natal, the Government issued orders that all natives must be vaccinated. The kaffirs, for the most part, submitted readily, and flocked in to the doctor. The native women made a point of showing how very brave they were over the business. Our photograph is by H. Spencer Swain.

## VACCINATION IN NATAL: A BRAVE PATIENT IN A NATIVE LOCATION



TRANSPORT DIFFICULTIES IN MANCHURIA: A CHINESE CART UPSET IN A BAD ROAD

MADE BY HINE AT NEW YORK



THE LATE LORD NORTHBROOK  
Formerly Viceroy of India.

### The Heroine of Fifty Years Ago

It is half a century ago since Miss Florence Nightingale began her work among the sick and wounded in the Crimean Campaign. On October 15, 1854, Miss Nightingale, who was then recovering from an illness brought on by overstrain in reorganising the Home for Sick Gentlemen in Harley Street, wrote to Mr. Sidney Herbert (afterwards Lord Herbert), the Minister for War, offering her services. Her letter was crossed by one from him to her which laid before her a plan for nursing the sick and wounded at Scutari. "There is, as far as I know," he wrote, "only one person in England capable of organising and directing such a plan, and I have been several times on the point of asking you if you would be disposed to make the attempt. . . . Your personal qualities, your knowledge, and your authority in administrative affairs all fit you for this position."

"So it was that Miss Nightingale started on an errand that was to make her name loved and venerated for all time. On November 5, the day on which the battle of Inkerman was fought, Miss Nightingale landed at Scutari. A large number of soldiers wounded at Balaklava had been landed there the day before. The barrack hospital was a large square building, lent by the Turkish Government, and there was another building also used as a hospital. Into these two buildings there were packed some 4,000 men. The greatest confusion

gradually evolved. . . . wrote with the greatest admiration of her work. "Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the despoiler distressingly high, there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen: her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort even amid the struggles of exasperating nature. She is a ministering angel, without any exaggeration, in these hospitals, and as her slender form glides quietly along every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon these miles of straitened sick, she may be observed alone with a little lamp in her hands making her solitary rounds. With the heart of a true woman and the manner of a lady, accomplished and refined beyond most of her sex, she combines a surprising calmness of judgment and promptitude and decision of character. The popular instinct was not mistaken which, when she set out from England on her mission of mercy, hailed her as a heroine. I trust that she may not earn her title to a higher though sadder appellation. No one who has seen her fragile figure and delicate health can avoid misgivings lest these should fail."

In the spring of 1855, Miss Nightingale crossed the Black Sea and visited Balaklava, where the state of the hospitals in huts was appalling. Here again her energy and management worked wonders. But after some weeks of surmounting toil, the strain proved too much for her delicate constitution, and she was prostrated by an attack of Crimean fever, which nearly killed her. As soon as she was able to be moved, she was urged to return to England, but she insisted on going back to her

work at Scutari. Three months later Sebastopol fell. In the spring of 1856, Miss Nightingale again visited Balaklava, where she did much to conduce to the welfare of the soldiers remaining here. At length her task was done, and Florence Nightingale quietly returned to her home in Derbyshire, avoiding the public welcome which would have been hers if the day or the place of her landing had been made known.

### The Defender of Port Arthur

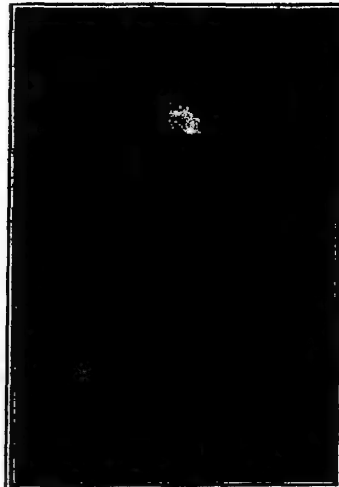
General Stoessel, the gallant Commander-in-Chief at Port Arthur, whose able and plucky defence has excited admiration on all sides, was formerly in command of the Third Siberian Army Corps. He has seen a good deal of service, and his breast, on State occasions, is covered with medals. He commanded the Russian forces which took part in the relief of Tientsin during the Boxer rising. On the outbreak of the present war General Stoessel was in command of the Russian Field Force in the Far East until the arrival of General Kuropatkin. Since then he has been in command at Port Arthur. From the very first he has been the life and soul of the defence. It seems that the authorities have not dealt very fairly by General Stoessel, for as it is stated that although communication with Port Arthur has never been closed, he has been practically kept in ignorance of the progress of the war. When he learnt of the defeat of General Kuropatkin at Liaoyang, several weeks after the event, he was greatly surprised, being convinced that General Kuropatkin was at the moment well on his way to Port Arthur. When the General at last realised the news, he, it is reported, said, "Well, we must fight, if not for delivery, for glory." Lately the state of Port Arthur has become more and more desperate. General Stoessel not long since telegraphed to St. Petersburg a message in which he bade farewell to the Tsar and the Court, adding "Port Arthur will be my grave."

### The Earl of Northbrook

The Earl of Northbrook, besides being at one time Viceroy of India, had enjoyed a long and distinguished official career. His great-grandfather, Sir Francis Baring, the founder of the London branch of the Baring family, was chairman of the East India Company in 1792. His father, who became the first Baron Northbrook, was born in Calcutta in 1796, and gave an even greater distinction to the name of Sir Francis Baring, serving as Chancellor of the Exchequer and as First Lord of the Admiralty. The late Earl was born in 1826, and served his political apprenticeship as private secretary to a succession of Ministers. He entered Parliament in 1857, and passed through several of the subordinate Ministerial posts, including the Under Secretaryship for India. In 1872 he was appointed Viceroy of India by Mr. Gladstone, and held that office for four years. After his return to England he was invited to join Mr. Gladstone's 1880 Cabinet, and held for five years the office of First Lord of the Admiralty that his father had held thirty years earlier. When the great Home Rule cleavage came Lord Northbrook decided that he could no longer follow Mr. Gladstone, and helped to create the Liberal Unionist party. He was a strong Free Trader. Our portrait is by the London Stereoscopic Company.



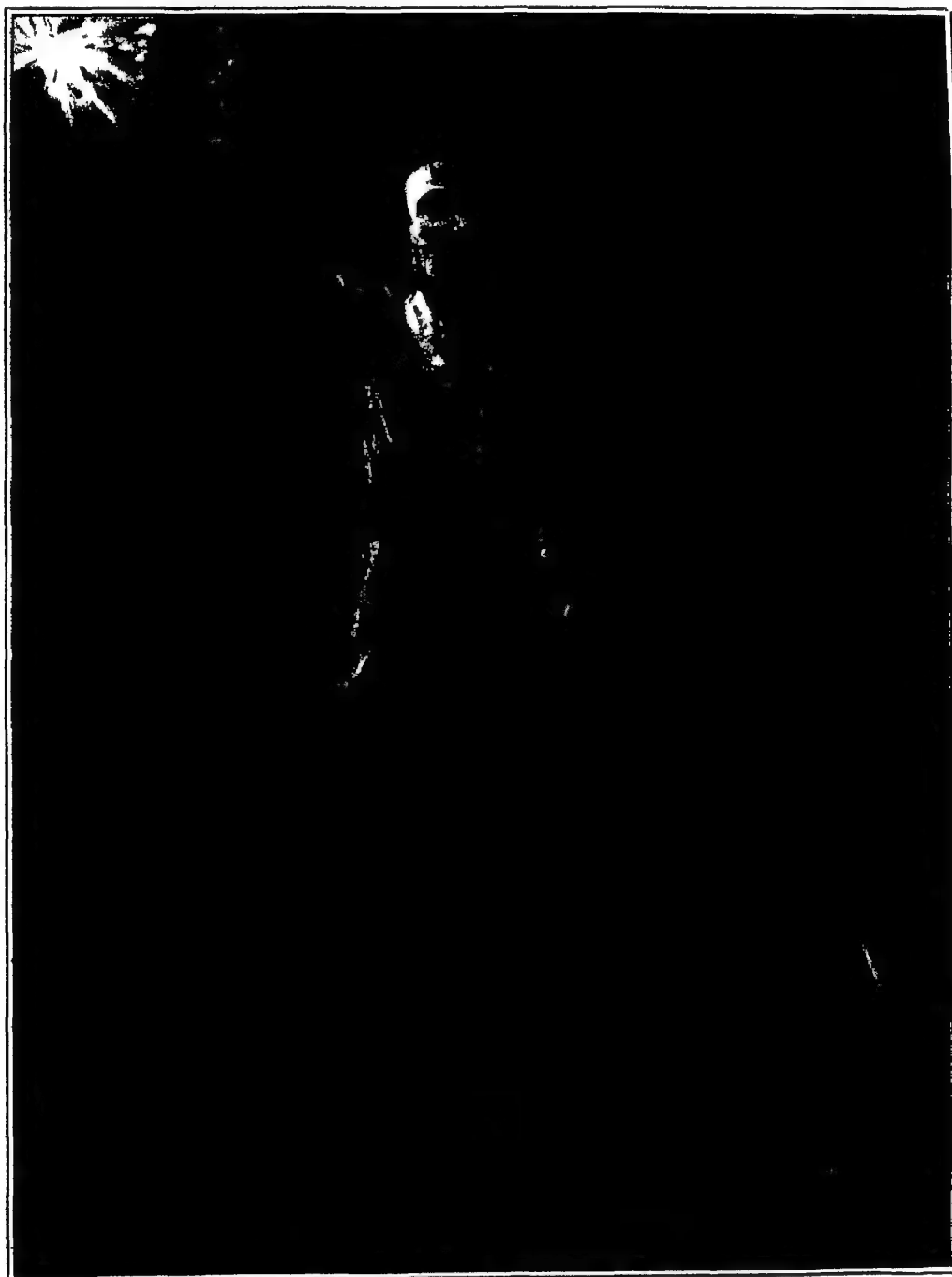
THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES  
From a Photograph by Langley, Old Bond Street.



THE LATE MR. VALENTIN G. PRIESS, &c.

### A Distinguished Academician

Although Mr. Val Priess was not an artist of the first rank, he was a very considerable personality in the Art-world. His geniality and kindness, his generosity and bluff good humour, his simplicity of character and transparent sincerity, endeared him to a vast circle, of whom artists formed but a small proportion. No one better than he could appreciate what is fine art, whether in painting, poetry, or other of its manifestations, for he had taste and the true critical faculty, and he applied that faculty with a shrewdness and a humour that made him one of the most delightful of companions. The son of a highly distinguished Anglo-Indian, the brother of Sir Henry Priess and General Arthur Priess, he was brought up in a refined and hospitable circle frequented by the leading statesmen, poets, and artists of the day, as well as by the higher ranks of Society. From Mr. G. F. Watts, who was also an inmate of Little Holland House, he learned his art, proceeding to Paris to study in the studio of Gleye, with the companionship of De Maistre, Sir Edward Poynter and others of that period, and thence to Rome to complete his artistic education. The friend of Rossetti and William Morris, Leighton and Millais, Tennyson and Browning, Burne-Jones and Mr. Swinburne, and other giants of his day, he steeped himself in poetry and learned to think for himself in matters of Art, and he would fight as fearlessly for his opinions, as in his hot youth he would fight with his fists the first comer as big as himself, all the way of good-fellowship. In 1854 he first made Millais' acquaintance, then Leighton's, and after he had, at the dictation of Rossetti and William Morris, helped to decorate the Union Hall in Oxford, he exhibited, in 1862, his first picture at the Royal Academy. Since that date he never missed a year, and although he did not fully carry out to the end the promise of his earlier years, he did well in the 115 pictures he contributed to its walls. His portraits of General Charles Gordon, Lord Lawrence, Mr. John Hare, and Mrs. Kendal, are typical of his work; and his most striking pictures include the fine "Linen Gatherers," the vast "Proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India," painted as a gift from the people of India for Her Majesty (it now belongs to the King) — "Home from the Gleaning," "At the Golden Gate," "Lady Teazle," "A Versailles," and numerous pictures of Indian, Italian, and English scenes. He loved colour, and his drawing, fostered by his Pre-Raphaelite training, was usually excellent. He joined Mr. Watts as artist in Sir Charles Newton's expedition for the discovery of Halicarnassus, and saw life in other parts of the globe. He loved the drama, and contributed two clever *revues* to the stage. He loved literature, and contributed a couple of clever novels to our stores. He loved soldiering and patriotism, and helped as part founder to contribute the Artists' Corps to our forces of defence. Of this regiment he was Major, and had been awarded the V.D. He was an able lecturer and writer and a genuine friend of the young artist and he stood for reform. His hated prejudice, affection, and cant, and his forthright bonhomie was as delightful as it was unequivocal. He was essentially a "good fellow" and a fine fellow, and he will be greatly missed. He married Miss Florence Leyland, daughter of Mr. F. R. Leyland, of the Leyland line, and leaves a widow and three sons. He died at the age of sixty-six. The memorial service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral on Wednesday last. Our portrait is by T. H. Voight, Hongkong.



"WELL, WE MUST FIGHT, IF NOT FOR DELIVERY, FOR GLORY"

GENERAL STOESEL, THE GALLANT DEFENDER OF PORT ARTHUR

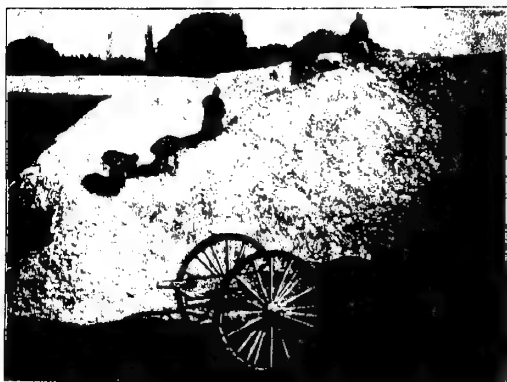
DRAWN BY SIDNEY F. HALL, N.Y.C.



TARTARS IN A TEA-HOUSE



A COTTON FIELD



A MOUNTAIN HEAP OF COTTON SEED



HOW THE COTTON IS TRANSPORTED



THE KHAN'S PALACE AT KHOKAND, NOW THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE



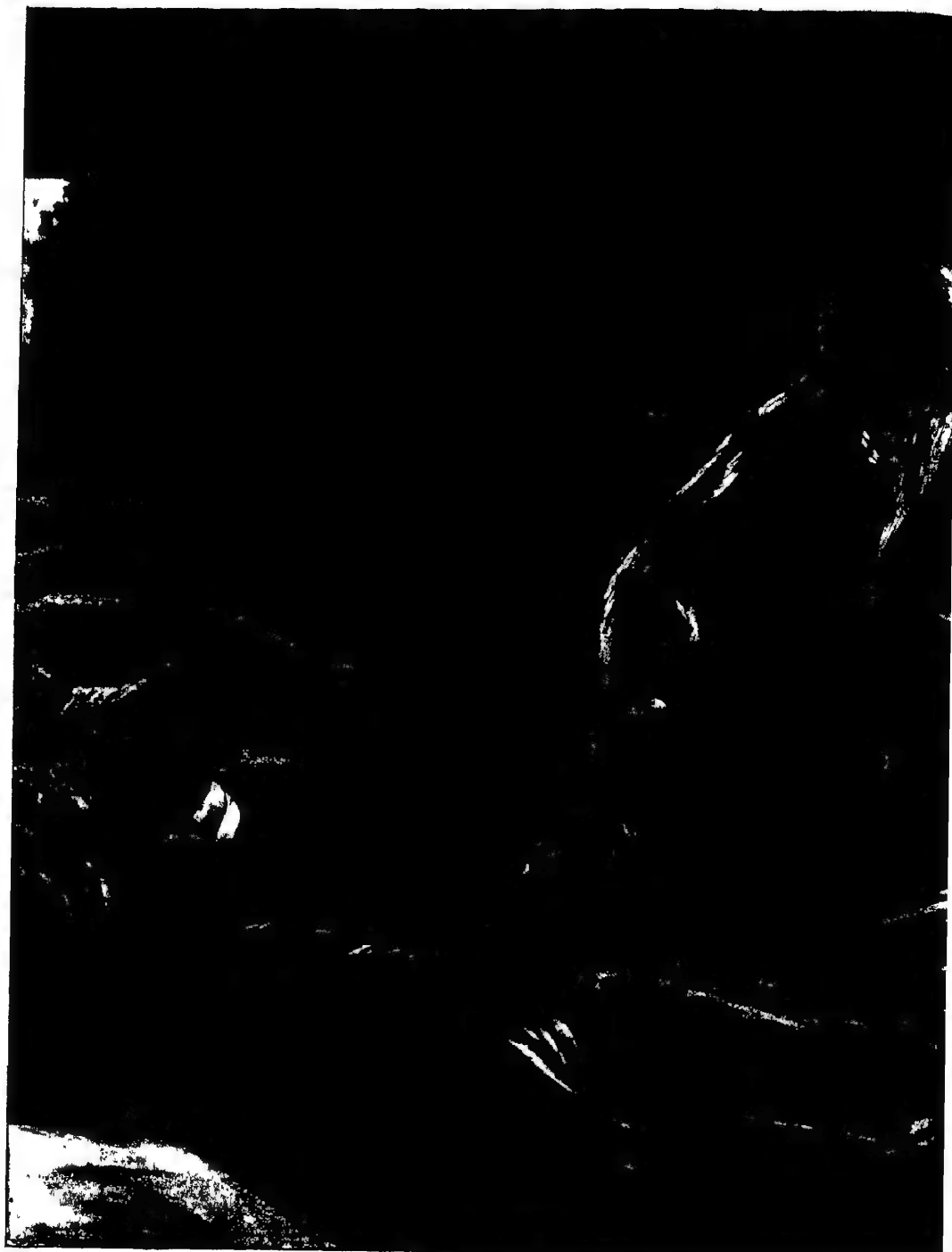
TARTARS AT A WINTER FESTIVAL

# COTTON-GROWING IN RUSSIAN CENTRAL ASIA

From Photographs by W. Hber.



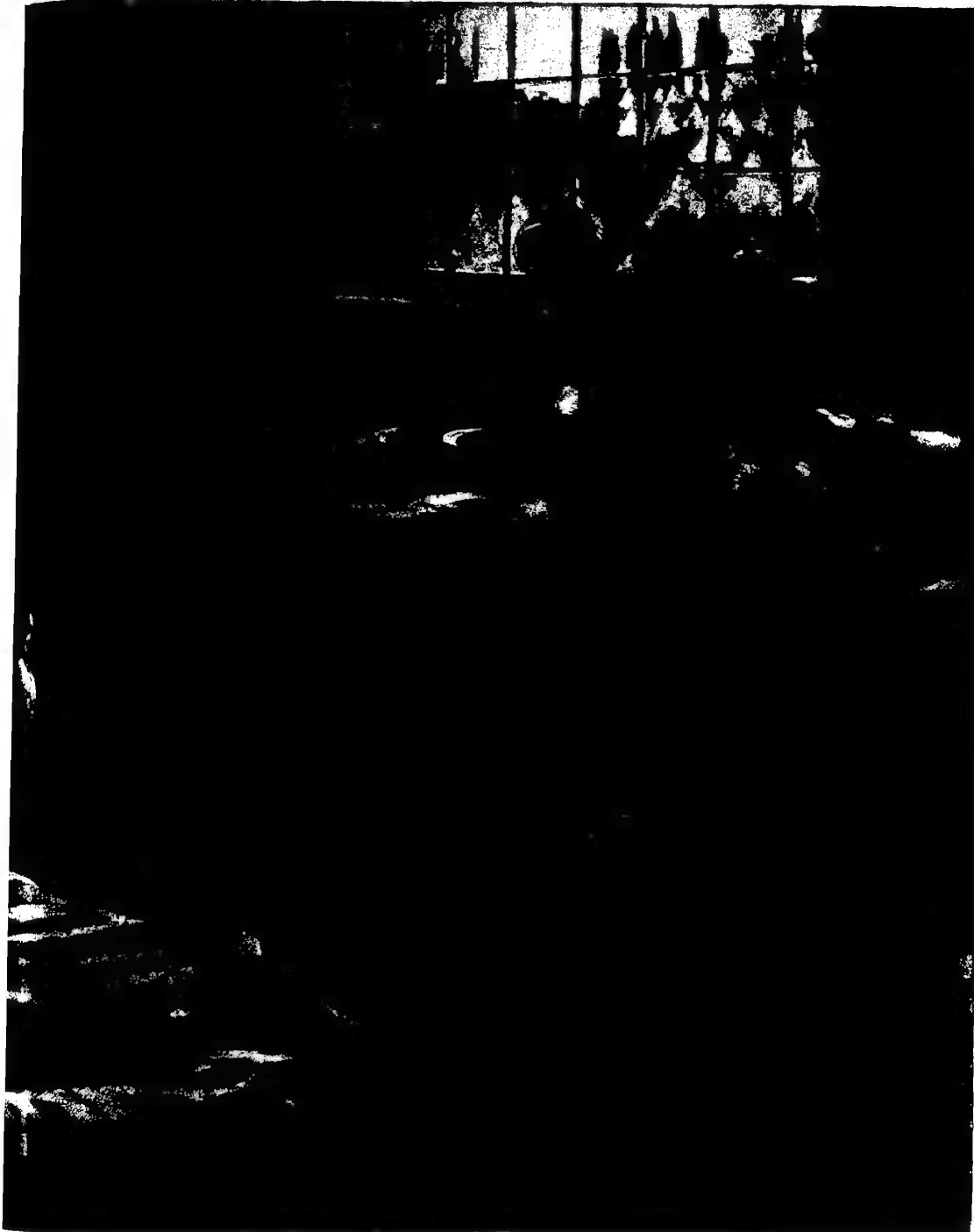




THE HEROINE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO: MISS

DRAW

NOVEMBER 28, 1944 - 875

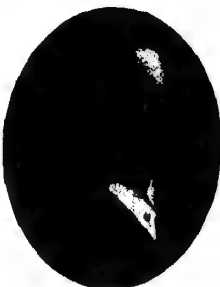


ENOE NIGHTINGALE IN THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI

HATHERELL, B.I.



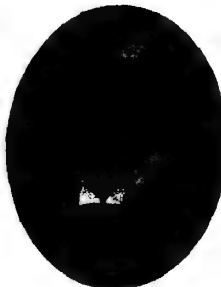
DR. J. WILSON SWAN  
New Knight.



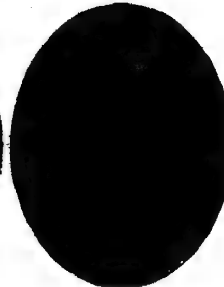
SIR J. FORTESCUE-PLANNET, M.P.  
New Baronet.



SIR M. F. O'MAHONY  
Made G.C.M.G.



MR. W. H. CHRISTIE, F.R.S.  
Made K.C.B.



ADMIRAL SIR COMPTON S. DOMVILLE  
Made G.C.B.

### The King's Birthday Honours

Dr. Joseph Wilson Swan, who is now in his seventy-sixth year, was one of the pioneers in the science of electric lighting, and is the inventor of the incandescent lamp bearing his name—the lamp which has been the forerunner of all the other incandescent lamps now in use. He was born in Sunderland, and was for many years associated with a well-known firm of chemists in New Castle-on-Tyne, and in that capacity perfected several valuable inventions in photography. After the invention of the incandescent lamp he left Tyneside, and took up his residence in London, at Holland Park. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society, a vice-president of the Senate of London University, and Past President of the Society of Chemical Industry and of the Institution of Electrical Engineers. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. William Henry Mahoney Christie, M.A., F.R.S., who has been promoted to be a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, is an Astronomer Royal. Born in 1845, he is the son of a distinguished scientist, his father, Professor Christie, having been a Fellow of the Royal Society. He succeeded the late Sir George

Airy, at Greenwich, in 1881, when he was only thirty-six years of age, so that he has already occupied the post for twenty-three years. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Admiral Sir Compton Domville, who succeeded Sir John Fisher as Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet over two years ago, and is now nearing the end of his term, was born in 1842, and entered the Navy in 1856. He has had a distinguished naval career. Our portrait is by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

Sir Montagu Frederick O'Mahony, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., I.S.O., Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Secretary to the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. He was born in 1842, and entered the Royal Engineers in 1864. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Sir James Fortescue-Plannet, M.P., was born at Liverpool fifty-three years ago, and at an early age entered the engineering profession, specialising in marine work. He has a large practice as a consulting engineer. Sir James, who was knighted in 1889, has been president of the Institution of Civil Engineers. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

THE JAPANESE CELEBRATE THEIR VICTORIES by hanging out lanterns so lavishly that there is a perfect boom in the trade. The favourite design is the International Lantern, bearing on its four sides respectively the Rising Sun, the Union Jack, the Italian flag, and the Stars and Stripes.

THE JAPANESE SHOOT OF TRIUMPH is "Banzai"—which answers to "Our God Save the King," or the French "Vive la République." It means literally "Ten thousand years," and is the salutation offered by the people to the Emperor when he appears in public.

THE GALLANT DEFENCE OF PORT ARTHUR ranks in length with many of the famous sieges in history. The Russian stronghold has been completely shut off from the land side since May 13. In olden times, when artillery was in its infancy, sieges were drawn out to enormous limits—the sieges of Jerusalem, Acre, Leyden, and Gibraltar are well-known examples—but in modern days such investments are mostly short and sharp. The Russians, of course, held Sebastopol for eleven months, but Flanders only resisted for three months, and Paris held out for four months to succumb to starvation. In our own day Kimberley and Ladysmith were besieged for four months, and Mafeking for a little longer.



Before Colonel Younghusband's Mission left Lhasa, an open-air theatrical performance was given in the honour. (It took place in the courtyard of the building in which the Mission was quartered.) The entertainment largely consisted of dancing, but there was also a play in which the principal

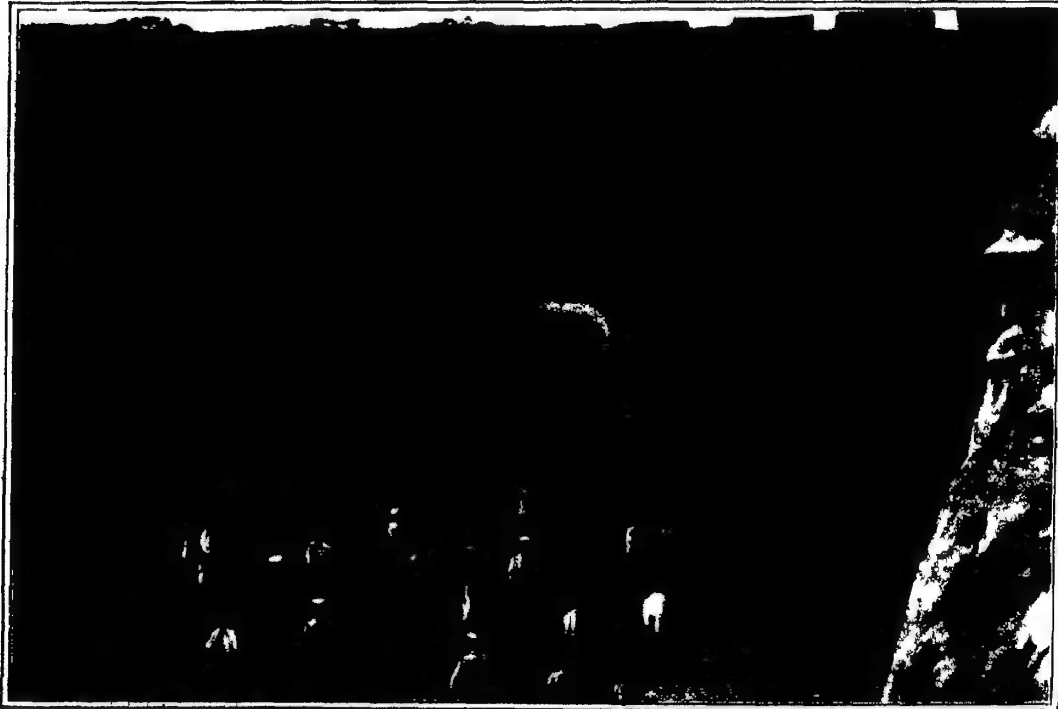
parts were those of a demon and a boy. The dancing and acting were accompanied by the written conversations on the part of the actors. Our illustration is from a photograph by a British officer.

A NATIVE ENTERTAINMENT TO THE BRITISH MISSION AT LHASA



The Yang-tze is a tributary of the Tai-tse-hu. The course of Kuroki's army on August 24, was in the south of the river. By August 26 the Japanese had crossed the Yang-tze and had pushed on a distance that varied from five miles on the left to ten miles on the right.

GENERAL KUROKI'S TROOPS CROSSING THE YANGTZE



The first body of Japanese who entered Liaoyang took with them two Russian prisoners as hostages for fear of a surprise.

THE FIRST JAPANESE SOLDIERS TO ENTER THE TOWN AFTER THE RUSSIAN EVACUATION

From Photographs copyrighted in the U.S.A. by "Collier's Weekly"

EVERY mail from the Far East brings further details of the great historic battle of Liaoyang, and the more we hear of it the more absorbing is the story of how the Japanese won the town, the fortifications of which have been described by one correspondent as the strongest he had ever seen. Not less interesting is Kuropatkin's gallant defence and his skill in extricating his army and saving it from utter rout. Readers of THE GRAPHIC have already been made acquainted with the broad outlines of the battle, and it will only be necessary, therefore, to recall a few salient features of the fight. The importance of the capture of Liaoyang cannot be over-estimated. When the Japanese captured the town it meant that the Russians had been obliged to give up all hope of relieving Port Arthur. Liaoyang was the Russian military capital of Southern Manchuria, and was a large town of some 60,000 inhabitants. It stands at the junction of two roads, one leading through Motien and Feng-whang-cheng to Kowen, and the other by the west coast of the Liaoning Peninsula to Port Arthur. The town is on the railway, and it contained all the magazines of the field army, with stores, supplies, ammunition, hospitals, etc., necessary for the activity of an army in the field. No wonder is it, then, that the Japanese fought desperately to gain this stronghold, and that the Russians defended it so stoutly. The loss of it to the Russians was a great blow, for it left them no alternative but to retreat to Mukden, and no doubt afterwards to Kharlin, for Mukden is not so well fortified as Liaoyang, and is regarded as bound to be captured. It cost the Japanese a heavy price to take it, but it was worth taking even at that cost. There were days of fighting even before the battle of Liaoyang proper began. The chain of hills six miles south-west of the town, running to the Taitse-ho was chosen by Kuropatkin as a fighting spot to make a stand when he had been slowly driven northwards by the persistent attacks of the Japanese. The Japanese, on the night of August 20, brought up the last of their artillery, and at dawn on the next day opened a cannonade on the Russian positions. Thus



The Chinese police muster in force to receive the victors. Every Chinese house displayed a Japanese flag.

A STREET IN THE TOWN JUST BEFORE THE ENTRY OF THE JAPANESE began the battle that was to last for days. The foot of the hills on which the Russians stood was lined with trenches, and the Japanese attacked them all day, without making any serious impression. Then

Kuroki, who was on the Japanese right, began his turning movement, while Oka and Nodzu held the Russians in front. It was at this point that both sides seem to have made mistakes. Kuroki, fearing that the pressure on Oka and Nodzu would be too heavy, detached part of his army to assist them. Kuropatkin, seeing Kuroki working round his left, concentrated most of his troops against him. Thus it happened that the Russian front fared badly, while Kuroki was not so successful as he hoped to be. He succeeded in driving back the Russians from Sykwanton, who, however, on September 2, recovered their lost ground, but the same night Kuroki again took Sykwanton and the heights round it. In front in the meantime Suhsan had been captured by the Japanese, and the Russians were driven to the defenses in the suburbs. Here they kept the Japanese at bay for three days. But pressed on all sides Kuropatkin was compelled to order a retreat. The position was gallantly held while his main body withdrew, and then, on September 4, the Japanese entered the town. The stronghold was won, but the defenders had escaped. Some of the accompanying illustrations show the Japanese soldiers marching into the town.

With the first Japanese to enter Liaoyang were two Russians who were taken with the soldiers as hostages in one of a surprise. The Japanese were welcomed by the Chinese inhabitants, who hung up Japanese flags on their houses in sign of their joy. Everything went to show in what haste the Russians left. In order that nothing should impede the northward march of the Russian army a great trench in the wall of the town was made by the defenders, and through it poured the Russian soldiers, the Japanese in their turn marching through the same gap. Kuropatkin's headquarters in the town were in once occupied by General Fukushima and the Japanese General Staff. As may be easily imagined, the Japanese surgeons were kept very busy. Hundreds of wounded, of both nationalities, were brought into the town, but the Japanese hospital arrangements, though strained, were equal to the heavy task, and many a wounded Russian owed his life to the care of the Japanese doctors and hospital attendants.



JAPANESE TROOPS MARCHING INTO LIAOYANG



AFTER THE BATTLE: WOUNDED RUSSIAN PRISONERS WAITING FOR THE JAPANESE RED CROSS WAGON

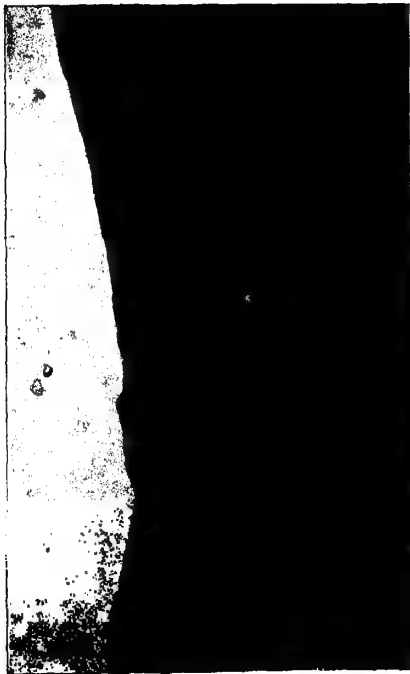


GENERAL KUROPATKIN'S HEADQUARTERS, AFTERWARDS OCCUPIED BY GENERAL FUKUSHIMA AND THE JAPANESE GENERAL STAFF



BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED OF GENERAL KUROI'S ARMY AT DESHIEN

From Photographs copyrighted in the U.S.A. by "Collier's Weekly."



JAPANESE MOUNTAIN GUNS BOMBARDING SHOSANPO



BODIES OF JAPANESE SOLDIERS LAID OUT FOR CREMATION



Some of Kuroki's soldiers are here at an isolated forward post for the cremation of their dead comrades.  
PREPARING FOR THE LAST RITES



Here we have an example of Japanese reconnaissance. The column is an carefully disguised in branches of trees that it cannot be seen from the Chinese lines.  
TAKING AMMUNITION TO A JAPANESE GUN

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PRESENTATION PLATE—

## THE HOMAGE-GIVING: Westminster Abbey, August 9, 1902.

From the Academy Picture by JOHN H F BACON A R A

(See Photo p. 1, W. 1902)



THE HOMAGE-GIVING WESTMINSTER ABBEY AUGUST 9 1902

From the Academy Picture by JOHN H F BACON A R A

NOTE—A few specially printed copies of this Popular Picture can now be had handsomely Framed in Gilt with Bronze Mount, price 21s each

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## Our Bookshelf

"THE FARM OF THE DAGGER"

The old conflict between the hate of the fathers and the love of the children provides Mr. Eden Philpotts with the plot of his latest Dartmoor novel (George Newnes). One has learned to expect extremes on moors, whether they be in Yorkshire or Devon, and the mutual hatred of the two farmers, Roger Honeywell of Yiffier, and John Newcome of the "Dagger," is less that of men than of friends. Their atrocious schemes to bring one another to every kind of perdition, culminating in the death of both by an agonising poison, strike us as somewhat violently coloured, even for the now remote times when some eight thousand of the inhabitants of Dartmoor were French or American prisoners of war. The Romeo of the story is the nephew of Farmer Honeywell, his Juliet is Eve, the only child of Farmer Newcome, and a thoroughly sympathetic pair of lovers they are, believing in one another's love and faith in the face of such trials as to transform the Juliet into an Ophelia. Eve is altogether a very pathetic little figure, and her sudden realisation that her long-lost lover is not a soul from Heaven but a living man, closes the story all the more effectively and touchingly from the simplicity of its narration. The great war prison of Prince Town occupies an important point in the novel, and lends to business of a more actively exciting order. That the whole is impregnated with the atmosphere of the moors we need not say.

"SOME LOVES AND A LIFE"

Mrs. Campbell Praeger's "Some Loves and a Life" (F. V. White and Co.) is described as "A Study of a Neuritic Woman." It is certainly that; and it is also the study of a neuritic man—that is to say of a more objectionable creature still. Both Mrs. Van Rennes and the Rev. Hugo St. Mellion, the two subjects of "study," have, for themselves, the excuse of tubercular disease of the lungs, for generally morbid behaviour. That, however, does not excuse an author hitherto distinguished for the well-high cynical robustness of the psychology, for attempting a sympathetic portrait of physical, mental, and moral disease. Any sympathy with her patients she may excite can scarcely be less unkind than its objects. The clergyman's case is, no doubt, much the worse of the two. The lady, failing to bring him to the point of elopement, takes refuge from a broken heart, impending consumption, and the results of her coquetry-promoting husband's financial smash by passing into her "garden of nuts"—that is to say, by killing herself with an injection of two grains of morphine sulphate in twenty minims of water. The clergyman, necessary to her suicide as well as its proximate cause, is left with his fate postponed by the admirable nursing of an affectionate wife whose marriage he had promised with one of his cousins in order that she might be left a wealthy widow. The combination of the neuritic or hysterical temperament with a considerable eye to the main chance is not unknown. Nor is the unpleasantness of a story inconsistent with high degree of force and cleverness in its telling—especially from the pen of Mrs. Campbell Praeger.

"THE HEART OF THE VICAR"

Mr. Hugh Tait's novel (John Long), which appears to be his first, deals with the painful position of a benighted clergyman, the Reverend Peter Falconbridge, who, holding the strongest possible

views in favour of clerical celibacy and against the marriage of divorced persons, is so unfortunate as to lose his heart to a *divorcée*. What aggravates the situation is that he has preached a powerful sermon on the latter subject in consequence of his refusal to celebrate such a marriage, the lady with whom he presently fell passionately in love being one of the congregation. That she had been the innocent perpetrator of course does not affect the question. The knot is solved by his inheriting a baronetcy and a great estate, so that he is able to surrender his living and to marry Mrs. Molyneux, the lady whose attractions had proved too strong for his principles, without scandal. Nothing but happiness and comfort would apparently have closed the story had it not been that Mrs. Molyneux's, now Lady Falconbridge's, divorced husband was also,

in default of issue, Sir Peter's heir. So *poisoned* a character is mentioned, and his wife dies from the shock, but not before she has managed to a new Sir Peter, whose unexpected appearance excites the *divorcée* to suicide. Clearly no such tragedy could have befallen a husband, clerical or lay; but then it is equally certain that the single life enjoys no immensely from equality or even less improbable peril. Comedy is represented by the vulgar family of a Mr. Westbourne-Grove, who has achieved fame and fortune as the patroness of the "Tickle Palate Soy," and by an outrageously Cockney servant of Mrs. Molyneux. We do not care for the taste of the novel, either in its choice of subjects or its method of treating them. But its *curtains*—and if "The Heart of the Vicar" does not positively displease, it will probably please.

"THE SPOILS"

The venerable electioneering motto of "The Spoils to the Victors" does not, according to Mr. Elliott Flower's novel and its Foreword, seem to have become altogether obsolete even in so well-served a city as Chicago. The story of "The Spoils" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) professes to treat, with both general and special knowledge, of the municipal politics of certain unspecified wards in that great civic centre. So little is honesty put forward as the best policy, that the excellent young lawyer and the no less worthy young hardworking man, who are induced to enter public affairs with the best intentions of their own, are only saved from tragic ruin, the former by his private wealth, the latter by the generosity of his fellow victim to corruption and greed. Their crime is their refusal to throw the cloak of their notorious respectability over an organised system of jobbery and extortion. Mr. Flower vouches for the actuality of his scintillating lurid picture: one can only trust that it is not less highly coloured than stories written with a purpose—which means with a bias—are apt to be. Those whom such a subject might otherwise repel should be informed that not even the municipal politics of Chicago are inconsistent with the romance, married and unmarried, without which a novel is considered by most people not to be a novel at all. The hardworking man's courageous honesty is shared by the best of wives; and the lawyer's troubles are closely bound up with a certain deep-red rose.

"THE AFFAIR AT THE INN"

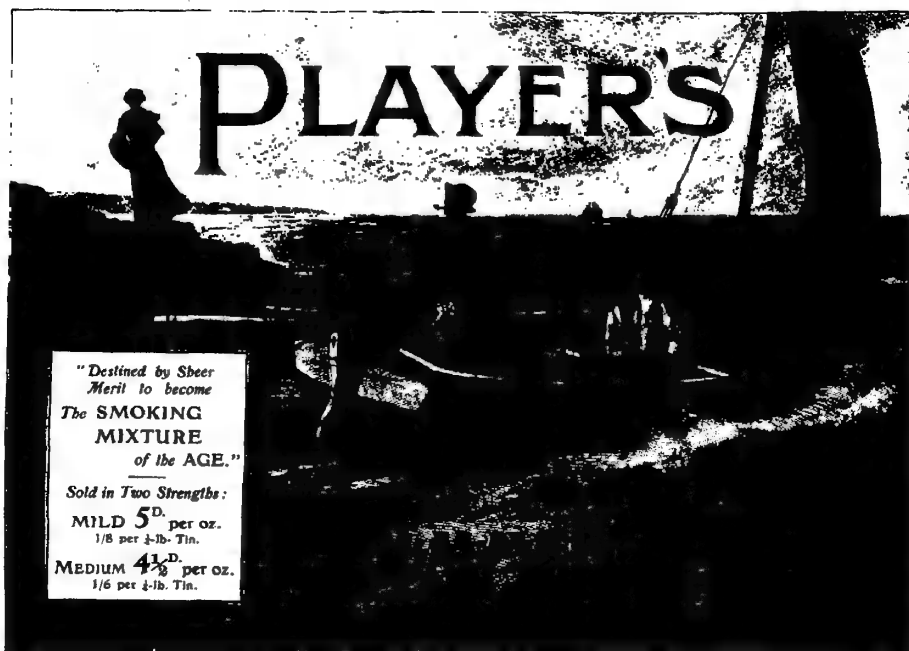
This little book, the writing of which has required the talent of four authors, deals with the dawn and development of a love affair between a pretty young Southern American and a Scotch baronet. The Inn at which the affair takes place is in Devonshire, and our illustration shows the young American, Miss Virginia Pomeroy, after an adventurous ride in the baronet's motor, and wrapped in the said baronet's motor coat. Even thus handicapped she looked pretty as the gallant Scot reluctantly admits. The charming illustrations are by Martin Justice, and the four authors are, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Findlater, Jane Findlater, and Allan McAlay. The book is published by Gay and Bird.

"ON THE TRACK OF A TREASURE"

This volume, although it records facts, is, in the reading, as much like fiction as many a story of adventure. In fact, it might have formed the basis of some such tale as "Treasure Island." It appears that between the years 1825 and 1839 Peru, Argentina and Chili were in a continual state of revolution. Towards the end of "On the Track of a Treasure." By Harvey de Montmorency. (Hunt and Blackett.)

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"I CANNOT SAY SHE LOOKED PLAIN, HOWEVER"  
From "The Affair at the Inn." (Gay and Bird.)



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We shut our eyes, the Sowers bloom on; | We choose the shadow, but the sun  
We murmur, but the ear-ears fill; | That casts it shines behind us still.  
And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun

'Peace hath Higher Tests of Manhood than Battle ever knew.'—WILLIAM.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIZE—TO THE FAITHFULLEST!

Not to the Cleverest! nor the Most Bookish! nor the Most Precise, Diligent, and Prudent! But to the

## NOBLEST WORK OF CREATION.

In other words, 'His Life was Gentle, and the Elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the World,

**THIS WAS A MAN!**'—SHAKESPEARE.

**NOBILITY.** 'It was very characteristic of the late Prince Consort—a man himself of the purest mind, who powerfully impressed and influenced others by sheer force of his own benevolent nature—when drawing up the conditions of the annual prize to be given by HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA at Wellington College, to determine that it should be awarded *not* to the *cleverest* boy, nor the *most bookish* boy, *nor* to the *most precise, diligent, and prudent* boy, but to the *NOBLEST* boy, to the *boy who* should show the most promise of becoming a *LARGE-HEARTED, HIGH-MOTIVED MAN*'—SMILES.

## A POWER THAT CANNOT DIE!

REVERENCE IS THE CHIEF JOY OF THIS LIFE

**INFINITUDE.**

All Objects are as Windows, through which the Philosophic Eye looks into Infinitude Itself.

'REVERENCE for what is  
PURE and BRIGHT  
IN your YOUTH' for what is  
TRUE and TRIEL.  
IN the AGE of OTHERS; for  
all that is GRACIOUS  
AMONG the LIVING,  
GREAT among the DEAD,  
AND MARVELLOUS in the  
POWER  
THAT CANNOT DIE.'  
IF I take the wings of the  
morning and  
DWELL in the uttermost parts  
OF the UNIVERSE, 'THY  
POWER IS THERE'  
KNOWEST thou ANY CORNER  
of the WORLD  
WHERE at least FORTUNE is not?

**THE WITHERED LEAF  
CANNOT DIE;**

DETACHED!  
SEPARATED! I say there is  
NO SUCH SEPARATION:  
Nothing hither  
WAS ever stranded; cast aside:  
BUT ALL, were it only a  
withered leaf,  
WORKS together with all; it  
MOVES FORWARD on  
THE BOTTOMLESS, SHOR-  
LESS FLOOD of ACTION,  
AND LIVES THROUGH  
PERPETUAL METAMOR-  
PHOSIS.



PASO MEDITATIONS ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SEUL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

THE WITHERED LEAF IS NOT  
DEAD and LOST.  
THERE are Forces in it and  
AROUND it, though working  
in inverse order.  
ELSE how could it ROT?  
DESPISE NOT THE RAG from  
which  
MAN MAKES PAPER, or the  
LITTER from which  
THE EARTH makes CORN.  
RIGHTLY viewed,  
NO MEANEST OBJECT is  
INSIGNIFICANT:  
ALL OBJECTS are as  
WINDOWS, through which the  
PHILOSOPHIC EYE looks into  
INFINITUDE ITSELF.

—CARLITA.

### MORAL!

THE above DISTINCTLY  
PROVES that matter is  
INDESTRUCTIBLE.  
INTELLECT UNDERSTAND-  
ING, GENIUS,  
ABILITY, SENSE, is, without  
doubt,  
SUPERIOR TO MATTER; then  
it is  
NOT LOGIC to Preserve the  
INFERIOR and  
DESTROY the SUPERIOR.  
THE following beautiful lines  
from LONGFELLOW'S  
'RESIGNATION' are TRUE:

'There is no Death! What seems so is transition; this life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian, whose portal we call Death.'—LONGFELLOW.

## THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boto, the Highest and Best in this Life.  
**O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THERE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!**  
'Thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee  
has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee.'—STERNE.

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

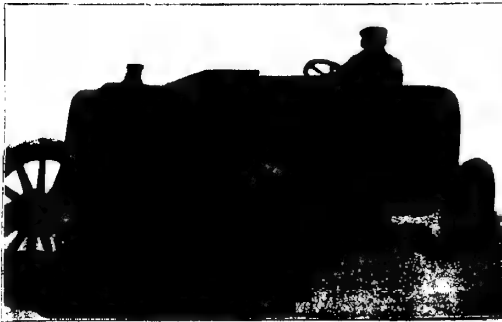
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PREPARED ONLY BY J. C. ENO, LTD. 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.



BARNES, on a 100-ton launch, has achieved his ambition of securing the world's record for a flying kilometre. At 10.40 on Sunday he covered the distance in 11.5 seconds, better than 1000 ft. time. The speed attained is 104.14 miles an hour. Our photograph shows Barnes coasted in the car with which he accomplished his feat. Our photograph was supplied by the Topical Press Photo Agency.

104 MILES AN HOUR. BREAKING THE RECORD



The Imperial Dock, which has been constructed at Leith, at a cost of £750,000, was opened last week in the presence of a distinguished company, including Lord Rossmore and Lord Dalrymple, who were on board. Messrs. George Gilman and Co.'s steamer 'Fervell', which was the first vessel to enter the dock. The dock is 1,000 ft. by 600 ft. and will cover an area of 30 acres, and accommodating vessels up to 6,000 tons.

IMPROVING THE PORT OF EDINBURGH: OPENING THE IMPERIAL DOCK AT LEITH

this period the inhabitants of Lima, after a sanguinary battle with the revolutionaries, realised how feeble was the protection afforded by the vaults of their banks and the altars of their churches, and they resolved to carry their treasures and sacred ornaments to the fort at Callao. However, a British brig sailed into the harbour, and the British having a character for honesty and strict integrity, it was decided to ask Captain Thompson, the master of the Mary Dear, to take charge of the jewels, coins, and specie, which were valued at twelve million dollars. This he agreed to do, but as soon as it was dark he murdered the guardians of the treasure, and put to sea. He sailed for a deserted rocky island in the Pacific, known by the name of the Cocos. Here he hid the treasure, and, after shooting the two men who helped him, left the island, only to be captured by a Peruvian gunboat. All the crew were hanged as pirates except Thompson and the mate, who were spared to point out the spot where the treasure was hidden. They escaped, however, and hid themselves until the departure of the warship. The mate subsequently died of yellow fever, thus Thompson alone knew where the treasure was to be found. It would not be fair to the author to tell of Thompson's subsequent career; suffice it to say that it was anything but reputable. He came to a tragic end, but not before he had revealed the secret of the treasure to one who had helped him. That there were riches incalculable concealed in the Cocos was known to many, and several expeditions went out to recover them, only to return poorer than they started.

At last, what was believed to be the original plan of the hiding place was found, a syndicate was formed (of which the writer was a member), a vessel was purchased, and the modern buccanniers sailed in search of the untold gold. We will leave it to our readers to find out from the book itself how the adventures fared. That they met with many exciting adventures and many disappointments goes without saying. A perusal of the volume may induce others to sail for this barren isle, for it is certain that Mr. de Montmoency and Company did not find all of the treasure.

#### "BIRD LIFE IN WALES"

This book, good as it undoubtedly is, does not call for a lengthy comment, but, nevertheless, it will prove a valuable addition to the bird fancier's library. The author, a keen naturalist, has visited the birds of which he writes in their own haunts. In other words, the volume is not meant to be a scientific or comprehensive work on British birds, but simply records of observations and sketches made in the course of rambles amid their haunts. He writes:—"It will be seen that our birds have fallen in fair ground with regard to some of our rarer species—notably the kite, now almost extinct, the buzzard and raven, which are both rapidly becoming so, the orsted grebe, pied flycatcher, and others." Mr. Walpole-Bond, wise in his generation, does not disclose the whereabouts of these Welsh hills where he searched for and found the birds and their nests. He says:—"The hills in question are—no, never mind where they are, as nowadays the greed of collectors and dealers is so great that any confidence is seldom treated as it should be." In his rambles the author was accompanied by Mr. Oliver G. Pike, the author of "In Birdland with Field-glass and Camera," to whom is due the many excellent photographs of birds' eggs and nests which adorn the book. Of course, a student of bird life requires infinite care and patience if he would watch the rarer birds in their own particular haunts, and in this matter he will find the book of great use to him, that is, so far as the finding of these haunts is concerned.

#### "SUNSHINE AND SENTIMENT IN PORTUGAL"

This work purports to be an account of a visit of the author, an Anglo-German Professor of Paleontology and Zoology, and an English mining engineer, to some caves in the Sierra de Monchique, where the Professor expected to find remains of prehistoric men and animals. We may as well say at once that nothing of great scientific value was discovered, but the German gentleman seems to have been highly elated at finding certain large frogs and other reptiles. Unfortunately the writer, not being of a scientific turn of mind, has been unable to furnish details of these remarkable captures. The descriptions of sundry muleteers, villagers, etc., are the best features of the book.

"Sunshine and Sentiment in Portugal." By Gilbert Watson. (Arnold.)

## BONE, MUSCLE AND NERVE.

Strength, Energy, and Comeliness are in a great measure the outcome of good health and right feeding, and probably there is no food that is more conducive to natural physical development than Scotch Oats, the best of which (and therefore the best in the World) are

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which are so good that they can't be better. Children grow up strong, healthy, and robust where "Provost" Oats are used.

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# THE HOME OF OATS IS SCOTLAND



# THE OATS OF HOME ARE 'PROVOST' OATS

There are no Oats like Scotch Oats, and no Scotch Oats like "PROVOST" Oats.

## THIS IS NOT A PUZZLE

but a question quite easy to answer. If it takes THREE packets of American Oats to make as much porridge as TWO packets of "Provost" Oats will make, which is the better? Why

## 'PROVOST' OATS

to be sure. But there is another point to be remembered as well as that of quantity and economy. "Provost" Oats are also of much superior flavour to American Oats, containing a much greater proportion of strength-giving properties. As a Breakfast food "Provost" Oats porridge is probably unequalled, being especially valuable for children, supplying health essentials in an eminent degree and being at the same time easy to digest. It is as good for supper as for breakfast.

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## CHRISTMAS BOOKS

A boy must, indeed, be hard to please if he cannot find some book of adventure to suit his individual taste this season. There are books treating of adventure in every part of the world, inhabited or uninhabited, known or unknown. A story that cannot fail to please is "The Rising of the Red Man," by John Mackie (Jarrold). It is a romance of the Louis Riel Rebellion in Canada, and tells of the marvellous adventures and miraculous escapes of a Canadian rancher and his beautiful daughter, who, assisted by a huge French-Canadian, a rollicking Irishman, and, last but not least, a handsome Corporal of Frontier Police, succeed in outwitting their wily enemy of every turn. A wonderful dwark, and his tame bear, of whom both Kolahuk and Hall loved stand much in awe, enters largely into the plot, which ends to the satisfaction of all when the troops appear upon the scene. Another capital story of the same continent takes us farther south. This is "Aunt Hulah," by Grace MacGowan Cooke and Alice MacGowan (Hobbs and Stoughton). Hulah Service keeps a humble cottage house in Texas. She lost both husband and children before she was twenty five, and since that time it seems to have come naturally to her to help all who were in trouble in that wild country. The cowboys nicknamed her house the "Orphans' Home," as every orphan in the State seems to drift towards her motherly arms. *Of course*, there is much romance connected with some of these children. Moreover, "Aunt Hulah" saves an innocent man, accused of having "stuck up" a coach, from the Vigilance Committee, and nurses him back to life when he was shot by the villains. The last, we should imagine, gives a good idea of life in Texas, and "Aunt Hulah" is altogether delightful. "Will of the Dukes," by R. Searl (Blackie), is as full of stirring incident as an egg is full of meat. Will, the sturdy, hot-headed son of a yeoman farmer of the Yorkshire dales, in the time of Queen Bess, after tumbling into and out of innumerable scrapes in his own home, comes to London, where he is apprenticed to a rich mercer. Unfortunately for him, but fortunately for the reader, at different times, he has helped one of Queen Mary's old soldiers. This leads to much trouble, as, against his will, our hero becomes connected with the luckless "Bishop in the North," when he is held prisoner by the Catholic leaders. Naturally all ends well, and Will attains wealth and influence. The story is unusually interesting and exciting. Miss Pollard is an acknowledged storyteller, but rarely has she done better than in "The White Standard" (Blackie). The story opens at the court of James I. of Scotland, but the scene soon changes to France, the chief actors being Priscilla Grahame, the companion of Princess Margaret, who is about to marry the Dauphin, and Andrew Grahame, one of the armistice. Soon after arriving in France, Andrew joins the Constable of Scotland, who is assisting France to drive out the English. All the young people meet with stirring adventures and eventually come into close contact with Joan of Arc herself, whose career and the fortunes of



AN UNEXPECTED MEAL.  
From "The Romance of the Animal World." (Hesley and Co.)

Priscilla and Andrew are closely interwoven. Less interesting than the former is "Hope's Tryal," by Jessie Marchant (Blackie). The heroine, Hope Dehane, is the daughter of an English merchant who has settled on the Siberian frontier, ostensibly to trade, but in reality to rescue his brother who has been banished to the mines for betraying State secrets. It was Hope's father himself who

unconsciously let them out. When all is ready for the rescue they hear that the exile has escaped, and it is feared that he will perish in the forest. There is plenty of incident in the book, but we fear that the writer is not quite so fast with things Siberian. "God's Bait," by Dorcas Moore (Blackie), is a story that will be read with delight by both girls and boys. It is a tale of the Penn during the Civil War. It tells of how the great dam of Marlowe came to be built, and also why it was partially destroyed. It describes how the hero flies across the dykes and morasses by means of his jumping pole to save the Church plate from the Roundheads, and how it was that the latter never found it. It is a good story, well told.

## "TWO LITTLE SAVAGES"

"Two Little Savages," by Ernest Thompson Seton (Richards), is a truly charming volume—fascinating alike to young and old. It describes, to quote the sub-title, "The Adventures of Two Boys Who Lived as Indians and What They Learned." Van, the hero, was unhappy at home, where none of his brothers interested themselves in his pursuits; he had few books, and his principal source of amusement was staring into a taxidermist's shop. After a time Van developed delicate lungs, and the doctor ordered him to be sent to a farm to work. Here he met a kindred spirit in Sam, the farmer's son. During the holidays the two lads camped out in the woods, playing being Indians. There are few who know more about woodlore and animal life than Mr. Seton, and his way of imparting his information to others, in the form of a story of the adventures of two boys at play, is delightful. The book contains over three hundred sketches and drawings by the author, while the cover, title-page and general make-up are tastefully designed by Grace Gallatin Seton.

## "THE ROMANCE OF THE ANIMAL WORLD"

The volume from which our illustration is taken is a very fascinating book, full of picturequely written descriptions of the habits and customs of a number of birds and beasts, including beavers, seals, leopards, crocodiles, and a host of other creatures. Mr. Edmund Selous, the author, is occasionally unintentionally humorous, as, for instance, when, after relating an old South American legend of a puma which defended a persecuted girl, he says, "whether she thought kindly of pumas ever afterwards, and always wore a memento made of their skins in recognition of the service one had done her, I do not know." The incident illustrated shows the sad fate of a peccary which stood on an alligator's tail, mistaking it for a tree trunk. In a moment the alligator stretched its tail round like a bow almost to its side, and suddenly let it go, and while the peccary, thus shot up, was still in mid-air, the alligator swung its terrible tail and knocked the now insensible peccary almost into its own jaws. The book is published by Messrs. Seeley and Co.

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## UNDERWEAR



## REMARKABLE LETTERS

### FROM LHASSA.

A letter written on the 6th August, 1904, by an Officer of General Macdonald's Tibet Mission Force then in Lhasa, and received by HUNTLEY & PALMERS, LTD., READING, says:—

"It may interest you to hear that your biscuits are on sale in this City. This morning in the market that has been established just outside the camp, I came across a small tin, and inside were your 'NICE' Biscuits."

Another British Officer, writing from Lhasa on the 14th August, very kindly sent HUNTLEY & PALMERS a tin of their biscuits which he had bought from a Tibetan woman, expressing his wonder at finding them there.

### FROM CENTRAL AFRICA

Messrs Greenlade & Co., 7 Philpot Lane, London, wrote on the 22nd August as follows:—"You may be interested to hear that our Mr. F. J. Greenlade, who was a member of 'The Ardenne Party' which recently visited Victoria Falls on the Zambesi by the first through train from Cape Town, writes:—

"As we were boating on the Zambesi, just above the Falls, one of our Boats took in a good deal of water; the native bailed out the water with a 'Huntley & Palmers' Biscuit Tin. It was so unexpected to find such an emblem of civilization in this, the interior of Africa."

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VICTORIA FALLS,  
ZAMBESI RIVER.



THE MAKING OF A BATTLESHIP: PLACING THE MAN IN POSITION

#### "FIFTY YEARS OF PUBLIC SERVICE"

Few men have led a more active and varied career than has Major Griffiths, and few have come into contact with a more heterogeneous collection of humanity. He is a man of many parts, and would have succeeded in other walks of life than that which he adopted. Before becoming a prison official, and one of the greatest authorities on criminology, he distinguished himself as a gallant and painstaking soldier, whilst in the arts of peace his paintings have been exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy, and his books, both of fact and fiction, are well known wherever the English language is spoken. Major Griffiths took to soldiering as naturally as a duck takes to water. Born in an Indian garrison, his father, grandfather, and host of relatives were soldiers. During the Crimean War he was gazetted to the 63rd West Suffolk Regiment. His father had promised his mother that, if he could manage it, their son would not be gazetted to a regiment in the Crimea, but young Griffiths had other views, and paid a surreptitious visit to the Horse Guards, where he

"Fifty Years of Public Service." By Major Arthur Griffiths. (Casell.)

Interviewed a great Staff Officer and exacted a promise from him that he should be sent out to the front, and before he was sixteen we find him in the trenches before Sebastopol. After peace was declared he went with his regiment to Canada. But it was not as a soldier that the writer became known to the British public, so we must pass over this part of his career. In 1864 he was appointed Brigade-Major at Gibraltar, where he soon became Lord Airey's right-hand man. "Five years later there was trouble at the convict prison, the governor having broken down through nervous prostration, and Airey thought Griffiths was the man to put things straight. Thus he entered the Civil Service, and as it afterwards turned out, his military life had come to an end, much to his regret, and to the grief of others above him who had prophesied a brilliant future for him in the profession of arms. At first Major Griffiths found himself in a very awkward position. He knew nothing of prison management, and yet his first duty was to host "applications," or complaints. The prisoners were all more or less in a state bordering on insubordination, and they all had some fault to find with the administration. "I was in an embarrassing, even hopeless, position," he writes. "I knew that the only possible course was to gain time." He put off the applications for two days, and in the interval he mastered the whole routine, etc. From Gibraltar, the writer went to Chatham convict prison as deputy-governor. Here the discipline was very strict. He says, "The severe discipline, even to one trained in see it enforced strictly, seemed to me to go too far and to verge upon cruelty; punishment was inflicted continually on the same offenders, who only grew more hardened and recklessly defiant."

Major Griffiths was always a humane governor, and he has done much for the amelioration of the prisoners' lot, including the shortening of the term of solitary confinement, which is the first and most dreaded part of a criminal's punishment. The next move was to Millbank, where the author was Governor. In the chapter on this prison we are introduced to some of the most notorious criminals of modern times, but, unfortunately, the limits of our space do not allow of our enlarging on their various crimes. Crime is always interesting, and in this volume Major Griffiths tells the stories of the lives of many murderers, thieves, forgers, etc., together with tales of escape, and attempted escapes. Although his life has been passed in looking after criminals, the Major has never once attended an execution, and never wants to. The great work of his life was the superintendence of the building of the prison of Wormwood Scrubs, where his great knowledge materially assisted the authorities in constructing the model prison of the world. As an Inspector of prisons, he visited practically every establishment of the kind in England, and was instrumental in taking them out of the hands of local authorities and placing them all under one head. He was also actively concerned in the system of identifying criminals by finger-prints. The book is crammed with interesting matter from start to finish, and we have no doubt that thousands of readers who have been so unusually interested in Major Griffiths's "Memories of Millbank," "The Chronicles of Newgate," and "The Mysteries of Police and Crime," will hasten to acquire, by fair means or foul, this most entertaining of autobiographies.



THE MAKING OF A BATTLESHIP: FITTING THE RAM

Our illustrations show the ram of H.M.S. Britannia being fitted on the vessel. The ram is seen suspended from a derrick, and it is being attached to the stern and of the vessel's keel-plate. The gap between the ram and the uncompleted part of the hull is to be walled in with steel divided into many water-tight compartments. A battleship's ram, such as the one shown in our illustration, weighs about forty tons, and is cast all in one piece. It is of solid steel and capable of striking a tremendous blow when driven by the momentum of so heavy a ship as the Britannia. Shell-proof a man-of-war may be made, but the skill of the naval architect is unequal to the task of designing a ship that can resist the ram. A glance at the illustrations will show that this weapon is so fitted that it strikes just beneath the armoured belt, where resistance is weakest, and it is so shaped that the ramming vessel can, by reversing her engines, easily disentangle herself from the ship she has struck. The Britannia is to be launched in Portsmouth on December 10 by the Marchioness of Londonderry. Our photographs are by Stephen Gibb.

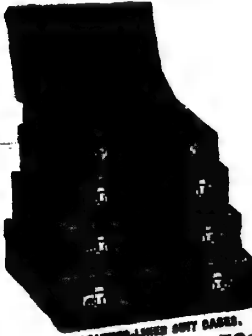
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## The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours

This is always one of the pleasantest of galleries, and one of the most satisfactory in its exhibits. Ancient as it is, for it has already celebrated its second jubilee, it has always kept abreast of the times, and today some of the "newest" art, which is really art, is to be seen upon its walls. The latest comer is Mr. E. C. Cowper, partly trained by Mr. E. A. Abbey, who makes a brilliant first appearance with a fanciful "Belle Dame sans merci," whose robe, spread out as she sits on the grass, is a wonderful piece of painting; the hand lacks equal force, but the drawing is radiant and promises a brilliant future for the artist. Mr. Anning Bell, too, sends a little masterpiece of broader style and more poetic aim, and of higher achievement—"The Garden of the Sleeping Beauty," an Italian canvas, as it were, on a piece of paper, beautiful in colour, line, and arrangement, that holds the spectator till he has to tear himself away from it. Mr. Walter West is not so able; at least his dainty little pictures do not aim so high; but a wider public will appreciate his "Silken Card," and especially "The Quakeress." Was ever a little Quakeress so sweet, charming, and elegant with that kind of daintiness that is a little Quakeress's own, and was she ever so sweetly rendered? The greys are so full of colour, the grace is so prettily exquisite, and the whole is placed so skilfully against a quiet background of

delightful quality, that the picture simply sings with a little flute-like note. Mr. Arthur Rackham, too, is one of the elect; his fancy is more orderly in its riotousness than ever, his handling is as precise and perfect, and the sobriety of the well-realised colour-scheme makes us take his fairy-tale extravaganzas as seriously as if they were high comedy—which, perhaps, they are. Whether you choose the "Four-and-Twenty Tailors," "Windfalls," or the very fairy-like "Queen Mab," the grotesque and the charming, you feel that you are in presence of a personality. Mr. Rackham is to be watched and rejoiced in at every succeeding exhibition.

Townscapes lend itself to water-colour in a way which seems denied to oil-colours. It is the art which Mr. Herbert Marshall has long practised; but he does not shine quite so brightly this year, and his views of London are not very recognisable. Mr. Reginald Barratt is more convincing, whether in his drawing of "The Great Church, Dordrecht," or in his "Courtyard in Udapur, India," with its skilful tree shadows upon the wall, and the brilliant gem-like colour in the costumes of the figures. But landscape, after all, gives us the full strength of the Society. Sir Ernest Waterhouse, the President, is at his best in "Dorsetshire Downs, Corfe Castle," a fine composition, well thrown together, with an admirable sky. He is on the way to becoming a veteran, but he improves every time, and in three small drawings, gives the likeness of a six-footer. Mr. Robert Little, too, now that he has dropped his tapestry effects, is very strong in his drawing "The Clyde from Glenan," and in other contributions besides. An older school is represented by Mr. Eyre Walker, who, in a study by early morning of a

field covered by "Ox-eye Daisies," shows a very English scene with a very English manner of the best sort. Mr. David Murray, usually too summary in water-colour to please the majority, proves "In a Cottage Garden," a delicate precision of draughtsmanship that is almost pre-Raphaelitic, yet softened by a haze of atmosphere which reveals a side to his art he does not often practice. By Mr. D. V. Cameron, a big artist, who sometimes mistakes emphasis for breadth, we have "Autumn on the Tay"—a scene which Millais painted. Millais seems to have inspired him, for we have force allied to luminosity which recall the background to "Autumn Leaves" and "Sir Isumbras." The drawing is brilliantly false, for it is over-forced in its shadows and gives as rubbed-in scribbles where we ought to have fast seen through the darkness. Mr. Albert Goodwin's sunsets and Mr. Napier Henry's tempera sea-pieces have their usual charm and realise the same inevitable success, and Mr. Alexander in his study of a lobster, and Sir Harry Johnston in his vivid drawing of "Red Deer—August," present a contrast which is as instructive as the works are interesting in themselves. The work of Mr. Callow must not be forgotten; besides a couple of drawings executed this year we have studies made in 1843, and although the change is great the falling off is inconsiderable. More than sixty years ago Thackeray exclaimed, "Mr. Callow's as good as ever he was!" and this marvellous unageing shows little sign of the century which has passed him by and left his hand as skilful as before. There is a special exhibition of the work of the late Mr. Arthur Melville.

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## Rural Notes

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER

The fine and sunny weather which is associated with the term St. Martin's summer has not failed us this year, and the inevitable decadence of the year has been gilded by a genial sun which on November 12 reached 86 degrees. The season has not only exactly suited the chrysanthemums and autumnal plants, but has been extremely propitious for agriculture. The heavy rains of November 7 and 10 were needed to help the growth of October sowings and of autumn-planted trees and shrubs, and the warmth of the soil this November is in most gratifying contrast with its cold and sour state a year ago. The spell of mild November gentility is due to the prevalence of southern currents, which bring us the climate of regions where the summer lingers late. Scientifically, the frequent prevalence of the warm currents from November 10 to 20 or thereabouts is the autumn balance to the frequent prevalence of cold currents from May 1 to 10 or thereabouts. The one represents the last effort of expiring summer, the other the last effort of expiring winter. There is a novelty in flowers which has looked very beautiful in the clear sunshine. We refer to the green chrysanthemum, a natural growth, and not an artificial production.

Under a dull sky it is undistinguished, but it is a fine flower under a bright clear natural light.

## HOSHIAN ELECTION

With the party beatings of this contest we have no concern, but it was impossible to be absent in rural Sussex during the very lively fortnight of electioneering; without noting how the agricultural labourers harked back to alleged experiences of a shilling loaf and the like. All these statements were of the highly spiced description which is necessary whenever the governing classes are of the lower social grades. But they were greedily swallowed, and a projected tax of, at most, half a farthing on the quarter loaf was denounced as "grinding the faces of the poor." The politicians are too busy talking to note facts, but it is clear, from a survey of purely rural districts, that the enfranchisement of the farm labourer has meant and equalled the disfranchisement of the farmer. The latter is, of course, outnumbered by his "hands," and the latter vote against the farmer almost by instinct. They are sometimes attached to the big landowners, and more rarely to some popular squire; but for a farmer to wish white to win for his labourers to go and vote for black.

## ORCHARDS

The growth of fruit is increasing in England. Kent still leads

with 59,055 acres of orchards, but that primary bids fair to be closely contested. Hereford has now 56,942 acres, Devon 57,526 acres, Somerset 55,965 acres, and Worcester 52,837 acres. In the West, where the cereals yield only about 1,500lb. of produce to the acre against 2,000lb. in Kent, the orchards gain ground quicker than in the home county, for there is no such disparity in the fruit produce. The extremely mild climate of Cornwall makes 1,361 acres, a very small extent of land to devote to orchards, and Sussex, with only 3,438 acres, is still more negligent. Small and bush fruit culture is developed in Kent to the extent of 28,549 acres; no other county has over ten thousand acres. Kent possesses neither climatic nor market advantages over Surrey, Essex, and Berkshire, for growing small fruit, but superior enterprise has enabled the Kentish men to annex the London market. Wales has neglected her orchards sadly; her whole twelve counties having less orchard land than little Middlesex. Scotland, of course, has too cold a climate for most fruit, but 808 acres of orchard land near Glasgow witness to a painstaking effort. Bush fruit is also grown on a larger area than of yore, and Scotch strawberries are appreciated in London for their fine flavor late in the season. The Isle of Man might greatly extend its 319 acres of orchards. Of its 140,986 acres there are many thousands which would grow the hardier apples and well repay the planting of trees.

## November

A whole section is devoted to this in the New Lemo Cookery Book. The Book contains sections for each month with full lists of articles in season; also 20 Invalid Dishes, 20 Breakfast Dishes, and 20 Sweets.

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# A FEW WELL KNOWN PICTURES

# HOLBROOK'S SAUCE

# THE GRAPHIC

No. 1,826.—Vol. LXX.

OFFICE: TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

NOVEMBER 26, 1901.

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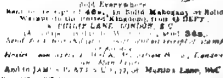
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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Nov. 12, 1894. Vol. 13, No. 45.  
Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

Price 6d.



A crowded gathering at the Metropolitan Club, New York, on the evening of the 10th inst. The man in the foreground is Mr. J. B. Lippincott, the proprietor of the Graphic.

## Topics of the Week

Unbending Tories of the Castlereagh type were Government very fond of preaching a century ago that Parliamentary institutions were all very well for the Monarchy plegmatic peoples of the North, but that they were totally unsuited to the more fiery temperament of the southern nations. Even the late Lord Salisbury, in his remarkable *Quarterly Review* essays, which are shortly to be given to the world, echoed this view with characteristic insistence and conviction. The spread of Parliamentary obstruction during the last two decades has, to some extent, justified this antique opinion. In Austria-Hungary, however, where Parliamentarism has almost reached its *trickster*, the fault does not lie wholly with the defects of a mercurial nationality. It is a mere coincidence that both Austria and Hungary are convulsed by Parliamentary crises, for although the pernicious example of one country necessarily reacts on the other, the fundamental causes are in each case of a distinct kind. Thus, while in Hungary the Castlereagh doctrine would no doubt apply, in Austria it would find itself faced by conditions with which it does not reckon. Parliamentary paralysis in Austria arises, not from the defects of a homogeneous nationality, but from the conflict of two nationalities, the more cultivated of which is in a minority. If we could imagine a Parliament in Westminster with a majority returned by seventeenth-century Irishmen and a minority representing nineteenth-century Englishmen, we should obtain a picture of the bitter conflict of passions which distracts the Reichsrath in Vienna. The Parliamentary problems in the Dual Monarchy have been brought prominently before the European public during the past week by the so-called *coup d'état* of the Hungarian Premier, Count Stefan Tisza. To English people this *coup d'état* is nothing very terrible, seeing that it consists only in the introduction of the guillotine system of curtailing needless debates which has been in operation in our own Parliament for some years. On the Continent, however, devices of this kind, which seem to make for tyranny in some form or other, are regarded as revolutionary, and Count Tisza is accordingly being denounced from end to end of Hungary as a sort of Strafford. The truth, of course, is, as the Count himself has declared, that either obstruction must be stopped or Parliamentary institutions will cease to exist, and hence his guillotine is really a safeguard for popular rights. How true this contention is may easily be seen by a cursory glance at the proceedings of the sister Parliament in Vienna during the last few years. There obstruction has on more than one occasion completely paralysed the work of Parliament, and since there was no guillotine to bring the minority to its senses, the only alternative was to shut up the House and place all the powers of government in the hands of the Emperor. Thus the claim of the obstructionists for unlimited freedom of speech leads straight and irresistibly to a far more permanent gag than the Closure—in a word to Absolutism. It will be interesting to note how the Magyars take the public-spirited and courageous action of Count Tisza. They are a sensible, if somewhat flighty, people, and it is possible that they will support the Premier. On the other hand, it is not to be forgotten that when a similar *coup d'état* was carried out in Vienna by the so-called Lex Falkenhayn six years ago the malcontents of the Reichsrath managed very soon to compel the Government to beat a retreat. The worst of these conflicts in both Austria and Hungary is that their evil effects are not localised. Far and wide they help to discredit Parliamentary institutions and to strengthen the new school of Philosophic Reaction which is beginning to sit at the footstool of M. Poincaré. They also tend to weaken Austria-Hungary from within, and thus to threaten Europe with another problem of a sick Man far more formidable than that of Stambul.

### Charity and Poverty

The report of the Committee of the Charity Organisation Society on the measures that it is desirable to adopt for the relief of distress ought to be studied by everyone who wishes to form any sound opinion upon this most intricate problem. The popular idea is that in a time of distress nothing is necessary but to call upon the local authorities to provide employment for those who are out of work. If the people who advance this very simple idea were to stop to think for a moment, they would see that the adoption of their scheme would induce the less energetic members of the community to abstain from all efforts to make work for themselves, and to rely instead upon the semi-heraldic employment provided by the local

authorities. The result would be in a few years that a very large proportion of the total population would be permanently dependent upon the local authorities for employment. Yet everybody knows that employment provided under such conditions must be less economical and efficient than employment provided under the ordinary conditions of industry. It was a realization of this danger by practical experience that induced our grandfathers in 1834 to reform the old Poor Law, and to insist that relief should not be given by the State except on conditions which made it disagreeable to the recipient. He lost his vote and he subjected himself to a certain amount of ignominy. A new school has arisen which regards these conditions as cold-hearted and cruel; but we have to consider not merely the immediate effect of any given regulation, but what the ultimate effect is likely to be. The experience of the nation before 1834 proved conclusively that if poor relief were given liberally and without safeguards the population became pauperised, and poverty was intensified instead of being diminished. The Committee of the Charity Organisation Society, therefore, express grave doubts as to the wisdom of relaxing any further the present Poor Law administration, and still more as to the wisdom of the proposed scheme for empowering District Councils themselves to undertake the provision of employment apart from the action of the Boards of Guardians. It is the duty of municipal authorities to administer the funds of the municipality they control in the most economical manner possible, and with that object in view they must seek the best labour they can obtain. If, instead of doing this, they start up in the principle of making work for the unemployed, their expenses will be enormously increased, rates will rise in proportion, and many men who were previously just keeping their heads above water will be thrown out of work or thrown into bankruptcy.

Lord Kitchener's scheme for re-arranging His Majesty's splendid forces in India corresponds in its main outlines with the forecast we lately ventured. The fundamental principle kept in view throughout is to place troops where they are most likely to be wanted, instead of proportioning their strength to area, irrespective of geographical position. When England and France were desperately struggling for supremacy in Hindostan, their maritime fighting power was about equal. There was both sense and reason, consequently, in concentrating a powerful British force in the Southern portion of the Peninsula, to resist French encroachments. But there being no longer the least danger of maritime attack on Madras, whereas there may be some risk of an attempt to invade India from the North, Lord Kitchener re-adapts our defensive machinery to the change of strategic conditions. His scheme goes farther than that, however. Foreseeing that rapidity of concentration on the frontier would be of vital importance were an invasion in force threatened, he proposes to make each unit of command self-dependent to a very large extent. But to enable this plan to be carried out many new military stations will have to be brought into being, while a still larger number will be left, like deserted Kurnaul, to be garrisoned by jackals, hyenas, kites, and bats. Happily, the owners of house property at these doomed stations have made such handsome profits out of excessively high rents that their prospective loss does not deserve much sympathy.

The appeal put forth by Lord Knutsford, on behalf of the Central British Red Cross Council, would be sure to meet with a generous response in any case. But with the gracious endorsement of Queen Alexandra, the President of the Council, it is certain to draw subscriptions from all ranks and classes throughout the Empire. The object for which ample funds are urgently needed is of such a character that even the Society of Friends must be in warm sympathy. All know, of course, that Red Cross organisations, whatever their titles, undertake the alleviation of suffering among soldiers and sailors consequent on war. It is equally well known that they discharge this duty to humanity with splendid self-abnegation and with ever-increasing efficiency. But whereas our foreign competitors in this field of humane endeavour always keep the central organisation in good working order, ready to start at any instant, it is our practice to postpone effective centralisation until war breaks out. The result is, of course, a serious delay in making use of the kindly offers of personal assistance and of monetary help which invariably flow in at the first rattle of the drum. As a considerable sum will be required to make good this deficiency in the British Red Cross machinery, the national thanks are due to Queen Alexandra for authorising Lord Knutsford and the Council to employ her exalted name as a stimulus to subscriptions.

## The Bystander

"Send by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

Weather predictions are generally about as reliable as fishermen's stories and travellers' tales. Who was it said we were to have no fog in November? I should like him to be here at this present moment. While I am writing it is eleven o'clock in the morning—but it might just as well be eleven o'clock at night. The gas is lighted and the blinds are drawn down and there is an uneasy silence in the streets outside. I have a cold of the first magnitude, and I have well-nigh lost my voice. The fog has got into my eyes, so that it is difficult to see, and it has got into my head—"Not the first time!" I hear courteous readers remark—so that I am unable to think. I seem to have lost all count of time. I don't know exactly where I am. I am not quite sure whether it is the day before yesterday, the day after to-morrow, last Saturday fortnight, or the week after next. It is impossible for me to collect my thoughts, and I don't know that they would be worth collecting if I could. Let me grope my way to the piano and sing. We have had a "Moonlight Sonata," why not a "Fog Fantasia"? Listen!

November Fog! November Fog!  
With feature grim as galleys,  
And nose red as Newman Nags,  
We lead the lives of dismal dogs!  
We cough and choke, we sneeze and sneeze,  
And shiver while we grant and cheer;  
We quaff rough mixture, blithe and gay,  
We gaily guggle through the day!  
Fie high the fire with glowing logs!  
And let us don the thickest tops!  
Our feet are ice, our hands like frogs—  
November Fog! November Fog!

Probably, by the time these lines appear, we shall be revelling in brilliant sunshine. But, for all that, I think the above fantasia would form an effective item at the winter concert, especially if aided by a fog-horn accompaniment. With the discomfort of fog, as above detailed, all Londoners are familiar, but probably few persons are aware of the enormous national cost of a single real foggy day. Therefore it would be well that, before rebuilding London, the County Council should take some measures to suppress the Fog Fiend. What is the use of a beautiful city when enveloped in fog? What is the advantage of "relieving the traffic" when there is no traffic to relieve?

From communications I have received from all quarters I find my suggestion of a cheap theatre promises to be very popular. It would not only be very popular but, if properly managed, would be very successful from a commercial point of view. That a cheap theatre would pay there is no doubt about it: we have only to look at the successful houses that have been established in the suburbs. Of course, at your cheap London theatre you would not have the heads of the profession who have already made their mark. Hence you would do away with large salaries and effect a distinct economy in a very expensive item in theatrical management. But there are plenty of clever young actors and actresses who are unable to find an engagement in the present day, who are only waiting for the chance of distinguishing themselves, who would gladly join the cheap theatre at a moderate honorarium. "Ladlike Grove," says:—A cheap London theatre, or rather one at a reasonable price, would be a great boom. If I take my wife to a London theatre it means a brougham and dining in town, and the evening's amusement seldom costs less than three pounds. If I patronise the local theatre we can walk there, and our outlay is only ten shillings, the price of the stalls. We pay a good deal too much for our entertainment in London, and it is not always worth the money." It is a difficult thing to understand why, when everything else has become cheaper, that the cost of amusement has doubled.

It is curious how ignorant people are on the question of Birthday Honours and the like. If an announcement appeared in the papers that the King had been graciously pleased to raise me to the peerage under the title of Baron Bystander of Layville—a circumstance most unlikely to happen—but, I say, if such an announcement appeared I should probably have scores of letters the next morning addressed to Lord Bystander containing congratulations. The congratulations would be all right and proper, but the superscription of the letters would be absolutely wrong. The newspaper announcement only signifies the King's intention, the honour cannot be adopted till it is absolutely conferred.

It was Mr. Vincent Crummes, I believe, who wondered "how these things got into the papers." I wonder how these people get into the papers. Why are people perpetually paraphrasing whom nobody knows anything about? Why are the drings of nobodies chronicled till the world almost believes they are somebody? Why are persons quoted as authorities who have no authority whatever? The other day I said to a friend, "Who is this Mr. Bloorage that I see continually quoted and commented upon in the papers?" "Who is he," he replied. "Why, don't you know? He's Bloorage. You everlastingly see his name mentioned." "Yes," I interjected, "but who is he, and what has he done?" "My friend considered for a time, and at last said, 'Well, now I come to think of it, I believe he is a nobody, and has never done anything.' If that should be really the case, all I can say is that the newspapers must be losing a large sum annually in advertisements. It reminds me of the story of an American newspaper proprietor who was looking over the latest issue of his journal, and he said to his editor, 'I see frequent mention of Mr. Cyrus P. Plampdoodle in my journal. Now, I don't know who he is, and I don't care. Send him in a bill for these advertisements at the usual rate. If he doesn't pay it, don't let his name ever be mentioned again.' And it never was. Brother Jonathan has a vigorous way of dealing with the Bloorage genus that we might imitate to advantage.





The battleship *Revenge* arrived at Portsmouth recently in order to carry out a series of experiments, trials of the system of coaling at sea, the invention of Ensign-Com. R. W. McSwain—which is fitted to the steam funnels. A few days since both vessels proceeded to Spithkead, where experiments were carried out. A trial of one hour's duration was made under way, during which several certain necessary adjustments were made, and 88 tons of coal were trans-

ferred to the battleship without any hitch, the courses of the vessels being changed sixteen points during the experiment. The coals on which are the base of coal is endless, so the haws were got back to the ship as rapidly as they were supplied. Further trials were carried out later. The speed of the vessel while under way was eight knots, and a strong westerly wind was blowing. Our illustration is from a photograph by R. Gribb, Southampton.

COALING A BATTLESHIP AT SEA: SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS AT SPITHKEAD



A correspondent writes:—"When a mail is due, the station is besieged by officers eager to obtain newspapers. One has to be a week or two without a newspaper to appreciate the delight felt at the arrival of a mail with large supplies of journals." Our illustration is from a photograph by a correspondent.

NEWS AT LAST: A SCENE AT A STATION ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY







NEAR THE MARBLE ARCH



MEMBERS JAMES BUCHANAN AND CO.'S MOORE IN HOLBORN



HOLBORN CIRCUS

THE KING OF PORTUGAL'S VISIT TO THE CITY: SOME OF THE DECORATIONS ON THE ROUTE OF THE PROCESSION

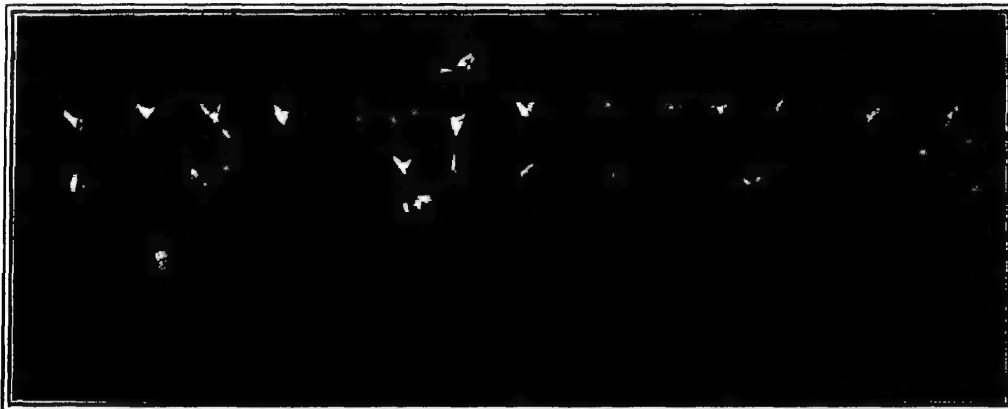
DRAWN BY HOWARD PIERSON

### The Royal Visit

So far as the British Court is concerned, the visit of the King and Queen of Portugal ended officially on Monday, when they left Windsor for Derbyshire. However, their Majesties remain a little longer in England, so if they should be in town between their various country visits they will stay at Buckingham Palace. To return to their doings of last week, the visit to the City proved a most brilliant success in every respect except the weather. London welcomed the Royal guests with the traditional fog, but flags and decorations shined brightly through the haze, and crowds came out to see the Royal progress in spite of climatic disadvantages. The Royal visitors themselves cheerfully drove in an open carriage and stopped at two points to receive addresses—from Westminster and Maylebone, that from Paddington having been presented at the station. The Guildhall was brightly lighted, the whole scene looking more like an evening than a day reception, save for the ladies' dresses. The welcome followed the time-honoured programme of City visits—reception by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress at the door of the Guildhall, procession to the Library for the presentation of the address and its golden casket, and, finally, the luncheon in the Guildhall, with all its brilliant adjuncts of City plate, lovely flowers, and many uniforms. Queen Amélie, in *sau-de-Nil*, with a white hat, was sitting on the Lord Mayor's right, King Carlos took in the Lady Mayoress, and the Prince of Wales escorted the Princess, who

was all in white, with touches of green. In reply to the toast of the King and Queen of Portugal, His Majesty made a happy reply in English, and soon afterwards the King and Queen went back to Windsor through the thickening fog. The first "command" theatrical performance took place in the evening, when Mr. Tree's company played *A Man's Shadow* in the Waterloo Chamber, before the British and Portuguese Sovereigns and a large Royal party. Most of the next day was spent shooting in Windsor Park, the Prince of Wales doing the honours to King Carlos, as King Edward was unable to shoot owing to his sprained foot. The King, however, drove down with the two Queens, Princess Victoria, and the Duke of Connaught to lunch with the shooting party in a marquee near Queen Anne's Ride. The Queens had previously visited the Duke of Clarence's tomb in the Albert Memorial Chapel. The evening was occupied by another State banquet in St. George's Hall, followed by a concert in the State Drawing-room. There was another shoot on Saturday morning in Windsor Park, King Carlos being accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Prince Christian, and Prince Arthur of Connaught, while, as before, King Edward, the two Queens, and several of the Royal Family joined them at luncheon in the Park. In the evening Mr. Lewis Waller's company performed *Monsieur Beaucaire* in the Waterloo Chamber, and afterwards King Edward gave a supper-party in St. George's Hall. Sunday was quite a quiet day. In the morning King Edward and Queen Alexandra with the Royal

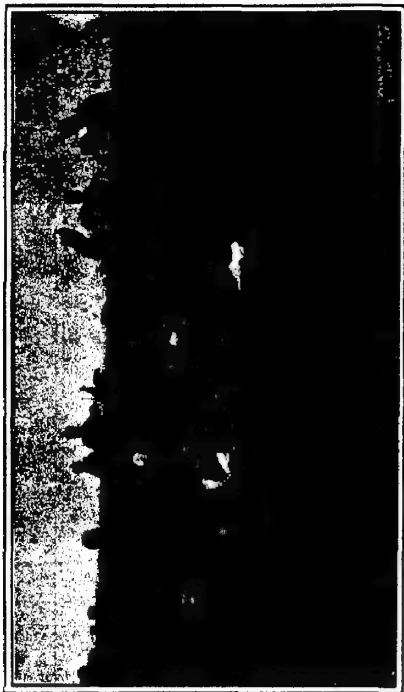
Family attended Service in the private chapel at the Castle, while their Portuguese Majesties went to Mass at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Edward in Windsor, and afterwards the King and Queens visited the Frogmore Mausoleum for the Portuguese Sovereigns to lay a wreath on Queen Victoria's tomb. In the afternoon the Royal party were again at Frogmore to see the Royal Gardens and the Home Farm, and also went to Frogmore House for tea with the Prince and Princess of Wales. The party broke up on Monday, when the King and Queen of Portugal left Windsor, accompanied to the station by King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and receiving a most hearty "send-off" from the people as they drove in State from the Castle with their cavalry escort. There was a most cordial leave-taking between the Sovereigns on the platform, and their Majesties travelled direct in the Royal train to Derbyshire, reaching Rowsley station early in the afternoon. The pretty little station was gaily decorated, and the Duke of Devonshire was awaiting to escort the Royal guests to Chatsworth, where the grounds and house were beautifully illuminated in their honour. Their Majesties stay throughout the week and great festivities were arranged. Shooting and golf were the amusements for the day, while the evenings were to be filled by big dinner parties, concerts, theatricals, and the inevitable bridge. Next the King and Queen stay with Queen Amélie's brother, the Duc d'Orléans, at Wood Norton, and afterwards go to the Duke and Duchess of Portland, at Welbeck Abbey.



Top row, left to right:—Earl of Kintore, Countess of Arundel, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Princess Victoria, Prince of Wales, The Queen, Marquis de Rivoli, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Col. Hon. H. O. Lygon, Hon. J. Ward, Capt. W. Campbell, Countess of Arundel, Duke of Argyll. Bottom row, left to right:—Countess de Salas, Duke of Connaught, Queen of Portugal, The King, King of Portugal, Senhor Antonio Brito de Vilhena, Countess de Faro.

THE VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL: THE ROYAL SHOOTING PARTY AT CHESHAM HOUSE

From a Photograph by Ellis and Stammers, Illon.

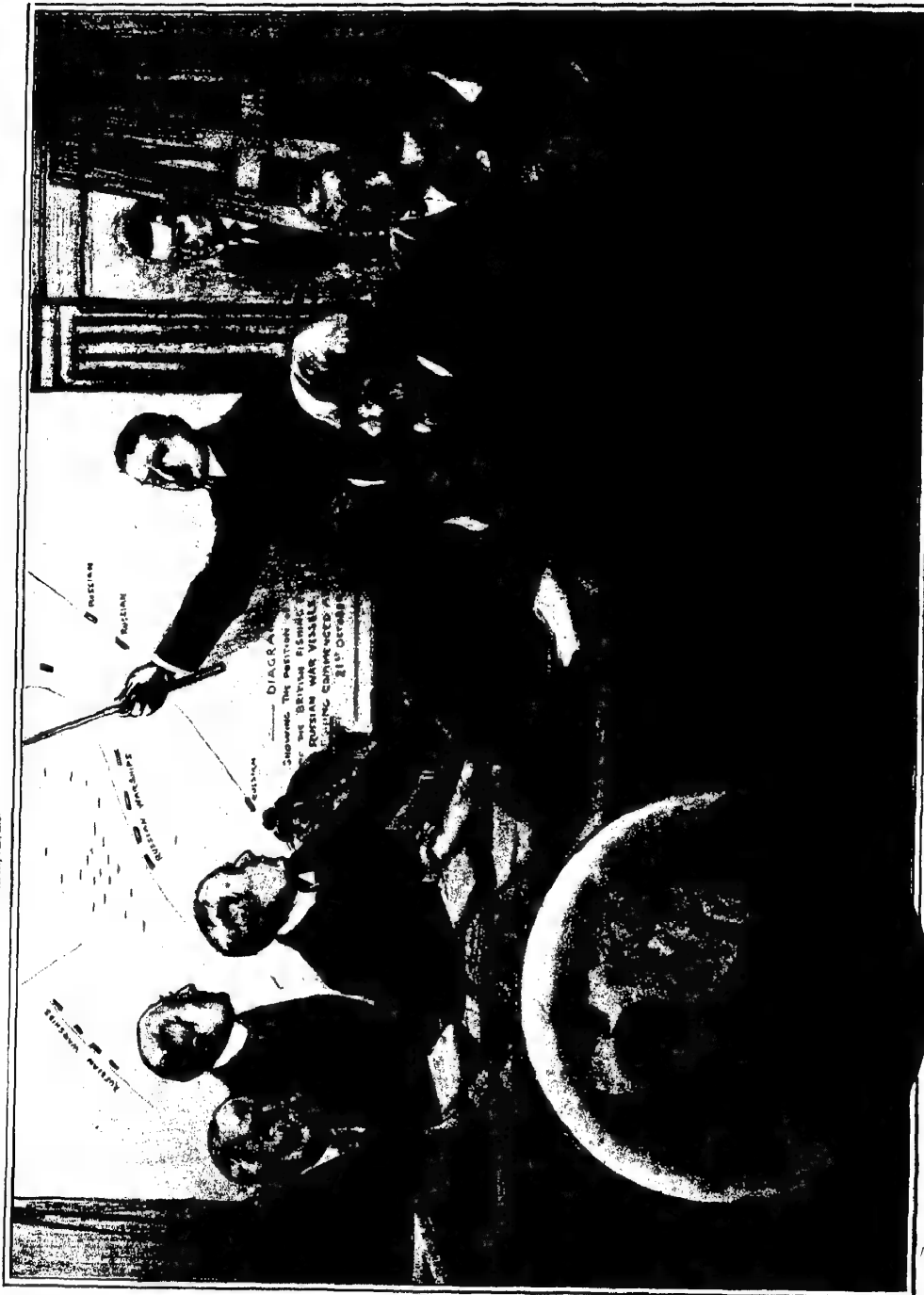


It is curious to note the variety of articles picked up on the battlefield. Rifles, cartridges, canteens, tinns are among those most frequently found.

**THE AFTERMATH OF BATTLE: SORTING THE BOOTY**



It is prohibited to give nothing in return but Cosmicks are untransmuted by atom order. Your photograph should be taken in the 90-1-199.  
was supplied by the Illustration Press Bureau.  
COSMICKS ON A FRODOING EXPEDITION



Admiral Sir Cyprian Bicknell.

Captain Tuke.

Mr. Butler Apperell, K.C.

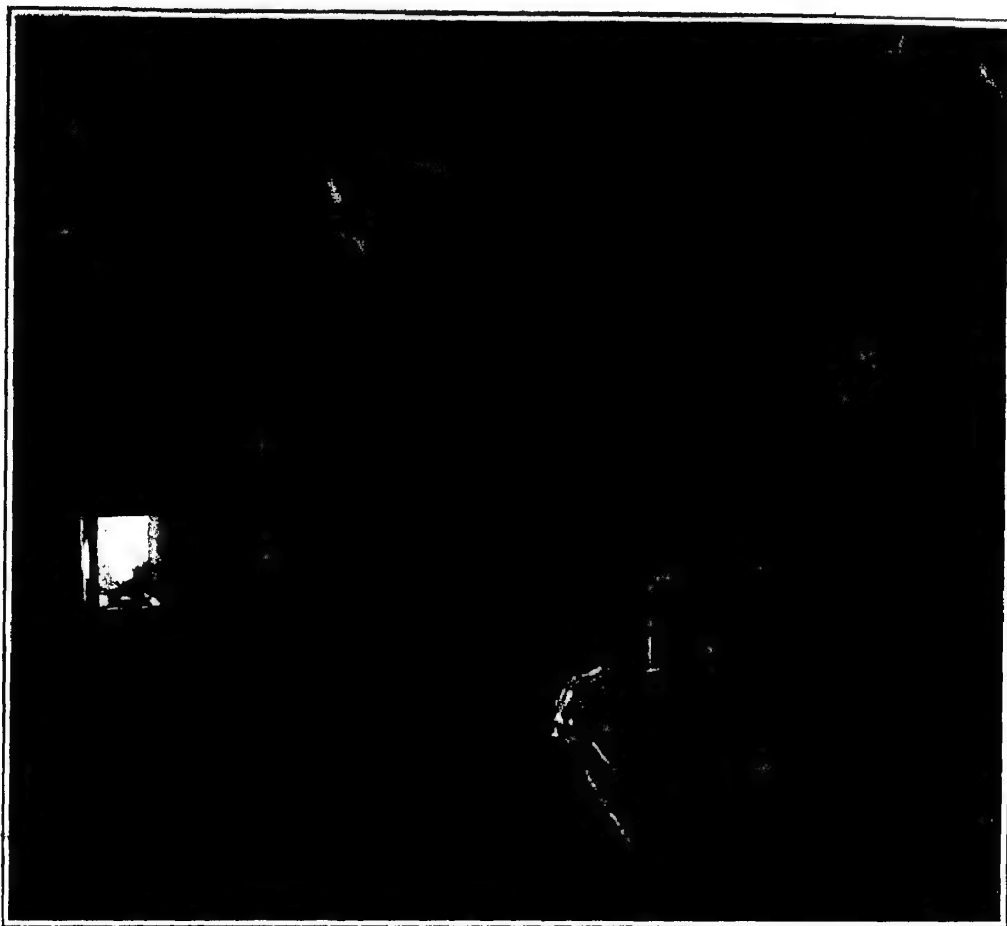
The Board of Trade (upper) into the circumstances of the North Sea incident, and the Board of Trade (lower) into the circumstances of the North Sea incident, and the Board of Trade (lower) into the circumstances of the North Sea incident.

THE NORTH SEA INCIDENT: THE SKIPPER OF THE FAME GIVING EVIDENCE BEFORE THE BOARD OF TRADE COMMISSION AT NULL

A MEETING AT A SITTING OF THE COMMISSION BY JOHN BURGESS

On Monday the 21st October, 1904, a number of witnesses, including several officers of the Russian fleet, were examined before the Board of Trade Commission at Null.

On Monday the 21st October, 1904, a number of witnesses, including several officers of the Russian fleet, were examined before the Board of Trade Commission at Null.



"Fifty willing hands assisted at the unloading, while Ned stood at the orange gate, lantern in hand, issuing directions and receiving the furniture-dealer's ornate description of each article, with startled comments of his own."

## NED'S HOUSE

By CHARLES LEE. Illustrated by W. RUSSELL FLINT.

Recent events in connection with Ned Rundle have served to recall to our memories at Porthjulyan an early episode in his career—a small, but momentous and instructive episode, which helps to explain why he remained a bachelor so long, and confirms, moreover, in a striking fashion, our deep conviction of the cantankerous unreasonableness of womankind. Women's great aim in life, as our cynic philosopher, Sam Jago, scintily points out, is to get her man; and, in furtherance of this malignant purpose, she displays a preterhuman ingenuity and cunning which reduces us to the condition of babes in her hands. Yet such is her flightiness, such her irrational inconsistency, that as often as not she is baulked of her prey by her own act, and we are saved on the very brink of matrimony. Ned's case is a case in point.

Some fifteen years ago, when Ned was a young man of five-and-twenty, he went courting a maid, as the customary but preposterous phrase goes; in plainer and more accurate speech, Sybil Dunn fished for Ned and caught him; not without difficulty, for even at that early period Ned was slow to kindle and cautious beyond belief. Matters proceeded in the usual way; the dresser was bought, and the crockery to garnish it withal; a kitchen table was ordered at the carpenter's, and Ned picked up a stately flower-faced grandfather clock in a sale in a neighbouring village.

After some search, an eligible residence—or, if you prefer Sam Jago's caustic metaphor, a commodious rat-trap—was fixed upon;

and finally things came to such a pass that Ned went off to market and returned with the ring—that aureate letter which custom, with grim facetiousness, assigns to the captor in lieu of the captive. When Sybil saw it she uttered a cry of delight; for Ned, with characteristic thoroughness, had chosen the heaviest and most massive article in the shop.

"Cost me two pound," said he, as she turned it about and balanced it first in one palm and then in the other. "Plum and solid, edn'a? Won't wear out in a hurry, I reckon."

"Not in fifty year!" exclaimed Sybil ecstatically.

"And that's a terrible long time," quoth Ned; whereupon Sybil waxed sentimental.

"Aw, Ned, dear, you'm right," she murmured. "Tis very well to talk about fifty year, but life's uncertain. What would 'ee do if you should lose your Sybil? This handsome ring—p'raps I shudn't be spared to wear on one single year—no, not six month; and then—aw, Ned!—what will 'ee do then?"

Now how was simple, inexperienced Ned to know that this was no genuine request for information, but simply one of the traditional moves in the game—the most hackneyed variant of the Maid's Gambit? How could fault be found with him for declining it (as chess-players say), and in all innocence of heart speaking the truth that was in him?

"Well, my dear," said he, "I thought of that when I was a-buying of it. Thinks I to myself: two pound's a brave lot o' money, sure 'nough; but, arter all, 'tis only once in a lifetime. Better fit and get a good one while I'm about it, thinks I; and

then, if anything *should* happen to Sybil, 'twoudn't be wore down so much, but what 'ell come in tuty for the next one, or next one there should hap to be."

I ask you, was not this deliciously puer? And did it not show a rare prudence, a consummate foresight, such as should endear a man to any maid, if there were sense in her? There was none in Sybil. She flung the ring violently down at Ned's feet.

"Take en, Edward Rundle!" she exclaimed. "Take en, put en in pocket, and go search for the next one to me." "Twill ave 'ee a deal o' time and trouble, to say nothin' of my havin' expenses and the money for puttin' up the house a second time. You'm too providential for me, and that's the truth; so fare 'ee well, and wish 'ee joy, you and your next one."

So passes Sybil Dunn from my story, like the puff of smoke, unsubstantial smoke she was, leaving Ned with his marital tith in the sex irretrievably shattered, and his heart of oak converted into all enterprise, change, or unobtainable pleasure—magnificently augmented. Skip fifteen year, and Ned at forty, stout and precise, living with his brother-in-law Sam Jago, and slowly wearing his sister Amelia down with his fussy, abstracted ways. For, as Sam says, "The worst o' edd want to be a husband; and if Amelia ventured to change the position of the most inconspicuous ornament on her chimney-piece, it was of her peril. Ned would come home from fishing and sit him down to a dish of tea. With the cup at his lips, his slow eye would revolve about the room, would hesitate, pass on, return, and stop dead. The cup would be set down with a loud clatter, and



"I'll do very well with care," quoth Sam. "But leave me to me. You chaps will choke it off with a lot o' solid lies. It want careful handling and soft feeding, this little scheme do. Leave me to me."

So saying, he tucked it under his wing, so to speak, and went off to interview Tamsine. Now Tamsine had been really touched by Ned's attentions; in fact, the vague hopes they inspired had had not a little to do with her speedy recovery, and his sudden defection was grieving her sorely. So Tamsine's ear was open to the tempter, her bosom ready and warm to cherish the chick. That evening she took to her bed again, and you may be sure it was not long before the news was allowed to come to Ned's ears. Off he posted to the Tesgues'. Tamsine's mother answered his premonitory knock, and shook her head when she saw him.

"She do seem bad this time, sure enough," said she.

"What have the woman been eating, now?" exclaimed Ned.

"I wish potatoes were a sovereign apocryph, so I do!"

"Tidn't indigestion this time," said Mrs. Tesgue gravely. "Tis the heart, Ned Rundle."

Ned turned pale. "Heart disease!" he gasped. "Aw, my nerves! I'll go see for the doctor to-morrow."

"Tidn't no case for doctors, I seem," said Mrs. Tesgue, and fetched an excellent sigh. "No, Ned, if you fetched a dozen doctors they couldn't do nothing by your poor Tamsine. Aw, my heart do ache!" she said, and groaned outrageously. Listen, and you'll hear her now through the plianchens. My heart do ache sore, she says, 'Aw, Ned, aw!' she says."

"What's that?" stammered Ned.

"Aw, Ned, aw!" repeated Mrs. Tesgue. "Those are her words. And what she mean I can give a brave guess for, and maybe so can others, Ned Rundle. I don't name no names, nor I don't say no word agin nobody; but when a man come prowling around after a sick maid, with his pills and his pichards, and his 'How! the poor soul pining along!' and his 'Anything I can do for the dear heart!' and his what you call delicate intentions, day in, day out, and then, when she get a bit better, goes off without a word—then, Ned Rundle, there's some would say that man haven't behaved as a 'do being to behave.'"

"The woman's mad!—mad as a curley!" shouted Ned, between terror and indignation.

"Some do call it madness," remarked Mrs. Tesgue. "Some agin to call it by a softer name."

"And you'm mad, too! You'm all mad together!" howled Ned.

"Such talk! Wouldn't give a garden for such talk!"

"Nur I, neither," agreed Mrs. Tesgue. "Talk an't no account; but actions do speak louder than words. And when a man come along with his pills and his pichards—"

Ned fled.

We left him alone for a day or two, just to allow time for the lies to sink in. His groans, his fixed staring at nothing in particular, his reckless consumption of tobacco—none of your customary twenty slow puffs and pipe back in pocket, but an incessant Vesuvius of smoke and sparks—these things were the outward signs of a grievous inward conflict. He never went near Tamsine; he never dropped a question about her; but you may be sure that frequent bulletins from all quarters kept him well posted in the progress of her malady. And if reports were to be trusted, Tamsine was in a poor way, sure enough; her pallor, her loss of appetite, her plaintive babble of cold timbrazons and colder, stonier hearts, all pointed skeleton fingers in one sepulchral direction. Ned began to be seriously alarmed, and we to press our point with vigorous insistence.

"But the woman's no good!" cried Ned at bay. "An't worth a farlin, I tell 'ee."

"Ay, but the little 'ee," replied Sam. "That's worth a brave ingul of farlens, 'a believe. It took to me like you'm going to lose 'em, if you don't take 'em as well. Such a handsome home 'is 'is, too, and the trouble you've took and the money you've spent by 'er! Well, it'd seem a pity."

Ned's mean of anguish might have wrung compassion from the hardest heart, but we were flint and steel. He had no pence from us, affront or adrore, until at last, out of sheer desperation, he began to approach the awful possibility of matrimony, much in the same spirit as that which draws the possessor of an intolerably itching tooth to the dentist's door. Perhaps there was another motive. When all was said and done, there was a fine woman pining away for love of him; and all his prejudice was not proof against the insidious flattery. In the middle of a vehement diatribe against the sex, he would suddenly pull up with—"Mind, I ain't saying a word agin the poor female. 'Tis nothing but nature, after all!" and he would cast a glance round his motive furniture, with a peep by the way, in the glass of the quaint sideboard, at his own no less massive proportions.

Sam judged that it was time to strike hard. He communicated with Tamsine, and within the hour Ned was given to understand that the poor maid had temporarily relented, and had expressed an earnest desire to gaze on the famed glories of Ned's home, but once, before it was too late. Even then Ned jibbed. His whole being revolted against the sacrilegious notion, and it was not until we had coaxed and threatened, had appealed to his humanity, had impressed upon him the desperate and singular nature of the case, the urgent necessity of humoring the invalid, and the grave responsibility a refusal might entail, that he grunted out a forcible and reluctant surrender.

That afternoon Tamsine Tesgue, carefully wrapped in shawls, and supported by her mother and Sam, arrived at the door, where they were met by the pale and miserable Ned. Mrs. Tesgue, who in her prophetic soul already a mother-in-law, with all the rights and privileges appertaining, smiled an affable greeting, set her foot within, and made as if to enter. Ned held up his hand.

"No," he said firmly. "One woman's one to many, though it 'tis to be, why, 'tis. But not two of 'ee. I don't care a farlin which one 'tis, and that's the truth; but only one at a time, if you please."

Mrs. Tesgue retired baffled, with an expression on her face that was calculated to make any son-in-law shiver. Sam began to follow her, only to be called back by a cry of desperate appeal.

"Sam Jags! Your own brother by marriage! You ain't going to cheer off and desert him!"

Sam winked at us—we had already begun to gather casually about the gate—and entered the house on Tamsine's heels. It was from his lips that we learned what happened inside.

To begin with, although it was as fine and dry a day as you could wish for, Tamsine spent a full minute in rubbing and scraping her boots on the mat. Sam had an eye on Ned during the ceremony, and professes to have detected a very perceptible softening of his stern linaments.

"What I say is this," remarked Tamsine, rather out of breath as she executed a final double-shuffle. "If there ain't no muck took into a house, why, there won't be no muck to take out of a house."

"Asscetly," grunted Ned, not ungraciously. "What I always say myself. Step inside, will 'ee?" he added, achieving the unaccustomed politeness almost without an effort.

Confronted with the sober magnificence of the parlour, Tamsine lifted hands and eyes in a mute ecstasy of admiration that was not without its effect on Ned.

"How don't 'ee set down?" he growled, and Tamsine turned a tender, grateful glance on him and sank into a chair. She looked about her, panting her examination with little sighs of wistful delight, till her eyes rested on a duster that lay in a heap on the table, where Ned had hurriedly thrown it when the summons to the door interrupted his daily task. She jumped to her feet.

"I like to see things left tidy myself," she said, with gentle severity, and began to fold the duster up. Ned's face, as we gathered from Sam, was a study in conflicting emotions. Wrathful indignation at feminine presumption battled with shame at the implied rebuke to his housewifery, while deep down below the surface began to glow and bubble the uneasy rapture of him who at last discovers his kindred spirit, his unlooked-for, unhelped-for Twin Soul.

Having folded the duster and carefully smoothed out its every crease and wrinkle, Tamsine was about to put it away in the middle drawer of the quaint sideboard, when she started, peered, shook out the folds again, and began to wipe inevitable dust from the recesses of the rich carvings.

"I'm making a bit free, you'll say," she remarked over her shoulder to Ned, "but when I see dirt, my fingers do ache to get at 'em. And this twiddle kind of furniture do catch the dust terrible, don't 'a?"

"Ah, it do that!" sighed Ned, touched to the heart by this shrewd stroke. "The trouble that sideboard give me you wouldn't believe," he added confidentially.

"Not but what you've done very well by 'em—for a man," said Tamsine; and Ned sat up with a sudden jerk, and remained bolt upright, his mouth half open, his fascinated eyes following the neat, plump little woman as she moved swiftly about the room, flicking the duster here, adjusting an ornament there, and now and again making some brief, pregnant remark, such as:

"You've been using furniture polish, I see. 'Tis a mistake. It look handsome for a bit, but the spirit do soon go out of it, and it's bound to gather dust, such sticky stuff as 'tis. Try a soft dry rag, Ned Rundle. 'Twill give as good a polish, and the sheen 'll last longer."

"Hear that, Ned?" muttered Sam, improving the occasion. "The woman do know a thing or two after all, eh?"

To which Ned returned a solemn nod. He was too deeply moved, too much absorbed in rejudging his conception of the universe, to utter a word. His pride was humbled, his boasted skill in housewifery impugned, corrected, made nothing of—and by a mere woman too. To judge by his looks, he did not find the sensation of abasement altogether a disagreeable one. Something like admiration, something warmer even than admiration, came into his eyes as he watched Tamsine flitting here and there, pausing, putting her hand on one side, darting swiftly and unerringly on some infinitesimal speck of dust, for all the world like a busy, bright-eyed, silent robin.

For the first time in fifteen years Nature had been given her chance with Ned, and Nature was making the most of it.

Tamsine finished her self-imposed task, folded the duster again, and put it away. Then she sat down, a little flushed, but none the less comely for that, and surveyed her handiwork.

"'Twill do very well now, 'bieve," she said, and told of a pleasant little laugh, and glanced at Ned, who was still staring with mouth ajar. A long silence followed. Sam nudged Ned.

"Anything to say to the maiden?" he suggested.

Ned started, collected himself, and said humbly:

"You'm looking healthier than you was, Tamsine Tesgue."

Tamsine coloured with mingled pleasure and guilt.

"Work's good for a lone woman," she said with the tiniest sigh.

"It shifts the ache from her heart to her legs."

Whether Ned saw the opening or not, he took no advantage of it. He only cleared a very dry throat once or twice, and relapsed into gloomy silence. Sam frowned and nodded at Tamsine, giving her to understand that this was no time or place for subtle manoeuvres; with a man like Ned the attack must be direct, frontal, unmistakable. Tamsine began to gather her shawl about her.

"Well, Ned Rundle," she said, "I think 'ee heavy for letting me have a glimpse at your home. Such a house I never see before, nor I ain't likely to see again, not if I live to be a hundred, which I hope I may for your sake, Ned, though I fear I ain't so long as that for this world." She paused, coughed a churchyard cough, and continued:

"It do seem queer, don't 'a?—you and me and the house being bound up together like, and yet the three of us never come together before this hour, nor never will again, most likely."

Another opening. Ned saw it, advanced towards it on tiptoe, so to speak, and retired hurriedly, moistening the lips that refused to do their office. Tamsine gave a little shrug, exchanged comical glances with Sam, and tried once more.

"There ain't a woman in the town, Ned, but what's aching to hear what I've got to tell 'em. And jolly! Let I shall thold it, my head now, I can tell 'ee. But I shan't tell 'em nothing."

"No," says I, "Ned Rundle don't want a parcel o' women chattering about his chair and little tattling about his body."

"But I will say this," says I, "there isn't a maid, young or old, married woman, nor yet a widow mother, but who's been at one time or another of such stately furniture and the swiftest of such comely little house," says I. "And it's two minutes, says I, 'tis I what am I a-telling of?"

She pulled up in well-earned indignation, and her face grew bigger and rounder than ever; she gasped like a fish, and he bobbed his head forth and back like a nut about a nut, and he fumbled wildly for his handkerchief, and he said, "I was a-momenting to call to his courage, and spoke."

"Tis at your service," says I.

"I don't—conferatad," murmured the lady, says I.

"Tis at your service!" repeated Ned for the third time. "I take it or leave it. Shan't say it again. Shan't say it more."

"No occasion to say no more," remarked Sam benevolently.

"Without 'tis what I'm a-going to say; and that's what they say in the story books, when the fatter has been at one time or another, and Lady Jenny and Viscount Janky are down upon the man on a bench before the old Earl in the white wreck. 'Bless 'em, on children,' says the old bloke, and so say I."

And so saying, he tactfully turned his back on the young couple, stepped to the window, and published the news by blowing as an airy, fantastical kiss. We shouted, and Sam slipped out to join us and give us details. He is the happy possessor of a red ink-stain on his boots because he drew upon it for the purpose he drew us of Tamsine perched sitting on Ned's knee, their arms wrapped about his neck, and Ned looking at the wife he thought ought to be in his solemn way; but it is a fact that they were married last Christmas.

Happily married?—you ask. Well, I shall never forget the prize, the guano, with which Ned informed us, a week or two after the ceremony, that Tamsine had absolutely forbidden him to smoke his dirty pipe indoors—even in the wash-house; and it is a fact on which he loves to dwell, that his slippers always await him in the front porch, and as the heathen Turks do, so must Ned take up his boots before entering his own home. I have heard of men being sent to sleep in their own parlor; I have heard of men being haled with their own petard; but never before did I know a man to refer to an experience of the kind as a legitimate reason for self-congratulation, as Ned Rundle does.

THE END

## The Court

The King of Portugal's visit being over, the party at Windsor scattered in various directions. All the Royal family had been at the Code in turn to meet the Portuguese Sovereign, and several went home on Saturday and Sunday, but Princess Henry of Battenberg and her daughter, the Duchess of Albany and the Duke and Duchess of Fife, being the latest arrivals, did not leave till Monday. The King himself went off to Sussex to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Willie James at West Dean Park, while later the Queen and Princess Victoria left for Sandringham, where the King joins them in time for the next house party. This will last week, Monday to Saturday next week, in order to keep the Queen's birthday on Thursday. The London and Windsor party always profit by these shooting parties, for the King sends most of the game to various hospitals and charitable institutions.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are also country house visiting, having gone down to Llangrannog in May and Lady Lathbury at Lathom House, Ormskirk. They return to Sandringham in time for the Queen's birthday party. The Prince performed a most interesting ceremony on Saturday, opening an institute in Dury Lane for the benefit of the poor in the neighbourhood. Founded by the late Countess of Minto, this institute provides a gymnasium, coffee bar, library, and rooms for ballads and other games, while religious services will also be held. As Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn, the Prince was asked to inaugurate the institute, so he dined with the Benchers and went over the building, duly dedicating it open.

## A Funeral in Venice

A funeral in Venice is always a grand Old World sight. The coffin is brought generally in a gondola from the dwelling house to the church. The gondolas being black and always more or less funeral looking add to the solemnity of the scene. The gondola bearing the coffin, surrounded by candles held by sailors on relays of the dead, is preceded by one with the priest, and followed by many others with friends and relatives of the deceased. It makes a most impressive scene, especially on a bright day, under a blinding sun, and when the gondola of the dead is followed by one or two others filled with enormous wreaths. The procession passes slowly along the canal under many bridges crowded with black-clad on-lookers. The canal is bright with the sun's glories, and the water is blue and green, and as the procession passes, every person and boat on lifts his cap and utters a prayer for the soul of the departed. Arrived at the church the coffin is lifted from the gondola and the Service takes place. After the Mass a coffin is sometimes carried straight on to the Campo Santo, as the advance and broad avenue of the cemetery is. Sometimes a remains in the church until the evening or next morning, when it is conveyed to the Campo Santo, but not always followed by the relatives. In Venice the funeral take place in the daytime. In some parts of Italy, in Florence, for instance—funerals are often solemn except those of nobles, who are buried in the daytime; but though the bright light of day is in the air, they are not so solemn as the slow, dark, and gloomy processions in Venice, and even those who see them only will linger on a bridge or come to their windows to watch them.

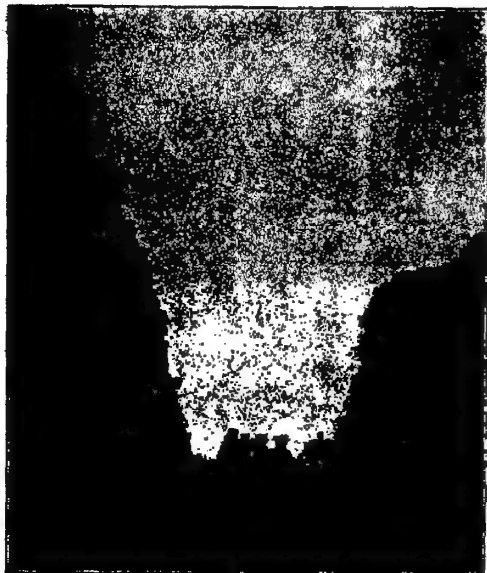


In the harbour of the little village of Ploumanach, in the Côte-du-Nord, is an islet rock which can be reached at low tide. It is surmounted by a shrine of St. Gildas, who is said to have landed here from Britain in the sixth century. There are two rude statues of the saint, one of which is of wood. To this statue, on St. Catherine's day, come the young women of the neighbourhood, who, following an old tradition, stick pins into the statue, in order that they be married before the end of the year.

#### A QUAIN BRETON SUPERSTITION: HOW TO OBTAIN A HUSBAND

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY F. DE HARNEN





This breach was made by the Russians in order to facilitate their evacuation of the town.  
ENTERING THE TOWN OF LIAOYANG BY A BREACH



This Oldman had been injured by a splinter from a shell, and was brought to the hospital by a friend.  
ONE OF THE PATIENTS AT A JAPANESE FIELD HOSPITAL



On the other side of this hill there is fighting going on, and a little group of officers are shown watching the conflict from the hill-top.  
YEARNING FOR THE FRAY: JAPANESE RESERVES AT LIAOYANG

From Photographs copyrighted in the U.S.A. by "Cottler's Weekly."



PROFESSOR O. H. QUINKE  
The Veteran German Physicist.

### The Theatres

#### "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" AT THE ST. JAMES'S

From every point of view Mr. George Alexander is to be congratulated on his latest production at the St. James's Theatre. It is now twelve years since *Lady Windermere's Fan* was first seen, and one is enabled to see how far the chorus of praise with which it was originally received was justified, and whether the work was merely a brilliant piece of dramatic writing of the moment, or a great contribution to the literature of the stage. *Lady Windermere's Fan* is not a great play, so much one may confidently assert now, but it is astonishingly clever. It set the fashion for paradoxical writing, but not one of the crowd of imitators have come within measurable distance of its brilliance. Again and again during the course of the piece sentences come (unlike the ephemeral witticisms of most plays, which will not bear reading in the morning after one has jotted them on one's programme at night), which have passed into currency as great truths most wittily expressed, and though the story is melodramatic, and will not bear too close analysis, it is so interesting and so skilfully told that its interest is as strong now as ever it was. Its author's skill in largely in taking an almost conventional plot and treating it unconventionally and in clothing it in brilliant talk. He is weakest and most artificial only where he is trying to be most sincere, and strangely enough is most right and true where he is most paradoxical. But no one could have witnessed the revival on Saturday night, without feeling once more how great that his hand which guided it.

and admirably acted. It seems a pity that Mr. Alexander should have relinquished his old part of Lord Windermere to Mr. Ben Webster, but as Mr. Webster plays it with great distinction, and as Mr. Alexander is merely, we understand, reserving himself for a series of interesting matinees, his absence is less to be deplored. Miss Marion Terry assumes her old part of Mrs. Erylone, and plays it with a strength and depth of feeling which would be astonishing if one did not know her to be a consummate actress. It is a thousand pities that one sees her so seldom, and her splendid reception ought to show managers how gladly the play-going public welcome her re-appearance. Miss Fanny Coleman plays once more her old part of the Duchess of Berwick in her own unsurpassable way; Mr. Sydney Brough gives an admirable presentation of Lord Augustus Lorton, and Mr. Aubrey Smith and Miss Brindley are good as Lord Darlington and Lady Windermere. If the occasion had been the first night of a new play the reception could not have been more enthusiastic, and the revival promises to have a prosperous career. Mr. Alexander, in short, is to be heartily congratulated both on his choice and on the admirable cast he has brought together.

#### "THE FREEDOM OF SUZANNA" AT THE CRITERION

Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox's new play is a bright and merry little affair, sometimes vulgar, and occasionally, too, rather risky, but so lively and amusing that much may be forgiven. It tells of a highly young who, resenting her husband's rather serious, old-fashioned ways, and her mother-in-law's interference, determines to secure money or other to obtain her freedom. She triumphs in a divorce case, philanders with a number of other young men, and then discovers, as the astute playgoer had seen from the first, that the ordinary alimony is less satisfactory than a husband. This is not by any means new. *Discreet* will seem to most people, not will old plays be forgotten, when the husband, who it lay no more a fool, succeeds in making his own wife violently jealous. She follows him to London, where she expects to find he is entertaining

a Mrs. Tustall at supper in his flat. But the husband had planned the whole thing, and had even wired to the King's Proctor to have his wife watched in order to establish collusion. In due course the two agree to try marriage once more. Mr. Allan Aynesworth was excellent as the husband who is always in love with his wife, and only assumes an indifference in order to win her back; but the play really is Miss Tempest. Whether giving a racy account of her midnight adventures in the first act, or flirting with her admirers, or wooing her divorced husband in the later scenes, she is impudent, charming, and pathetic in turn. The play is written round her engaging personality, and to her mainly is the credit of its success due. There is no better comedienne now on the English stage.

In addition to the performance of *A Man's Shadow* by Mr. Tree's company, a command performance of *Monsieur Beaucaire* was given in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor, in honor of the King and Queen of Portugal. Mr. Lewis Waller, of course, played the title role, and Miss Evelyn Millard Lady Mary Carlyle. Special scenery and furniture were made for the occasion. The piece was splendidly staged and well presented, and the entire performance was a brilliant success. It was apparently much appreciated, and was applauded by the Royalties and by all the guests. After supper the performers returned to London by special train.

Although Mr. Shaw has spoken slightly of the construction of his fellow-playwright's tragedy of *Othello*, somehow the Moor of Venice still survives. An interesting representation of it was given last week at the Court Theatre, when Mr. F. J. Nettlefold essayed the rôle that Richard Burbage originally created. Since we last saw Mr. Nettlefold, in a season of old comedy at Terry's Theatre with Miss Kate Vaughan, he has vastly improved and developed his style. His Othello is undoubtedly a fine, sincere, and attractive piece of work. His presence is picturesque, his voice expressive and melodious, his passion, if a trifle monotonous and loud, is bold and heroic, earnest and convincing. Mr. Nettlefold's Othello was very fairly well supported; Miss Millie Ford's Desdemona was always sufficient if not very distinguished, and the Iago of Mr. Gilbert Hudson was an accomplished and glib performance; Mr. Norman Farrow as Cassio was handsome enough to give some colour to the Moor's mad jealousy, and the Roderigo, that mild lack of Venice, was quaintly and cleverly played by Mr. Bramley.

At the AVENUE Theatre the new comic opera *Ladyland*, written by Eustace Ponsonby, with music by Frank Lambert, is in active rehearsal for production in December. The cast will be an exceptionally strong one, including Messrs. Richard Green, John Trehear, E. Dagnall, H. Mansfield, and Geo. Giddens. Mesdames Abine May, Geraldine Ulmer, Nancy Gliding, Gurney Delaparte, Margaret Cooper, Kitty Lindley, and Ethel Irving. The music will be under the direction of François Cellier, so long associated with the Savoy, and E. Dagnall took after the production.

### The Marquis de Soberal

The Marquis de Soberal has been Portuguese Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's since 1897. He was formerly Attaché and Secretary of Legation at Vienna, Berlin and Madrid. From 1895 to 1897 he was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in Portugal. Our portrait is by Lafayette, New Bond Street.



Mr. Lewis Waller in the title rôle  
THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE OF "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE" AT  
WINDSOR  
From a Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street.



THE MARQUIS DE SOBERAL

The Portuguese Ambassador.

### A Veteran Physicist

The celebrated German physicist, Geh. Rat. Prof. Dr. Georg Hermann Quinke, D.C.L. (Oxon), LL.D. (Cambridge and Glasgow), F.R.S., &c., celebrated the seventeenth anniversary of his birthday last Saturday. The opportunity was seized by physicists of all nationalities as a fitting opportunity for showing their very high appreciation of one who has devoted his life to a long and uninterrupted series of important investigations in physical science. A large and handsome album containing the autograph photographs of leading physicists living in all parts of the world was presented to Professor Quinke. Among the English physicists and personal friends who have contributed photographs are Lord Kelvin, Lord Rayleigh, Sir W. Huggins, Sir H. E. Ruess, Professor J. J. Thomson, Sir W. Ramsay, Sir N. Lockyer, Sir A. Rüchler, Sir O. Lodge, and many others. Professor Quinke was born at Frankfurt, A.O., on November 19, 1834. From 1855-58 he studied at the Universities of Berlin, Königsberg and Heidelberg, and graduated Dr. Phil. at Berlin in 1858. In 1859 he was appointed a Lecturer on Physics at Berlin University, and Professor extraordinary in 1865. From 1866-72 he was also a professor in the Berlin *Gewerbe-Academie*. In 1872 he was elected Professor ordinary to the University of Würzburg, which post, however, he resigned three years later when elected to his present position as Kirchhoff's successor to the Physics Chair of Heidelberg University.

### A President's Expenses

M. Loubet seems to be developing anarchical tendencies. At least such will be the opinion of the French functionary. The President of the Republic has just taken a step which will sap the constitution of the State at its very base. When he went to Italy the Parliament voted him 450,000 francs for the expenses of the journey. Of this sum M. Loubet only expended 370,000 francs, and he has now informed the Minister of Finance that he holds the sum of 80,000 francs at his disposal. This is really very dreadful. If this example were followed what would become of the great spending departments? In France, when a credit is voted, the money is spent to the last centime. Any surplus must be got rid of in some way or another. The only person who is not allowed to benefit by it is the taxpayer. In the army, if there is a surplus of cartridges on the year's allowance, soldiers are sent out into the fields to burn them. The arsenal of Bourges, which lies miles inland, recently constructed a lighthouse in order to get rid of 5,000 francs' worth of cartridges during the year. In the barracks at Compiègne the gas was allowed to burn night and day in order to exhaust the credits allowed by the Budget.

M. Pelletan, the present Minister of Marine, was for many years reported "on the Budget of the Ministry of War, and he publicly stated that he was never able to obtain full particulars of the fadion in which the money of the nation was expended. In each regiment there existed what he called a *maquis rotin*, which was administered on a system of book-keeping which defied analysis. The one fact that was clear was that no money was ever returned. Money once voted was gone for good. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that Franco has the largest Budget in the world, and that the expenditure of the Republic reaches a fantastic number of millions of francs. The taxpayer is a milch cow, whose powers of paying are supposed to be unlimited, and whose patience certainly seems to have no bounds. To live *aux frais de la prison* is the French slang for expending the money of the State, and certainly the French functionary does things royally. This is why he regards the action of M. Loubet in actually proposing to return money he did not need as positively anarchical. If that kind of thing began to be practised, where would it end?

## Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

"Our grandfathers played because they were gamblers; our grandchildren gamble because they want to make money," an old man-of-the-world has recently said, and it is a very correct description of the difference between the two generations in this direction. Eighty or a hundred years ago the ordinary West End man had little to do, and he gambled because that was the fashionable amusement of the day. Little by little circumstances made it more and more necessary for those who followed him to occupy their time in other ways. The development of the railway system made many of them pay more attention to their estates than did their fathers, for villages began to grow into towns, and towns into cities, and there was greater activity in agriculture, in trade, and in finance, than there ever had been before. Gambling, therefore, diminished considerably. Then other circumstances again followed, and the ordinary West End man found that he had to take to business to earn his livelihood, and he became a director of public companies, entered the Stock Exchange, worked "on commission" or some City firm, or found employment of another sort and gambling diminished still more.

Within the last few years, circumstances having further changed, he has found himself in the unfortunate position of having little to do, and with little money to live upon. Many of the companies in which he was interested as a director have ceased to exist, and no new concerns of the sort have been formed to take their place. Besides, the mere West End director is no longer so sought after by the company promoters as he was. Business in the Stock Exchange has been almost at a standstill, and there have been few commissions to earn. Therefore, the ordinary West End man passes his days and nights in the card-room at the club, or at the house of a friend, playing at bridge, not principally to occupy his time, but to make money to live upon. Gambling, therefore, is fast becoming generally not an amusement but a business, and that is the most regrettable feature of the "bridge craze" of the moment. The gambler was his worst enemy; it was a passion, however, which was accompanied by some magnificent qualities, such as coolness, disregard of pounds, shillings and pence for their own sake, and great generosity.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL IN HIS UNIFORM AS COLONEL OF THE OXFORDSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY

From a Photograph by W. B. Stuart, Richmond and Sharns Street.

The bridge player of the moment does not always shine in these directions. It is said that he will often manoeuvre to play with a beginner, or with a man whose intelligence is not

equal to his own, so that he may be enabled to win more money he requires. He is grasping and calculating, and there is little of that generous quality which was formerly a peculiar trait of the gambler. There are signs, however, that circumstances are already again influencing the situation, for it is difficult to play for money when there is no money to win. It has been calculated that eight out of ten gamblers now who play bridge on only a very small scale. They have not been able to obtain funds from their sources, and what they have won is used for meeting their living expenses. Meanwhile, the bulk of the money now is in the hands of millionaires, who are induced to play, or of middle-class men who are drawn in touch with the West End. The bridge craze may, in a natural death in the near future.

That bridge is still very popular with the women is not to be denied, and it is a pity that it is. Two-and-twenty years ago most of the women in the West End had a passion for "seventy," and spent their days in cultivating friends, and increasing the number of their acquaintances. That was not altogether regrettable, for rubbing up against many minds they became often more tolerant, and more experienced, and, moreover, a large acquaintance was useful to their husbands, sons and daughters. Since money has been scarce there have been fewer luncheons, dinners, receptions and dances than was formerly, and the ambition to have their names published day after day in the newspapers as having been present at some of these gatherings cannot be gratified as it was. Many of the women have, therefore, little by little abandoned their "unnecessary" friends and acquaintances, and have formed small clusters of bridge-playing companions. Without entering into the delicate circumstances which are said to accompany much of this gambling amongst women, it is sufficient to point out that the sons, and especially the daughters, are great sufferers in consequence, for the latter are left more to themselves than they should be. Their mothers, moreover, have not so large an acquaintance as they had in introduce them to, which gave them more opportunities of meeting eligible men. But it is only a phase; ten years hence it may be that gambling in any form will be as unfashionable as it is popular to play bridge at the moment. It is not so much more irresponsible and irrepressible fashion that controls these phases as the circumstances of the times, as has been shown in the paragraphs that are published above.

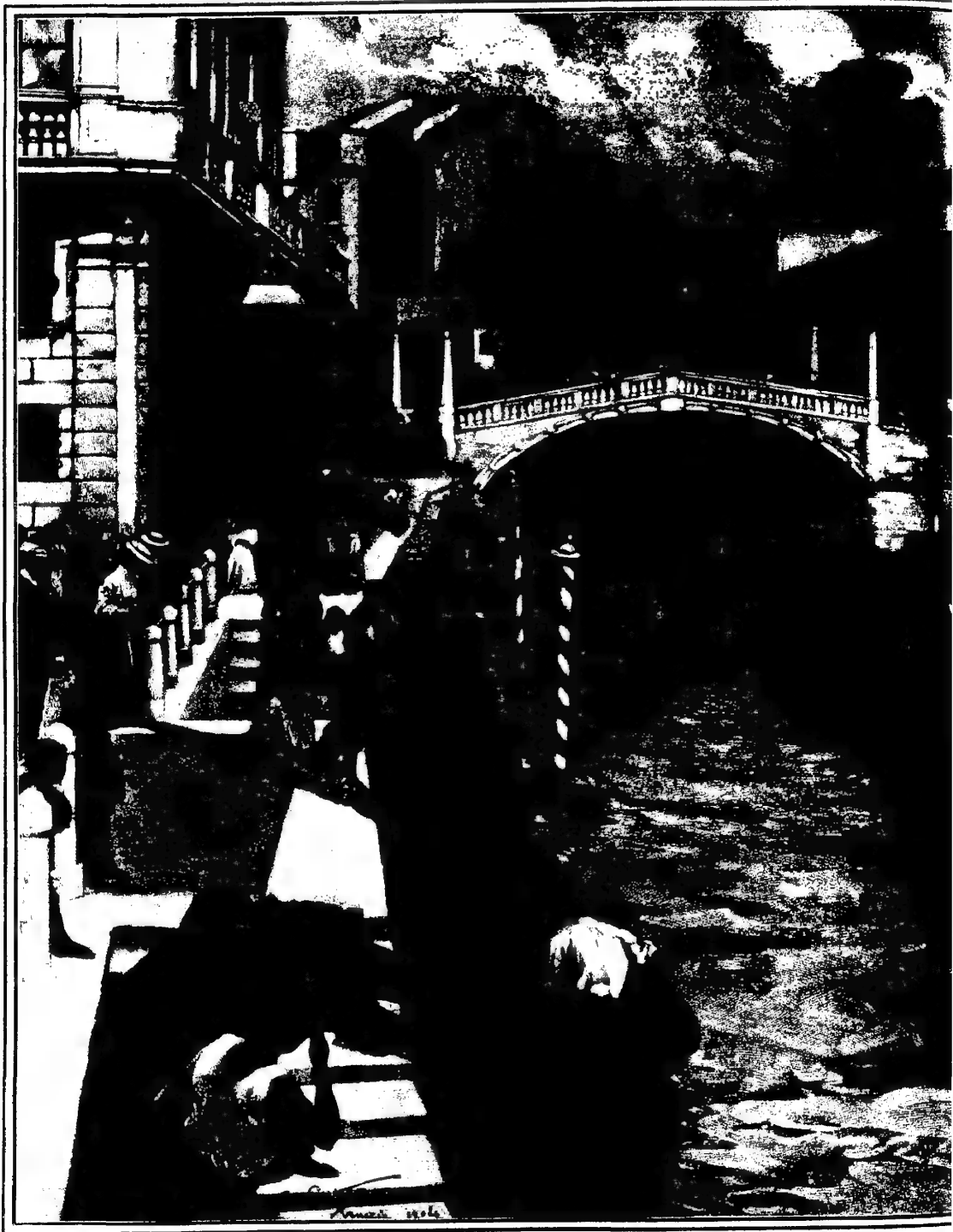


A serious riot occurred a few days ago at Warsaw. A demonstration was made by a number of people with a red flag, who sang revolutionary songs. When the police summoned the crowd to disperse, shots were fired, a policeman was killed and a sergeant and two policemen were wounded. As the disorders increased and the shooting continued, troops were sent for. They

fired two volleys at the rioters. The official report stated that six persons were killed and twenty-five wounded, but our correspondent says that 100 were wounded. Order was not restored for one hour.

## RUSSIA'S DOMESTIC TROUBLES: THE REVOLUTIONARY RIOT AT WARSAW

FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT



A FUNERAL AT VENICE:

DRAWN FROM



PROCESSION ON THE WATER

T. A. CARTAIONE



MR. A. A. ROWLEY  
Appointed Surgeon to the King's Household.



M. BERTHEAUX  
New French Minister of War.



THE LATE REV. THOMAS FOWLER, D.D.  
President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.



THE LATE MAJOR GUY DE H. SMITH  
Senior Inspector of the Senaar Province.

### Our Portraits

Henri Maurice Bertheaux, General André's successor as Minister of War, was born fifty-two and a half years ago at Saint-Maur-des-Fossés, a suburb of Paris. He was educated at the Lycée Charlemagne. In 1893 M. Bertheaux entered Parliament as deputy for the first circonscription of Versailles. He fought the election with a frankly Radical-Socialist programme, and defeated M. Hély d'Orsel, one of the founders of the Republican Right. This seat he has held ever since, and he is extremely popular with his constituents. In the House he is a frequent and combative speaker, and he has also been a hard worker on the Parliamentary Commissions, to which the real labours of the Chambers are confided. For years he has been a member of the Budget Commission; he was reporter of the Commission on the Two Years' Service Law, and he has twice been reporter of the Budget of the Ministry of War. To his work in the latter capacity he owes his present appointment as successor of General André. He is a captain of artillery in the Territorial Army, and a very honest Socialist. Our portrait is by C. Genchel, Paris.

Major Guy de H. Smith, Senior Inspector of the Senaar Province, Brevet-Major Indian Army, 45th Battery Sikhs, died in Khartoum on the 10th inst. Born May 29, 1869, the fourth son of the late Colonel Washington Smith, 98th and 85th Regiments, he joined the East Surrey Regiment in December, 1888, became Lieutenant January 14, 1891, was transferred to the Indian Army, January 13, 1892, became Captain December 8, 1899, and Brevet-Major December 9, 1899. As a subaltern he served under Sir W. Lockhart with the Waziristan Expedition, 1894-95 (medal with clasp). In 1895 he did duty as a Special Service officer in British Central Africa in the operations against slave-trading Arabs (severely wounded, mentioned in despatches, medal with clasp). He joined the Egyptian Army on May 3, 1896, he took part in the Dongola Expedition, 1897-98 (mentioned in despatches, September 1898, in the Nile Expedition, 1898-99, mentioned in despatches, 1898, battles of Atbara and Khartoum (mentioned in despatches, fourth class of the Medjidie, two clasps, Queen's medal), in the Nile Expedition, 1899 (clasp to Egyptian medal). Major Smith also personally captured the noted brigand, Ibrahim Wad Mahmoud. Our portrait is by P. Dittich, Cairo.

Mr. Anthony Alfred Rowley, C.M.G., F.R.C.S., Eng., who has been appointed Surgeon to the King's Household, is surgeon and lecturer on surgery at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and served with the Portland Hospital in South Africa. Our portrait is by Jernard, Sutherland Avenue, Maida Vale.

The Rev. Thomas Fowler, who was D.D., LL.D., and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, had been President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, since 1881. He was Vice-Chancellor from 1899 to 1901, and was famous as a logician. He has written a series of College histories. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Grand Duke of Hesse's engagement is now officially announced. The bride-elect, however, is not Princess Dorothea of Solms-Hohensolms-Lich, but her elder sister, Princess Eleonore Ernestine Marie, second daughter of the late Prince. She is thirty-three years old, three years younger than her future husband. The betrothal took place at the palace of the Princess's brother at Lich.

The Duke of Connaught is quite recovered from his late motor accident, and, with the Duchess, is spending this week in Worcester-shire, staying with Lord and Lady Windsor at Hewell Grange, Bromsgrove. He is going to Rome next week to represent King Edward at the baptism of King Victor's heir, the infant Prince of Piedmont, on December 4.

THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION.—The Grand Prix has been awarded to the well-known photographic optician, C. P. Goetz, of London, Berlin, Paris, and New York, for excellence of manufacture.



Whole villages of these thatch huts are being put up by the Chinese. Our photograph was supplied by the Illustrated Press Bureau.  
BUILDING WINTER QUARTERS FOR THE JAPANESE IN MANCHURIA



This snapshot was taken on September 4, after the battle of Lianyungang. Fighting had been continuous for days, and everyone was famished for lack of proper food.

"NOT LUCKY": A MEAL THAT WAS HARDLY EARNED

# OUR ROYAL GUESTS IN THE CITY

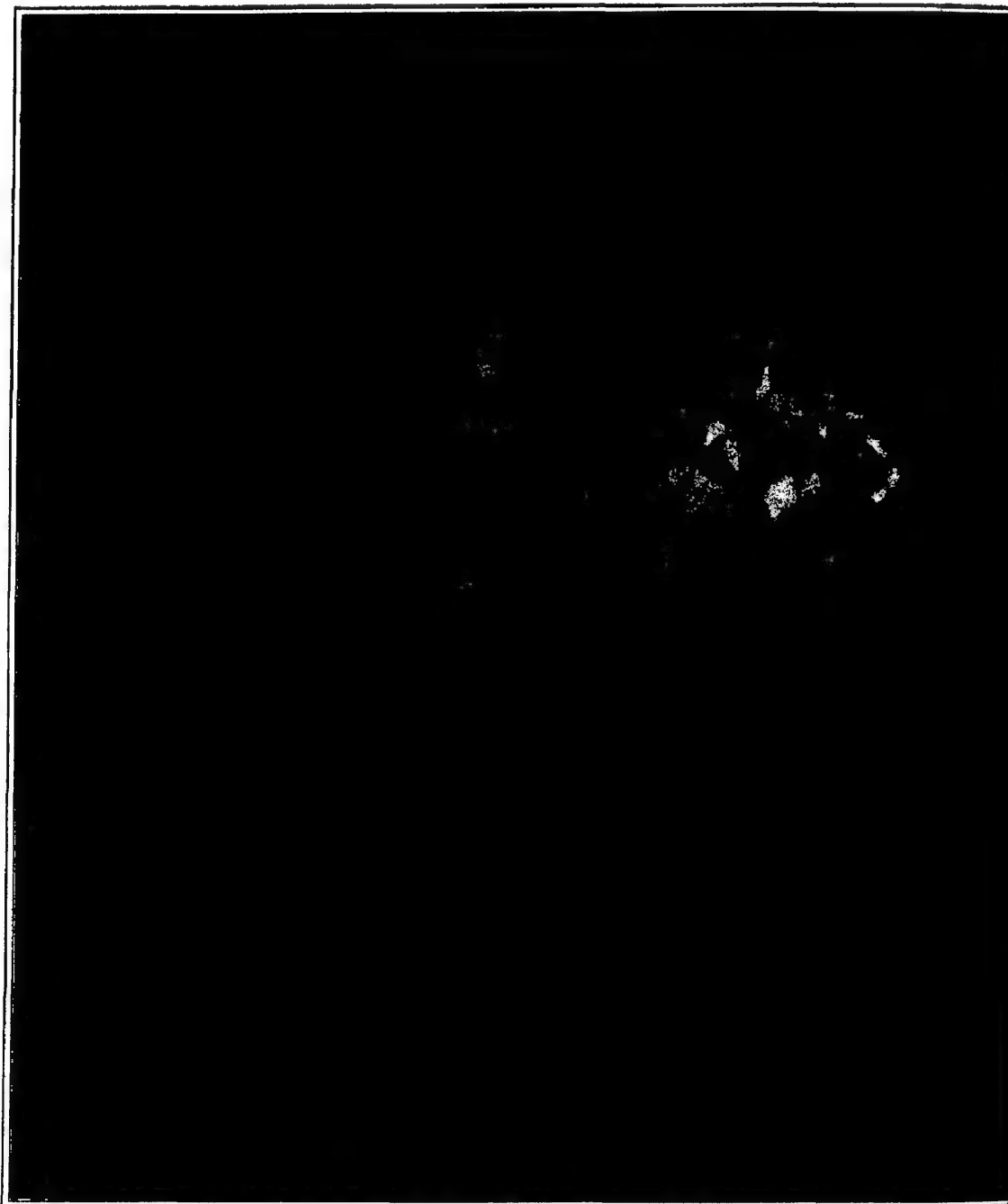


"Yesterday, as five centuries ago, a Treaty between the two Crowns has been signed at Windsor. And, as five centuries ago, it is another Edward who gave his assent to the celebration of the agreement. Therefore, let me express the wish that this alliance that has lasted for so many centuries may acquire a new strength from the cordiality of our feelings for the

defense of our common interests, and the greater glory of both nations. In your person, our Lord Mayor, and in the Corporation of the City of London, I greet the British people our ally and friend, and the free, strong, and progressive nationality of glorious Great Britain."

THE BANQUET IN THE GUILDHALL: THE KING OF PORTUGAL MAKING HIS SPEECH

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.Y.O.

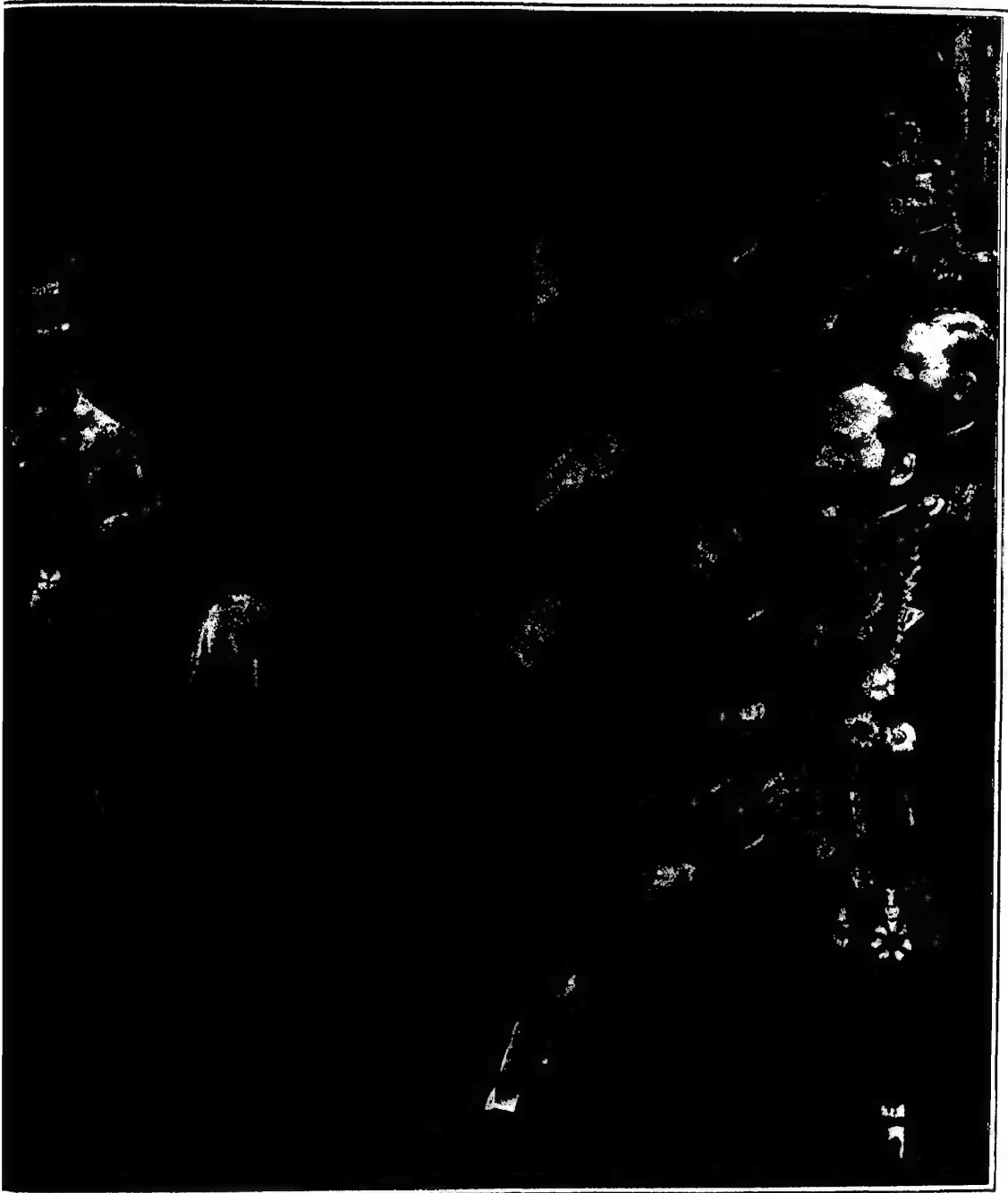


When all were seated, the King of Portugal being on the right and Queen Amélie on the left of the Lord Mayor, the Town Clerk made known the resolution of the Court, and the Recorder read the address, which was beautifully illuminated on vellum. The arm of the King of Portugal surmounted it in a border composed of wild roses and oak and

THE PRESENTATION IN THE GUILDHALL LIBRARY: THE RECORDER

DRAW





leaves, emblematic of England and Portugal, the arms of the City of London, and of the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, appearing at the foot, and views of the Guildhall and the

Mansion House on either side. The address was richly bound in crimson silk, tied with ribbons of the same colour, and was enclosed in a gold casket.

THE CITY ABOUT TO READ THE ADDRESS TO THE KING OF PORTUGAL

M. PAGE



At the Marble Arch, Lord Grey, the Mayor of Westminster, presented to the King of Portugal an address of welcome from the Corporation of the City of Westminster.  
**THE ROYAL PROCESSION TO THE CITY: A HALT TO RECEIVE AN ADDRESS FROM THE MAYOR OF WESTMINSTER**  
DRAWN BY F. C. LINDEN



## Our Bookshelf

"IMPERIAL VIENNA"

In a handsome volume, profusely illustrated by Erwin Puchinger, Mr. A. S. Leventis gives a very interesting account of Vienna, past and present. He dwells on the medieval charm which still pervades the city, and also points out the splendid modern improvements which make the city one of the most beautiful and at the same time up-to-date cities in the world. Descriptions of famous buildings, pages of history, stories of eminent Austrians, and sketches of modern life, these all combine to give a very comprehensive picture of manners, customs, and people, then and now, in the Austrian capital. The illustration which we reproduce shows the Schloss Laim, or the Hermes Villa, built for the late Empress Elizabeth by Professor Hellmer. This was the favorite home of the Empress when in Vienna. The book is published by John Lane, and the illustrations are numerous and good.

"NAPOLEON"

In these, the first two volumes of Colonel Dodge's work on Napoleon, the period dealt with is from the beginning of the French Revolution to the end of the Friedland Campaign and the Peace of Tilsit. The author gives a detailed account of all the wars of this time, illustrating the great battles with maps and plans showing the formations of the opposing armies. To military men and all students of strategy and tactics, a work as carefully considered as this, and moreover written by a soldier who has brought all his personal knowledge and experience to bear upon the subject, must of necessity be of immense value. It is unnecessary for us to attempt to follow the writer in his descriptions of Napoleon's battles. He calls his work "A History of the Art of War," thus the actual accounts of Napoleon's campaigns are of use just to illustrate the French Emperor's theory, or rather practice, of war.

His (Napoleon's) leading life was expressed by Bourrienne:—"The art of war consists in having, with a smaller army, the means of doing more than a larger one."

Thus Napoleon has demonstrated by his campaigns the success of his theory, which was to throw a huge mass of troops at the opposing army at a given point, cut it in half and then defeat it in detail. Another thing he insisted upon, as did Marlborough, Wellington, and other great commanders, was that his troops should be able to march. In writing of the campaign of 1796, Colonel Dodge says:—

The success of this campaign had depended upon the French capacity to march, which had proved exceptional. In the French soldier used to say, "The Emperor has discovered a new way to make war: he uses our legs and not our bayonets."

With regard to the Emperor's staff, the writer is of opinion—"Napoleon." By Theodore Ayrault Dodge. (Gay and Dun.)

"that it can scarcely be called equal to the worst that now exists on the Continent." This was because Napoleon did practically the work of a commander-in-chief and staff combined. He writes:—

That Napoleon's marshals possessed in a very high degree the practical side of the art is unquestionable. How many of them were actually imbued with the divine part of the art will ever remain a question. Left to themselves in Spain, they failed to succeed, some of them even against regular Spanish troops. That they could not succeed against Wellington, who was a man of an entirely different stamp, and who, as a leader of men, vastly outranked them all, is not to be wondered at. . . . Judged from the broad point of view, Wellington stood far above any soldier who served under Napoleon. Even though we may not allow him a companionship with the Great Captain, yet Wellington stands head and shoulders above his great fellow-countrymen, Marlborough, and may be reckoned among



THE HERMES VILLA, VIENNA

From "Imperial Vienna." (John Lane.)

the greatest soldiers of history save only the chosen six, who have taught the world so much.

We have shown only one phase of Colonel Dodge's work, but we trust that from our few remarks our readers will be able to judge of its value and merit, and of the ability and care with which it has been written.

"THE STORY OF MY STRUGGLES"

Professor Vambéry has aptly entitled his autobiography, "The Story of My Struggles: The Memoirs of Arminius Vambéry." (Huskin.)

Story of My Struggles," for surely no man who has attained a position of eminence has overcome greater difficulties, endured more hardships, or undergone severer privations. Everything was against him—his birth, his poverty, his religion. His one stock-in-trade—if we may call it so—the one thing he had to depend upon to raise him from the slough of despond in which his childhood was passed, was the facility with which he acquired languages. Thus in his mature years he found himself equipped with a knowledge of practically all of the European tongues, and he could talk fluently in all Eastern languages. In such dire poverty was his mother that Vambéry had to begin to earn his living when

he was but ten years of age. "I went," he says, "as apprentice to a lady tailors, whose son I instructed in the Hebrew language, in return for which she boarded me and initiated me in the mysteries of sewing together light cotton and linen materials." At eleven he set out on his wanderings. He writes:—

To set out into the world at eleven years of age, in poverty and misery, with a crutch as companion, away from a mother's loving sympathy, beset by the vagaries of a cruel and hard to bear for a young and sensitive child. The thought of it frightened me; it weighed me down and forced tears from my eyes—tears which flowed the more abundantly when I saw from my mother's red eyes that she also struggled in vain to keep them down.

Vambéry went first to St. George's, where he entered the Latin school. He lived as best he might, earning a crust now and then by assisting his less gifted schoolfellows, until, through the favour of a former master, he obtained the position of "boots" to the monastery. He says:—

My school in St. George's gave me the first proof of how much youth can bear. Hunger, cold, mockery and insult, I experienced them all in turn; but the greatest misery was not capable of darkening the serene sky of youth for more than a few minutes, and even my healthy colour returned after a short interval of bodily colour.

So his life went on. He went on to Pest, where he continued his studies, living, or rather existing, by means of the few lessons he was able to give. He always had an ambition to visit the "Glorious East," and one day in December, 1856, found him standing, penniless, on the landing-stage at Pers. However, his indomitable pluck and perseverance carried him forward. At first he earned his bread and cheese by reading popular poems in the coffee-houses, then he rose to being tutor to different personages of note, until at last, to quote his own words, "I, who at home in the mother country had been an obscure Jewish teacher, living in squalid retirement, became now in the very short time of two years the confidential friend of the most distinguished and wealthiest dignitaries." After paying a flying visit to his native Hungary, he returned to Turkey and soon after set out on his famous journey to Persia and Central Asia. In constant danger of recognition, he carried his life in his hand, yet his familiarity with Persian ways, customs and language, enabled him to journey in safety. The journey was a magnificent accomplishment, and ranks with the greatest explorations of the century.

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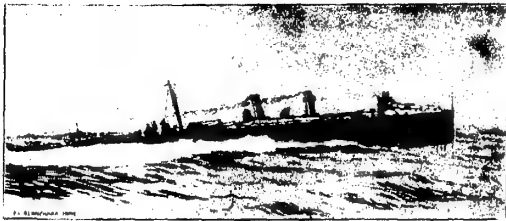


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Unmistakable attention has been given during the last few days to a story from New York, according to which a chivalrous and valiant destroyer, built on the Thames, and professedly purchased for two ship purveyors, has been taken to Libya and handed over to the Ottoman authorities. Of the result of the report there is no confirmation, although it is alleged that a destroyer which was at a shipbuilding yard has lately disappeared.

THE BRITISH-BUILT TURBINE STEAMER CAROLINE, SAID TO HAVE BEEN DELIVERED TO THE TURKISH AT LYBIA

#### "THE BRIDGE OF LIFE"

In Doctor Lament, the principal personage of "The Bridge of Life: A Novel Without a Purpose" (Methuen and Co.), Dorothée Gerard has courageously imagined an extreme result of carrying out theories, with too unqualified a logic, to their ultimate practical conclusions. The physician in question, convinced that inherited taints are the cause of the greater part of the ill that flesh is heir to, takes advantage of his professional eminence to inflict what he would call number upon any patient in whose constitution he perceives a possible source of peril to posterity. That is all well enough; but still legitimate enough for the "purpose" that the title of the novel pretends to discern. When, however, we find that the Doctor operates with an Indian poison which, besides being most virulent, also makes the victim's veins sensitive to the touch of the hand of the author, we are not likely to carry conviction. This is reserved for the scientific opinion at the close—"That heredity is, we know; but what we do not know enough is that with education the weapons needed for combating its insidious sales have been placed in the hands of every father and every mother." In short, Dorothée Gerard has made a gallant onslaught on many current forms of moral cowardice and fatalistic fallacy. "The Bridge of Life" is too little based upon her unique talent for observation and her knowledge of actualities to be classed with her best work. But its courageous originality and the healthfulness of the "Purpose" it professes to lack, make it worth reading.

#### "ON ETNA"

"On Etna: A Romance of Brigand Life," by Norma Lorimer (William Heinemann), displays an evidently intimate knowledge of Sicily and the Sicilians: a country and a race not easy to know, and much less easy to comprehend. Ceres Curesbrook is an English girl who comes from her English and French schools to her father's Sicilian estate filled with all sorts of romantic ideas of what he was to find there, and with enthusiasm from a people whom, says

Miss Lorimer in her very first sentences, "it is so easy to adore and so difficult to respect." And what with the Miss, with abduction in the open streets and broad daylight, with brigandage, and with a populace in whose eyes "every criminal is a hero to be praised and aped and guarded from the law" she finds more romance, and of a somewhat different kind, than she had bargained for. She might have been an Englishwoman in the Ireland of a not so very remote period when the abduction of an heiress was quite a recognised enterprise for a gentleman who wanted money, when any outlaw was a popular hero, and when Celt and Saxon were more incomprehensible to one another than Sicilian and Neapolitan.

The romance of Ceres Curesbrook, however, when, the captive of a band of brigands, she catches the contagion of a wild passion that she inspires in their chief—a much more chivalrous and fascinating personage than we imagine to be common in his profession even on the slopes of Etna. The end of such an episode is inevitably gloomy; but there is promise of a peaceful dawn to come. The novel has plenty of picturesque interest, apart from its special local value.



The Memorial.



The Site of the Monument.

At Frenington, North Devon, a cross has been erected by Mr. Charles McNeill, to mark the spot where his wife, Lady Hilda McNeill, lost her life in a gallant attempt to save a little boy from drowning last August. Lady Hilda had put up a tent on the beach of the River Taw for bathing. Accompanied by Glen Fritchard, aged eleven, son of Mr. Fritchard, of New-on-the-Wall, Gloucestershire, she went into the river, while her son, little son Rona, and Fritchard's sister May watched them from the shore. The boy got into difficulties, and Lady Hilda went to his assistance. She was swept off her feet, and lay very close to the shore. Our photographs are by Major, Barker and Loring, Barnstaple.

IN MEMORY OF A WOMAN'S HEROISM: A MONUMENT AT FRENINGTON

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| 306 | 251 | 283 |
| 301 | 237 | 244 |
| 294 | 216 | 227 |
| 298 | 221 | 217 |
| 291 | 225 | 206 |
| 270 | 203 | 203 |
| 241 | 213 | 220 |
| 234 | 279 | —   |

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| 396 | 299 | 205 |
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| 374 | 235 | 203 |
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Animals" (Blackie), simple episodes of real life, like the horse which saved his master in the South African War, the public which he had on sitting in Queen Victoria's chair, &c. Miss we must pick up "The Twins" (Nelson), and study the sincere characters of two teachers, the bad and the good boys. Mr. John Hassell's drawings and Edward Shirley's verses extract a good deal of fun from the doings of Paul Montgomery Vincent, and Peter Augustus Marmaduke Green. In the next merry volume the familiar Dutch dolls who generally accompany the renowned Golliwogg have evidently come out on their own account to sing "Dutch Doll Ditties" (Langman). Mr. Louis Robbins tells their adventures with much gusto by verse and photograph, the result being a most amusing book.

### Music Notes

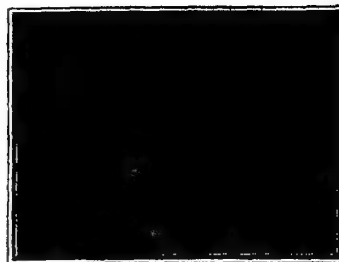
We had begun to fear that the name of M. Victor Maurel was to be nothing but a memory to London lovers of opera, so many years it is since the most famous of all baritones last appeared here. Fortunately, however, the events of the last few days have proved that we were wrong, for, on Signor Sammarco leaving to fulfil engagements on the Continent, the happy idea occurred to the directors of the Italian season at Covent Garden to induce M. Maurel to step into the gap, and to pay us a short visit. M. Maurel is undoubtedly the greatest of the modern baritones, and when he is yet to be found, no other baritone of the day combines the powers of singer and actor in so marvellous a degree. *Falstaff* has, unfortunately, dropped out of the Covent Garden repertory, certainly through no fault of his own, for it is one of the most delightful of operas, and many of us will welcome the day when it

figures once more in the bills. Owing to the exigencies of press day it is impossible to write of the performance of *Otello* this week, but those who had the good fortune to see M. Maurel's admirable impersonation of Rigoletto a few nights ago will know that his powers remain practically unimpaired.

Prodigies are now becoming such common objects of the concert platform that we are learning to be surprised at nothing, and the concert given by Florizel von Kuster at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon did not, in consequence, create any very particular stir. Yet the boy is certainly a genius of no common order, and, in his gifts are properly developed, he ought to make his mark both as a violinist and as a composer. His playing is already instinct with poetry and charm, while his compositions, though they naturally do not call for very serious criticism, show an originality such as we are not accustomed to expect in the work of a writer of such tender years. This being the case, however, it is all the more to be regretted that he is allowed to appear in public so often. The performance of a child can have very little real artistic value. They merely pander to the prevailing taste for sensationalism, and his chances of a great career might be seriously damaged by the exploitation of his strange talent. We know that he has extraordinary gifts, so let that suffice for the present. When they are fully matured we shall be only too glad to welcome him back into public life.

The craving of the public for ballads is absolutely insatiable, and two big concerts which took place last week attracted enormous audiences. At the first of these, that which was organised by Father Bernard Vaughan at the Albert Hall on behalf of his Fund for Poor Children, Mme. Patti was the principal attraction, and Mme. Patti has probably more admirers than any other singer of the day. She certainly deserves her popularity, for, though so many years have elapsed since she made her *début*, there are very few singers who can compare with her. How many singers of the present day, one wonders, will retain their powers in so marked a degree after over forty years of public life? The singers of the old school took the trouble to equip themselves thoroughly for their profession, with the result that their voices did not forsake them after a comparatively few years of public life. The singers of the present day are so anxious to rush into publicity that they neglect half of the necessary training, and it is only too rarely that we hear a new vocalist who would not be greatly benefited by another three or four years of study.

The general tone of the average ballad concert has risen considerably of late, and there was no lack of really good music in the programme of that which Messrs. Chappell gave at the Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon. Mme. Lilian Blauvelt, for example, gave songs by Verdi and Delibes, Miss Edith Kirkwood and Mr. Gregory Hart both sang some of those delightful old English melodies which have, we are glad to say, been growing in favour of late. Mr. Ben Davies' principal contribution to the programme was the poet's song from Puccini's *La Bohème*, while the modern songs chosen by Miss Muriel Foster and Miss Lillie Wormall were of unquestionable excellence. In the old days the ballad concerts were rather despised by musicians, but it seems that the stigma which was formerly attached to them is to be removed.



On his retirement from the Governorship of Caylon, Sir West Ridgway was presented with an address from residents in the Salsburgh district. The address is in the shape of a book, the sacred language of the Book of the Dead, and is inscribed on palm leaf, or on clay, prepared in the manner of the Assyrian, and is inscribed on palm leaf, or on clay, prepared in the manner of the Assyrian, and is inscribed on palm leaf, or on clay, prepared in the manner of the Assyrian.

PRESENTATION TO SIR WEST RIDGWAY

The performances of *Parifal* in English, which are now being given in America under Mr. Henry Savage's direction, seem to be an immense success. Mr. Savage has engaged two complete casts for his production, and, according to the latest accounts, there seems to be very little to choose between them. During the first week in November the opera was played no fewer than eight times in New York, and the performances seem to be attracting very wide attention. It is interesting, by the way, to see that two English singers figure in the list of artists. Madame Kirkby Lunn, who is playing Kundry in the first cast, is, of course, very well known indeed at Covent Garden, and those who have followed her operatic career here will have no difficulty in believing the very appreciative things that the American papers say of her performances. The *Parifal* of the second cast is Mr. Francis MacLennan, whom, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, we must take to be the young tenor who has done such excellent work with the *Monty-Manners* company. He seems to have scored an unquestionable success in this very exciting part.

Every year new automatic piano-players are put upon the market, but the Moore and Moore Simplex still holds its own, as was shown at the Salle Erard last week, in a Gavotte of Popper for violinello, played by Mr. Sydney Brooks, two movements from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, in which Mr. Stanton Keet was the soloist, and songs by Towell and Macfarlane, which were sung by Miss Emilie Martin with considerable finish.



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## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

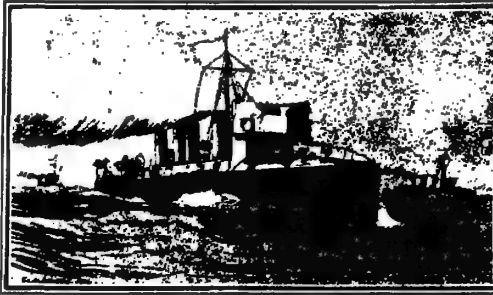
The life of a Governor or Viceroy is not all pleasure. Lord Curzon has had to start for India, leaving his wife scarcely convalescent behind him, and here is a summary of a week's amusement (sic) for the Governor-General of Australia. A night's railway journey to Adelaide, attendance at the races the following day, then the holding of a *levee* and a *conseil* night at the theatre, a motor trip to the hills through very fine scenery, a dinner-party, a ball, visits to two hospitals, a *boxer* and *file* opened, a review, and two public dinners, finally a cruise in a man-of-war to visit, amongst other places, the famous Broken Hill Silver Mine, make up a very respectable week's work. Then on the return to Melbourne begins the round of regular entertainments. All this, of course, in addition to office and political business. In fact, the military man has scarcely an idea of the constant strain and bodily fatigue incurred daily in the life of a representative official in high places. It is a wonder that so few break down in health.

American entertaining is done on a scale that would astonish most English hostesses. Rose-pink, or snow-white luncheons for women, complete in all their necessities, the robust chow, eccentricities of all kinds, display, floral extravagance and quaint conceits we have often heard about, but the general arrangements of even the simplest entertainments are far better managed than over here. For instance, I heard recently of a little party where a very intellectual lecture on Robert Louis Stevenson formed the first part of the mental fare; next came a short, well-chosen concert; and finally, before the assembled company, all pleasantly seated, were placed little fishing tables, on which was laid a most appetising supper, thus obviating the rush and scramble which takes place in London after a concert, when the greedy hurry to the supper-room. The crowd and confusion do not add to the dignity of the assemblage, or convey a very high ideal of human nature. Food is attained with difficulty, cups of soup are lifted over ladies' heads, champagne is recklessly poured into glasses, and all has to be swallowed under surprisingly uncomfortable circumstances. Here, again, we may learn a lesson from our American cousins.

Bureaux of all kinds are being established daily—bureaux for servants, for employment, for social purposes, for charitable undertakings; but quite the latest development is that of a bureau for toy dogs, which has just been originated in Piccadilly Circus. Kennel accommodation, we are told, is provided at Streatham Hill, whence the little creatures, all armed with certificates of health and pedigree, are brought to intending purchasers for inspection. It shows the great demand there is for such pets that it has been thought worth while to start a bureau for dogs on the same lines as a servants' registry office. Let us hope the fortunate

possessors of dogs may not be as often disappointed as the worried mistress seeking efficient and trustworthy servants. At any rate the animals will not require a change of situation as parsimoniously as the servant.

The German Theatre continues its unbroken artistic career. Next week, and the week after, two of the most remarkable plays lately produced in Germany will be offered to the public. Not only does the acting of the company exhibit a uniform standard of merit, but were any proof required of the advantage and success of a stock company it would be found in the versatility and adaptability of the actors. Nowhere could a finer and more delicately touching performance of an old mother be seen than that of Fraulein l'Arronge in *Kinnsu Menschen*, on Saturday afternoon.



The Russian torpedo-destroyer *Rastvorov* managed to leave the harbour at Port Arthur and reach Chifu. The object of the daring enterprise was to carry despatches. The destroyer left at night in a snow-storm. She was sighted by Japanese destroyers and pursued, but she soon outdistanced the enemy. After her arrival at Chifu, the vessel was blown up and sunk by order of her commander.

### THE RUSSIAN DESTROYER WHICH RAN THE BLOCKADE AT PORT ARTHUR

the same evening she was playing a broad comedy part with verve and abandon. It would do immense good to our actors and actresses to play varied parts, instead of being condemned for ever to one sort of character. Mme. Duse has often declared that a great actress should be able to play both comedy and pathos. Miss Ellen Terry, at least, is equally charming in Beatrice or Ophelia, in Olivia and Queen Katherine.

Life has indeed changed for the better for Royal personages. Etiquette no longer hems them in on all sides, and, except in Russia, they are permitted to lead the ordinary lives of human beings, and to enjoy a reasonable amount of independence. Queen Alexandra and the Queen of Portugal walked out recently on the terrace of Windsor Castle without any escort, and went on a shopping expedition to the town accompanied only by the

Portuguese Minister. The Queen of Portugal personally penetrates into the garrets of the poor, and visits the sick and suffering in Lisbon, while the King of Spain, in a country the very hothbed of etiquette, has emancipated himself sufficiently to drive his own motor-car and master all its machinery, so that he can actually carry out the necessary repairs himself. Kings and Queens should be good rulers now, for they can understand the conditions of life and society, and understanding means knowledge, and knowledge power.

The new fashion of tight sleeves comes as a boon to ladies in winter weather, for it was almost impossible to wear any close-fitting wrap last year with the ample flowing sleeves that were popular. They fell into one's plate, they dripped into one's cup, and they were apt to grow covered with ink as one wrote. Now all these necessary functions can be comfortably performed. The mode of wearing light dresses, or at least thin bodices, imported from America, where the houses are so greatly heated, is increasing here. The bridge parties held in the afternoon are the cause of it. One cannot sit with comfort for some hours playing bridge in a warm winter dress, so that one sees chiffon, lace, and *crêpe-de-Chine* bodices and blouses worn even on the coldest day. The practice is really sensible, for the warm furs and heavy wraps necessary on leaving the house prevent many colds and catarrhs.

CHRISTMAS CARDS FOR THE BLIND.—The *Weekly Summary*, which still enjoys the distinction of being the only newspaper in raised type for the blind in the English language, publishes some cards with raised designs and words in Braille, the type which the blind children are taught to read in the Board Schools. This year they have a novelty in a spray of natural ivy attached to the card, with appropriate words beneath it. If there are any old men-of-war-men who have lost their sight they will appreciate "The Way They Have in the Navy" Calendar, which has a picture in relief of H.M.S. Royal Sovereign on the cover, and the signal-flags of the famous "England" expects every man to do his duty" on the first page. There are numerous other designs on the cards, which vary in price from 1d. to 6d. These and a price-list in ordinary type can be obtained from the editor of the *Weekly Summary*, Shore, Surrey.

FROM Messrs. De La Rue and Co. we have received a parcel of their well-known diaries and calendars. These diaries, which are known as the "Indelible," "Condensed," "Portable" and "Traveller's," are of various sizes, and are intended for the breast-pocket, the waistcoat or the reticule. The "Traveller's" is a most useful diary, containing, as it does, a quantity of valuable information. They are bound in all kinds of ways, from the handsome morocco, seal-skin, or Russia to plain cloth, or even paper. They are certainly the daintiest of calendars. The little "finger" and "thumb" and "palm" diaries are very pretty.

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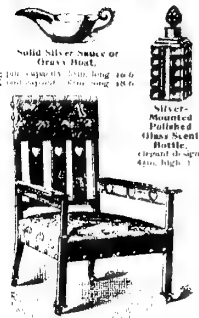




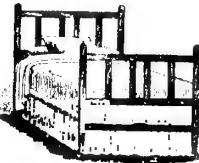
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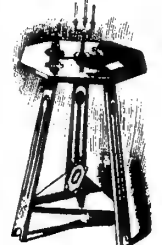
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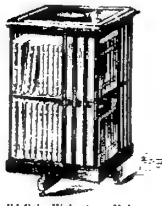
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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

The Graphic is published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays.

Nov. 1897.—Vol. LXX  
Published on 1st November 1897.

SATURDAY DECEMBER 5 1897

With Extra Illustrations



On the morning of the 1st of December, the British forces, after a long and hard fight, had succeeded in driving the enemy from the summit of the mountain. The snow was now of great use to the British, as it covered the ground and hid the tracks of the enemy. The British were now in a position to advance and capture the summit of the mountain.

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THE RETURN FROM GHANA. CLEARING THE ROAD IN THE CHIMRE VALLEY AFTER THE TERRIBLE 12th JULY.

## Topics of the Week

**Constitutionalism in Russia**

One of the crude fancies of the superficial commentator on foreign affairs is that the cause of Constitutionalism in Russia received a mortal blow when the bomb of the Nihilists put an end to the life of the Tsar Alexander II. It is true that Russia was then on the eve of Parliamentary government. The Constitution which owed so much to the Liberal statesmanship of Loris Melnikoff, Milutin, and Alaric, and to the generous sympathies of the Princess Dolgorouki, was drafted. It is even said that it was signed. Equally true is it that the new Tsar destroyed the project, and under the sinister influence of Pobiedonostzeff turned the helm of State over more in the direction of Reaction. All this, however, did not necessarily mean that Constitutionalism had become a lost cause. As a matter of fact, the constructive statesmanship of Alexander II. had laid its foundations far too deeply and solidly in Russian life to be easily turned from its natural development. The superstructure might be arrested and even partly dismantled, but the foundations remained, and unless some means were found of utterly destroying them, a final return to a completely centralised Autocracy was impossible. How true this is has been exemplified during the last fortnight by the meeting of delegates of the Zemstvos, or Provincial Assemblies, which has been held in St. Petersburg and which has resulted in a remarkable Petition of Rights. But for the Tsar Alexander II. this meeting could never have been held, for it was due to his Liberal plans that the Zemstvos were created just forty years ago, and that thus the seed was sown for that wider self-government in which the hopes of the Russian nation are now centred. Ever since the accession to the throne of the late Tsar, Reactionary statesmen have recognised that if Autocracy was to be saved the Zemstvos must be got rid of. Hence the history of Russia during the last twenty years has been one long record of a duel to the death between the Ministry of the Interior and the Provincial Assemblies. No man recognised more clearly and more pitilessly the necessity of crushing the Zemstvos than the late M. de Plehve, and it was with him that the failure of the Central Government to deal effectively with them reached its climax. The summoning of an Assembly of Zemstvo delegates to St. Petersburg, which the Tsar Alexander II. had contemplated as a prelude to the proclamation of a Constitution, was consequently a logical corollary of the tragical collapse of M. de Plehve's policy. That it has not been frankly accepted in St. Petersburg is true, but, nevertheless, its meeting constitutes a long step in advance. It is a tacit recognition that the Reforms of 1864 can never be undone, and that a generation brought up in an atmosphere of ideas of local self-government can never be made to retrace its steps. Once the full magnitude of this truth dawns upon responsible men in Russia, the cause of Constitutionalism will be safe, for the appetite for self-government comes with eating, and while the Zemstvos remain, a national Parliament must be sooner or later inevitable.

**The Importance of Geography**

The President of the Royal Geographical Society has been strongly urging in the *Times* the importance of more systematic teaching of Geography in our public schools and universities. With the general position he takes up almost universal sympathy will be felt. It is of the utmost importance that a knowledge of geography should form part of the general education of a people whose commerce covers the world, and who have political relations in all parts of the globe. Hitherto, however, very little has been done towards treating geography as a separate branch of study. In public schools the subject is pushed on one side to be taught in odd half-hours, and then, as a rule, to be taught in a manner which makes it impossible either for the student to feel any interest in the subject, or to remember any part of what he is taught. The remedy suggested by Sir Clements Markham is that geography should be made one of the subjects in the Civil Service examinations and in the examinations for the Army, and should be assigned an adequate number of marks. This, no doubt, would have an appreciable effect upon the importance attached to geography in public schools; but we think that the Royal Geographical Society would be wise to try and educate public opinion before preaching to Government Departments. The latter are almost certain to take the view—as, indeed, to some extent they have already done—that they cannot move much in advance of the public schools and universities. So far, more has been done by the universities than by any other bodies. Readerships have been established both at Oxford and Cambridge, with the assistance of funds supplied by the Royal Geographical Society; but Sir Clements Markham does not state to what extent the readerships

have been utilised by undergraduates. It may be suggested that possibly the best way to popularise geography with the general mass of boys and girls is to insist that it shall always be taught simultaneously with history. At present the two are often treated separately, with the result that both suffer. The student of history cannot understand the events he reads about unless he simultaneously studies the geography of the countries concerned. In the same way mere geographical facts make little impression upon the mind unless they are connected with historical events.

**The Mission to Kabul**

By a singularly happy coincidence, Lord Curzon's embarkation for the scene of his splendid Vice-regal achievements almost exactly synchronised with the despatch of a British diplomatic mission to Kabul. We call the coincidence happy because of Lord Curzon's former personal intimacy with the Ameer and with his strong-handed, strong-willed father. That factor always tells for much in the East whenever there has been any chafing, and it may not be denied that some has existed between India and Afghanistan almost ever since the present Ameer's accession to the throne. The groove which had futed the father while struggling to make his dynasty secure did not equally well suit the son when that cardinal object had been attained. Lord Curzon also recognised, before he came home, that Indo-Afghan relations were slipping out of gear, and it is an open secret that the Viceroy more than once proposed a meeting between himself and Habibullah Khan for the transaction of confidential business. Unfortunately, circumstances rendered that method of removing difficulties impracticable, while, since it was abandoned, other complications have come into being. But there is not, and never has been, any serious tension between the neighbouring Powers, and we make bold to predict that when Lord Curzon is visited by the Ameer's eldest son and heir, the British Envoy at Kabul will have put everything in train for a really good understanding on every disputatious issue. There must be no attempt, covert or open, to infringe on Afghan independence in the slightest degree; the Ameer is almost morbidly sensitive on that point, and that is the chief reason why he sets his face against the permanent residence of any British official at his Court.

**Egyptian Finance**

Once more the Egyptian Budget indicates increasing prosperity in the nearly ruined country which England rescued from bankruptcy. In spite of repeated remissions of taxation, the revenue now amounts to over twelve and a half millions sterling, while the expenditure has been so economically checked that a surplus of half a million is in hand. But there has been—and this is the best feature of all—no stinting of outlay on reproductive works and educational improvements. On the contrary, they have absorbed a much larger sum than could be expected before the Anglo-French concordat enabled the Cairo Government to make free use of the fund created by debt conversions. The Soudan also receives a rather larger measure of assistance from its Motherland, but we should be well pleased to see a still larger amount find its way to Khartoum. There are endless openings in the enormous territory for the profitable spending of money, though European capital fights shy of a country which gave birth to that evil portent, Mahdism. Still it can hardly be a very long time before the wonderful resources of the Soudan, agricultural and mineral, attract some of those enterprising speculators who are always on the look out for "good things," and although their assistance may not be altogether desirable in itself, it will give the unhappy land bold advertisement as a possible Tom Tiddler's country.

**The Poaching Epidemic**

There will be some kindly hearted folk, no doubt, to attribute the epidemic of poaching now raging in many parts of England to industrial distress. In their simplicity, they believe that the poacher goes a-gunning in order to provide delicate food for his ailing wife and starving children. There may have been a time when he was actuated to commit the crime by family love; but legend appears in many an ancient work of fiction. But the modern poacher is merely a common thief, with much the same murderous affinities as characterise the bold burglar. He sells every head of game he bags to some rascally local dealer, and the money received for the ill-gotten booty is usually spent on drink and riotous self-indulgence. Occasionally, however, the poacher has a mind to become a capitalist; not very long ago, one of these vagabonds was found to have a banking account, with quite a comfortable balance to his credit. More often the savings are spent on a horse and trap to carry home the bag and so baffle pursuit. Rumour asserts, indeed, that a certain gang, whose precise locality had better be left unspecified, have invested in a fast motor-car.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBV-STERRY

In this terribly serious age, when there is no humour left in the streets of London, when the London *crain* is as dull as a capitalist or a comic-writer, when one rarely hears a popular street song, and still more rarely a street saying, it is pleasant to find street amusements have not altogether disappeared. It is true we have crushed the German bands, we have silenced the organs, we have hushed the howlers of ballads, we have banished the acrobat, we have extinguished the Punch and Judy, and the delight of the flowing water-pipe is seldom vouchsafed unto us. Still, we occasionally have a street show that would have been hailed with tumultuous joy in the days of my childhood, but which I deviously enjoyed with cold, critical content by the boys of the present day. I was witness to one of these the other day. I did not see its commencement, but by the time I came upon the scene the entertainment was in full blast—literally in full blast, for there was a fume from six to eight feet long issuing apparently from the top of a post and roaring like a bell with the *lamplago*. This was very effective in the fog. A crowd of boys stood round, but they did not shout or laugh or dance or punch one another. They regarded the matter very gravely, and I have no doubt talked learnedly to one another on caloric, combustion and carburetted hydrogen. When the miniature volcano seemed to show signs of explosion they shook their heads sadly and moved away. Now I wonder whether this gratuitous show was organised by the London County Council and the gas companies for the benefit of the youth of our city. If so, it shows a praiseworthy consideration for the rising generation, but I should think the entertainment must prove somewhat costly.

It has often been a matter for wonder to me that autograph collectors do not prosecute their labours in the offices of newspapers and magazines. It appears they occasionally do so, for I find in a recent catalogue the following:—"Sale (George Henry Augustus, novelist and journalist), Original MS. of two paragraphs from 'Echoes of the Week' respecting 'treatment of 'Mashers' by John Hollingshead, when manager of the Gaiety Theatre, 7s. 6d.'" When one thinks that some of the greatest names in literature have, in the first instance, been associated with newspapers, one can realise what valuable property has from time to time found its way into the waste-paper basket. As a general rule you never see your manuscript again—and you never want to—after it goes to the newspaper office. You see a proof, and that is all you care about. For my own part, when I meet with a manuscript of mine that has been printed I promptly burn it.

"A Mudlark" says—"You are quite right. The regulations for the control of building operations in the public streets require considerable emendation, and the police might induce the street loafers to move on with greater alacrity than they are accustomed to. The other day I was passing down a crowded and popular thoroughfare, where they are erecting a gigantic building. The footway on one side was entirely occupied by builders, and anybody else was compelled to walk in the road. The pavement on the opposite side was crowded with loafers, with their mouths wide open, staring vacantly at the workmen, consequently the walking traffic was entirely blocked. Can nothing be done to prevent the too frequent occurrence of such nuisances?" I believe all builders who interfere with a public pathway are bound to provide one of a temporary nature, safe and convenient, and duly protected from the fall of building materials, and I feel certain the police have the power of making a crowd move on—I fancy three persons constitute a crowd—if they appear to be creating an obstruction. Though, according to present arrangements, "A Mudlark" has ample opportunities of realising his pseudonym by lurking in the mud, it is high time that public convenience was considered before private interest in the streets of London.

The Royal Game of Snowball! There seems to be a very good prospect of an ancient sport being revived under the most distinguished patronage. Since the King of Portugal has recently indulged in the sport, there is but little doubt that it will become very fashionable, and it—as seems more than likely—there will be heavy falls of snow during the ensuing winter we shall probably find the pastime will be very popular, and it will receive as much attention as sliding, skating, sleighing or tobogganing. It will probably attain even a greater vogue than either of the four sports already mentioned, as it is an amusement within the reach of all. It is inexpensive and requires no special skill, it is a fine exercise and it is provocative of the greatest hilarity. If you feel wanting in tone and altogether out of spirits just try an hour's snowballing with some energetic opponents. You will begin by feeling half-frozen and thinking life is not worth living; you will end by enjoying the finest health, glowing all over, looking at the bright side of everything and experiencing all the keen enjoyment that peaks of hearty laughter invariably bestow.

This is, of course, supposing the game to be skilfully organised and the opposing forces properly matched. There is always a danger when a pastime receives distinguished patronage that it may be played indiscriminately and without regard to rules. There are always a lot of really young sharpshooters waiting round corners on the off chance of taking pot-shots at sodas persons who are taking meditative strolls in the King's Highway. If they can stick a snowball on your hat or plan to aim squarely on your best ear when you are not looking, their joy knows no bounds. I would submit, however, this is scarcely playing the game. It was only the other day that I met in a lonely thoroughfare, with no policeman in view, two young ruffians of the description alluded to. Tableau! Bystander sitting in the road without his hat. Boys disappearing round the corner. Bruises. Language!

The task of judging such an enormous number of Photographs will, of course, occupy some time, but Unsuccessful Competitors will have their Photographs returned in due course.

**For Illustrated Guide and full particulars apply as above.**

Express Night Service on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, December 21st, 22nd, 23rd and 24th.



### General Nogi

General Nogi, who figures so prominently as the leader of the desperate Japanese assaults on Port Arthur, has had previous experience of the famous fortress, for ten years ago, when the place was captured by the Japanese from the Chinese, he was in the fore of the attack. General Nogi is still a comparatively young man—only fifty-four—but he has seen more fighting than falls to the lot of most Generals. He studied the art of war at the age of fifteen, and graduated into the army when almost a schoolboy. During the famous Satsuma rebellion he fought in almost every battle and skirmish, contriving somehow to be on the spot whenever there was any fighting to be done, and was twice seriously wounded. Next, by royal command, he came to Europe, to study his profession, but returned in time to take more than his share in the war with China. He is literally the idol of his men, says the *Daily Mirror*. If they have to live hard in the field, he lives harder. He never thinks of himself until they are comfortable. In appearance he is the most typical fighter of the Japanese leaders. The eyes are literally almond; the chin and upper lip are covered with a thick but close-set grey beard; the nose is the nose of a European; the lips are tightly closed. He has never been afraid in his life, and fighting is so much his very life that he looks ten years younger since he first received the news that he was to be back at his old trade of war.

### "The Graphic" Diary of the War

The telegrams received from Port Arthur seem to show that the fortress is not the lost garrison. Parts of the town are in ruins, and the garrison seems to be in sore straits. In the north there are daily skirmishes and bombardments, but nothing of any importance has occurred. The terms of the Convention regarding the North Sea incident have been agreed upon, and the Convention has, after some delay, been signed. The Commission is to consist of five members, namely, officers of Great Britain, Russia, the United States, and France, and a fifth member to be co-opted. It is to meet in Paris at an early date. It is proposed that the decision of a majority of the Commissioners shall be binding on the contracting parties.



GENERAL BARON K. NOGI  
IN COMMAND OF THE ARMY BESIEGING PORT ARTHUR  
From a Photograph supplied by T. Rudmann Johnston, Tokio.

OCTOBER 30.—The Japanese, after a prolonged bombardment, occupied the crests and glacis of Sungshahan, Erhlingshan, and the north fort of East Kikwanshan. Simultaneously an attack was made on a fort midway between East Palungshan and the north fort of East Kikwanshan, which was captured. It was retaken by the Russians, and then again captured by the Japanese.

OCTOBER 31.—Heavy siege and naval guns were trained on to the harbour at Port Arthur. Two steamers were sunk, and a fire broke out near the wharf.

NOVEMBER 1.—A despatch from a correspondent with General Karaki's army states that for the first time since the battle of the Shaho there has passed a day without any firing from the Russian guns.

Two more steamers sunk in the harbour at Port Arthur.

NOVEMBER 2.—Inquest at Hull on the victims of the North Sea incident. The jury found that the deceased, while fishing in the trawler Crane, which bore the Board of Trade marks and had her regulation lights burning, were killed by shots fired without provocation or warning by Russian warships, at a distance of about a quarter of a mile. They added a rider recording their appreciation of the efforts of the Governments interested to arrive at a decisive and satisfactory conclusion of the matter.

Sir Charles Hardinge submitted to Count Lamsdorff Great Britain's proposals for the constitution of the Commission to inquire into the North Sea incident.

Heavy explosions at the north end of the old town, Port Arthur, and a steamer sunk.

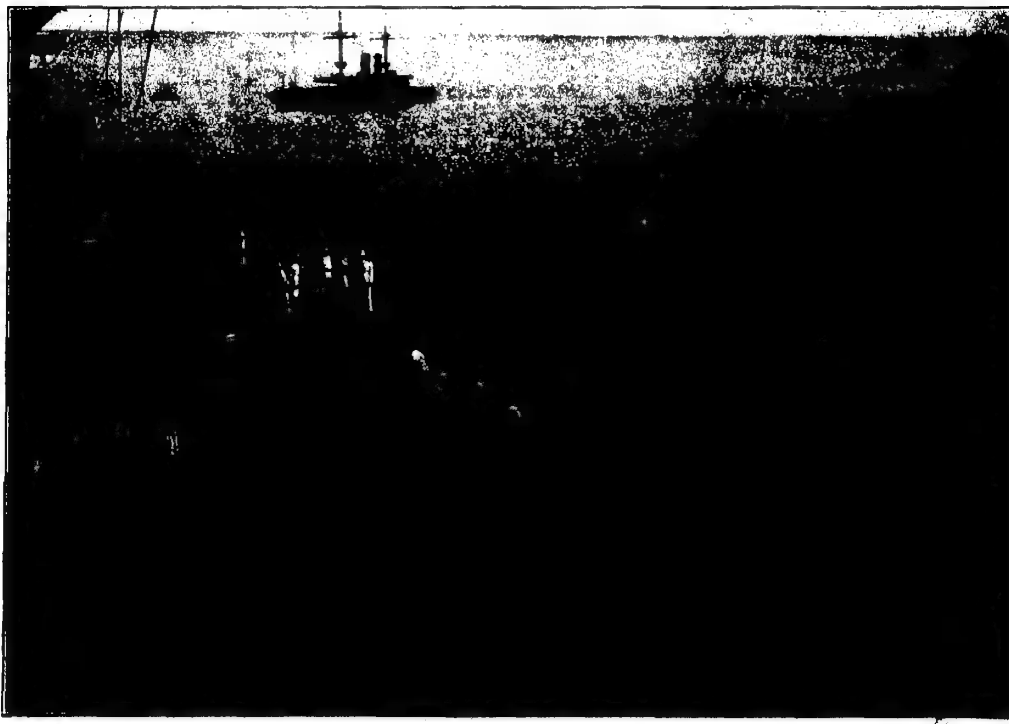
NOVEMBER 3.—Admiral Rozhdestvensky reached Tangier. The Mikado's birthday.

The Russian battleships Navarin, Sissoi Veliky, and the cruisers Jentuchug, Almaz, and Svetlana, left Tangier at night, and two destroyers left next morning.

Heavy guns were again trained on the dock and eastern harbour, causing a great fire.

A detachment of Russian Chasseurs occupied the village of Khammitane, two kilometres to the east of Bentais-pouss, and laid an ambush. Early on the following morning a half-company of Japanese entered the village in search of forage, and were attacked by the Russians, who killed five and wounded ten. The Japanese were reinforced, and the Russians retreated.

The station of Duin-tsin-shan, on the Chinese Eastern Railway, attacked by Chunchuea, who murdered Lieutenant-Colonel Bogdanoff.



IN SOME THUNDERBOLTS, torpedoes with collapsible heads are fired by the ships at one another. If the torpedo strikes a ship, the head is driven in. Our illustration, which shows a plume hanging back a torpedo that has thus been used in practice, is from a photograph by Surgeon St. M. O. Richards, R.N.

LIFE ON BOARD A MODERN MAN-OF-WAR: TOWING HOME A TORPEDO AFTER PRACTICE



[illegible][illegible]

NOVEMBER 4.—Announcement made that the British and Russian Governments had come to a complete agreement on the terms of the Commission of Inquiry, which is to meet in Paris. It was reported at Shanghai that the Japanese had captured all the main positions on the north of Port Arthur. The Russian position at Shan-lan-tse (founded by the Japanese, who also carried on an artillery duel with neighbouring Russian positions).

NOVEMBER 5.—The Russian Government accepted the Draft of the Convention proposed by Great Britain regarding the Commission to investigate the North Sea incident.

NOVEMBER 6.—General Lavevich appointed Commander of the First Manchurian Army, and General Kaulbars Commander of the Third Manchurian Army.

NOVEMBER 6-7.—Five vessels of the Russian Volunteer Fleet passed through the Bosphorus.

NOVEMBER 7.—The Tsar sent a message to Admiral Rozhdestvensky to the effect that he was sure that "le mal entendu s'aplanira bientôt."

The Japanese, ignoring General Stoessel, offered terms of surrender to the Russian soldiers at Port Arthur.

The Russian, assisted the offensive on the Shaho, attacking the Japanese along the line from Chantan to Khono. They occupied three small villages, but, on the Japanese being reinforced, had to retire.

NOVEMBER 8-9.—The Russian Volunteer Fleet steamers Vladimir and Tamoff passed through the Bosphorus on these dates respectively.

NOVEMBER 9-10.—The Japanese reported to have completely silenced the Erlingshan and Sungshushan Forts at Port Arthur.

NOVEMBER 10.—Admiral Alekseeff arrived in St. Petersburg from the Far East.

NOVEMBER 11.—The Russian battleships Sissoi Veliky and Novik, and the cruisers Izumrud and Almaz arrived at Suda Bay.

The Russians attacked the Japanese at Wu-chin-tai, and were repulsed.

NOVEMBER 13.—Part of the Baltic Fleet at anchor between Tokur and Rutique.

General Lavevich joined the First Manchurian Army, and immediately assumed the command of it.

The Russians bombarded the Japanese position on the Shaho.

NOVEMBER 14.—Accident to the *Gromobok*. The cruiser, during a trial trip after repairs at Vladivostok, ran on a rock and was badly damaged.

NOVEMBER 15.—The Board of Trade Inquiry into the North Sea incident opened at Hull.

NOVEMBER 16.—The Russian torpedo boat Rastoropy arrived at Chifu with despatches from Port Arthur. She had left at night under cover of a snowstorm. She was sighted by Japanese destroyers, which pursued her, but she soon outdistanced them. Subsequently, by command of her commanding officer, she was blown up.

The last detachment of the Baltic Fleet left Lifu. It included the *Kion* and *Doniper*, which were formerly known as the *Peterburg* and *Smolensk*.

NOVEMBER 17.—The outer forts at Port Arthur reported to be captured by the Japanese.

Three Japanese destroyers entered the harbour at Chefoo to satisfy themselves that the Rastoropy had been sunk.

The Japanese said to have blown in the counter-works of the Erlingshan and Sungshushan Forts at Port Arthur.

NOVEMBER 18.—General Stoessel telegraphed to the Tsar that Port Arthur could hold out for several months.

The Russians attacked the Japanese at Singlungtan, but were repulsed. Marshal Oyama stated that the Russians had burned all the hamlets on the right bank of the Shaho.

NOVEMBER 19.—The German steamship *Batelan*, with a cargo of winter clothing, blankets, medicines and cured beef, steaming in the direction of Port Arthur, captured by the Japanese gunboat *Taisuta* and taken to Saesie.

NOVEMBER 21.—Russians who have been captured near Port Arthur reported to have stated that fire men-of-war in the harbour have been rendered useless by the Japanese fire.

The section of the Baltic Fleet under Admiral Folkevich left Cooen.

A Japanese detachment captured, occupied and held the Russian camp at Weitsiku, forty-six miles east of Fushan.

The Board of Trade Commission of Inquiry at Hull into the circumstances of the North Sea incident, after having sat for several days and heard the evidence of a number of witnesses, adjourned *indefinitely*.

NOVEMBER 24.—The first division of the Baltic Fleet arrived at Port Said, followed by the second next day.

NOVEMBER 25.—The Anglo-Russian Convention with regard to the inquiry into the North Sea incident signed at the Russian Foreign Office.

NOVEMBER 26.—A general assault on Port Arthur reported to have begun by the Japanese, the attack being directed principally against Sungshushan, Erlingshan, and the north fort of East Kikwan.



THE EARL OF DUNCRAVEN  
The originator of a new scheme of Irish Reform.

### Lord Duncraven and Devolution

Lord Duncraven is a sportsman and statesman who comes before the country at intervals in widely differing capacities. Many years ago he appeared as a traveller, with a fascinating record of travels in North America. In more recent days he was the hero of several gallant attempts to recover the America Cup, for, as everyone knows, he is a distinguished yachtsman, and now he has been much discussed in connection with his devolution scheme. This devolution movement was a praise



MR. OSCAR REJLANDER AND MISS LILY REJLANDER IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" AT THE ADELPHI

Photo by Johnston and Hoffmann, Devonshire Street.

worthy attempt to benefit Ireland and at the same time relieve the sorely overburdened House of Commons, but it has not found much favour at the hands of either Unionists or Nationalists. The one says it goes too far in the direction of House Rule, the others condemn it roundly for not going half far enough. Probably the chief factor in rendering the movement unpopular has been the religious question. Neither Protestants nor Catholics have any confidence in the political integrity of the others. Whichever side had power would favour candidates for office who professed the same faith, so in the meantime the power is withheld and devolution is only a word. Our portrait is by Lafayette, New Bond Street.

### The Court

Once more a birthday party assembled at Sandringham, this time in the Queen's honour. Her Majesty and Princess Victoria have been at Sandringham House since last week, but the King did not join them before Monday, as he was staying with Mr. and Mrs. W. James at West Dean Park, Chichester, until Saturday. The severe and rough weather rather spoilt the shooting at the beginning of his visit, but His Majesty managed to get two good mornings in the covers, and another day he went to Monkden to see Mr. James's new house. On his way home the King privately visited the King Edward VII. Sanatorium being built near Midhurst, and reached Buckingham Palace in the afternoon. Later His Majesty gave audience to Earl Grey on his departure to take up his post as Governor-General of Canada. On Sunday morning King Edward attended Service in the private chapel, and had a very busy day of audiences, receiving Sir W. Barrington to relinquish appointment as British Minister at Stockholm, and Sir Kennel Rodd to kiss hands on succeeding to the post; Sir A. Hardinge, British Minister at Teheran, to invest him with the Order of the Bath; Mr. Arnold Forster, the War Secretary, and several others. The Duke of Connaught, Princess Henry of Battenberg, with her son, Prince Leopold, and Prince Napoleon also came to see the King. His Majesty left the Palace for Norfolk on Monday morning, and the house-party assembled soon after his arrival. The usual shooting-parties are to be held this week, and on Thursday Queen Alexandra celebrated her sixtieth birthday. According to custom, the day would be marked by the annual tea to the women and girls on the Royal estates, matching the dinner to men on the King's birthday. Next week the King and Queen will probably be in town again for their usual Christmas shopping—always an important matter, as their Majesties like personally to choose their gifts for everyone. On December 3 they go to Cliford Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, to spend a few days with the Earl and Countess of Cadogan.

The Prince and Princess of Wales much enjoyed their visit to Lord and Lady Lathom, at Ormskirik, Lancashire, the Prince having some excellent shooting. Leaving at the end of last week they spent a day in town—where the Prince presided at a meeting of his council—and then rejoined their children at York Cottage, Sandringham. As Princess Charles of Denmark and her little son are at Appleton Hall, close by, the King and Queen have all their family round them except the Duchess of Fife. Princess Charles kept her 35th birthday on Saturday.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are spending this week with the Earl and Countess of Derby at Knowsley Park, Lancashire. Their only son, Prince Arthur, has gone to Rome to represent King Edward at the baptism of the infant Prince of Piedmont, King Victor's heir. The ceremony takes place to-morrow (Sunday), and among the baby's sponsors will be the German Emperor, represented by Prince Albrecht, and his maternal grandfather, the Prince of Montenegro. The little Prince is a bonny healthy boy, very dark, like his mother Queen Helen. The Romans were wild with delight when the heir arrived in Rome last week.

Princess Henry of Battenberg spent last winter in Egypt for the sake of her second son, Prince Leopold, and now the young Prince must go to Cairo again this year. He starts this week in the Arabia. Possibly the Princess, with the rest of her family, may join the Prince later and take him for a Mediterranean cruise in her yacht *Shella*. Princess Henry on Wednesday opened the annual exhibition of the Berks and Bucks Needlework Guild, of which she is President, at St. Marks School, Windsor.

### Paintings by Mr. Clausen

The collection of pictures and drawings by Mr. Clausen, which is now on view at the Goupil Gallery, includes a few works which are important in style, but the bulk of it consists of sketches and studies in oil, water-colour and pastel. Among these lighter works there are many which show delightfully his many qualities as an interpreter of the more delicate and poetic aspects of nature, and his sympathetic understanding of the charm of country life; and there is a group of flower studies which can be sincerely praised for their beauty of colour and grace of handling. The exhibition provides in many ways the best demonstration which Mr. Clausen has as yet given us of his admirable capacities.





Takushan, which is in the second ring of forts round Port Arthur, was taken by the Japanese 8000 feet since. They charged up the rugged slope here shown and captured the Russian guns on the summit. Our illustration, which gives a wonderful idea of the country round Port Arthur, is from a copyright stereograph by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.

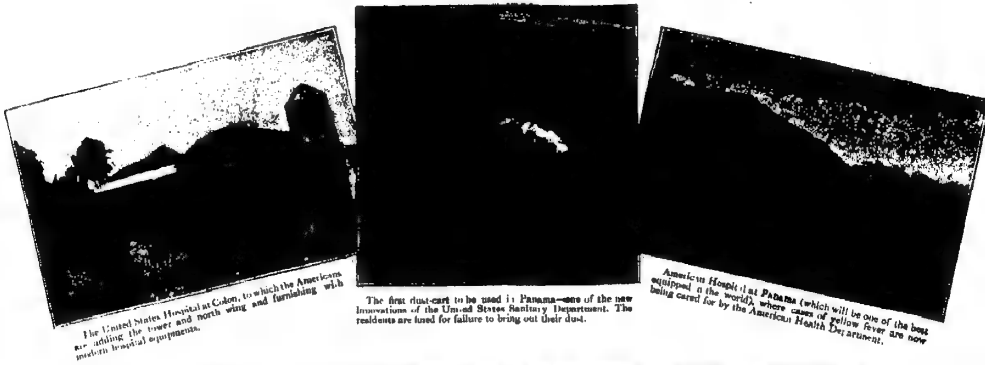
THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR: THE SLOPE AT THE FOOT OF TAKUSHAN FORT



A ROYAL WEDDING IN AFGHANISTAN: THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS  
 DRAWN BY FRANK LINDSAY, N.Y. FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY MR. DART, FOR MANY YEARS PRINCIPAL IN THE LANCES OF THE ARMY, WHO HAS JUST RETURNED TO ENGLAND







Panama view of Rio Grande River, showing the preliminary work of furnishing the water supply of the Canal Zone. The Americans are now clearing the dense growth of timber and burning the debris on the river basin, as they will build a great dam at this place, forming an artificial lake covering two square acres of land.



The new Government Office building at Panama being built by the Panamanians.



Post Office at the entrance of the Canal at Colon.



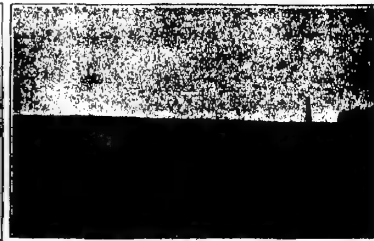
The Re Linapio Palace, which is being repaired and will be converted into offices for the Supply and Disbursement Departments of the United States Government. These buildings overlook the Caribbean Sea, at the entrance of Canal.



The new Docks at Cristobal Colon, at the entrance of the Canal on Atlantic coast, being built by United States Government.



Private Inspection Car used by Chief Engineer Wallace in his direction of the Canal construction.



View of Colon showing improvements made by United States molasses. Molasses that have been burning flags, mosquitoes, and fever grass converted into grassy plots.

THE RIVAL TO SUEZ: PREPARING FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE PANAMA CANAL.







WILLIAM BELMONT  
Honorably Knighted



THE LATE KARL OF HANOWITZ  
Under Secretary of State for India.



THE LATE VISCOUNT KIDNEY  
Ex-House Secretary



THE LATE GENERAL SIR COLLINGWOOD  
DUNSON V.C.



THE LATE DR. G. V. POORE  
The Well-known Physician.

## Qui Portraits

Mr. J. A. Bellamy, who received a knighthood on the Kangaroo, is the head of an important shipping firm at Plymouth, a very prominent public man. He is Consul for the Netherlands in Russia, and Vice Consul for France and Spain, and has acted as agent for the Holland American line of Rotterdam and for the French General Mail Transatlantic Company. The honour conferred upon Mr. Bellamy has given great satisfaction in the town, for his work for the Port of Plymouth has been beneficial to the community. He has been a great help to the town in the case of amalgamation, which would have put an end to the present alleged and indefensible splitting up of one great town into three comparatively small ones, have not been his least claim to public recognition. The members of the port will not forget Mr. Bellamy's efforts to improve in their interests the community.

There are between lighthouses and the shore, while the town of Plymouth sees him a skillful and a generous citizen in the matter of the port, and in the matter of the drugs, two most important sanitary measures, which must largely offset the good the health of the people. Our poet is by A. J. Steer, Plymouth.

Albert Edward Pliny Henry Yorke, 5th Earl of Hardwicke and Under Secretary of State for India, was only thirty-seven years of age. He was the only son of the fifth Earl and the Georgiana, Countess of Hardwicke, daughter of the Duke of Devon and the British Embassy in Paris and King Edward—the Prince of Wales—stood sponsor at his christening. He began his official career in the diplomatic service but after five years as Under Secretary for the Colonies, he was transferred to the Foreign Office to be Under Secretary for the Army, capturing the Wallisshere, his agent and reaching the rank of captain. Then domestic politics intervened, and he became an unsuccessful Member of Parliament for the City of Westminster. In 1903 he was appointed Under Secretary of State for India, and two years later was transferred to a similar post at the War Office. In 1909, however, he reverted to the Foreign Office, and he died in the same time of his death. The last was a result of a mummified of the stock exchange, and it will be remembered that not long since a rather dramatic scene took place in the House of Lords when some criticism made by Lord Rosebery and

General Sir Collingwood Dickson, V C, G C B, senior colonel commandant of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, was the third son of the late Major General Sir Alexander Dickson, R A, and a grandson of Admiral William Dickson, Admiral of the Blue. He was educated at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and entered the Royal Artillery as second lieutenant on December 18 1835 getting his first step in November, 1837, and being made captain and brevet major in 1846. He served on the staff of Lord

Raglan during the Crimean campaign of 1854-55, and was present at the affair of Balaklava and M'Kenzie's Farm, the battles of Alma and Inkermann, capture of Balaklava, the expedition to Kerch, and the siege of Sevastopol. He retired from the active list on November 30, 1856, in which year he received the Grand Cross of the Bath, having been made a Knight Commander in May, 1871. He was also a Knight of the Order of Charles III.—of the Order of Isabella the Catholic—and of the First Class of St. Fernando. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Bakery Street.

Viscount Ridley, so long known as Sir Matthew White Ridley, was born in 1842, and succeeded to the baronetcy in 1877. He came of an old North Country family, and, like his father before him, served a long apprenticeship in the House of Commons. He was always extremely popular, and when Mr Speaker Peel retired the Conservatives proposed that Sir Matthew White Ridley—as he then was—should succeed him. He was defeated by a narrow majority, and, no doubt, in some measure, as an act of consolation, he was given the office of Home Secretary when the Conservatives came into power in 1895. His discharge of the very difficult duties that fall to the lot of the Home Secretary gave satisfaction that was by no means limited to his own side of the House. Viscount Ridley knew how to be firm, but also how to temper sternness with sympathy, so as even to win the affection of the Irish members. He was, in a word, a typical English country gentleman of the old school. He married, in 1875, Mary, daughter of the first Lord Tweedmouth, but his wife died in 1899—a year before his elevation to the peerage. Our portrait is by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Dr George Vivian Poore was born at Andover, and was educated at the Royal Naval School, New Cross, and at the Medical School of the University College Hospital. His first professional appointment was that of surgeon on the Great Eastern steamship, while engaged laying the Atlantic cable, and he was afterwards medical attendant to the late Duke of Albany, and in 1879 to the king (as Prince of Wales). He also filled at various times the office of Professor of Medicine and Clinical Medicine at University College, London, physician to University College Hospital, consulting physician to the Royal Hospital for Children and Women, and to the Cheyne Hospital for Children at Chelsea. Our portrait is by Jerrard, Sutherland Avenue.



Putville Hall the historic Staffordshire seat of the Countess of Stamford, was totally destroyed by fire last week. The house was erected in the reign of Henry VIII. It stood in beautiful grounds. Many valuable paintings and family heirlooms were saved from the flames, but the house itself is now in ruins. (Our photograph is by Mark and Wendy Bourbridge)

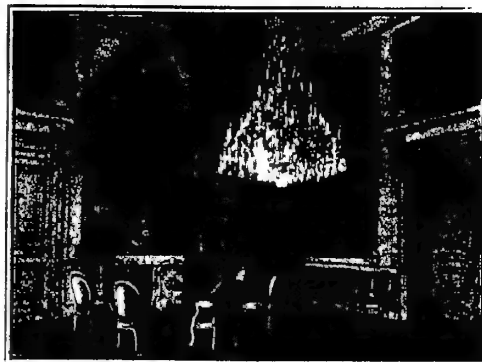
RENYLIF HALL WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE LAST WEEK



VIEW OF THE BUILDING FROM THE GARDEN

THE GRAND SALOON

FRE FOREIGN OFFICE IN PARIS WHERE THE INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION ON THE NORTH SEA INCIDENT WILL MEET



### THE GRAND SALOON

## "SINCE KIX BATES"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

The reception at the St. James's theatre, given last week in aid of a hospital, presented the most charming and fairy-like appearance. In the grove of chestnut blossoms, ladies in summer costumes flitted about dispensing tea, while agreeable musical strains filled the air. It was amusing to see the eagerness with which the audience watched the calling out of the lucky numbers, which meant ten pounds' worth of lace, furniture, or wine to the winners. A little gamble is inherently delightful to men and women, especially when one risks nothing, as was here the case. Betting and gambling can never be put down by law, for it forms an inseparable trait of human nature, and even the most pious of people love a fish-pond or a simple lottery. The desire to obtain something for nothing, or for less than its value, is the secret of the success of all cheap sales and profitable bargains.

The cold weather came upon us so suddenly, with the traditional surprise of the capricious British climate, that it found most of us unprepared, and is consequently responsible for many colds and catarrhs. Warm clothing is worn by most women in a very erratic manner. Many will not wear any woollen or silk undergarments, others persist in donning open lace blouses, while others walk abroad in the dresses they wear indoors, and all take off every shred of covering on their shoulders when they go out to dinner or the theatre. The fashion of high dresses for theatres, as worn in France, is certainly a good one, for the draughts at most theatres

helping, advising, and assisting them, there would almost be an end of poverty.

Two recent assassinations of women living alone—the one the owner of a shop murdered for her savings, the other an old lady killed by her lifelong companion and servant—emphasize the danger of a woman living quite alone. In Paris murders in flats inhabited by single women are very frequent, and some measure of common prudence seems necessary in the matter. I know many ladies whose servant goes home at night and leaves them absolutely unprotected in case of illness or burglary. In such cases it would be better for two or more ladies to live together or to join a boarding-house.

There is a censor for the drama who apparently gives dramatists and managers a good deal of trouble, but where is the censor for books? Messrs. Smith and Mudie's exercise some kind of control over the books sold at their bookstalls, but it does not now appear to be any one's business to interfere in the matter, or one would not see displayed attractively on the counter, at the big stores, as one does now, novels absolutely unfit for young women's reading. I am told they are generally written by young women themselves. In that case we can certainly not pride ourselves on any increase of morality. If such books were written in French, they would be deemed universally, but at least then they would be models of literature, and not be given to young girls to read. As it is, every young girl can pick up these objectionable and morbid productions and buy them for a few shillings.

## Three Lions Before Breakfast

BY MAJOR RIVE

THE Small hunting grounds will be having a rest for some time to come, owing to the unsettled state of the country. Very recently, it has afforded grand and varied sport. The lion, despite a true incident, I had left camp about seven o'clock, with orders for my camp to move to a spot about eight miles off, where I would breakfast, and probably remain two or three days. I took a *déjeuner*, and about eight o'clock, noticing a single ox some half a mile off, to my right front, I left my guide Uskar and two Shikaris—viz., native hunters—to continue straight on, while I moved round to the knoll of ground the ox was passing over, and fired to get a shot at him as he was decapitating his for sale. My men were rather disgusted at the waste of time, as they thought, for the ox, having seen us, and being a very shy and timid animal, would certainly not allow me to approach. However, I took a risk, and slipping in two cartridges and putting five others in the slots on the breast of my coat, I went off alone. The ox, passed over the knoll of grass and descended on the far side, and I had followed him and was looking about, not being able to see him anywhere, when I saw three lions walking across my front from left to right, and not thirty yards off. They were travelling in Indian file—first one lioness, then the lion, and a short distance off the other lioness. I knuckled over the lion and then the two lionesses. The latter lay apparently dead, but the lion kept tumbling about and rearing up and roaring. The other lioness came, with three or four long, low, rapid strides, towards me,



PRINCESS ELEONORE OF SOLMS-HOHENSOLMS-LICH



THE GRAND DUKE ERNEST LOUIS OF HESSE

### A ROYAL BETROTHAL

From Photographs by Hugo Thiele, Darmstadt.

are deadly and perilous, and the long waits at the door for carriages and cabs offer further risks to the delicate.

Christmas is approaching, and at this season most people think it necessary to give each other all kinds of useless trifles, which are often put away, and never even looked at again, or else used by the thrifty as wedding presents for other friends. In view of the great distress that prevails among the poor, would it not be possible this year to confine one's presents to the unemployed and the deserving? Dinners, clothing, and gifts of kind would be much appreciated by those who have to cope with the dire poverty of many households.

I have just been reading the report of a little society of which Lady Beatrice Kemp is the president, which appears to run on excellent lines. It is called the "Land-a-Hand" Club, and its members, mostly young girls, agree to do a certain amount of useful work for others. For instance, they teach in Sunday schools, help at girls' clubs, belong in the Girl's Friendly Society, visit hospitals and workhouses, organise concerts and dramatic performances for charity, and generally, as they express it, "Land a hand." The best part of the idea seems to me to be, that they co-operate with existing societies instead of forming another one of their own. Much charitable effort is wasted, and good work overlapped by the multitude of societies which, if they would only combine with each other, would prove more effective and less expensive. If every rich person took charge of one poor family,

Quite a number of Books of Recollections, with good stories in them, have appeared lately, and are especially suitable for reading by the fireside in cold weather. Their perusal reminds one that facetious tales and story-tellers, like the fairy stories for children, are now out of date. Nobody any longer invites a man to dinner as a *conteur*, nor do the guests listen respectfully to anecdotes, either prepared or extempore. I fancy the stock of good stories is diminishing. They are mainly "chestnuts" now, and the wit of men like Sydney Smith, Bernal Osborne, Whistler, Oscar Wilde, etc., is a thing of the past.

An excellent idea is that of the Grand Duchesse Cécile, fiancée of the Crown Prince of Germany, to have one prevailing note of colour in her trousseau. In this case it is blue, and it runs through her dresses, petticoats and tea-gowns. The plainest of women can give herself a certain *cachet* by limiting the colours in her wardrobe, and finding out for herself the style best suited to her looks. We are too fond of following like sheep in the wake of some so-called leader of fashion. Let us exercise a little individuality and have an opinion of our own.

THE Grand Duke of Hesse's engagement has been officially announced. The bride-elect is Princess Eleonore Ernestine Marie of Solms-Hohensolms-Lich, second daughter of the late Prince. She is thirty-three years old, three years younger than her future husband. The betrothal took place at the palace of the Princess's brother at Lich.

and I clubbed the empty rifle, and advanced three or four paces towards her, shouting at and threatening her. There was a full moon over our ground, she growling, I in a threatening attitude. I rapidly took a cartridge from my breast and loaded one barrel, and while still shouting at her and keeping my eye fixed on her, I quickly loaded the other barrel, and Uskar galloped up as I fired. She turned and galloped off, Uskar after her, to jump her, and so bring her to bay, knowing I would follow his horse's footsteps. The other two apparently lay dead, but upon my approaching the lioness she sprang to her feet and I snatched a shot at her, which hit her in the forehead, and she fell over backwards quite dead. I now ran after Uskar, leading as I went, and with only three cartridges left. I soon saw him sitting with difficulty on his pony, which was lurching and rearing, and to his left front was the lioness crouching, evidently a bit pummed with her run. I was still a hundred yards off, and, noticing an ant hill some twenty yards nearer the lioness, which would give me a convenient rest for my rifle, I rapidly placed it between her and myself, and crouched rapidly and stealthily towards it. She, however, at once saw me, and, raising herself on her forepaws, started angrily at me. I "carried on," however, and reached the ant hill and put in a shot on shot at her chest. She jumped up and galloped off, but two yards on she rolled over and over quite dead, making a cloud of dust. My first shot, fired at her forehead as she crouched, had missed her left cheek, and struck her in the left hind leg, and of course, did her little harm, though I am surprised that the pain did not at once anger her and make her charge home, instead of turning tail.



THE GRAND DUKE CYRIL  
A Cousin of the Tsar, who survived the destruction of the  
Petrogradsk.

GRAND DUKES  
OF  
RUSSIA



THE GRAND DUKE ALEXANDER MICHAÏLOVITCH  
Grandson of Nicholas I., a Captain in the Russian Navy.



THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE  
Grandson of Nicholas I., a General in the Russian Army.



THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIN  
An Uncle of the Tsar, High Admiral of the Russian Navy.



THE GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR  
An Uncle of the Tsar, Permanent Commander-in-Chief of the  
Army.



THE GRAND DUKE BORIS  
A Cousin of the Tsar, now serving at the Front.



THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS NICOLAÏVITCH  
Grandson of the Tsar Nicholas I., in the Russian Army.

The title Grand Duke is  
limited to the sons and  
grandsons of a Tsar. Grand-  
grandsons of a Tsar, who  
are not also grandsons of  
a Tsar, are Princes.



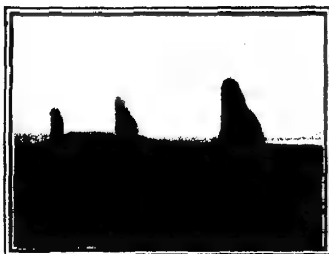
THE GRAND DUKE SERGE  
An Uncle of the Tsar, Military Governor of Moscow.



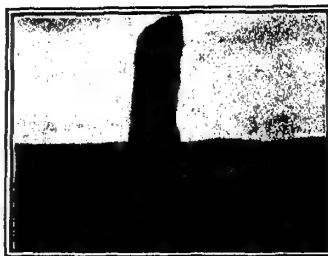
THE LIONESS BEFORE BREAKFAST: A HUNTING ADVENTURE IN SOMALILAND

THE LIONESS BEFORE BREAKFAST: A HUNTING ADVENTURE IN SOMALILAND

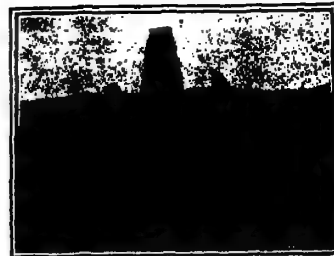
THE LIONESS BEFORE BREAKFAST: A HUNTING ADVENTURE IN SOMALILAND



A PART OF THE RING OF BROGAR



THE WATCH STONE BY THE BRIDGE OF BROGAR



ONE OF THE STONES OF THE RING OF BROGAR

## The Standing Stones of Stennes

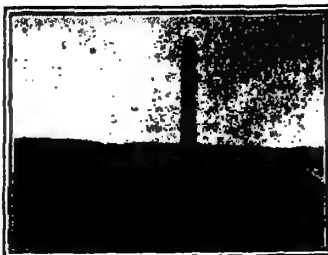
BY J. CALDWELL WATSON, M.P.

I have often wondered, after examining them, if some day the mysteries surrounding the Standing Stones of Stennes will be laid bare. They stand, grim sentinels over a forgotten past, a forgotten civilisation. Sir Walter Scott, in "The Pirate," writes—"Fronting to the bridge stood that remarkable semicircle of huge upright stones which has no rival in Britain, except the immortal monument at Stonehenge." While the Standing Stones of Stennes is the popular name, the true one is the Ring of Brogar, described in Tudor's "Orkney and Shetland" as a circular piece of ground of a diameter of 340 feet, surrounded by a broad fosse or ditch of an average depth of six feet. Originally the circle must have, according to Captain Thomas, consisted of some sixty stones, each standing 13 ft. 6 in. from the back edge of the fosse, and 17 ft. 6 in. from its neighbours. The photographs give a partial idea of the Ring. The number of stones still standing is thirteen, and that is about the number shown in an engraving in "The Pirate." There are several lying flat, and some remnants of others. I feel sure if the proprietor, Colonel Ballou, were approached by the Society for Preservation of Ancient Monuments he would afford every assistance in setting up those now recumbent, and affording some assistance to such as are in a tottering condition.

## Dr. Warre's Resignation

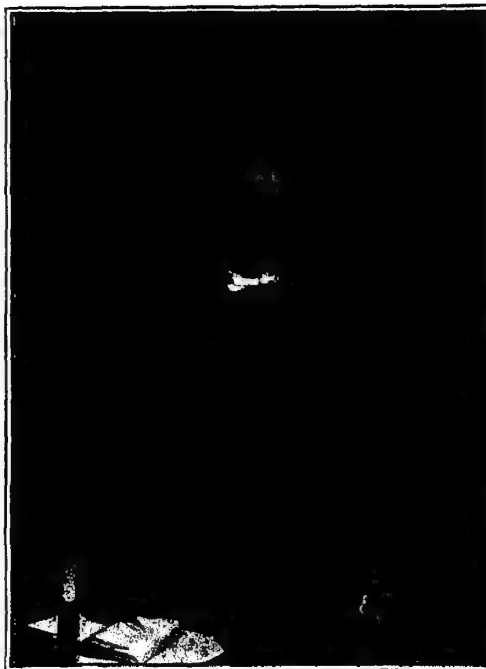
Dr. Edmund Warre, the distinguished Head Master of Eton, announced a short time since that he intended to resign next midsummer, and his decision has caused very wide-spread regret. Dr. Warre has been known to many generations of Etonians, as he has held the post since 1884. He was an Etonian himself, and went to Oxford in 1854, already a man marked out for a distinguished career, as he entered at Balliol College as the Newnham scholar. After a brilliant career at Oxford, he returned in 1860 as an assistant-master at Eton. He is a keen enthusiast on rowing; from 1857-1859 he rowed in the Oxford boat, and became President of the O.U.B.C. There has never been a Head Master at Eton or elsewhere who has shown his belief in aquatics so thoroughly as Dr. Warre. He has designed racing boats in plenty, notably the Broom boat, which, in 1861, enabled Oxford to win a sensational race. Under his coaching and personal superintendence Eton crews have practically swept everything before them. Dr. Warre will be greatly missed when he leaves the precincts of Eton. His genial presence and scrupulous fairness towards the boys will leave a blank which it will be difficult to fill. And there is hardly a distant quarter of the world where Old Etonians, huddled together where his retirement will not be felt much in the nature of a personal loss.

This latest addition to the great European express-trains, the Riviera Express, is a fresh proof of the numerous improvements in the French railway service which has taken place within the last few years. There is still a great deal to do in France before the railway service will be equal to that of other countries, but at any rate two great lines, the Chemin de Fer du Nord and the Paris-Lyon et Méditerranée, popularly known as the P.L.M., can look back with satisfaction on the work accomplished in the last ten years. The Chemin de Fer du Nord has the proud honour of running the fastest train in the world, the Paris-Calais express, and the P.L.M. has organised a *service de luxe* which puts it on a level with any of the great European lines. The journey "southward in search of the sun" is now made one of the most pleasant possible. One can leave the dull and rainy skies of the French capital behind one in the morning, en route in Marseilles, be in bed in Nice before midnight, and can wake the next



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE WATCH STONE BY THE BRIDGE OF BROGAR  
THE STANDING STONES OF STENNES

morning to the delights of warm sunshine, blue skies and tropical vegetation. Nothing is more curious than this rush across France at ninety kilometres an hour. One sees the grey, dull landscapes of the North gradually giving way to the green luxuriance of the Midi, and finally, beyond Marseilles, to the flowers, fruit and palm trees of the Riviera.



THE REV. EDMUND WARRE, D.D., WHO IS RETIRING FROM THE HEADMASTERSHIP OF ETON

From a photograph specially taken by THE GRAPHIC Photographer, C. Pilkington.

## The Grand Dukes of Russia

BY F. R. O. H.

Russia has no statesman worthy the name. The heads of her Departments are merely glorified clerks. Take Count Lamdorff, for instance. At the time of the Malacca incident he was driven from the pillar of Admiralty arrogance to the post of Grand Ducal dictation. During the last generation M. Witte alone has had the courage of his convictions and has asserted himself in the teeth of Court influence, aristocratic intrigue, and financial chicanery.

From the outset he was radically opposed to the Manchurian Expansionist Policy. He foresaw the complications which have now come to a climax. But he fell. And why? Because the Grand Ducal party, as it is commonly called, was against him. His most resolute and bitter opponent was the Grand Duke Alexander Michailovich, the Tsar's brother-in-law, whose connection with the Vals Timber Company and other Manchurian enterprises has been largely responsible for the present war. The younger son of a younger son, the Grand Duke Alexander is a comparatively poor man. He has no means to speak of, and when M. Besolovoff, the Cecil Rhodes of Manchuria, dangled before his eyes the bait of a fabulous fortune, he did not hesitate to identify himself with an undertaking which has already acquired historical notoriety.

The Grand Duke Alexander's influence with the Tsar is paramount. His counsel is strengthened and confirmed by his wife, the Grand Duchess Xenia, the Tsar's elder and favourite sister. She is devoted to her husband, and both in temperament and manner bears great resemblance to the Tsar. It would be unjust to deny the Grand Duke Alexander the virtue of patriotism. He is Pan-Slavist to the core—a patriot à la Russe—which implies

Far East. If report may be credited, his Imperial dislike for England is not far removed from plebeian Anglophobia. It is even said that, although his children were taught English by their governess, they were not allowed to reply to her in that language. To sum up the Grand Duke's character, he may be described as an ardent Nationalist of mediocre ability, with a highly developed strain of the company promoter. As President of the directorate of the Black Sea Volunteer Fleet, he stoutly upheld the amiable sophistries of those genial freebooters, and, in consequence, came to loggerheads with the Tsar's uncle, the Grand Duke Alexis, High Admiral of the Fleet. The latter is an easy-going, good-natured bachelor, whose political philosophy may be epitomized in the words "anything for a quiet life." He is an ardent lover of the fine arts in general, and, in particular, is an earnest student of the Ballet. In this pursuit his generosity is proverbial, and in a late instance

he made no practical effort to prevent it. It came as something of a surprise that the Grand Duke Alexis should have cast aside his wonted apathy when the Malacca affair was attaining critical dimensions. Without his support there is little doubt that the pacific party, headed by the Foreign Office, would have been overruled by the Grand Duke Alexander and the inevitably truculent and bellicose chiefs of the Admiralty. Much covert blame has been imputed to the Grand Duke Alexis in connection with the defective condition of the Russian Navy. He has been held responsible for the poor equipment of the ships, their inferior armament, and their incompetent manning. In point of fact, the resources and material at his disposal were altogether inadequate, and he was constitutionally incapable of the phenomenal initiative required to galvanize the medieval inertia of Russia into recognition of modern necessities. The Grand Duke Serge, another uncle of the Tsar's, is a man of totally different calibre. He belongs, rather, to the hectoring type

of Prussian militarism, stern and pitiless to the points of tyranny and inhumanity. He is known as one of the principal Jew haters and baiters in Russia. He is the military governor of Moscow, and to this day conforming Jews, even the most wealthy, are not allowed to sleep a night within the confines of the city. Of all the Tsar's family the Grand Duke Serge is probably the most uncompromising upholder of autocracy. The present system of government has little to fear from the moujik (peasant) element, which is crassly dull and unenterprising, with few natural gifts save the capacity for suffering and illimitable endurance.

An unbridgeable gulf divides the "people" from the "other people," as Sir William Harcourt once described the governing classes of England. The moujik may therefore be ignored, and men of the stamp of the Grand Duke Serge are at liberty to expend their relentless energies on the suppression of the only intelligent, and therefore dangerous, section of the lower orders, the Semitic. The Grand Duke Serge owes some of his influence with his nephew the Tsar to the fact that his wife, *née* Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, is an elder sister of the Tsarina.

The Grand Duke Vladimir, also an uncle of the Tsar's, is permanent Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army. He is intimately identified with the War party, although neither expansionist nor politician. He has had much to do with the management of the Red Cross Funds, a subject which is taboo in St. Petersburg. He is also the father of the Grand Dukes Cyril and Boris, of whom the former won a medal for valour for saving his own life from the wreck of the Petropavlovsk, and the latter greatly distinguished himself by his unquenchable endeavours to instruct General Kuropatkin in the conduct of the Manchurian operations. They are both, in addition, fine, handsome young men about town, *bon viveurs*, and, in all senses, chips of the old block.

The Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch, who was frequently mentioned as likely to supersede General Kuropatkin in the command of the Manchurian Army, has held aloof alike from the worlds of intrigue and politics. He is the tallest officer in the Russian Army, and an excellent judge of a horse. His military capacity is somewhat of an unknown quantity, although he served as side-de-camp in the Russo-Turkish War. Most of his time is spent on his country estate, and he is a fair type of an English country gentleman of a century ago.

The Grand Duke Constantine is the most intellectual and cultivated of the Tsar's uncles. He is a poet of considerable talent, an enthusiastic patron of literature and the drama, and has erected a theatre in his private palace.

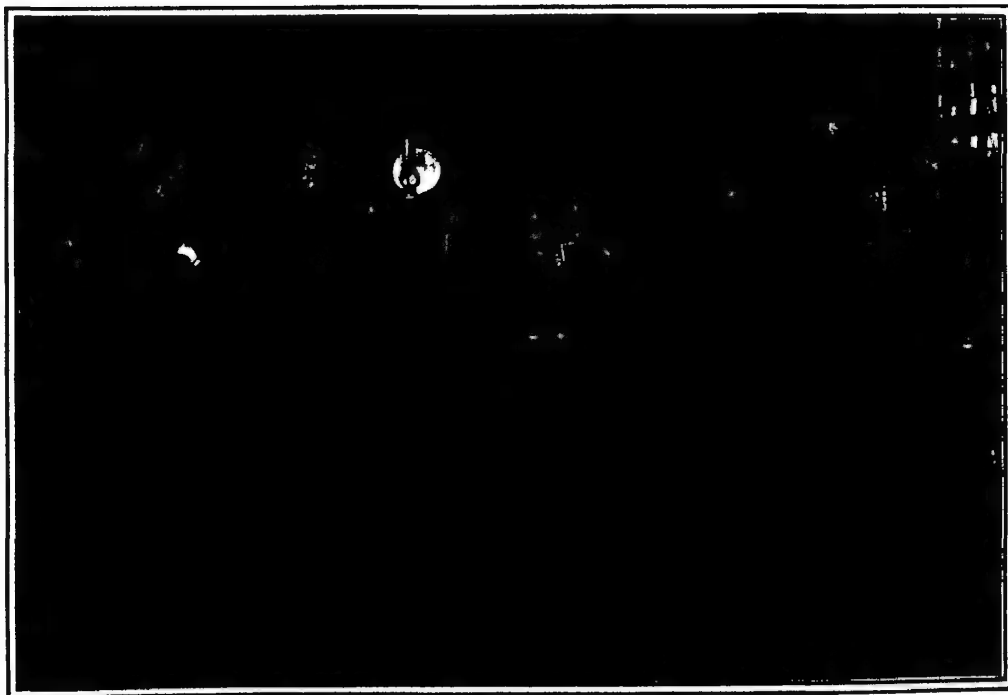
In a sense, the Grand Dukes form a remarkable group of men. They practically control the destinies of 130,000,000 of people. They bear among them the burthen of a responsibility sufficient to appal the most commanding genius. It is a matter of deep



The Haffes of the Barot tribe are dressed in this manner during their seasonal days. Our illustration is from a photograph taken at a native school near Kordofan, by G. B. Hearn.

#### A STRANGE HAPPY COSTUME

regret that even the optimist cannot credit a single blood relation indispensable for coping with, and mastering, the crisis which of His Imperial Majesty the Tsar with the exceptional qualities Russia is so rapidly approaching.

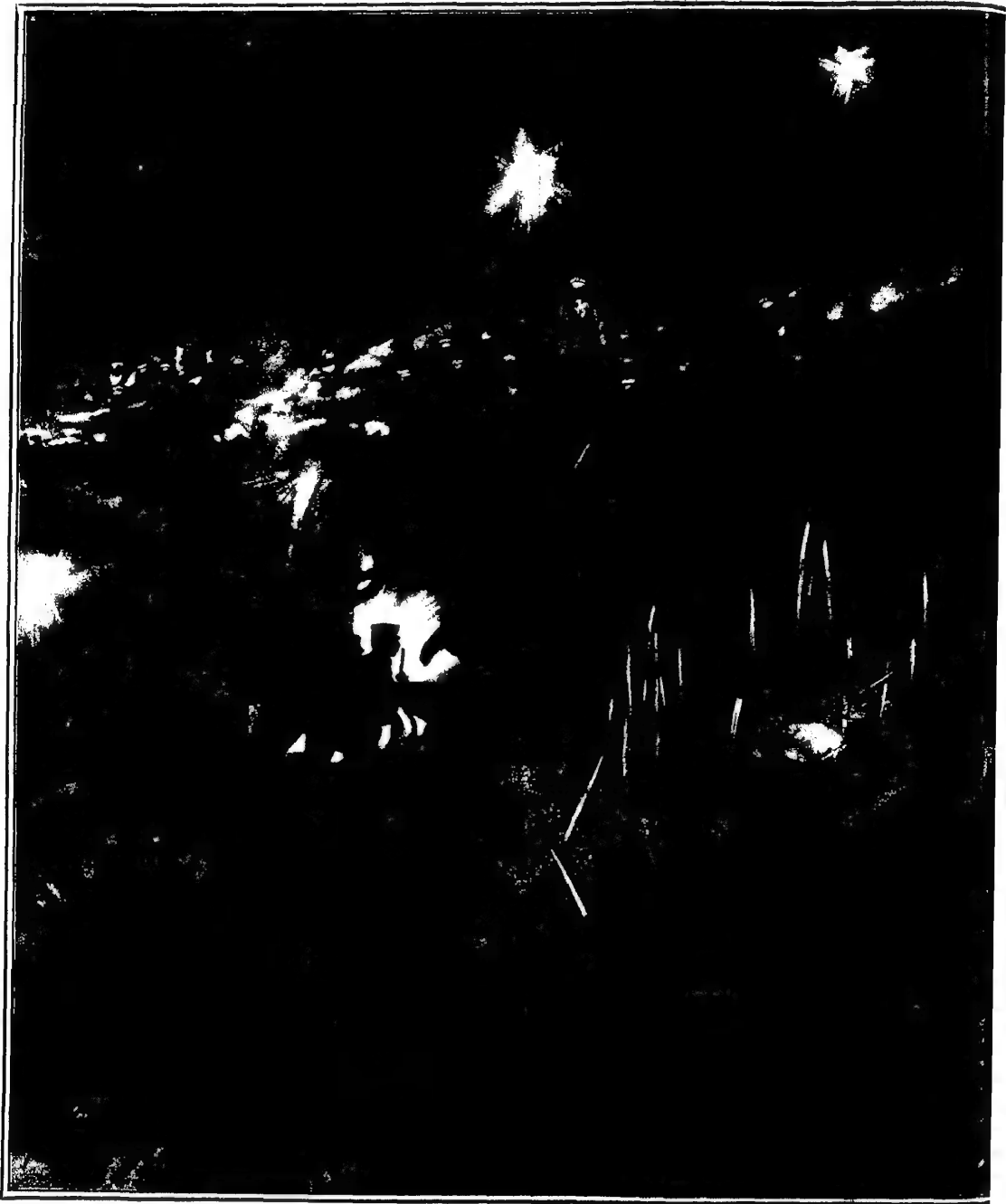


Lady Hope, who has already founded the "Home Club" for men-servants—an institution which includes a registry office, coffee bar, dining-rooms, reading and game rooms, and a certain number of bedrooms—has also inaugurated two large coffee vans for those whose work lies outside the house—

coachmen, footmen and groomers. The vans are highly appreciated at night, when numbers of men-servants are sometimes kept out for hours.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MEN-SERVANTS: ONE OF THE "HOPE" COFFEE VANS

DRAWN BY F. G. DICKINSON



DRAWN BY F. DE HARMEN

THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR: A DESPERATE ATTEMPT





FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED AT TOKIO BY A WOUNDED JAPANESE OFFICER

THE JAPANESE TO CARRY ONE OF THE OUTWORKS



"THE ELOPEMENT; OR, A TRIP TO SCOTLAND"



"STREPHON AND PHILLIS"



"SUMMER"

FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY JOHN COLLET



"THE SIRENS"

DESIGNED AND MEZZOTINTED BY JOHN RAPHAEL SMITH

HUMOROUS MEZZOTINTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES



"MARIE"

FROM THE PAINTING BY CECIL W. QUINNELL



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EDEN PALACE HOTEL.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

It is in course much more pleasant to take in with a Duchess in the Faubourg Sainte Germaine than frequent the anti-chambers of the Ministry of Public Worship; but it is not in the interests of the Valetien that he should do so. Monsieur Lorenzelli, the type of the modern priest of the Papal Diplomatic Service, handsome (sufficiently strait, suave in manner, but at bottom incapable. It is not sufficient to sit in the boulevards of the *grands dames* of the viceregal quarter of the French capital and bewail the anti-Clerical spirit shown by the Government. The rôle of the Papal Nuncio, if he had been a man of tact and talent, might have been of the very last importance. The representative of the Holy See is not in Paris to hold a *salon* for the representative of a *pauvre lignée*. His business, as a practical politician, is to take things as he finds them, and not represent them in his superiority as he would like them to be.

It stands to reason that a tax which takes 18,000 men to collect, and one which impedes business in every way, is one which should be abolished! But the problem of what to do with this army of men, who are all municipal officials, appointed for life and entitled to pensions, is difficult of solution. All the candidates for parliament have promised bringing about the abolition of the *acrotti*, or at least sending them into other occupations before the difficulties of the reform. Instead of getting rid of the employees of the *acrotti* their position is getting stronger every day. They have just held a mass meeting to claim an allowance for their uniform, a special allowance for the new summer uniform, free medical attention, annual holidays on full pay, etc., and there is every chance that they will get it.

The French Government is afraid to touch the question. Each of the 18,000 *officiers d'arrondissement* is a voter, and has "asters and cousins and aunts," on whom he can bring influence to bear. If any serious effort should be made to abolish the *acrotti* they would be up in arms, and would bowel down all the candidates who would attempt to do so. The *Acrotti* are now being sent to Paris in the Chambers were all opposed to the abolition of the *acrotti* there would be little chance of the Bill becoming law.

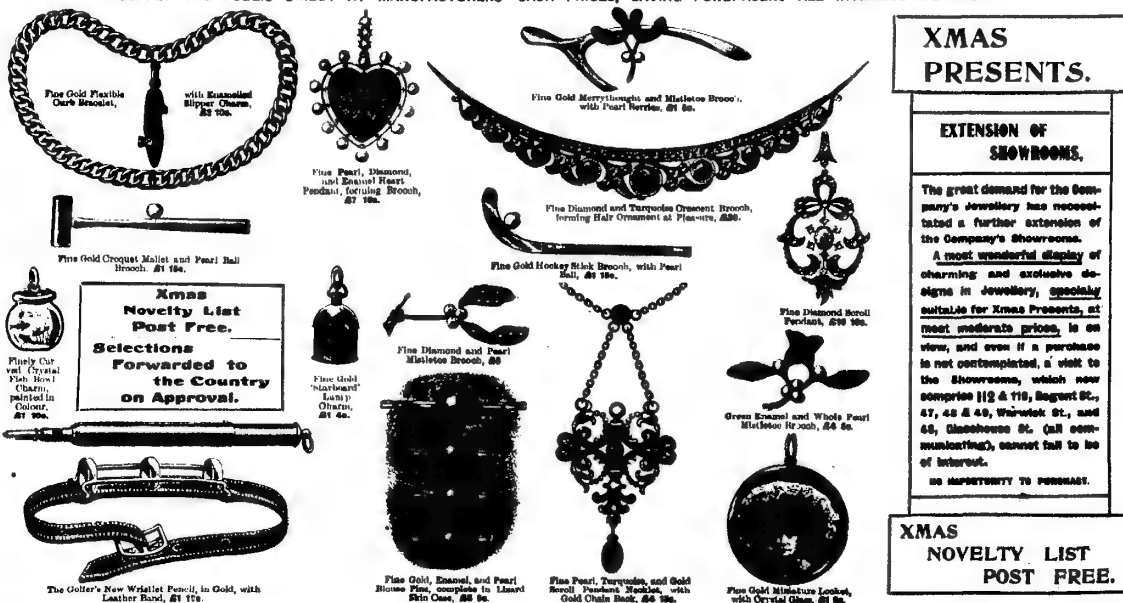
A magnificent gift-book for the approaching Christmas season is the Doré "Dante," which Messrs. Cassell have reissued in two handsomely bound volumes. From the same firm come also a couple of volumes of their best title "Pocket Edition" of R. L. Stevenson's *Complete Works*, and a new edition of the *Library Edition* of Lao Tzu's works "War and Peace," in three volumes, newly translated by Miss Constance Garnett. The great novel, which tells the story of Napoleon's invasion of Russia, is of especial interest at the present time, when, after the close of nearly two years of the most successful peace-making war since 1815, we are again at the lance of new wars in the East.

Heinemann also send us a number of compact little volumes, each containing one of Shakespeare's plays, with a scholarly introduction by George Brandes, also a popular edition, beautifully printed and containing a number of excellent illustrations, of Sir William Armstrong's studies of the human countenance. The *Illustrated Shakespeare* is the latest of new series—Classical Novels, with Fielding's "Tom Jones," about which such landmarks things have been said lately, and Smollett's ever-popular "Roderick Random." The volumes are printed on good paper and most tastefully bound. Each contains several of Cruikshank's illustrations, and a notable feature of the series is the introduction of a preface by Henry Bruce, one of an introduction or appreciation of the author's work, a feature of most new editions which often exasperates the book-lover. Messrs. Hutchinson have also added to their excellent "Library of Standard Biographies" Lockhart's "Life of Scott," abridged and illustrated by Mr. J. S. Sturges, and a new edition of the *Life of Miss Agnes Mackintosh*, and the "Early Life of Goethe," by Emma Kooka L. K. of his autobiography. From Mr. Henry Bredon come two compact complete editions of the poetical works of Robert Burns and of Longfellow, each in one volume, and two new Oxford editions of the Bible printed in pearl, both on vellum and on paper.

Mr. J. S. Sturges has also issued his new edition of *King's Classics* and "The Clarendon Text Bible,"—Mr. Alexander Moring's latest addition to his charming "King's Classics" in a volume entitled "King's Letters from the Early Tudors, with the Letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn," in which Bluff King Henry shows himself in a most interesting way. His new edition of *King's Classics*, the series of which has been issued by Grant Richards's estimable series, the *World's Classics*, now comprises upwards of eighty volumes, the latest additions being Borrow's "Lavengro," George Eliot's "Adam Bede," Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Watson at the Breakfast Table," Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship," the fifth volume of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and the new volumes in the similar series, "Boys' Classics," are "The Last of the Mohicans" and "Robinson Crusoe." From the same publisher also comes an excellent anthology of the best English poems, from Chaucer to Wordsworth, entitled "Flower of the Mind," selected by Miss Constance Garnett.

Mr. Henry Bredon has also issued a new edition of his *World's Classics*, in which he has added *Life and Soul*, in their beautifully bound "Library of Great Novels," to which the four latest additions are Borrow's "Lavengro," prettily illustrated by Claude A. Shepperson, and Moring's "Haji Baha," George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life," and William Collins's "Afterthoughts," respectively by H. R. Millar, Chris Hammond, and Gordon Browne.

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### The Theatres

#### "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

Let the critical say what they will—but a very excellent Christmas entertainment will be the verdict passed by the majority of playgoers on the production of *The Taming of the Shrew* at the ADELPHI Theatre. Though it would be easy to find fault with certain of the performers, as a whole the performance is full of vigour and spirit, and those who complain of the pantomime nature of the revival would do well to consider the nature of the play. The story of Petruchio (why is it called Petruchio at the ADELPHI?) and Katharina is not a serious comedy or a problem play. It is a piece of broad humour with a substratum of sense, and the keynote of all the riot and revel which follows is struck in the rich burlesqueness of the "Induction," in which Mr. Oscar Ashe gives an admirable rendering of the "beery" Christopher Sly, who wakes from a drunken slumber to find himself in a sumptuous bed, with half a dozen lackeys calling him "My Lord." Mr. Ashe's Petruchio is very robust—perhaps a trifle too much so. He is apt to slur over the fact that the man is only acting a part, and is a gentleman withal; but it is a sturdy in robust humour. Miss Brayton is rather hand-

capped by her personality, and by the fact that for playgoers of this generation there has only been one Katharina, and that the superb performance of Miss Ada Rehan. Miss Brayton storms and scowls furiously, but we feel that all the time she is only playing up being a terrible virago. She gives us an angry little fury, and not a splendid tiger engaged with her surroundings and companions, and when she becomes docile, it is a little too obviously a relief to her. Mr. Lyall Swete and Mr. Charles Rock are excellent as the two servants Biondello and Gremio. Mr. Herbert Grimwood is a good Gremio, and Miss Gaytherne a pretty Bianca; indeed there are few blots on an all-round sound interpretation of the play, and while parists, as we said before, may cavil and aver that *this* was not what Shakespeare intended, and that *that* piece of business would have made him weep, our own impression is that the play is a piece of roystering extravagance, and was intended to be played as such. The splendidly enthusiastic reception on Tuesday would infer that the audience shared this view.

In connection with the transformation of the SURREY Theatre into a music-hall, the following reprint of an old "SURREY" poster is not without interest. It refers, of course, to the days a century ago when the place was a hippodrome.

Hughes, with the celebrated Sobieska Clementina, the famous Miss Hanley, and an astonishing Young Gentleman (son of a Person of Quality) will exhibit at Blackfriars the most extraordinary things that ever yet witnessed, such as leaping over a Horse forty times without stopping between the springs—Leaps the bar standing on the saddle with his back to the Horse's Tail, and vice versa, Kicks at full speed with his right Foot on the saddle, and his left Toe in his Mouth, his surprising Feet (sic). Mrs. Hughes takes a fly and fires a Pistol, rides at full speed standing on Flat Feet. Mounts her pet higher still to the terror of all who see her. He carries a lady at full speed over his hand—surprising. The young gentleman will recite verses of his own making, and set Mark Antony against the tongs. Clementina every night—A Commodious room for the Nobility.

With reference to the recent discussion on "The Tyranny of the First Night," Mr. Bouchier, in an interesting letter to Mr. Sydney Dark, makes a few very apt remarks. "Personally," he says, "I cannot say that of late years I have detected any particular tyranny on the first night of a new play. The only thing that really exercises

me is the fact that a play never goes so well as it does on a first night. This would rather point to the possibility that the reception of a play by a typical London first-night audience is not quite indicative of the future opinion of the general public, who may, or may not, throng to see it afterwards, and it is an established fact that the verdict for good or ill of a typical London first-night audience has never been prophetic of the financial success of any play."

A most interesting production by the Mermaid Society, at the ROYALTY, has been Sir John Vanbrugh's *The Confederacy*, a brilliant Restoration comedy which possesses more genuine wit than a score of modern works. Mrs. Theodore Wright gives an admirable performance of Mrs. Amlet, while the ROYALTY would be worth visiting if only to watch Miss Dora Hole's Flippants and the ingenuity of Miss May Martyn. Flippants is, of course, a part in a thousand, but Miss Hole is an actress in, shall we say, a hundred, and should soon make her mark.

### THE GRAPHIC, DECEMBER 3, 1904

The first production of the sixth season of the Stage Society will be a translation by Louise and Aylmer Maude of Tolstoy's *The Power of Darkness*. This will be performed on December 18, 19, and 20.

### Our Supplement

Mr. Cecil W. Quinell has given us a type of a beautiful girl. Not the typical fair and flaxen-haired lassie who is so often portrayed—particularly by English artists—but an up-to-date version of the "nut-brown maid," of whom, some four hundred years ago, the old ballad-writer sang so lovingly and romantically. The artist has heightened the bewitching effect of her hazel eyes by a whirling mass of curls and forelocks, but despite her modern Froe-Frou-like attire, there is doubtless as much true devotion in her pretty head as was shown by her prototype, Lady Margaret Percy, who was so romantically wooed and won by that "banished knight," Lord Clifford.

### A New Statue

An imposing addition has recently been made to the monuments of London. The colossal bronze-gilt statue which was erected last week over the Strand approach to the Savoy Hotel is more than

fourteen feet high from the top of the spear to the top of the base. It is the work of Mr. Lynn Jenkins, and represents Peter, Count of Savoy, and uncle of Eleanor, Queen of Henry III. of England. When Count Peter came to England, King Henry bestowed upon him the title of Earl of Richmond, and also the land on which, in 1248, Peter built the Savoy Palace. For this land, part of which now forms the site of the Savoy Hotel, the King changed a rental of three barbed arrows every Michaelmas. Earl Peter afterwards bestowed his Palace upon the Fraternity of Mountjoy, from whom Queen Eleanor bought it and gave it to Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, second son of Henry III., when it became a Royal Palace.



A SAVOYARD IN 1240

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## Our Bookshelf

"THROUGH TOWN AND JUNGLE"

To all lovers of the beautiful in architecture this book will be very welcome. The authors have been at great pains to collect, during several seasons, a series of photographs illustrating the magnificent buildings of different styles and periods which are scattered over the length and breadth of the Indian Peninsula, from Titagarh to Peshawar, and from Bombay to Calcutta. In dealing with the art of India the photograph is a particularly adequate medium of reproduction, since the effects are produced by line. In this respect India differs from Italy, where colour forms such an important factor. In particular, the leading feature of Indian architecture, apart from the luxuriance of detail which never degenerates into indolence, the marvellous dividing of the perpendicular with the horizontal is admirably illustrated. The various styles are well represented, Buddhist, Dravidian, Jain and Chalukyan; and though, perhaps, the authors speak somewhat slightly of Mohammedan art, it is very interesting to notice with what skill the Hindu builders, who departed so much for detailed ornamentation on human and animal forms, overcame the difficulties raised by a religion which prohibited the reproduction of the likeness of any living thing. Not the least interesting are the cave temples of Ajanta, which form such a striking memorial to Buddhist art in India. In striking contrast to the antiquarian interest of the illustrations stands the method of transport, by which the authors covered so vast a stretch of country—the bicycle. The story of their wanderings, and the difficulties, chiefly relating to lodgings, which they encountered is told with spirit and no little humour. It speaks volumes for the energy of the authors, particularly the lady, that they not infrequently covered the distance of over eighty miles a day, and thus on indifferent roads, under an Indian sun. The descriptions are well written and the chief points to be noted in connection with each building are given in simple language which requires no technical knowledge on the part of the reader. Short historical sketches and occasional legends serve to give a more human interest to the chief ruins—far, unhappily, many of the buildings are in a very neglected condition. Vegetation is the chief enemy.

"Through Town and Jungle." By W. H. Workman, M.A., M.D., and Fanny R. Workman. (London: Onyx, 1904.)



THE ENTRANCE TO VISHWAKARMA CAVE TEMPLE, ELLORA  
From "Through Town and Jungle." (Fisher Unwin.)

"Seeds are deposited upon a building. They sprout, develop into bushes and later into trees. Slender moulders are sent out, which insert themselves into the crevices between the stones.

Here, in spite of pressure and the narrow space, they grow and flourish, and, as they increase in size, force the blocks gradually apart, until these become loosened from their places and fall to the ground. Often large masses of masonry are thus separated from the building." Finally, the book evinces on every page that most admirable quality, enthusiasm. The illustrations, about two hundred in number, are beyond praise.

### TWO BOOKS ON THE WAR

Books on the Russo-Japanese war are now beginning to appear, and we have already received two from correspondents fresh from the battlefield. These are by Mr. Douglas Story and Mr. Frederick Palmer, both of them experienced war correspondents, and if excuse must be made for their hurry in producing their books thus early, it may be found in the fact that both writers have told a tale of much interest. Mr. Douglas Story originally intended to follow the war on the Japanese side, but he grew restive at the long delays of permission to go to the front, so he shipped off to Shanghai and thence made his way to Mukden. That Mr. Story should look at the struggle that is going on in the Far East through Russian spectacles is only natural, after campaigning with the soldiers of the Tsar, but his readers, though they can hardly be expected to reverse their opinions, will not find that the author's Russophile sympathies detract from the interest of his book. The writer has a happy knack of holding his reader's attention, and there is not a dull page in his well-written account of what he saw while following Kuroki's army. It matters little what an author's views are, when he can draw such vivid pictures as the following account of the gallantry of the 11th East Siberian Regiment at Wushonai Valley, where it was completely surrounded and had to cut its way out:—

The pope, long-haired and bearded, in full canonicals, wearing the high-peaked mitre of his princely rank, stood the holy cross and marched first down the avenue of death. Behind him came the soldiers and the sub-priests, and the long line of the 11th Siberian Rifles, chanting "Gloria! Gloria!" "Long live Merry!" Never has battle witnessed a stranger procession, rarely a more tragic. The priest, shot through the lungs, stumbled and fell, but his sub-priest raised him, and, uttering now with the cross of Christ all blasphemous, the strange vanguard staggered out to safety. When, at last, the ragged remnants of the regiment extricated themselves from their awful situation, the little Japanese soldiers on the heights raised a "Hurrah!" of honest admiration. Of the full-blooded regiments that had taken up its position in the morning, General Kuroki said had been wounded, and twenty-six other officers and nine hundred men were among the dead or wounded.

"The Campaign with Kuroki." By Douglas Story. (E. Werner Laurie.)  
"With Kuroki in Manchuria." By Frederick Palmer. (Methuen and Co.)

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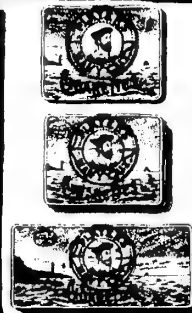
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10, 12, and 20, and in Decorated Tins of 24, 50, and 100.

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Mr. Story's narrative takes us up to the battle of Liaoyang, which he calls "the culminating battle," a title which subsequent events have shown to be a misnomer. He gives us some idea of the terrible fierceness of the struggle that is now going on in the Far East when he says: "For long the Russians seemed not to realise the gravity of the enterprise upon which they were engaged. They fought bravely enough in battle but were singularly lacking in their hatred of the enemy. It required the awful carnage of Liaoyang and the Shaho to impress them with the actuality of battle. In the end they fought as bravely as ever troops did in harness. Mr. Story has much to tell us of Russian officers and soldiers. Remnickampff is the General French of the Russian Army, he says, while Sassolitch is the Buller, and Putiloff, the victor of Lone Tree Hill, is the Baden-Powell.

Equally able is Mr. Frederick Palmer's book, "With Kuroki in Manchuria." Mr. Palmer, who has acted as correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, is a graphic historian, and writes in a style not remarkable, perhaps, for polish, but delightful in its impetuous enthusiasm. His narrative, which opens with an amusing description of the waiting of correspondents at Tokyo, takes us down to the battle of Liaoyang. He arrived at the front in time to witness the first great land battle on the Yalu, of which he gives a thrilling account. He does not withhold his admiration for the courage of the Russians in the midst of his enthusiasm for the side on which his sympathies are naturally enlisted. Mr. Palmer's descriptions are very realistic, and his book, which I rather the spirit of the Japanese, forms a capital pendant to Mr. Story's narrative. Both books are abundantly illustrated with photographs but both sadly need an index.

#### "THE HEART OF PENELOPE"

The Heart of Penelope Robinson, *née* Wantley, of which a portion of the story (William Heinemann) is told at great length by Mrs. Belle Lowndes, is a very capacious heart indeed. The grand-daughter of a fairly notorious for many lovers, she exemplifies the fashionable theories of those back by the need of having a love affair with somebody—or rather with anybody; the accidentally particular object being a certain diplomatic celebrity, Sir George Downing, who by no means made the relation the safer by having a wife alive. Under such circumstances, free views of love and marriage are easily discovered to be philosophically sound; and an elopement would have been inevitable had not Penelope's conventionally Philistine mother prevented a scandal by murdering Sir George. The novel is not altogether easy to follow by reason of the singular want of art shown in its construction. The story is always harking back to the past or forward to the future, so that even the abnormally attentive reader scarcely knows whether he is reading about to-day, yesterday, or to-morrow. Nor are the characters either recognisable as social types, for which there is reason to think them intended, or credible as psychological freaks—as most of them certainly are. There are many of these, and their separate stories are always written in good English, and at times with the effect of bright patches on a grey ground, which thus seems all the greyer.

#### "THIS HAPPY VALLEY"

There is a pleasant jangling of flavours in Mrs. R. M. Croker's account (Methuen and Co.) of a summer in Norway—the descriptive, the idyllic, the picaresque, the humorous, and the sentimental. The scene is laid on an estate rented by an English widow, who, not being well off, receives every season a number of "paying guests" selected for the qualities that make them all sure of a good time.

Her rule is to exclude members of her own sex as apt to "complicate everything;" but circumstances have induced her, for once, to relax her rigour. Complications do unquestionably ensue; but they are very lightly tangled, save the several knots for life to which they lead. The general effect of the volume is to make the reader wish it were next summer, in order that he, or she, might set off for Norway without delay. And if next summer and Norway should actually come together, may he or she find half as happy a valley there as Mrs. Croker has found for everybody meanwhile.

#### "JAN VAN DYCK"

"Jan van Dyck," by J. Morgan-de-Groot (Blackwood and Sons), without being otherwise remarkable among current novels, at any rate differs from the general run of them as an intimately realistic picture of present-day life in a Dutch village, and of the career of a lad through Gymnasium and University. That his subsequent career as an advocate closes with his appointment as Minister of Foreign Affairs, gives the book something of the air of belonging to Boyhoods of Great Men. We gather from its pages that the Dutch Gymnasiums, or high school, falls very far short of the popular idea of foreign educational methods; and that the existence of a *Groot*, or freshman, in a Dutch University (Leyden is Jan's *alma mater*) must be a horror of hazing, ragging, or whatever the local slang for it may be. The love business is somewhat conventional. Jan falls in love with the daughter of the rich is downer who claims territorial rights which the young advocate demolishes in the course of a law-suit. But it leads to a really strong scene—that of a *Dijkbreuk*, or bursting of a dyke, in which the ever-fortunate Jan saves the lives both of his sweetheart and her father. Of course all ends happily; and any reader with an appreciation of genuinely Dutch pictures will be well satisfied with more than the end.



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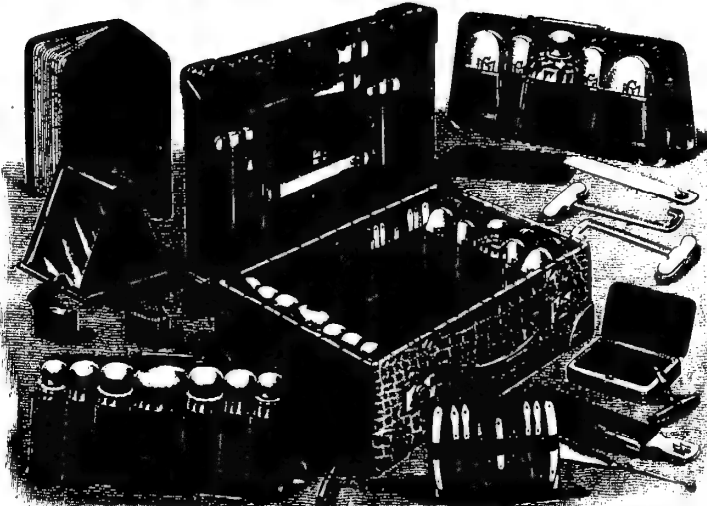
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## CHRISTMAS BOOKS

MESSRS. DEAN'S PUBLICATIONS

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"I FOUND MYSELF HUNTED UP BY ONE OF THE BEASTS"  
Reduced from "The Arabian Nights." Published by Messrs. Dean and Son, Limited.

Canute" (Ward, Lock), which is quite a model of the historical novellet, with due proportion of fact and fancy. In this romance of the Danish conquest Otille Liljencrans draws a vivid picture of those red-tasse times when Dane and Angle strove for supremacy in our land, while the fore-mentioned is charmingly interwoven. The Danish dynasty had fallen and Norman William was knocking at England's door when "Oytha's Message" (Blackie) was delivered. Emma Leslie's sketch is also of rough times, and very well does she draw the turbulent feudal household influenced in good by the simple little bondswoman. Strife is in the air too in "Diana Polwarth, Royalist" (Seeley), for J. F. M. Clarke tells of Old London under the Commonwealth, when Puritan oppressed Royalist for his faith. Diana is a delightful heroine, and the whole story is attractive. Coming to more modern days, Scotland and Ireland well contest the reader's interest. Miss Ethel Heddie has more than once laid the scene of a good story in that famous Scotch university town thinly veiled as St. Rule's, and "The Town's Verdict" (Blackie) describes another drama on the same stage. Apart from a well-worked-out plot, Miss Heddie is most happy in her characters, for gossip-loving, garrulous Mrs. Balgarnie alone would make the story worth reading. Character-drawing, too, is the main feature of "Joss and Co." (Hodder and Stoughton), as J. J. B.'s gallery of village portraits puts the plot into the background. The ordinary Southron may not altogether appreciate the broad Scotch, but no one can fail to be entertained by the rural worthies and their characteristics. The canny Scot gives place to the bewitching Irish dandel in "A Girl's Ideal" (Blackie), with a spice of American education to complete the

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fascination. Thanks to an eccentric will the heroine conceives a most original idea, and how she carries it out and wins a delightful husband will be read with much enjoyment, as Miss Mulholland can depict Ireland and the Irish with a practised hand. Another pleasing literary thought of a more everyday nature, is provided by Evelyn Everett-Green, who, in "Sister" (Nelson), deftly unravels a tangled skein of misunderstandings. Nowadays, girls carry their living in a multitude of ways, and they may get a hint or two how to make a strong success from the sisters who prosper so well in "New Tree Farm" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). Jessie Marchant shows brightly how the girls put their shoulders to the wheel in earnest, and their experiences form most amusing reading. Just as brave was "Nell Garton" (N.P.C.K.), though her line were cast in more ordinary paths as a girl. Still, the work of our heroine is most interesting, and it is a good one, as Jessie Garton is to such as M. Clarke, the everyone and ends by turning out a scion of English nobility. She is a nice, unsouped girl all the same, and does more good with her riches than the silly dandies in "Constance's Fortune" (S.P.C.K.), by A. F. D. rather a stilted tale of folly and its reward. The wilful, troublesome maiden, who is so fascinating as trying, makes her appearance in "The Girls of Gomer Hall" (Nelson), a brisk, satisfactory tale of school life, by Raymond Roberts, while there is yet another wild girl to be tamed in "Miss Friend" (Blackie), which is equally taking. Mrs. Curran's little wife is a most quaint personage, whose development proves highly interesting. Before leaving the elder girls,

a word is due to one of Mr. Alfred H. Miles's capital collection of exciting wholesome tales, "Fifty-Two Stories of Grit and Character for Girls" (Hutchinson). Then comes the turn of the younger ones, who cannot fail to welcome the annual contribution of their old favourite, Mrs. Moleworth. They always expect something good from her, and they certainly get it in "The Ruby Ring" (Macmillan) with its grains of fairy fancy sprinkled into a child's life. It is the old moral of the famous Three Wishes, set in Mrs. Moleworth's own delightful style. Often have the children taken a trip to Australia under the pleasant guidance of Miss Eibel Turner, and now, if they make the acquaintance of "Mother's Little Girl" (Ward, Lock), they will find once more how nice can be their small contemporaries at the Antipodes.

#### THE GOLLIWOGG ONCE MORE

By now the Golliwogg is a household word, whose absence at Christmas would leave a serious gap. Happily, Miss Florence and Bertha Upton have not yet exhausted their hero's adventures, although "The Golliwogg in Holland" (Longmans) went through serious perils in the land of dykes and windmills. His devoted companions, the Dutch dolls, become fascinating vamps, while the Golliwogg himself plays the Dutchman to the life. Indeed, this is one of the most amusing of the series, Miss Bertha Upton's drawings being especially full of real humour. Plenty of fun, too, in "Mr. Punch's Christmas Book" (Punch Office), by Olga Morgan, as amongst the gracefully illustrated fairy stories are many comic pictures, notably those of the heads at the "Zoo" playing games.

#### AN INDIAN "A" ABABIAN NIGHTS

Naturally the title of "A Thousand and One Indian Nights"

(Heinemann) suggests the immortal tales told by Scheherazade, but the book itself is no copy of that great original. Flowing from a native pen—that of a high-caste Hindu, A. Sarath Kumar Ghosh—the stories glow with the romance and picturesque imagery of the East. They illustrate the tales set before an ardent lover by a stern Royal father and his ultimate triumph. Marvellous indeed is the lover's success in enduring awful tortures, and of escaping when all hope seems gone. The author has a wonderful power of description, and the curious bent of the Eastern mind for horror renders him at his best in depicting the grim and gruesome. He has produced a most fascinating book of its kind, which is but the earnest of still better things to come.

#### THE OLD AND THE NEW FAIRY TALE

There is a sharp tussle nowadays between the old-fashioned fairy tale, with its princes, princesses and magicians, and the new type with its modern children journeying into strange regions among queer creatures, and showing a strong comic vein. A capital specimen of the latter class is "The Phoenix and the Carpet" (Newnes), by E. Nesbit, which introduces a lovable nursery quainter whom we have met before grubbing in sandheaps and unearthing a sand-fairy or Pannopse. Now they have the good luck to reconstitute that classic myth, the Phoenix, and to find a magic carpet which, like that of the Arabian Nights, carries them anywhere at will. The point of the story is the queer contrast between these very modern children and their magical adventures. It is worked out in most amusing fashion, and will give the elders as hearty a laugh as the children. Now comes the old fairy tale,

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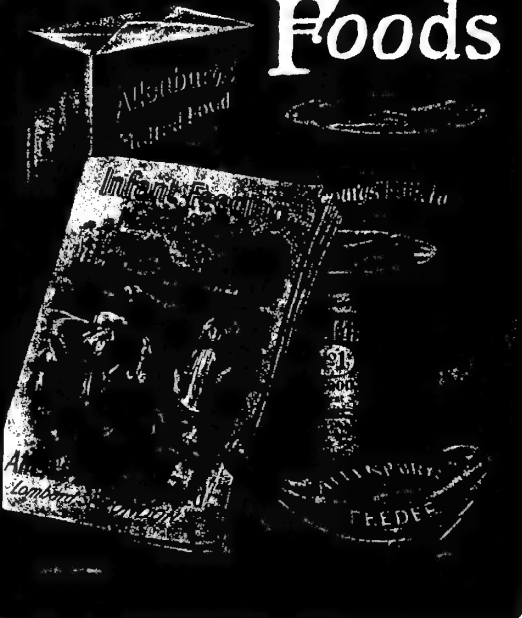
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writer who runs Mr. Henry's very close in the art of writing exciting stories is Captain F. S. Breton. Himself a soldier, he thoroughly understands how to write of deeds of valor. In "A Hero of Lucknow" (Blackie) the heroes of the tale are on the staff of their uncle, the political officer of a fortress. The story is a stirring account of the hero's valor and the personal enemy of Claude and Reg. Watson, being the rebel leader. With great difficulty they rescue the Rajah and escape. After rescuing an English lady and her daughters and a young man, they are captured by the rebels. The rebels' frustrated Nana Sahib's word they slip away and escape the terrible massacre which overwhelmed General Wheeler and his party. However, Claude is soon after captured, and is dragged off to be tortured. He escapes, but is again captured and tortured. By good luck he escapes. After having gained the English line he volunteers to return to the rebel magazine and explode it. He is successful in his undertaking, and makes his way through innumerable perils. He escapes part of the rebels, and the relief of the English is sent. The story is a fascinating story, and the subject is one of which Englishmen can never tire.—"With Richard the Fearless" (Nister), by Paul Crewick, is a thrilling story of the Red Crusade. The hero, Richard, is a young man who is a knight of the Order of the Fair by attempting to rescue a strolling singer, one Blondal, and his sister from the moor, and is landed with them in the round-house. At the instance of a travelling poet they escape, and the story is a thrilling account of the adventures of the poet, who is the cry of both the King and of Peter.

is a copy of Saladin's and an enemy of King John's, and is continually attempting the undoing of the Lion Heart, but his plots are overthrown by Peter, who bears a wonderful likeness to Richard. The reason of this similarity forms the basis of the plot. The two brothers are engaged in a series of the most tremendous fighting. Saladin surrenders to Peter, under the impression that he is the King. Owing to the machinations of the poet, Richard is made prisoner by the Austrians, and is rescued by Peter. The book is full of the most interesting "ripping" by most boys as "Marcus, the Young Centurion" (Historic), by that ever-popular writer, G. Manville Penn. The hero is the son of Crassus, who, having been deprived of his exalted position in the Roman Empire, retires to the country, and attempts to bring up his son as a student. But the fighting spirit is strong in the lad, and, taught by his father's old follower, he becomes a proficient in the art of war. He is called to the aid of his father, who is now general for his past enemy, eventually induces him to take command of the Romans against the Gauls. Crassus leaves for Rome, after having forbidden his son and his old retainer, who are also anxious to go, to follow him. But the military ardor of the young man is too strong for him, and he goes off to fight, and only to meet on the road. After joining the army they go through many dangerous adventures, and at last are entrusted with a message, which has to be taken through the enemy's force, to the king of the Gauls, who is the father of Crassus, and to help to defeat the Gauls. This is a capital story.

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## Rural Notes

THE SEASON

The cold weather which set in over Russia and North Germany about November 1st, a week later, here established over the whole of Northern Europe, including Great Britain and Eastern Ireland. It did not, however, embrace the West of Ireland, and the mountain side of a very high temperature—60° at the Azores—showed that the weather over the Atlantic was undisturbed by the anticyclone. There is no means of saying why the cold was so much more marked at Worcester and in the Severn Valley than in the London district, and why the western lowlands of Scotland escaped the frosts which were registered both in the East of Scotland on the one side and in "Oster, which is West of all Scotland, on the other. Meteorological science is not yet able to forecast these things. The severity of the cold was not great over any very large area, and was soon replaced by a thaw, but the snow woke up the municipalities to a sense of their duties, and afforded an opportunity for rehearsing really witty efforts. The farmer who still had turnips in the ground has not often lost them, for the frost had little time to penetrate the soil. The warning, however, has done good, and no effort is being spared to get the roots finally secured in clumps before any protracted spell of frost arrives. The wheat sown in October will be benefited by the snow and its gradual melting. Stocks would benefit by a spell of cold wind, but humanity is more important than stocks, and, on the whole, the less of cold wind we have the better for the live stock of the farm, no less than for the human race.

## THE COUNTRY COTTAGE

The deputation to Mr. Long has laid before the Government the grievances of would-be builders of country cottages, and the Local Government Board have in effect replied that they can make good by law, but cannot prevail upon local Councils to adopt them. The proposal to use compulsion is open to the objection that the aim of the hour is not to centralise but exactly the reverse. The late Canon Kingsley declared plainly that local self-government meant the triumph of ignorance, bigotry, and corruption, but centralised states like Russia and Germany are not usually held to be more progressive than individualist countries like the United Kingdom and the United States. If rural Councils do not want cottages there must be a reason. This is tolerably clear in the fact that if you introduce ten cottages into a parish the averages show that one will always come on the rates and that in a bad winter three will. If the cost of the poor were made imperial there would be no obstacles to the building of poor men's homes, but then there would be no economy exercised in the local expenditure on relief. There is another consideration. All the up-to-date plans for cheap cottages depend on material sent down from London and other big centres, so that there is no local profit on bricks and mortar, carpentry work and the like. The old system of bigger farmhouses and the labourers living and boarding at the farm was, in many respects, the best, as it was the most genial, and prevented the extreme loneliness of cottage life. But the modern farmer does not care to sit with his men, and the labourers hate the restriction on their liberty which is involved by being under another man's roof.

## NOVEMBER HIRINGS

The annual hirings in Galway and Dumfries, also in Cumberland, show that the level of agricultural wages is lower than it was a year ago. The fall averages about £1 for the half-yearly hiring, or £1 for a year. The man who will sign on for a whole year is in request, and the fall therefore is less.

## THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER

Seldom has the agricultural labourer had so fine an autumn, for work has been both constant and plentiful, and wages very fair. In parts of the South-West, where there is a good deal of railway development, the men have gone off to work as navvies, and this labour being very hard, is paid three to four shillings above farm wages. In Essex and East Anglia the relations of farmer and labourer have run smoothly of late, with one exception. There is a growing dislike to come and feed or milk stock on a Sunday. Nature is horribly pagan, we fear, and takes no notice of the day of rest. A discreet distribution of Jews might meet the difficulty, but has not hitherto been found practicable. In the West and North good shepherds are in demand, but a first-rate shepherd is a man in demand always, and one fears the younger generation is producing but few recruits. The expert waggoner is also wanted, and the Thatcher. As in Ireland, so in the country, it is the unskilled labourer who is a difficult man to place. Now that we have compulsory education something might be done to see that no boy left school without some calling in prospect for him. The shifting population is always the chief element of trouble in our midst.

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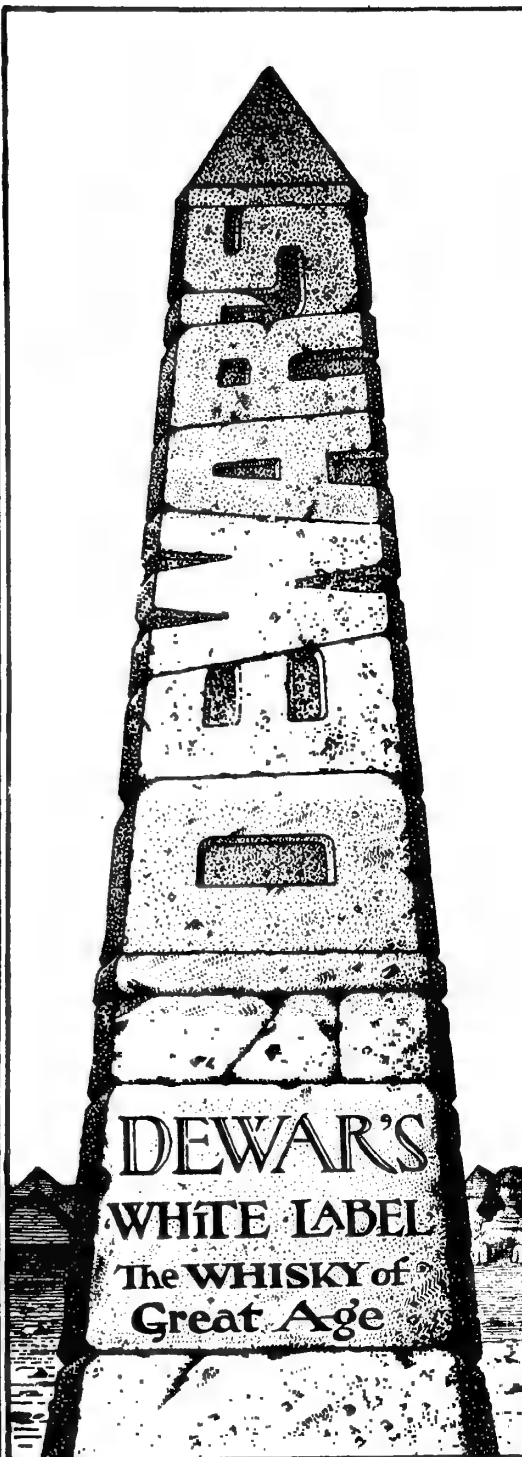
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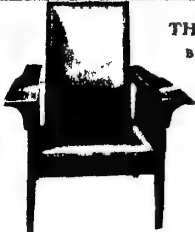
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NO. 1328. VOL. LXX.  
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## Topics of the Week

The resolutions passed by the Boer Congress at Brandfort have been received with a good deal of unreasonable impatience by jingo writers who see "strange plots of dire revenge" in every echo of racial grievance heard within the narrowing circle of the Boer irreconcilables. As a matter of fact the ventilation of these grievances at the present time, when representative government in the fullest meaning of the term does not exist, is a distinct gain to the cause of law and order. Either these grievances are imaginary or they are real. In the one case their public formulation affords the Government an opportunity of refuting them with a maximum of effectiveness; in the other a not less welcome opportunity is given for inquiring into them and remedying them. Imaginary grievances do not flourish in the light of day. It is only when they are whispered and brooded over beyond the reach of confutation that they become dangerous. At Brandfort the Boers have brought their grievances to the test of public examination. The result seems to us by no means unsatisfactory. We are, indeed, struck by the weakness of the indictment which all the elements of inevitable discontent and invincible hostility have been able to draft. The chief counts relate to Compensation and Education. On both the case is as feeble in substance as it is truculent in tone. There have been, no doubt, shortcomings in the work of compensation and repatriation, but the Government are ready to consider and redress all legitimate grievances if they are brought to their notice, and it is notorious that the real sufferers are not represented by the Brandfort Conference. The statement that a large portion of the £3,000,000 allotted to compensation has been wasted in administrative expenses is simply untrue, and by repeating it the Boer Congress have only given the Government another opportunity of nailing it to the counter. The insinuation conveyed in the hectoring demand for accounts is not less ineffective, for these accounts will be published as soon as the Central Judicial Committee has concluded its labours. The denunciation of the Education policy of the Government is even more ridiculous. It is sufficiently refuted by the fact that the attendance at the State Schools in the Orange River Colony is half as much again as it was before the war, while only a dwindling handful of pupils flock to the Afrikaner Schools. As for the remaining demands, some are obviously impracticable, while others will be granted in due season. Responsible government will certainly be conferred on the Colonies as soon as the Imperial authorities are convinced that the privilege will not be abused. The foundations, however, must be solidly laid first. Meanwhile these Boer Congresses are doing useful work, inasmuch as they must tend to discredit the very men whose mischievous influence it is the object of every well-wisher of South Africa to diminish.

The difficulty in which England has been involved over the question of the supply of coal to the Russian fleet is typical of the troubles of a Neutral troubled by belligerent Powers in all wars. Those troubles have existed for many centuries, and attempts have been constantly made by one Power or another to define the respective rights of neutrals and of belligerents. Sometimes these attempts have been partially successful, and treaties have been drawn up formally laying down definite principles of international law for the guidance of neutrals and belligerents respectively. Where such definite principles exist, most Powers are willing to give effect to them, but there remains a large area of the relations between neutrals and belligerents which is not covered by these formally established principles. In such cases the Powers affected can only be guided by the text-books of international law and by the decisions given in various Prize Courts. These text-books have, however, no binding authority, nor have the decisions of the Prize Courts of one Power necessarily any weight in determining the decisions of the Prize Courts of another Power. A Russian Court may decide that coal is always contraband, and a French or a British Court may decide in the opposite sense. What is obviously wanted is the creation of some International Court to act as a Court of Appeal from the Prize Courts of the different Powers. It ought to be possible to evolve such a Court out of the tribunal created by The Hague Conference. The duties of this Court would be in many ways different from the duties of the existing Hague Tribunal. The Court would not have to deal with questions at issue between one Power and another, but with questions in which the contending parties would, generally speaking, be individual citizens of different countries.

On the one side, to take a normal case, would be the owner of a ship that had been captured, on the other side would be the naval officer who had captured the ship. Each would present his case to this International Court, and the decisions of the Court would be final. Such a tribunal would gradually create a body of international law of universal obligation, and thus relieve the world of many of the difficulties that at present perplex both neutrals and belligerents.

Although matters economic had been steadily improving in Lancashire from the happy day when the great speculative boom in cotton broke "Stamp" down, there was a feeling of uncertainty in the industrial air lest the speculating "ring" should again corner the market. That danger appears to have vanished; the boom has now given place to a slump of such magnitude as would tax a multi-millionaire to deal with successfully. The crop, instead of falling largely short of the annual average, proves to be exceptionally abundant, and the demand on the other side of the Atlantic being comparatively slack, the County Palatine can obtain all it requires at prices allowing a good margin for profit. It is to be greatly hoped, all the same, that there will be no slackening of the effort to promote cotton cultivation within the British Empire. There is no other practicable method of insuring Lancashire against such prolonged misery as the gamblers inflicted on its helpless population during the first half of the current year. The mill-hands and their hardly hit employers deserve the highest praise for the splendid hardihood with which they respectively faced starvation or ruin. But one experience of that sort is more than enough for a lifetime, and every endeavour should be made to prepare a "hot corner" for any future plunging "Napoleon of speculation."

As 1904 draws to a close, it becomes increasingly manifest that the Volunteer force, as we have known it, is in course of disappearance. With a few exceptions, battalions have again lost in numerical strength, and, unhappily, there seems only too much likelihood that the exodus will assume still larger proportions next year. The chief grievance among the rank and file is that the War Office asks too much from them—too much, that is, from the standpoint of the human Ego. They are quite willing, as they have proved, to sacrifice some of their leisure to the requirements of patriotic obligation, but they are not willing to sacrifice it altogether. The young men who only get away from business for a fortnight every year—bank clerks, who are among the best recruits for the Volunteers, have no more—naturally desire to cram into the too brief period as much personal enjoyment as can be managed. Military training at such great camp does not appeal to them as quite an ideal method of holiday-making, and when that is made compulsory, they get out of the difficulty by resigning. It is perfectly true, of course, that the force collectively could stand a considerable measure of "weeding out," and that it would be much improved in military efficiency by the process. But he would be a maldroit gardener who dug up flowers and weeds indiscriminately. That is precisely the pax to which the Citizen Army is rapidly travelling; the best men are leaving quite as freely as the "hard bargains."

Those who are the best acquainted with the lives of factory girls and other young women engaged in industrial occupations will wish all possible success to the kindly philanthropic society which undertakes to look after their moral welfare. There is no section of the working community more subjected to vicious temptation, in one form or another, than these toilers. So far as work goes, their conduct is beyond cavil as a rule, except, perhaps, for a tendency to insubordination when spoken to roughly. But the hour of temptation comes when the factory closes its doors for the day, and all on the premises are free to do as they please until the re-opening next morning. There are some—only a few, it is to be feared—who have comfortable, bright homes to provide for their social requirements. But in the large majority of cases, the factory lass is "on her own," as they style personal independence, and has almost forgotten the gentle pleasures of domesticity. She comes from the same stratum that furnishes domestic servants, and ladies who have large households to govern do not need to be told what would be sure to happen were the "young persons" in their employ given "the key of the street" every night, week in and week out. As Sir H. Seton-Karr remarked at the annual meeting of the society above-mentioned, the rescue of these light-hearted lasses is beyond Parliamentary cognisance; and it is true philanthropic endeavour to attempt it by other than political instrumentality.

## The Bystander

"Stoned by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

My vigorous onslaughts on the Fog Fiend have brought forth sundry expostulations, and I am told that I am entirely ignorant of the charm, the mystery, and the picturesqueness of a "London particular." Well, I am not so sure of this. I have had a pretty good experience of London fogs from my childhood, and I do not think there is any phase of them with which I am unacquainted. Though well aware of their disadvantages, I am by no means blind to their merits. Some years ago I wrote in the columns of a popular newspaper concerning "A Symphony in Fog." In the course of this homily I said: "From a picturesque point of view, there is a great deal to be said in favour of fog; from a romantic point of view, much may be recited to its credit. A trip from the Strand to Bond Street becomes a little adventure; a voyage from Charing Cross to Whitehall is in no small degree perilous; and he who would go in a hansom from Piccadilly to Kensington, might consider himself scarcely less adventurous than Colonel Burnaby, and his extension only second to the famous 'Ride to Khiva.' The fog gives an air of mystery to our streets. It veils their meagre proportions and their architectural defects and allows us to make believe that they are the finest and most important thoroughfares in the world." I quote this to show that I am—or rather was—to a certain extent, a fogophile. But I rather suspect the article was written after a couple of foggy days. When the fog has endured for a month, more or less, it becomes monotonous and aggravating.

Attention, I see, is, very properly, being called in the papers to the iniquitous practice of sitting the snow. I hope that this barbarous system had been long since abandoned. Some half-dozen years ago, in this column, considerable attention was given to the subject, and I had a great deal of correspondence on the subject. It is difficult to understand who the people are who persist in a system that causes the most terrible consequences both to human beings and to horses. I believe the custom is absolutely illegal, and though the sailors are by no means easy to catch, it is sincerely to be hoped that the police will be on the alert.

The question was being discussed the other evening as to how many things you could do at once. Some held that you could only do one thing properly at a time. Others averred that you might do half a dozen things contemporaneously, but one would to a certain extent interfere with the other, and that you would never attain perfection, as one would weaken the other. One person urged it was easy enough to do four things at once. For instance, you might sit in a dogcart, smoke a cigar, compose a poem, and drive a tandem all at the same time. You might start to do this—Mr. Shinnifore says, "Any fool can start!"—but I doubt very much whether you would ever be able to bring the combined operations to a satisfactory conclusion. If your leader turned round and looked you in the face and eventually got entangled with the groom, I fancy it is probable your cigar might be dropped, and possibly that you might find yourself sitting in the road, having forgotten the poem altogether. If you try to do several things at once it often leads to a confusion of ideas. For example, I recollect once smoking a pipe and at the same time I had my glass fixed in my eye. Someone asked me a question, and I removed my pipe to answer it, and all the same moment dropped my glass. When I had given my reply, I put my pipe in my eye and my glass in my mouth. I told them this at the discussion alluded to, but nobody believed it.

It was only on the 19th of November last that I called attention to the empty display by most owners of country houses in providing against the danger of fire. Since that date no less than three important mansions have been burnt—namely, Westbury House, Hants, belonging to Colonel le Roy Lewis; Stanwell Place, Staines, the seat of Sir C. Gibbons; and Enville Hall, near Kidderminster, the residence of Katherine, Countess of Stamford. In addition to these it may be mentioned that over seven mansions of importance—some containing priceless treasures that can never be replaced—have fallen victims during the year to what our friend the "liner" would call "the devouring element." In most of these cases it will be found that there was no alarm of fire till a considerable portion of the building was well alight, and the inhabitants escaped incarceration with considerable difficulty. Now, probably all these catastrophes might have been avoided by having a watchman, whose duty should be thoroughly to explore the premises during the night, supervising for extinguishing fire always in readiness, and all the servants efficient in fire-drill. As a general rule, it would appear, nothing is known of the fire till it has obtained a firm hold of the building, and by the time the engine arrives—which are often many miles distant—the case is hopeless.

A recent instance of the despotism of the builders of to-day came under my observation recently. A gigantic building has been far a long time past in course of construction, and, of course, the public pathway was abolished and a temporary and uncomfortable staging was erected for the accommodation of ratepayers. As the building approached completion, this wooden way was removed, and now mark the ingenuity of the builders. They speedily replaced the curb and filled up the intervening space between it and the building with loose earth, rubbish, and sharp-pointed stones, and then left it for the long-suffering British public to walk upon. They were obliged to walk upon it. If they did not they would have had to walk in the road at the risk of being run over. After being walked upon for a few days the pathway became solidified and ready for the jarring-stones, and the builders had their work done for nothing.

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in an article which leaves the appearance of official inspiration. . . . Star, November 3.

which often speaks with authority on foreign affairs. . . . Morning Leader, November 22.

which, whether officially inspired or not, always speaks authoritatively, and is never lacking in political logic. . . . House Gazette, St. Petersburg, November 30.

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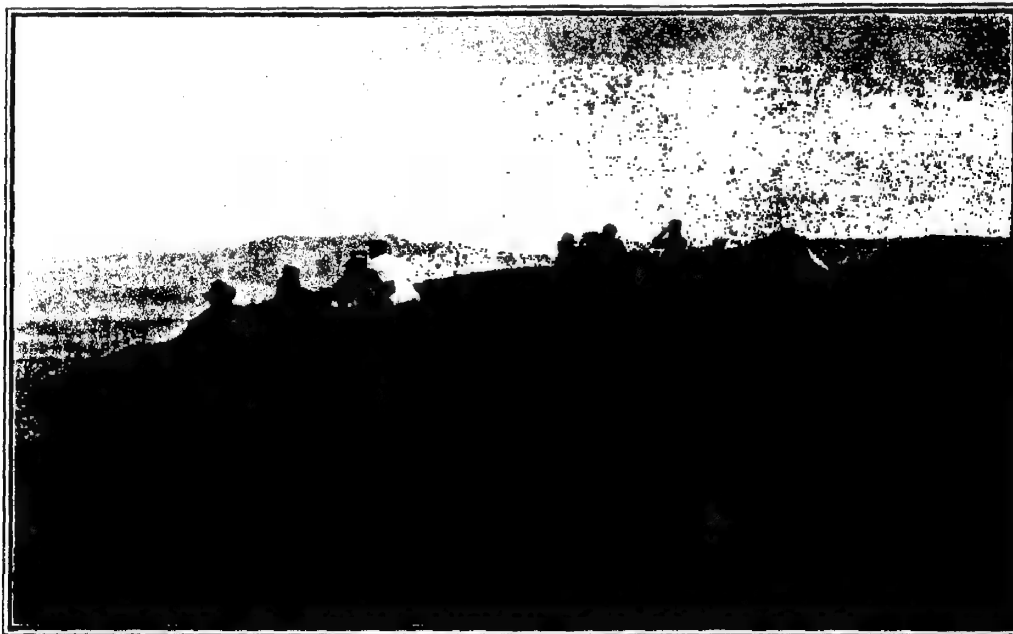
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On October 12 the last great battle was fought on the banks of the Shaho. On the 11th the Russians crossed the frontier in force, and the Japanese at once assumed the offensive on both sides of the railway. The fighting which thereupon took place was severe, but on the following day it grew even fiercer. The Russians were beaten back at all points, and lost a large number of guns. From a photograph copyright in the U.S.A. by "Collier's Weekly."

#### THE BATTLE OF THE SHAHO; FOREIGN ATTACHES WATCHING THE RUSSIAN RETREAT



Never has science played so large a part in warfare as it has done with the Japanese Forces. Just as at sea wireless telegraphy has proved most useful, so on land the telephone keeps the General of each division well informed as to the success of the movements of his men. From a photograph copyright in the U.S.A. by "Collier's Weekly."

#### AT THE BATTLE OF THE SHAHO; RECEIVING REPORTS AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF A JAPANESE DIVISION IN THE FIELD



BLACED BY THE SNOW



"ALL OUT, PLEASE"



CLEARING THE LINES

The cold wave which was experienced recently in this country was felt later in the Continent. Very heavy falls of snow were reported from Northern Italy. The railroad over

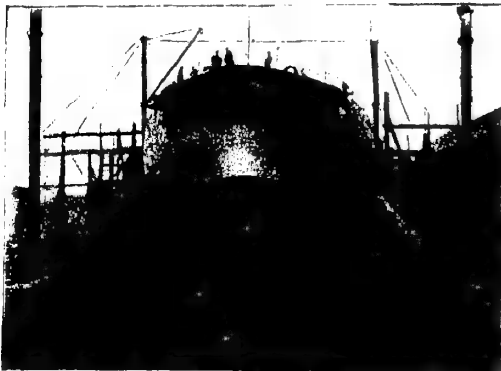


DRIFTS BETTING THE RAILWAY

engineers, at about 800 miles in length. It took three weeks to complete, and cost

the Brenner Pass to be reached was completed, and a rail was brought to a halt. The Brenner Pass is in the Austrian Tyrol, and the railway was built by the Brenner Railway Company.

WINTRY WEATHER ON THE CONTINENT: A TRAIN SNOWED UP IN THE BRENNER PASS



READY TO BE LAUNCHED

H.M.S. Britannia, which is to be launched to-day (Saturday) by Lady Londonderry, is a sister ship to the King Edward VII. She was laid down at Portsmouth, and will have a displacement of 10,800 tons—a ship that

GREAT BRITAIN'S LATEST BIG WARSHIP: H.M.S. BRITANNIA, TO BE LAUNCHED THIS WEEK



THE BATTLESHIP AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED

is not excelled by any other ship in the Navy, and only equalled by the King Edward VII., Ribblesdale and Hindustan, Commonwealth and Dominion. Our illustrations are by Stephen Grubb, Scitbess.

## Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

The distress amongst company directors is appalling. For the past twenty years, any West End man who was supercilious hunted the City for a directorship or two, and generally contrived to obtain them sooner or later. At last it became almost a proverb that, like poets, directors were "born and not made." One scandal after another has forced the public to recognise that a "man-of-straw" director is in every way superior to one who only has the advantage of birth, and the result of this is that West End directors are now seldom wanted by company promoters. There are hundreds of well-connected directors, therefore, out of work, which is a distressing circumstance for themselves.

It is difficult to propose a scheme for their relief, for most of them have no stock-in-trade whatever but the name they inherited. Because of the name they obtained an appointment to a board; they attended the meetings regularly, scarcely understanding anything of the business that was transacted; they agreed blithely to what the chairman or the managing director proposed, and pocketed the fees, convinced that they had done their duty to the shareholders! The problem of the Submerged Tenth may soon become more difficult to solve than that of the Submerged Tenth.

There is one side of the matter at least which has to be treated seriously. Most of these directors come of first-rate stock, have had a first-class education, and have a reputation for honour to maintain. Now, then, has it come about that so many of them have betrayed the shareholders who trusted them? Every West End man who joined the board of a company was sufficiently intelligent and experienced to know that he was there to protect the interests of the shareholders, and that he was paid out of their pockets to muddle the details of the matters which affected those interests. It is no excuse whatever for such directors to say that they knew little of business, and, therefore, trusted the chairman or the managing director, for, surely, the shareholders did not pay them salaries merely to attend meetings and sign the attendance-book? That is one of the most painful aspects of the case, for it would give the impression that the sense of honour is seriously diminishing in the West End.

The West End *trick* to the City is a matter of history; the *trick* back to the West End is commencing. The latter has a tedious side. Directors, stockholders, and tons are weary *tricking* home-wards, only to find that during the last twenty-five years the City men have occupied the ground the former deserted! The fine houses are now in the hands of City financiers, who give big entertainments, where other financiers are the principal guests! The financier is desirous of bringing influence to bear on the Government, to obtain a concession, or to negotiate with some foreign court—he can do it now himself, and no longer has to employ a West End go-between! It is the *trick* that failed. But what is to become of the unfortunate *trickers*?

We must educate our educated classes! There is the key of the situation. A well-educated West End man is now one who has been for a few years at a public school where he has learnt little that he remembers, but has had his manners formed, and has made several friends of his own position in life. From school he went to one of the Universities, where he made more friends, and added but little to his stock of knowledge.



THE DUCHESSE OF AOSTA

Whose serious illness caused Queen Amelia to return to Italy.



This photograph shows the damage done to the steamer Kashi by striking a floating mine. The vessel, which was bound from Chifu to Shanghai, struck the mine at midnight on October 23, of the Shanghai Promoter, and had to put back to Weihai-Wei. A large rent, measuring 10 feet by 10 feet, was torn in her port bow, and the deck above was blown up. One Chinaman of the crew was killed outright, another fell through the hole in the bow and was drowned, and three were injured. The passengers were all uninjured. Our photograph is by Lieutenant D. F. Murray, R.N.

THE VICTIM OF A FLOATING MINE AT WEI-HAI-WEI

The result of such a course is that he comes into the wider world a well-mannered, more or less pleasant gentleman, with an immeasurable capacity for spending money, with many friends to spend it on, and with little or no knowledge of making money. Meanwhile, his middle-class competitor has worked hard at school, because he has been made to understand that the knowledge he obtains there will be the capital with which he will trade during the rest of his life. He comes into the battlefield of life with few useful friends no doubt, but with much useful information which is firmly fixed in his memory; he is, in fact, an educated man, whilst the other can only be described as that by courtesy. It is the educated class now that has to be educated, more especially if the members of that class intend to endeavour to retain their position in the governing section of the community, and to hold appointments in the Army, the Navy, and the Civil Service.

## Drawings by Mr. M. T. Wyllie

The drawings of subjects on the estuary of the Thames, which are being exhibited by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, at the Leicester Gallery, under the title, "The Highway of Many Nations," can be praised for their delicate realisation of nature's subtleties, for their power of draughtsmanship, and for the knowledge displayed in them of local characteristics. The artist's studies of the busy river life have long been distinguished by notable qualities, and in this series he shows a further maturing of his powers, both of observation and expression.

## Our Royal Visitors

The King and Queen of Portugal have had their visit sadly marred by the serious illness of the Queen's sister, the Duchess of Aosta, who is suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia. The news received on Monday was so alarming that the projected visit to the Duke and Duchess of Portland was abandoned, and Queen Amelia left for Turin, being accompanied, on the King's behalf, by the Marquis de Soveral as far as Boulogne. The news on Tuesday being somewhat more favourable, the King was able to go to Welbeck, where a large body of guests had been invited to meet him. The King and Queen spent the close of last week in London, shopping and visiting friends. Both the King and Queen were able to walk about the West End quite *à l'aise*, and made large purchases for Christmas. One of the Queen's acquisitions was a hunter, which she tried in the crypt of the Roman Catholic Church. They heard Low Mass and visited the Comte's tomb, afterwards lunching at the Queen's birthplace, York House, Twickenham, before returning to London. The Duchess of Aosta is the youngest sister of the Queen of Portugal, and was born at Twickenham. The Princess Hélène of Orléans, as she was before her marriage, has ever had many friends in this country, and her wedding in June, 1895, was attended by King Edward and Queen Alexandra, then Prince and Princess of Wales, who testified by their presence to the pleasure felt by the people of this country in an alliance between a descendant of the brother of Louis XIV. and a scion of that ancient and illustrious House of Savoy which has given united Italy her reigning dynasty. Our portrait is by Gulgoni and Bossi, Milan.



## The Court

The Royal birthday party at Sandringham broke up on Monday, when the King left for town. Congratulatory letters, telegrams and gifts poured in upon Queen Alexandra on her birthday morning, some of the earliest good wishes coming from the King and Queen of Portugal. Besides the official celebrations in London and Windsor, Sandringham and the whole neighbourhood round were gay with flags and bells, while all the children kept holiday and were feasted in the various schools. Formerly the children had a big general tea in the ballroom at Sandringham House, but now those of each parish are entertained in their respective schools. Tea, games, and music formed the programme with cheers for the Queen, and Her Majesty visited her little guests at the West Newton School, the nearest to Sandringham.

During the day the King and his guests were pheasant shooting, the Queen and Princesses joining them at lunch in a tent in the woods, and in the evening there was a dinner party. On Saturday the fog stopped shooting, but when the weather cleared some of the party played golf, and the King and Queen went out walking with their other guests. King Edward also received the head boy at King's Lynn Grammar School.

—Mr. J. H. Mims—to whom His Majesty presented the gold medal he gives annually to the head of the School. Next day their Majesties attended the morning service at Sandringham Church, where the Rev. Percival Farrar preached, and afterwards the King walked home in spite of the rain, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and his boys. On Monday His Majesty came up to town, lurching in the train on his way, and drove straight from St. Pancras to the Agricultural Hall to see the Cattle Show, where Prince Christian, as President, received the King. Both His Majesty and the Prince of Wales were exhibiting the King's coat of arms.

—The King and Queen were to return to town to-day (Saturday) in order to be present at the farewell luncheon given to the King of Portugal at the Portuguese Legation. They stay at the Palace till Monday, when they go to Bury St. Edmunds on a visit to Lord and Lady Cadogan at Culted Hall. The King will hold a Council before he leaves, and will also personally stand sponsor to the infant son and heir of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, who is to be christened at the Chapel Royal, St. James on the 12th. King Edward will be back in town for the Investiture on the 19th inst. Among His Majesty's coming engagements is a visit to Manchester in the spring to open the new dock of the Ship Canal Company, and to inaugurate the Sanatorium for Consumptives built in Delamere Forest.

The Prince of Wales is making a regular round of shooting visits. Accompanied by the Princess he has spent part of this week in Dorsetshire with the Earl and Countess of Ilchester, at Melbury House and one day the whole party went over to Abbotsbury Castle, which is picturesquely situated on the coast. The Prince goes to Bricket Hall, Hatfield, on the 19th inst. to stay with Lord and Lady Minto Stephen.

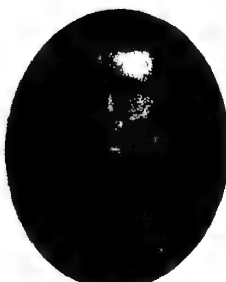
Two important Royal Weddings take place in Germany

within the next few months. The Grand Duke of Hesse will wed Princess Eleonora von Solms-Lich at the end of January or beginning of February, while the German Crown Prince's marriage with the Grand Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is fixed for March 25 at Berlin. At first the young couple will live in the Town Palace at Potsdam, where the present Emperor first brought his bride. Speaking of the Hohenzollern family, Prince Frederick of Hohenzollern, of the non-regnant branch, has just died at Munich. He was younger brother to the King of Roumania, and a gallant soldier of sixty-one, who served in the Franco-Prussian War. He was married to Princess Louise of Thurn and Taxis.



LADY VIOLET POULETT

Last Tuesday at St. Peter's, Eaton Square Mr. Elyse Wingfield, of the 6th Rifle was married to Lady Violet Poulett, sister of Lord Poulett. Our portrait of Mr. Wingfield is by Lalajevic, New Bond Street and that of Lady V. Poulett by Hans Collins.



MR. J. H. WINGFIELD

THE LATE MRS. GILBERT  
Veteran Actress.THE LATE COLONEL DAVID BLYTH  
Crimson Veteran.THE LATE MISS ADELINE HARGRAVE  
Novelist.MR. TAKAHASHI  
Who has been in England with regard to the new Japanese Loan.

## Our Portraits

Mr. Takahashi is the vice president of the Bank of Japan. He has been in England on a special mission since April, and has now left for Japan and New York. Before proceeding to Vancouver to embark for Japan Mr. Takahashi will spend some days in New York for the purpose of seeing American financiers who have

financed the American portion of the Japanese Loan. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Colonel David Blyth succumbed to heart failure on November 30, aged eighty-four. He had been twenty-seven years in the Royal Marines previous to his retirement in 1865, and held a command under Sir Colin Campbell in the Crimea—the first shot fired on the day Balaklava was fought was said to have been from his battery at a Russian redoubt which he had been ordered to shell on the opposite side of the valley. He had also served in other parts of the world, and had received seven decorations, including the Crimean medal with three clasps—Balaklava, Inkermann and Sebastopol, the Medjidie and Legion of Honour. He was, too, in receipt of the Greenwich Hospital pension for good service. In command of the Marines of the Hero, he accompanied the King to Canada, when Prince of Wales, and highly prized a photograph of himself presented to him by His Royal Highness. Our portrait is by Willis Southen.

Ever since the late Augustin Daly brought over his famous company of comedians the name of Mrs. Gilbert has been held in affectionate remembrance by the London playgoing public. Her delightful dry humour and unquestioned ability made an ineffaceable impression, and only the other day one was reminded of her when seeing the present revival of *The Lambs of the Arena*. She played *Curran* then in the Daly Company at the time when all London was rejoicing in Miss Keats's success. Katharine, and small though the part in *she* made it wonderfully distinct. Her death took place in Chicago while she was on a theatrical tour. To be taking leading parts in plays in the age of eighty-three is a remarkable achievement. To the very end though she maintained her hold upon her audience and was received with enthusiasm wherever

and whenever she held the stage. Mrs. Gilbert was born at Rochdale and began her stage career at Bury St. Edmunds as a dancer. After her marriage she went to America where she made her theatrical debut thirty-three years ago. At the time of her death she was starring in a comedy called *Granny* written for her by Mr. Clyde Fitch and Mr. Fitchman had just been arranging for her to pay a farewell visit to London.

Miss Adeline Hargrave, one of the most popular and certainly one of the most prolific of modern women novelists was born at Ashbourne, Derbyshire fifty-four years ago. When her parents died Miss Hargrave began her professional career by teaching but she had already tried her hand at literature. She first jagged the stuff of the *Prisoners of Adventure*, and from that time onward she was a regular contributor to her John Long publications notably *The People's Friend*. It was this last paper in which she did her best work, a long fiction writing for it offered a prize of £100 for the best sensational story, which Miss Hargrave won with a story called *Jacobs' Well*, and this was speedily followed by the publication of *By the Sea*, by Mrs. Bentley Hargrave, which was a popular tale that she was soon able to find in journalism. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.



OBTERRAS



REVERSE

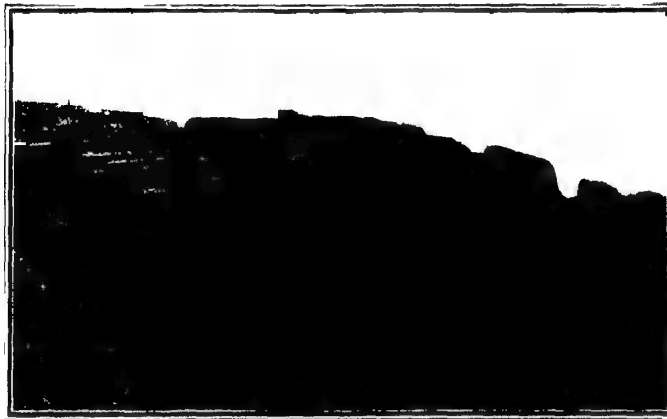
The new Royal Seal which has just been produced at the Royal Mint is now in the keeping of the Lord Chancellor and will be attached to all State documents, Letters Patent, &c. The Photograph (which is by Theo. Hall) is by the artist St. John & Co. in half the size of the Seal.

THE NEW ROYAL SEAL



THE view across the sea is washing away the base of the cliff. At high tide the water comes over the point of the cliff in the foreground.

THE FAMOUS CULVERS CLIFF



REDHILL FORT, (LOOK TO THE CULVERS CLIFF WHICH HAS BEEN LARGELY DESTROYED BY THE SEA)



At high tide the sea laps the base of the cliffs and will eventually undermine them.

THE THREATENED SANDOWN AND ITS CELEBRATED BAY  
DISAPPEARING ISLE OF WIGHT

## "Place aux Baines"

BY LAUV VIOLET GREVILLE

Stage guilds had it all their own way last week, and benevolent ladies were kept very busy. First in order of incidence, if not of age, came the Stage Needlework Guild, which held its annual meeting in Lord Armstrong's beautiful house in Eaton Square. All round the rooms were piled masses of garments made by the associates, and very delightful and dainty they were, the baby clothes especially, of finest flannel or finest wool, stitched by loving hands and fairy fingers in the neatest and most professional way possible. Clothing of all sorts was there—trousers, shirts, cardigans, comforters for the men; stockings, petticoats, shawls, underclothing for the women. This Guild, under the patronage of H. R. H. the Duchess of Fife and H. R. H. the Princess Christian, aims at helping the more destitute of the theatrical profession with gifts of clothing, which are distributed once a year by Mrs. Carson—"Kitty Carson," as her friends affectionately call her. Miss Stimpford, the president, works hard, and needs more helpers, more associates and more vice-presidents. As belonging to the guild only entails sending a few garments or a subscription of 2s. 6d. annually, the claims on helpers are not inordinate.

Later in the week the Theatrical Ladies' Association celebrated its annual meeting in the New Theatre, which was crowded from floor to ceiling with women only, celebrated and well-known actresses, lookers, visitors, all with eager faces listening to the galaxy of talent collected on the stage. We were told of the bad cases of distress and poverty so frequently occurring among humbler members of the profession, musicians, dressers, carpenters, scene-shifters, that great army of obscure persons who labour to give us fairyland on the stage, and of the excellent work done by the Guild. Miss Eva Moore gave statistics, another lady emphasised the delicacy and secrecy with which assistance was rendered, while one and all enlarged on the gratitude of the recipients. Bad luck, long illnesses, and keen competition are the inevitable accompaniments of an overcrowded profession, and it is good that the public should understand and alleviate the hardships of those toilers whose business it is, at Christmas especially, to make us all cheerful and happy.

Toy land reigns supreme. The shops are crammed with toys, their windows form a perfect menagerie, the very pavement displays their humble wares in the shape of little mechanical toys, their price a few pennies within the reach of all. Some of these toys are very neat and ingenious. I noticed particularly some delicious little fluffy yellow geese, which wagged their heads in most engaging fashion, and a smart and life-like hansom cab, which pursued its gyrations to the admiration of the crowd. Inside the shops any quantity of beautiful and artistic toys offer themselves to our notice. Animals have been brought to great perfection, and look absolutely life-like. Lions and horses and life-sized goats, calves and woolly dogs tempt the purse of the millionaire, while for the less extravagant footfalls Noah's Ark, tea sets, dolls, soldiers, trumpets, railway trains, and all kinds of useful and amusing articles may be found. At this season of the year the grown-ups become children and are almost as pleased with the toys as the little ones, in fact with that child common sense that distinguishes the child, the expensive toy invariably gives place in his estimation to the simple, the old, or the lovely and the familiar.

That shopping is a real joy when one has money to spend, was evidenced by the King and Queen of Portugal's repeated visits to Bond Street, where the outside as well as the inside of the brilliantly lighted and gaily decorated city trams attracted their delighted attention. Shopkeepers in London have, at last, learnt the art of attracting the butterflies in the street, until the most determined non-spender is forced at last to succumb to unwelcome fascinations. Advertisement, as in America, is rapidly invading trade, and all kinds of baits are resorted to. I have heard of luncheons, teas, broughams to convey purchasers from one place to another, even motor cars being provided gratis, while bounteous pounds of tea, picture postcards, illustrated catalogues go up regardless of expense, even free tickets of admission to music halls are some of the devices resorted to by enterprising shopkeepers. It is pleasant to think that as a rule their labours have been rewarded by increased custom and renewed prosperity.

## Vanishing Isle of Wight

The Isle of Wight is being swallowed up by the sea, but by aid of the Government is being helped along. Several inquiries have been held as to the undesirability of the removal of shingle from the beach round the island, and by laws have been passed making it an offence to remove shingle and sand for building purposes. Only recently a portion of Redhill Fort, close to the Culvers Cliff, collapsed owing to the encroachment of the sea, and on the other side of the island Freshwater and Totland are in danger of isolation from the rest of the island by the sea's gradual encroachment towards the valley which runs from Freshwater to Yarmouth. In the meantime the Government officials are removing a huge quantity of shingle from immediately in front of the Culvers for use in the construction of a new fort. It is asserted that as many as 50 tons per day are torn away. This has been going on for about a month and the workmen state that it is intended to remove the entire shingle beach. Sandown Bay is thus being denuded of its famous beach, and at high water the sea laps the base of the cliffs. Our photographs are by Stephen Grubb, Southampton.



"'Had, Pharaoh,' he said. 'I come to thee from the palace of Titani.'"

## A PROFESSOR OF EGYPTOLOGY

By GUY BOOTHBY. Illustrated by J. R. WEQUELIN.

From seven o'clock in the evening until half-past— that is to say for the half-hour preceding dinner—the Grand Hall of the Hotel Occidental, throughout the season, is practically a lounge, and is crowded with the most fashionable folk wintering in Cairo. The evening I am anxious to describe was certainly no exception to the rule. At the foot of the fine marble staircase, the pride of its owner, a well-known member of the French Ministry was chatting with an English Duchess, whose pretty, but somewhat delicate, daughter was flirting wildly with one of the Sirdar's Rimbashis, on leave from the Sudan. On the right-hand lounge of the hall an Italian Countess, whose antecedents were as doubtful as her diamonds, was apparently listening to a story a handsome Greek Attaché was telling her; in reality, however, she was endeavouring to catch scraps of a conversation being carried on a few feet away between a witty Russian and an equally clever daughter of the United States. Almost every nationality was represented there, but

The scene diplomatic added an additional touch of colour to the picture. Taken altogether, and regarded from a political point of view, the gathering had a significance of its own.

At the end of the hall, near the large glass doors, a handsome elderly lady, with grey hair, was conversing with one of the leading English doctors of the place—a grey-haired, clever-looking man, who possessed the happy faculty of being able to impress everyone with whom he talked with the idea that he infinitely preferred his or her

society to that of any other member of the world's population. They were discussing the question of the most suitable clothing for a Nile voyage, and as the lady's daughter, who was seated next her, had been conversant with her mother's idiosyncrasy of the subject ever since their first visit to Egypt (as, indeed, had been the doctor), she preferred to lie back on the divan and watch the people about her. She had large, dark, contemplative eyes, that were more suggestive of an Eastern than a Western origin. Like her mother, she took life seriously, but in a somewhat different fashion. One who has been bracketed third in the Mathematical Tripos can scarcely be expected to bestow very much thought on the comparative morals of Jaeger, as opposed to dresses of the common or garden flannel. From this, however, it must not be inferred that she was in any way a blue-stocking—that is, of course, in the vulgar acceptation of the word. She was thorough in all she undertook, and for the reason that mathematics interested her in very much the same way that Wagner, chess, and shall we say croquet, interest other people, she made it her hobby, and it must be confessed she certainly succeeded in it. At other times she rode, drove, played tennis and hockey, and looked upon her world with calm, observant eyes that were more disposed to find good than evil in it. Contradictory that we are, even to ourselves, it was only those who knew her intimately—and they were few and far between—who realised that under that apparently sober, matter-of-fact personality, there existed a strong leaning towards the Mysterious, or, more properly speaking, the Occult. Possibly she herself would have been the first to deny this; but that I am right in my surmise this story will surely be sufficient proof.

Mrs. Westmoreland and her daughter had left their comfortable Yorkshire home in September, and after a little dwelling on the Continent, had reached Cairo in November—the best month to arrive, in my opinion, for the rush has not set in, the hotel servants have not had sufficient time to become weary of their duties, and what is better still, all the best rooms have not been booked. It was now the middle of December, and the fashionable caravanserai, upon which they had for many years bestowed their patronage, was crowded from roof to cellar. Every day people were being turned away, and the manager's continual lament was that he had not another hundred rooms wherein to place more guests. He was a Swiss, and for that reason regarded hotel-keeping in the light of a profession.

On this particular evening Mrs. Westmoreland and her daughter Cecilia had arranged to dine with Doctor Forsyth—that is to say, they were to eat their meat at his table, in order to meet a man of whom they had heard much, but whose acquaintance they had not as yet made. The individual in question was a certain Professor Constantinos—reputed one of the most advanced Egyptologists, and the author of several well-known works. Mrs. Westmoreland was not of an exacting nature, and so long as she dined in agreeable company did not trouble herself very much whether it was with an English Earl or a distinguished foreign savant.

"It really does not matter, my dear," she was wont to observe to her daughter. "So long as the cooking is good, and the wine above reproach, there is absolutely nothing to choose between them. A Prime Minister and a country vicar are, after all, only

men feed them well and they'll lie down and purr like tom-cats. They don't want a morsel, they have enough of that elsewhere—it's the dinner they think most of."

From this it will be seen that Mrs. Westmoreland was well acquainted with her world. Whether Miss Cecilia shared her opinions is another matter. At any rate she had been looking forward for nearly a fortnight to meeting Constantine, who was popularly supposed to possess an extraordinary intuitive knowledge—instinct perhaps it should be called—concerning the localities of tombs of the Pharaohs of the Eleventh, Twelfth and Thirteenth dynasties.

"I am afraid Constantine is going to be late," observed the doctor, who had consulted his watch more than once. "I hope in that case, as his friend and your host, you will permit me to offer you my apologies."

The doctor at no time departed to the sound of his own voice, and on this occasion he was even less inclined to do so than usual. Mrs. Westmoreland was a widow with an ample income, and Cecilia, he felt sure, would marry ere long.

"He has still three minutes in which to put in an appearance," observed that young lady quietly. And then she added in the same tone, "Perhaps we ought to be thankful if he comes at all."

Both Mrs. Westmoreland and her friend, the doctor, regarded her with mildly reproaching eyes. The former could not understand anyone refusing a dinner, such as she felt sure the doctor had arranged for them; while the latter found it impossible to imagine a man who would dare to disappoint the famous Dr. Forryth, who, having lived in Harley Street, was nevertheless coining a fortune in the Land of the Pharaohs.

"My good friend Constantine will not disappoint us, I feel sure," he said, consulting his watch for the fourth time. "Possibly I am a little fast at any rate. I have never known him to be unpunctual. A remarkable—a very remarkable man is Constantine. I cannot remember ever to have met another like him. And such a scholar!"

Having thus bestowed his approval upon him, the worthy doctor pulled down his coat, straightened his tie, adjusted his *placette* in his left professional manner, and looked around the hall as if searching for someone bold enough to contradict the assertion he had just made.

"You have, of course, read his 'Mythological Egypt,'" observed Mrs. Cecilia demurely, speaking as if the matter were beyond doubt.

The doctor looked a little confused. "Alum?" Well, let me see," he stammered—trying to find a way out of the difficulty. "Well, to tell you the truth, my dear young lady, I'm not quite sure that I have studied that particular work. As a matter of fact, you see, I have no little leisure at my disposal for any reading that is not intimately connected with my profession. That, of course, must necessarily come before anything else."

Miss Cecilia's mouth twitched as if she were endeavouring to keep back a smile. At the same moment the glass doors of the vestibule opened and a man entered. So remarkable was he that everyone turned to look at him, a fact which did not appear to disconcert him in the least.

He was tall, well shaped, and carried himself with the air of one accustomed to command. His face was oval—his eyes large and set somewhat wide apart. It was only when they were directed fairly at one that he became aware of the power they possessed. The cheek bones were a trifle high, and the forehead possibly retreated towards the jet black hair more than is customary in Greeks. He wore neither beard nor moustache, thus enabling one to see the wide, firm mouth, the compression of the lips of which spoke for the determination of their possessor. Those who had an eye for such things noted the fact that he was faultlessly dressed, while—Miss Cecilia, who had the precious gift of observation largely developed, noted that, with the exception of a single ring and a magnificent pearl stud, the latter strangely set, he wore no jewellery of any sort or description.

He looked about him for Doctor Forryth, and, when he had located him, hastened forward.

"My dear friend," he said in English, which he spoke with scarcely a trace of foreign accent, "I must crave your pardon a thousand times if I have kept you waiting."

"In the contrary," replied the doctor effusively, "you are punctually self. Permit me to have the pleasure—the very great pleasure—of introducing you to my friends, Mrs. Westmoreland and her daughter, Miss Cecilia—of whom you have so often heard me speak."

Professor Constantine bowed and expressed the pleasure he experienced in making their acquaintance. Though she could not have told you why, Miss Cecilia found herself undergoing very much the same sensation as she had done when she had passed up the Throne Room at her presentation. A moment later the gong sounded, and, with much rustling of skirts and fluttering of fans, a general movement was made towards the dining-room.

As host, Doctor Forryth gave his arm to Mrs. Westmoreland, Constantine following with Miss Cecilia. The latter was conscious of a feeling of vague irritation; she admired the man and his work, but she wished his name had been anything rather than what it was.

(It should be here remarked that the last Constantine she had encountered had swindled her abominably in the matter of a turquoise bracelet, and in consequence the name had been an offence to her ever since.)

Doctor Forryth's table was situated at the further end, in the window, and from it a good view of the room could be obtained. The scene was an animated one, and one of the party, at least, I fancy, will never forget its—try how she may.

During the first two or three courses the conversation was practically limited to Cecilia and Constantine; the doctor and Mrs. Westmoreland being too busy to waste time on idle chatter. Later they became more amenable to the discipline of the table—or, in other words,

Since then  
back upon the  
curiosity, she has admitted to me since that she had never known up to that time what it was to converse with a really clever man. (I

submitted to the humiliation for the reason that we are, if not lovers, at least old friends, and, after all, Mrs. Westmoreland's cook is one in a thousand.)

From that evening forward scarcely a day passed in which Constantine did not enjoy some portion of Miss Westmoreland's society. They met at the polo ground—drove in the Gezirah—shoppped in the *Mushki*—or listened to the band over afternoon tea on the balcony of Shepherd's Hotel. Constantine was always unobtrusive, always picturesque, and invariably interesting. What was more to the point, he never failed to command attention whenever or wherever he might appear. In the active quarter he was apparently better known than in the European. Cecilia noticed that there he was treated with a deference such as one would only expect to be shown to a king. She marvelled, but said nothing. Personally I can only wonder that her mother did not caution her before it was too late. Surely she must have seen how dangerous the intimacy was likely to become. It was old Colonel Battenham who sounded the first note of warning. In some fashion or another he was connected with the Westmorelands, and, therefore, had more or less right to speak his mind.

"Who the man is, I am not in a position to say," he remarked to the mother. "But if I were in your place I should be very careful. Cairo, at this time of the year, is full of adventurers."

"But, my dear Colonel," answered Mrs. Westmoreland, "you surely do not mean to insinuate that the Professor is an adventurer. He was introduced to us by Doctor Forryth, and he has written many clever books."

"Books, my dear madam, are not everything," the other replied judiciously, and with that fine impartiality which marks the man who does not read. "As a matter of fact I am bound to confess that Pharis—only one of my explainers wrote a novel some years ago, but only one. The more pointedly to him, he had a very good form, don't you know, so he never tried the experiment again. But as for this man, Constantine, as they call him, I should certainly be more than careful."

I have been told since that this conversation worried poor Mrs. Westmoreland more than she cared to admit, even to herself. To a very large extent she was right, for her daughter, had fallen under the spell of the professor's fascination. Had she been asked, point-blank, she would doubtless have declared she preferred the Greek to the Englishman—though, of course, it would have seemed flat heresy to say so. And yet—well, doubtless, you can understand what I mean without my explaining further.

I am inclined to believe that I was the first to notice that there was serious trouble brewing. I could see a strained look in the girl's eyes for which I found it difficult to account. Then the truth dawned upon me, and I am ashamed to say I began to watch her systematically. We have few secrets from each other now, and she has told me a good deal of what happened during that extraordinary time—far extraordinary it certainly was. Perhaps none of us realised what a unique drama we were watching—one of the strangest, I am tempted to believe, that this world of ours has ever seen.

Christmas was past and the New Year fairly under way, when the beginning of the cold came, and the time even was. Westmoreland had arrived at some sort of knowledge of the case. But it was then too late to interfere. I am as sure that Cecilia was not in love with Constantine as I am of anything. She was merely fascinated by him, and to a degree, that, happily for the peace of the world, is as rare as the reason for it is perplexing.

To be precise, it was on Tuesday, January 3rd, that the crisis came. On the evening of that day, accompanied by her daughter, and escorted by Doctor Forryth, Mrs. Westmoreland attended a reception at the palace of a certain Pacha, whose name I am obviously compelled to keep to myself. For the purposes of my story, it is sufficient to know that he is a man who prides himself on being up to date in most things, and for that and other reasons, invitations to his receptions are eagerly sought after. In his drawing-room one may meet some of the most distinguished men in Europe, and on occasion it is even possible to obtain an insight into certain political intrigues that, to put it mildly, afford an opportunity of reflecting on the instability of mundane affairs, and of politics in particular.

The evening was well advanced before Constantine made his appearance. When he did it was observed that he was more than usually quiet. Later Cecilia permitted him to conduct her into the balcony, whence, since it was a perfect moonlight night, a fine view of the Nile could be obtained. Exactly what he said to her I have never been able to discover; I have, however, her mother's assurance that she was visibly agitated when she rejoined her. As a matter of fact, they returned to the hotel almost immediately, when Cecilia, pleading weariness, retired to her room.

And now this is the part of the story that you will find as difficult to believe as I did. Yet I have indisputable evidence that it is true. It was nearly midnight, and the large hotel was enjoying the only quiet it knows in the twenty-four hours. I have just said that Cecilia had retired, but in making that assertion I am not telling the exact truth, for though she had bade her mother good-night and had gone to her room, it was not to rest. Regarding one of the cold night air, she had thrown open the window, and was standing looking out into the moonlit street. Of what she was thinking I do not know, nor can she remember. For my own part, however, I incline to the belief that she was in a semi-hypnotic condition, and that for the time being her mind was a blank.

From this point I will let Cecilia tell the story herself.

How long I stood at the window I cannot say; it may have been only five minutes, it might have been an hour. Then, suddenly, an extraordinary thing happened. I knew that it was impudent, I was aware that it was even wrong, but an overwhelming craving to go out seized me. I felt as if the house were stifling me, and that if I did not get into the cool night air, and within a few minutes, I should die. Stranger still, I felt no desire to battle with the temptation. It was as if a will, infinitely stronger than my own, was dominating me, and that I was powerless to resist. Scarcely conscious of what I was doing I changed my dress and then, throwing on a cloak, switched off the electric light and

stepped out into the corridor. The white-robed Arab servants were lying about on the floor as is their custom, but they were all asleep. On the heavy carpet of the great staircase my steps made no sound. The hall was in semi-darkness and the watchman must have been asleep on his rounds, for there was no one there to spy upon me. Passing through the vestibule I turned the key of the front door. Still unseen attended me, for the lock about back with scarcely a sound and I found myself in the street. Even then I had no thought of the folly of this escapade. I was merely conscious of the mysterious power that was dragging me on. With- out hesitation I turned to the right and hastened along the pavement faster, I think, than I had ever walked in my life. Under the trees it was comparatively dark, but out in the roadway it was well-lit as bright as day. Once a carriage passed me and I could hear its occupants, who were French, conversing merrily—otherwise I seemed to have the city to myself. Later I heard a Moslem chanting his call to prayer from the minaret of some mosque in the neighbourhood; the cry being taken up and repeated from other mosques. Then, at the corner of a street, I stopped as if in obedience to a command. I can recall the fact that I was trembling, but for what reason I could not tell. I say this to show that while I was incapable of returning to the hotel, or of exercising my usual will-power, I still possessed the faculty of observation.

I had scarcely reached the corner referred to, which, as a matter of fact, I believe I should recognise if I saw it again, when the door of a house opened and a man emerged. It was Professor Constantine, but he stepped in and out again as such a place and at such an hour, like everything else that happened that night, did not strike me as being in any way extraordinary.

"You have obeyed me," he said by way of greeting. "That is well. Now let us be going; the hour is late."

As he said this came the rattle of wheels, and a carriage drove swiftly round the corner and pulled up, leaving me. My companion helped me into it and took his place beside me. Even then, unheard of as my action was, I had no thought of resisting.

"What does it mean?" I asked. "Oh, tell me what it means! Why am I here?"

"You will soon know," was his reply, and his voice took a tone I had never noticed to be before.

We had driven some considerable distance—in fact, I believe we had crossed the river, before either of us spoke again.

"Think," said my companion, "and tell me whether you can remember ever having driven with me before?"

"We have driven together many times lately," I replied.

"Yesterday to the Polo, and the day before to the Pyramids."

"Think again," he said, and as he did so he placed his hand on mine. It was as cold as ice. However, I only shook my head. "I cannot remember," I answered, and yet I seemed to be dimly conscious of something that was too intangible to be a recollection. How he had obtained the key, and what right he had admitted us, I cannot say. It suffices that, almost before I was aware of it, we had passed through the garden, and were ascending the steps to the main entrance. The doors once behind us we entered the first room. It is only another point in this extraordinary adventure when I declare that even now I was not afraid, and yet to find one's self in such a place and at such an hour at any other time would probably have driven me beside myself with terror. The moonlight streamed in upon us, revealing the ancient monuments and the other indestructible memorials of those long dead ages. Once more my conductor uttered his command, and we went on through the second room, passed the Sheikh El-Isled and the Seated Scribe. Room after room we traversed, and to do so it seemed to me that we ascended stairs innumerable. At last we came to one in which Constantine paused. It contained numerous mummy cases, and was lighted by a skylight through which the rays of the moon streamed in. We were standing before one which I remembered to have remarked on the occasion of our last visit. I could distinguish the paintings upon it distinctly. Professor Constantine, with a deft movement showed his familiarity with the work, removed the lid and revealed to me the swathed-up figure within. The face was uncovered and was strangely well preserved. I gazed down on it, and as I did so a sensation that I had never known before, passed over me. My body seemed to be shrinking, my blood to be turning to ice. For the first time I endeavoured to exert myself, but my effort from the bonds that were holding me. But it was in vain. I was sinking—sinking—sinking—into I knew not what. Then the voice of the man who had brought me to the place sounded in my ears as if he were speaking from a long way off. After that a great light burst upon me, and it was as if I were walking in a dream; yet I knew that it was too real, too true to life, to be a mere creation of my fancy.

It was night, and the heavens were studied with stars. In the distance a great army was encamped, and at intervals the calls of the sentries reached me. Sometimes I seemed to feel no excitement at my position. Even my dress caused me no surprise. To my left, as I looked towards the river, was a large tent, before which armed men paced continually. I looked about me as if I expected to see someone, but there was no one to greet me.

It is for the last time," I told myself. "Come what may, it shall be the last time!"

Still I waited, and as I did so I could hear the night wind sighing through the rushes on the river's bank. From the tent near me—for Uairtsen, son of Amenemhat, was then fighting against the Libyans, and was commanding his army in person—came the sound of revelry. The air blew cold from the desert, and I shivered, for I was but thinly clad. Then I hid myself in the shadow of a great rock that was near at hand.

Presently I caught the sound of a footstep and there came into view a tall man, walking carefully as though he had no desire that the sentries on guard before the Royal Tent should become aware of his presence in the neighbourhood. As I saw him I moved from where I was standing to meet him. He was none other than Sinhiht—youngeer son of Amenemhat and brother of Uairtsen—who was at that moment conferring with his Generals in the tent.

I can see him now as he came towards me, tall, handsome, and defiant in his bearing as a man should be. He walked with the assured step of one who has been a soldier and trained to warlike exercises from his youth up. For a moment I regretted the news I had to tell him—but only for a moment. I could hear the voice of Uairtsen in the tent, and after that I had no thought for anyone else.

"It is I," I replied. "You are late, Sinhiht. You tarry too long over the wine-cups."

"You wrong me, Nofti," he answered, with all the fierceness for which he was celebrated. "I have drunk no wine this night. Had I not been kept by the captain of the guard I should have been here sooner. Thou art not angry with me, Nofti?"

"Nay, that were presumption on my part, my lord," I answered.

"Art thou not the King's son, Sinhiht?"

"And by the Holy Ones I swear that it were better for me if I were not," he replied. "Uairtsen, my brother, takes all, and I am but the jockey that gathers up the scraps whosoever he may find them." He paused for a moment. "However, all goes well with our plot. Let me but have time and I will yet be ruler of this land and of all the land of Khen beside."

He drew himself up to his full height and looked away towards the sleeping camp. It was well known that between the brothers there was but little love, and still less trust.

"Peace, peace," I whispered, fearing lest his words might be overheard. "You must not talk so, my lord. Should you by chance be heard, you know what the punishment would be."

He laughed a short and bitter laugh. He was well aware that Uairtsen would show him no mercy. It was not the first time he had been suspected, and he was playing a desperate game. He came a step closer to me and took my hand in his. I would have withdrawn it—but he gave me no opportunity. Never was a man more in earnest than he was then.

"Nofti," he said, and I could feel his breath upon my cheek, "what is my answer to be? The time for talking is past; now we must act. As thou knowest I prefer deeds to words, and to-morrow my brother Uairtsen shall learn that I am as powerful as he."

Knowing what I knew, I could have laughed him to scorn for this boastful speech. The time, however, was not yet ripe, so I held my peace. He was plotting against his brother, whom I loved, and it was his desire that I should help him. That, however, I would not do.

"Listen," he said, drawing even closer to me, and speaking in a voice that showed me plainly how much in earnest he was. "Thou knowest how much I love thee. Thou knowest that there is naught I would not do for thee or for thy sake. Be but faithful to me now, and there is nothing thou shalt ask in vain of me hereafter. All is prepared, and ere the moon is gone I shall be Pharaoh, and reign beside Amenemhat, my father."

"Are you so sure that your plans will not miscarry?" I asked, with what was almost a sneer at his recklessness—for recklessness it surely was to think that he could induce an army that had been admittedly successful to waver in its allegiance to the General who had led it to battle for it, and to desert in the face of the enemy. Moreover, I knew that he was wrong in believing that his father cared more for him than for Uairtsen, who had done so much for the kingdom and who was beloved by high and low alike. But it was not in Sinhiht's nature to look upon the dark side of things. He had complete confidence in himself and in his power—to bring his conspiracy against his father and brother to a successful issue. He revealed to me his plans and, bold though they were, I could see that it was impossible that they could succeed. And in the event of his failing what mercy could he hope to receive? I knew Uairtsen too well to think that he would show any. With all the eloquence I could command, I implored him to abandon the attempt, or, at least, to delay it for a time. He seized my wrist and pulled me to him, peering fiercely into my face.

"Are you playing me false?" he asked. "If it is not better that you should drown yourself in yonder river. Betray me and nothing shall save you, not even Pharaoh himself."

That he meant what he said I felt convinced. The man was desperate; he was staking all he had in the world upon the issue of his venture. I can say with truth that it was not my fault that we had been drawn together, and yet on this night of all others it seemed as if there were nothing left for us but to side with him or to bring about his downfall.

"Nofti," he said, after a short pause, "is it nothing, thinkest thou, to be the wife of Pharaoh? It is not worth striving for, particularly when it can be so easily accomplished?"

I knew, however, that he was deluding himself with false hopes. What he had in his mind could never come to pass. I was like dry grass between two fires. All that was required was one small spark to bring about a conflagration, in which I should be consumed.

"Harken to me, Nofti," he continued. "You have means of learning Uairtsen's plans. Send me word to-morrow as to what is in his mind, and the rest will be easy. Your reward shall be greater than your dream."

Though I had no intention of doing what he asked, I knew that in his present humour it would be little short of madness to thwart him. I therefore temporised with him and allowed him to suppose that I would do as he wished, and then, biding him good-night, I sped towards the hut where I was lodged. I had not been there many minutes, when a messenger came to me from Uairtsen, summoning me to his presence. Though I could not understand what it meant, I hastened to obey.

On arrival there I found him surrounded by the chief officers of his army. One glance at his face was sufficient to tell me that he was violently angry with someone, and I had the best of reasons for believing that that someone was myself. Alas! It was as I had expected. Sinhiht's plot had been discovered, he had been followed and watched, and my meeting with him that evening was known. I protested my innocence in vain. The evidence was too strong against me.

"Speak, girl, and tell what thou knowest," said Uairtsen, in a voice I had never heard him use before. "It is the only way by which thou canst save thyself. Look to it that thy story tallies with the tales of others."

I trembled in every limb as I answered the questions he put to me. It was plain that he no longer trusted me, and that the favour I had once found in his eyes was gone, never to return.

"It is well," he said, when I had finished my story. "And now we will see thy partner—the man who would have put me, the Pharaoh who is to be, to the sword, had I not been warned in time."

He made a sign to one of the officers who stood by, whereupon the latter left the tent to return a few moments later with Sinhiht.

"Hail, brother," said Uairtsen mockingly, as he leaned back in his chair and looked at him through half-shut eyes. "You tarried but a short time over the wine-cup this night. I fear it pleased thee but little. Forgive me; on another occasion better shall be found for thee, lest thou shouldst deem us lacking in our hospitality."

"There were matters that needed my attention and I could not stay," Sinhiht replied, looking his brother in the face. "Thou wouldst not have me neglect my duties?"

"Nay! Nay! Maybe they were matters that concerned our personal safety!" Uairtsen continued, still with the same gentleness. "Maybe you heard that there were those in our army who were not well disposed towards us. Give me their names, my brother, that due punishment may be meted out to them."

Before Sinhiht could reply Uairtsen had sprung to his feet.

"Dog!" he cried. "Darest thou prate to me of matters of importance when thou knowest that these bastards been plotting against me and my father's throne? I have doubted thee these many months, and now all is made clear. By the Gods, the Holy Ones, I swear that thou shalt die for this ere cockcrow."

It was at this moment that Sinhiht became aware of my presence. A little cry escaped him, and his face told me as plainly as any words could speak that he believed I had betrayed him. He was about to speak, probably to denounce me, when the sound of voices reached us from outside. Uairtsen laid the guards ascertain what it meant, and presently a messenger entered the tent. He was travel-stained and weary. Advancing towards where Uairtsen was seated, he knelt before him.

"Hail, Pharaoh," he said. "I come to thee from the palace of Titout."

An anxious expression came over Uairtsen's face as he heard this. I also detected beads of perspiration on the brow of Sinhiht. A moment later it was known to us that Amenemhat was dead, and therefore Uairtsen reigned in his stead. The news was so sudden and the circumstances so vast that it was impossible to realise quite what it meant. I looked across at Sinhiht and his eyes met mine. He seemed to be making up his mind about something. Then with lightning speed he sprang upon me; a dagger gleamed in the air. I felt as if a hot iron had been thrust into my breast, and after that I remember no more.

As I felt myself falling, I seemed to wake from my dream—if dream it were—to find myself standing in the Museum by the mummy-case, and with Professor Constanides by my side.

"You have seen," he said. "You have looked back across the centuries to that day when, as Nofti, I believed you had betrayed me, and I killed you. After that I escaped from the camp and fled into Kautima. There I died, but it was decreed that my soul should never know peace till we had met again and you had forgiven me. I have waited all these years, and, see, we meet at last."

Strange to say, even then the situation did not strike me as being in any way improbable. Yet now, when I see it set down in black

and white, I find myself wondering that I dare ask anyone in their sober senses to believe it to be true. Was it in truth that same Nofti who, four thousand years before, had been killed by Sinhiht, son of Amenemhat, because he believed that I had betrayed him? It seemed incredible, and yet, if it were a creation of my imagination, what did the dream mean? I fear it is a riddle of which I shall probably never know the answer.

My failure to reply to this question seemed to cause him pain. "Nofti," he said, and his voice shook with emotion, "think what your forgiveness means to me. Without it I am lost, both here and hereafter."

His voice was low and pleading and his face in the moonlight was like that of a man who knows the uttermost depths of despair. "Forgive—forgive," he cried again, holding out his hands to me. "If you do not, I must go back to the sufferings which have been my portion since I did the deed which wrought my ruin."

"If it is as you say, though I cannot believe it, I forgive you freely," I answered in a voice that I scarcely recognised as my own.

For some moments he was silent, then he knelt before me and took my hand, which he raised to his lips. After that, rising, he laid his hand upon the breast of the mummy before which we had been standing. Looking down at it, he addressed it thus:—

"Rest, Sinhiht, son of Amenemhat—for that which was forfeited for thee is now accomplished, and the punishment which was decreed is at an end. Henceforth thou mayst sleep in peace."

After that, he replaced the lid of the coffin, and when this was done he turned to me.

"Let us be going," he said, and we went together through the rooms by the way we had come.

Together we left the building and passed through the gardens out into the road beyond. There we found the carriage waiting for us, and we took our places in it. Once more the horses sped along the silent road, carrying us swiftly back to Cairo. During the drive not a word was spoken by either of us. The only desire I had left was to get back to the hotel and lay my aching head upon my pillow. We crossed the bridge and entered the city.

What the time was I had no idea, but was conscious that the wind blew chill as if in anticipation of the dawn. At the same corner whence we had started, the coachman stopped his horses and I alighted, after which he drove away as if he had received his orders beforehand.

"Will you permit me to walk with you as far as your hotel?" said Constanides with his customary politeness.

I tried to say something in reply, but my voice failed me. I would much rather have been alone, but as he would not allow that we set off together. At the corner of the street in which the hotel is situated we stopped.

"Here we must part," he said, then, after a pause, he added:—"and for ever. From this moment I shall never see your face again."

"You are leaving Cairo?" was the only thing I could say.

"Yes, I am leaving Cairo," he replied with peculiar emphasis. "My errand here is accomplished. You need have no fear that I shall ever trouble you again."

"I have no fear," I answered, though I am afraid it was only a half-truth.

He looked earnestly into my face.

"Nofti," he said—"for say what you will, you are the Nofti I would have made my queen and have loved beyond all other women—never again will it be permitted you to look upon the past as you did to night. Had matters been obtained otherwise, we might have done great things together, but the gods willed that it should not be. Let it rest, therefore. And now farewell. I thought I go to the rest for which I have so long been seeking."

Without another word he turned and left me. Then I went on to the hotel.

How it came about I cannot say, but the door was open and I passed quickly in. Once more, to my joy, I found that the watchman was absent from the hall. Troubling lest anyone might see me, I sped up the stairs and along the corridor, where the servants lay sleeping just as I had left them, and so to my room. Every thing was exactly as I had left it, and there was nothing to show that my absence had been suspected. Again I went to the window and, in a feeling of extraordinary agitation, looked out. Already there were signs of dawn in the sky. I sat down to think over all that had happened to me that evening, endeavouring to convince myself, in the face of irrefragable evidence, that it was not real, and that I had only dreamt it. Yet it would not do! At last, worn out, I retired to rest. As a rule I sleep soundly; it is scarcely, however, a matter for wonder that I did not do so on this occasion.

How after hour I flung and tossed—thinking, thinking, thinking. When I rose and looked into the glass I scarcely recognised myself. Indeed, my mother commented on my faded appearance when we met at the breakfast table.

"My dear child, you look as if you had been up all night," she said; and little did she guess, as she nibbled her toast, that there was a considerable amount of truth in her remark.

Later she went shopping with a lady staying in the hotel, while I went to my room to lie down. When we met again at lunch it was easy to see that she had some news of importance to communicate.

"My dear Cecilia," she said, "I have just seen Doctor Foreyth, and he has given me a terrible shock. I don't want to frighten you, my girl, but have you heard that *Professor Constanides* was found dead in bed this morning? It is a most terrible affair! He must have died during the night!"

I am not going to pretend that I had any reply ready to offer her at that moment.

THE END



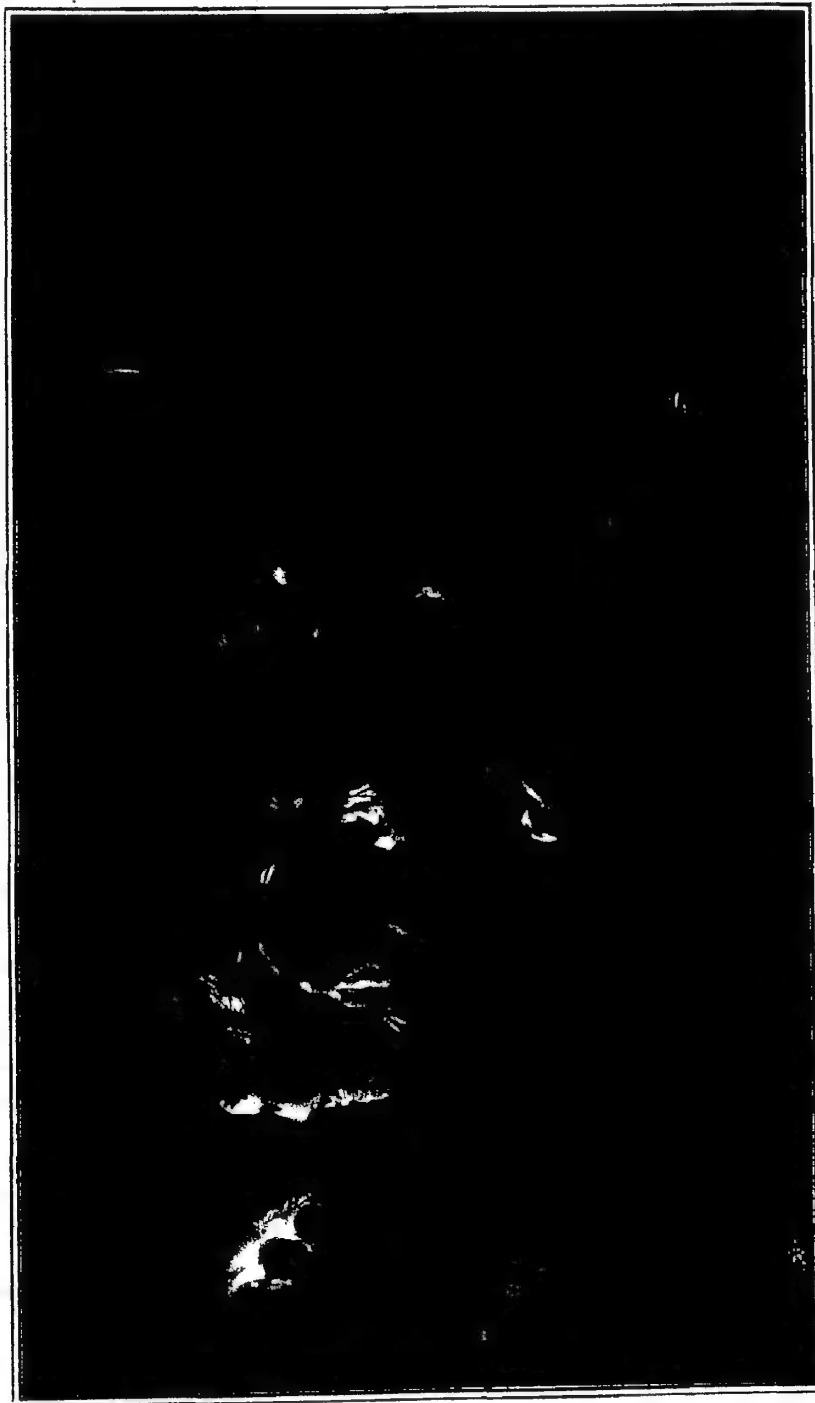
On the left, the Japanese naval gun boat bombarding the Russian ship "In the harbor at Port Arthur from the newly captured 300 Metre ship. On the right, the bombardment was continued. Several ships were damaged, and the battleship Potemkin was sunk.

THE RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP POTEMKIN SUNK BY THE JAPANESE AT PORT ARTHUR



If we may judge by this photograph, campaigning with General Nogi is not without some comforts. Japanese organization is so perfect that the hardships of the campaign are greatly mitigated by the efficiency of the Commissariat Department. The object in the middle of the table is a Ginch Breden shell, which makes an interesting centerpiece. Our illustration is from a copyright stereograph by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.

CAMPAIGN COMFORTS: LUNCH WITH GENERAL NOGI BEFORE PORT ARTHUR



MAKING OF A WAGON. The over-worked Ambulance Corps laboured unceasingly, but many of the wounded had to wait many hours before their wounds could be dressed and themselves be carried to safety.

NO MORE ROOM IN THE AMBULANCE WAGON: RUSSIANS COLLECTING WOUNDED ON THE NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE OF TASHICHAO







| Treatment | Clinical | Negative | Silent Walker | Dentists coding |
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| Treatment | Clinical | Negative | Silent Walker | Dentists coding |

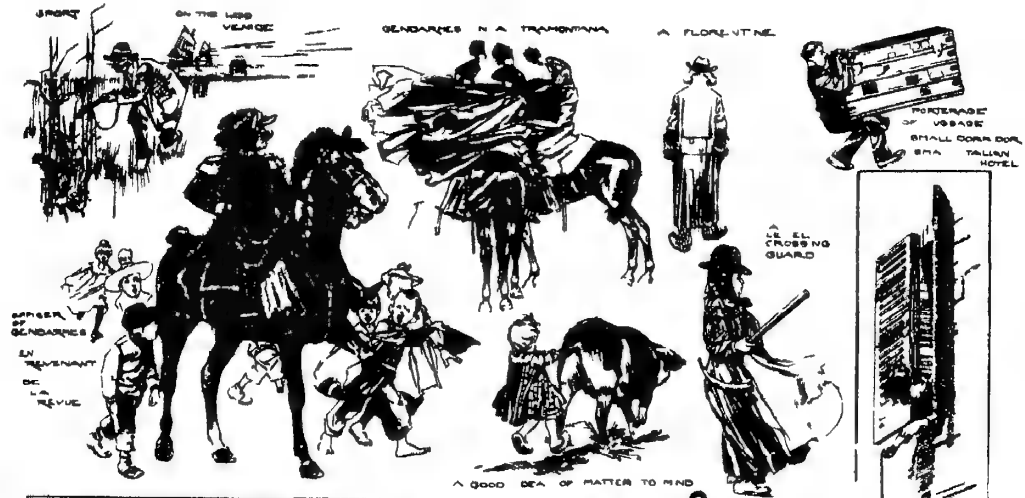
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THE HOPE OF RUSSIA: THE BALTIC FLEET AT PORT SAID WATCHED BY EGYPTIAN PATROL BOATS



AUTUMN IN NORTHERN ITALY: LEAVES FROM AN ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER



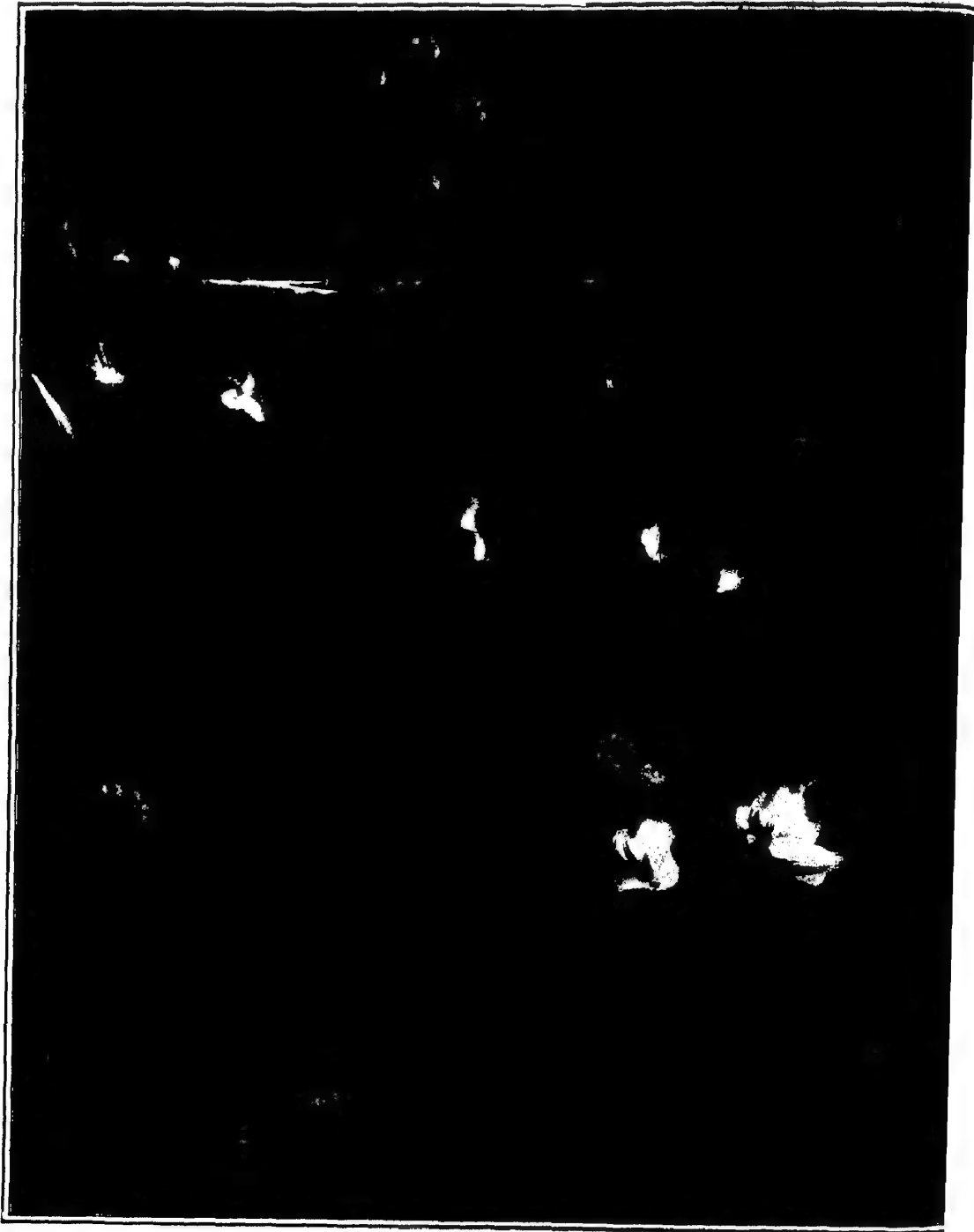
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WOMEN'S GATE

WATERGATE



BINGHAM

THE TOWER

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.E.

THE HORROR AND MAJESTY OF W

YAPUNESMAN



JAPANESE NAVAL BATTERY

FROM A SKETCH BY REGINALD GLOSSOP.

A NIGHT ATTACK ON PORT ARTHUR

## The Question of Alsace-Lorraine

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

The question of Alsace-Lorraine and the relations of France to Germany is one of the most difficult in existence. It is rarely referred to, and yet it dominates the whole European situation. France, as everyone knows, signed the treaty of peace in 1871 at the point of the bayonet, and with the firm intention of recovering one day, if necessary by force of arms, the provinces torn from her by the victorious German. Since that date thirty-three years have passed, and Alsace-Lorraine is still ruled over by the Kaiser. But has France come any nearer abandoning her claims? This is the whole question, and one that it is difficult to answer. I have been abroad seventeen years, ten of which I have passed in France, five in Germany, and two years in other countries of the Continent. I have thus had an opportunity of studying the question at first hand, and find I am almost as embarrassed as the first day. There is no doubt that the active hate of the Gaul for the Teuton which existed for many years after the war has died down. It was this hatred which caused the work of Wagner to be boycotted

alliance was proclaimed. Both of these failed to effect the object, but the feeling was there all the same. It was the desire to further isolate Germany that made the French receive King Edward with open arms, and brought about the reconciliation with Italy. But will France ever go to war to recover the lost provinces? Frankly speaking, I don't think she ever will. But she will never cease to stand with grounded arms, in her serried millions, on the German frontier, a constant menace, till either the day comes when Germany will collapse under the burden of her armaments, or she will in despair again draw the sword on France. I do not think, with the gaping wound on her flank, with a frontier of such a kind, that is a constant menace to her security, that France will ever disarm or abandon her claim. It has been my privilege to follow the Grand Manœuvres of the French Army every year for the last five years. I have been with those *troupes d'élite*, the French Army Corps on the German frontier, with the Southern Corps at Toulon and Avignon, and with the troops on the plain of the Beauce, that granary of France. Everywhere it was the same thing: one long, constant, strenuous effort towards perfection, with the result that the Republic has produced an army second to none in the world. It was also

His presence, however, threw a chill over the conversation, and the Lorrainers drank out their beer in silence and went off. When they were gone I questioned the *Wachtmeister*, a fine type of the conscientious Prussian non-commissioned officer, about the men. "They're fairly good soldiers," he said, "but sulky. It's only natural. They are French by all their instincts and Germans by force. In the bottom of their hearts they hate us, but what can they do? They have got to serve the Kaiser whether they like it or not; and if to-morrow was declared, they would have to do their duty like the rest of us. A French bullet would strike them just as easily as the best Prussian of us all. They are only fourteen or fifteen per squadron, so that they are flanked right and left by Germans. For the three years they serve they hear nothing but German, and three years in a Prussian barracks make a big difference in them." When one comes across the Alsace-Lorraine problem in this concrete and brutal form, one cannot wonder that the term "German subject," applied to a patriotic Alsatian, stings the French like a hot brand. No! I am afraid that in spite of thirty-three years' peace the problem of the lost provinces is still the dominant factor in European politics to-day. No wonder, then, that the German Government are increasing their



THE LATE MR. ORIEL RHODES'S HOUSE ON HIS INYANGA ESTATE



A COTTAGE OF A BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA POLICE TROOPER, BUILT BY HIMSELF



THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA POLICE CAMP AT INYANGA

Mr. Rhodes did intend to live in this house, but, owing to the high altitude—Inyanga being 6,000 feet above the sea—his health would not allow him. Mr. Rhodes on several occasions visited the place, and once rode to the top of the highest hill in Inyanga, very close to this house, but he was taken so ill through the rarefaction of the air that he had to be carried home. The estate is sixty miles from Harare, the nearest railway station.



THE VIEW FROM MR. ORIEL RHODES'S INYANGA HOUSE

Everything has to be brought up by bullock wagons, three days being occupied in the journey in summer. The view of the hills round from the house is very beautiful. The Inyanga R.N.A.P. camp is situated about five miles from the estate. One of our illustrations shows a trooper's cottage, with himself and wife in the foreground. This cottage was built by the trooper himself, chiefly with logs and rough wood.

### ONE OF THE MOST FERTILE DISTRICTS IN SOUTH AFRICA: ROUND ABOUT INYANGA, IN MASHONALAND

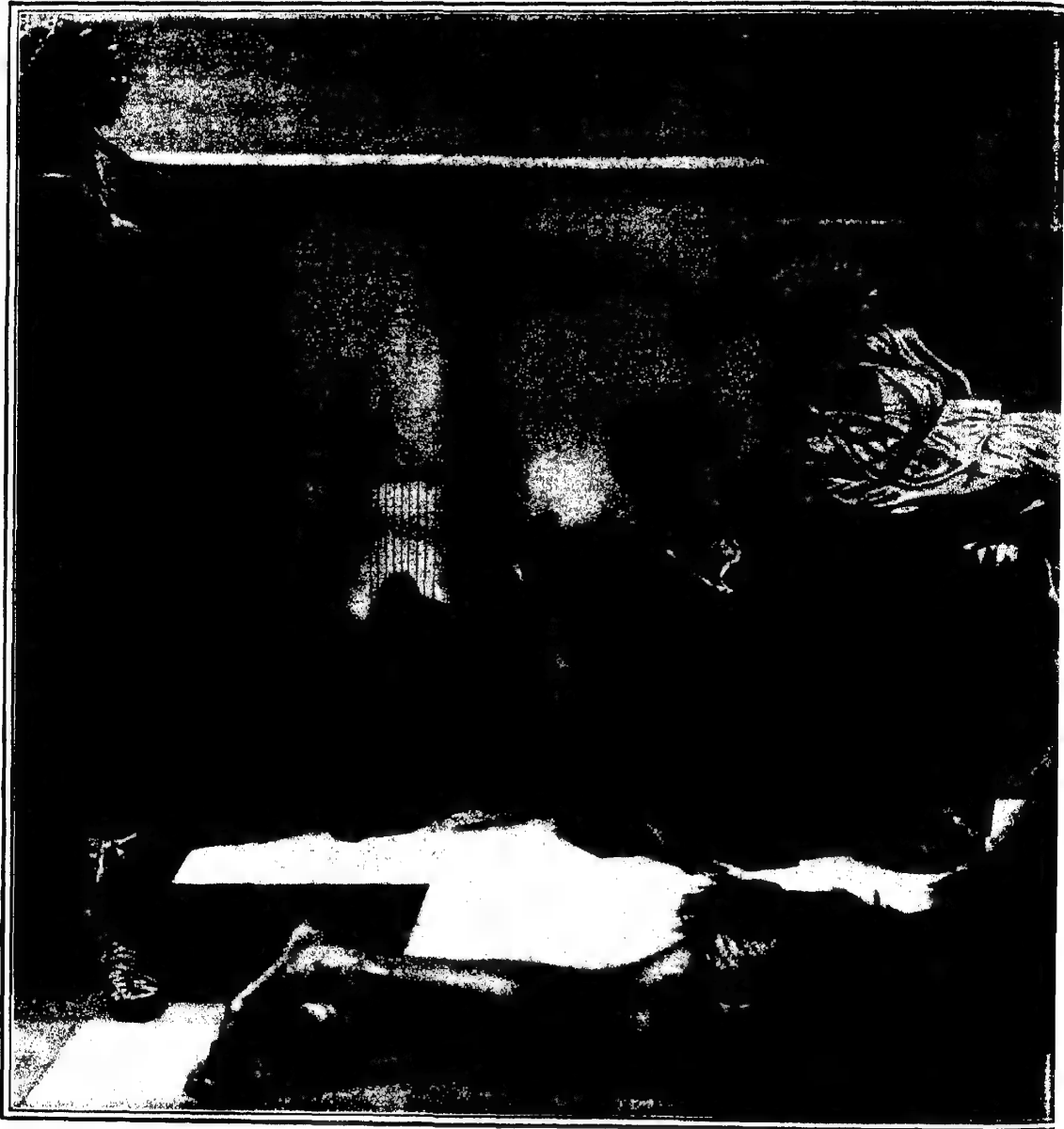
at the Paris Opera, which prevented French artists from exhibiting at Berlin, and led French actors and actresses to leave Germany out of their foreign tours. But by far this feeling was broken down. Wagner is now as popular in Paris as in Berlin, French painters annually send their pictures to the German capital, and Sarah Bernhardt and other great actors and actresses have played before the Kaiser. The old generation, which had seen the horrors of war of 1870, are rapidly dying out and being replaced by their children, to whom the Germans are, so to speak, only a name. It is true that the older people have brought their children up in the faith; but this has, of course, not kept the romance as much alive as actual contact with the events of 1870 was bound to do. Then came the famous words of Gambetta, "*Il faut y penser: l'ennemi nous a été paré vaincu*." How far has this been obeyed? How much of the national silence in regard to Alsace-Lorraine is the result of growing indifference, and how much is due to a resolve to bide their time in stern taciturnity on the part of Frenchmen? There is, on the part of a section of the people, a certain amount of the former, but I think that, on the whole, the better feeling greatly preponderates. It is the desire to recover Alsace-Lorraine which made the existence of a national hero like General Boulanger possible, and it is this feeling which caused the wild outburst of popular enthusiasm when the Franco-Russian

my privilege, a matter of ten years ago, to follow the Grand Manœuvres of the German Army, the First Army Corps, at Königsberg. West Prussia, right up on the Russian frontier. I had there a curious experience, which threw a lurid light on one part of the Alsace-Lorraine problem. I was one day with the troops in a little village called Schwann. I entered the principal room of the village inn. Here I found a group of half a dozen blue-coated Prussian dragoons. I began to converse with the men, when I noticed a peculiar hesitation in their speech; they seemed to have difficulty in expressing themselves. So much so, that I asked them point-blank, "Are you Germans?" One of them replied, "Nein, no, I mean ja." I then began to see what it was. I said, "Are you from Lorraine?" to which they replied in the affirmative. "Then let us speak French," I proposed, and they began to speak fluently in that tongue. They told me their regiment, the 5th Dragoons, had only arrived a few days before to take up its garrison in Prussia. While we were speaking a *Wachtmeister*, or quartermaster-sergeant, came into the room. "*Herr spricht Französisch da?*" was his harsh question as soon as he heard the French. "I am, Herr Wachtmeister," was my reply. On this he apologised for his interruption and explained to me that it was forbidden for the men to speak French; but, he added, as long as I spoke to them they have, of course, the right to do so.

active army on the idea that the military forces of France are developing quite out of proportion in those of the German Empire.

I see that our good old friend "Paris port de mer" is again coming to the front. "Paris a seaport," and the "canal de deumers," which is to connect the Atlantic with the Mediterranean, are two grandiose projects which keep cropping up at intervals in the Press. That they are feasible, from an engineering point of view, seems fairly certain. The chief difficulty in the way of their accomplishment is the doubt that they could ever be made to pay. However, I think the "Paris port de mer" scheme is the most promising of the two, and it is greatly to be regretted that the seventeen hundred million francs of good French money expended on digging the ditch in Panama were not spent on the home scheme. If they had, we would probably see Transatlantic liners at Clichy, where the future docks are to be, in the present moment. It would take but little money to make the Seine navigable for the largest vessels as far as Rouen. The chief fact is to cut a canal from that city to the capital. As an engineering problem it is not of much greater difficulty than was the Manchester Ship Canal, but that undertaking has not financially been such a success as to allow of its being used as an object-lesson by the advocates of making Paris a seaport.





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"A READING"  
FROM THE PAINTING





FROM HOMER"  
BY L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.



**DEATH.**  
WATT.—JOHN ROBERT WATT, aged 28, killed by lightning in the Chaco Austral Argentino on September 28th. Elder son of JAMES ALEXANDER WATT, of San Antonio, territory of Matanzas and Kinross, Forfarshire.

## TALKS ABOUT STOUTNESS.

### IS-OBESITY HEREDITARY?

There seems to be a prevalent idea that many cases of stoutness is hereditary; and, indeed, an eminent English medical scientist suggests that it may be handed down from parent to offspring. There is no doubt that this inference has been drawn by many stout persons from following wholeheartedly any course of curative treatment, with the result that excessive corpulence is more general than it should be. Readers of this admirable book, "Compulsory and the Cure," by the well-known specialist, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, may take heart from the author's experience of the treatment of many thousands of cases. We will quote his figures. He says: "Out of this large number (18,000 cases) I find that in 9,146 cases neither parent was stout; in 8,854 the mother was stout; in 1,880 the father was stout; and in only 1,199 cases both parents were stout." This very conclusively proves that obesity is not hereditary tendency or "constitutional predisposition" is not so far as many unfortunately believe. And even if it were hereditary, it would not be the permanent cure of corpulence is sufficiently potent to effectually destroy the tendency to put on flesh as it has done in every case where it has been carefully followed. The "Russell" treatment is in direct conflict with old-time processes of fat reduction, which too frequently ruined the constitution by anti-stimulants, dragging and other enemies. Mr. Russell conceived the idea that the reducing process should be accompanied by a strengthening regime, so that at the finish the subject should be not only reduced in weight and weight and graceful proportions, but should be at the same time muscularly stronger, nervously stronger, and really stronger in general health. This is the whole secret of the colossal success of the "Russell" treatment, which improves the appetite, tones up the digestive organs, and makes it an essential condition of the regime that the subject shall eat plentifully of the most wholesome foods—foods to enrich the blood and form muscle, nerve and brain tissue. There are no lifeless restrictions. The treatment is in every respect simple, pleasant and easy, causing no stomachic or intestinal disturbance, nor any discomfort of any sort. The principal agent employed is a pleasant and harmless liquid of purely herbal constituents, the recipe of which is given in "Compulsory and the Cure." Because of weight loss in from the very first, as within four-and-twenty hours of beginning the treatment the weighing machine will prove a primary reduction of 1 lb. to 1 lb. This is supplemented by a steady daily decrease until the permanent attainment of symmetrical proportions and correct weight for height, together with the unsurpassed blessing of completely restored health and vigor.

be cured by the "Russell" treatment when all other methods of fat reduction have proved either useless or merely temporary. Our next advice is to read that wonderful book, "Compulsory and the Cure." It is in 300 clearly printed pages it embraces everything that a person desirous of permanent relief may wish to know. Anyone may obtain a copy of "Compulsory and the Cure" by sending three penny stamps (or 10 pence) to the author, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Walnut House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. There is no work on the subject which deserves more attentive reading.

**H. L. GRIFFIN—Signature**  
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## The Theatres

One cannot but admire the unshaken courage with which Mrs. Brown-Potter seeks to score a success at the SAVOY. Undaunted by a succession of failures, she merely strengthens her company—edifies up the reserves, so to speak, like a Japanese general attacking Fort Arthur—and makes one more bid for fortune. *Countess Ruthless*, as a play, having been received with approval, she has now followed it with *Puck*, and the new venture, which is an opera without music, was certainly received with immense approval. There were two reasons for this. One of these, that the story of the clown who enacts on a mimic stage his own life's tragedy and kills his guilty wife at the finish, is one of the original great dramatic ideas. The second reason was that the heart-broken Punchinello was finely played by Mr. Charles Warner. One may not always appreciate Mr. Warner's methods nowadays; he is apt to seem melodramatic and starchy; but he knows how to grip his audience, and as on many occasions during the progress of the play there was a lamentable desire to laugh in the wrong places, his strong handling of the part saved the situation again and again, and secured for the play a unanimously favourable reception at the finish. Mr. Gilbert Hare, who produced this dramatized version of Signor Leoncavallo's opera, played Tonio, Nedda's hunchback lover, with great skill, and his performance was perhaps of all the one conceived most in the right spirit. Mrs. Brown-Potter looked picturesque, but gave us, as of old, too much of the same old story. It should be said that the "book," written by Mr. Charles Brookfield, is adequate, though rather stiffed and old-fashioned.

*Charles's Aunt*, the rights in which only the other day reverted to the author, Mr. Brandon Thomas, was, on Monday, revived at the COMET Theatre, and though it is now nearly twelve years since it was first produced, the clever little play seems still to possess all the elements of popularity. When one remembers that it was played at the GLOBE 1,460 times, and that a multitude of companies have been touring with it ever since, the circumstance is really quite remarkable. (It is said that this revival marked the 121,600th performance.) Mr. Stanley Crane is an excellent substitute for Mr. Penley as Lord Fancourt Baberdy, and Mr. Brandon Thomas resumes his old part of Colonel Sir Francis Chesney. *Charles's Aunt* is preceded by a one-act farce, by the same author, *Four-kettle and Co.*

After a crowded year of glorious life *The Orchid*, at the Gaiety, has been revived, and now appears fresher and more attractive than ever in a new edition, with new scenery, new dresses, and new songs. Several alterations have been made in the cast. Mr. Fred Wright is replaced by Mr. James Sullivan, Mr. Charles Brown has succeeded Mr. George Greenough, and Miss Ethel Sydney's part is allotted to Miss Marie Stadhouders. In the first act there is a pretty new song for Miss Gerie Miller, "Summer Afternoon"; while Mr. Edmund Payne is quieter than ever as the little gardener, and his "new woman" duet with Mr. Brown is

exceedingly funny. Miss Connie Ediss, always a great favourite, appears to advantage in her new songs.

The Elizaethan Society, under the direction of Mr. William Poel, have arranged to give twelve performances at TANNY'S Theatre. The first, which will take place on Saturday, December 10, at 3 p.m., will be *The Comedy of Errors*, and at 8.15 p.m. the same evening will be given Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*. There will be seven evening performances and five matinees. The following specially reduced prices will be charged:—Private boxes, 10s. 6d. to £3 2s.; stalls and dress circle, 5s.; upper circle, 3s.; pit, 2s. The gallery will be closed. The performances will be given on a model stage of the Old Fortune Playhouse.

Those who did not go to the ROYALTY Theatre last week, and missed seeing the extremely interesting revival of *The Confidante*, will be glad to hear that Mr. Philip Carr has decided to give Vanbrugh's comedy for an extra week, beginning next Monday, December 12. This week the programme has been occupied with the revival of Beaumont and Fletcher's somewhat dreary story, *The Two Wives*. In addition to this, Mr. Carr has decided to revive *The Knight of the Burning Castle*, with Mrs. Theodore Wright once more as the Citizen's Wife, and performances of this delightful travesty will be given every evening from Boxing Day onwards. Not the least interesting production of *The Confidante* have been the delightful performances of Miss May Martyn as the *Infamous*, and of Miss Dora Hile as Filippina, but the Mermaid Company appears to greater advantage in comedy—not tragedy. The great point is, while everyone is crying out for new actresses, Mr. Carr alone is giving chances to the unknown.

A Christmas production will be seen at the DUKE OF YORK'S Theatre shortly before Christmas, and this "play for children" will be from the pen of Mr. J. M. Barrie, who has chosen for his title *Peter Pan*; or, *The Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up*, and among those taking part in it will be Miss Nina Boucicault, Miss Dorothy Baird, Miss Hilda Trevelyan, Miss Pauline Chase, Miss Joan Burnett, and Mr. Gerald du Maurier.

Mr. H. E. Moss informs us that the title of the Christmas production at the HYPODROME will be *Butterflies in Fairyland*; or, *Viviers Triumphant*, a mystical evolution in seven events, invented and produced by Frank Parker, music by Clarence Corri. There will be no speaking or singing parts. The production in its entirety will be one of vast mechanical, scenic, and lighting effects, extraordinary transformations and optical illusions, such as has never been seen. "In point of figures this production will cost even more than the famous *Cinderella*, which cost over £10,000. The fountains which have been such a successful feature are to be amplified and re-arranged to such a gigantic extent that over 500,000 gallons of water will be used. All this quantity of water by means of some newly invented spray fountains will be forced into the air and produce a series of remarkable diaphanous effects."

*Ladyland*, the new comic opera at the AVENUE Theatre, will be produced on Monday next.

THE GRAPHIC, December 29, 1904

## Lord Hobhouse

Baron Hobhouse, P.C., K.C.S.I., C.I.E., who died on Tuesday at 15, Bruton Street, was born at Hadspen, Somersetshire, in 1819. The fourth son of the late Right Hon. Henry Hobhouse, he was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, and four years later



THE LATE LORD HOBHOUSE  
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street

became a member of the Chancery Bar. He rapidly distinguished himself as a conveyancer and equity draughtsman and as a Queen's Counsel in the Rolls Court, but after becoming Q.C. he was compelled to abandon the Bar by ill-health. During the forty years which have elapsed since then Lord Hobhouse has filled many important offices, and has taken the keenest interest in many social topics, especially those connected with women's property. He was created a Knight Commander of the Star of India in 1877, and became Baron Hobhouse of Hadspen eight years later.

In last week's number it was stated in error that Sir H. Mortimer Durand married Helen Trevelyan, whereas it should have been—Ella, daughter of T. Sandys, Esq.

## Our Supplement

Our Supplement this week is a fine reproduction of one of the best known of Sir Alma-Tadema's classical studies, "A Reading from Homer." All the artist's best characteristics may be seen here and noted: admirable composition, skilful grouping, wonderful expanses of marble, which need the original colour to be fully appreciated and convincing details in detail. It is not everyone, however, who is so fortunate as to see the original. Sir Alma-Tadema's classic buildings in his painting are always correct, and so, too, are the dresses of his young men and women. He knows how Greek and Roman dresses were made and worn, and the lettering on the wall is not more accurate than the instrument which one listener has laid aside. This knowledge has again and again been at the service of theatrical managers in revivals of old-time plays, but beautiful scenery, after the play is over, vanishes to the lumber-room, while these pictures remain.

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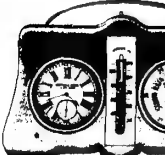
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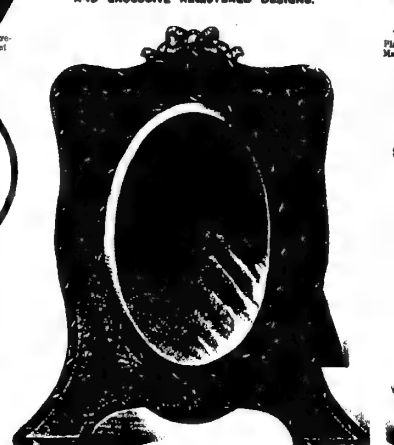


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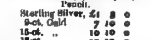
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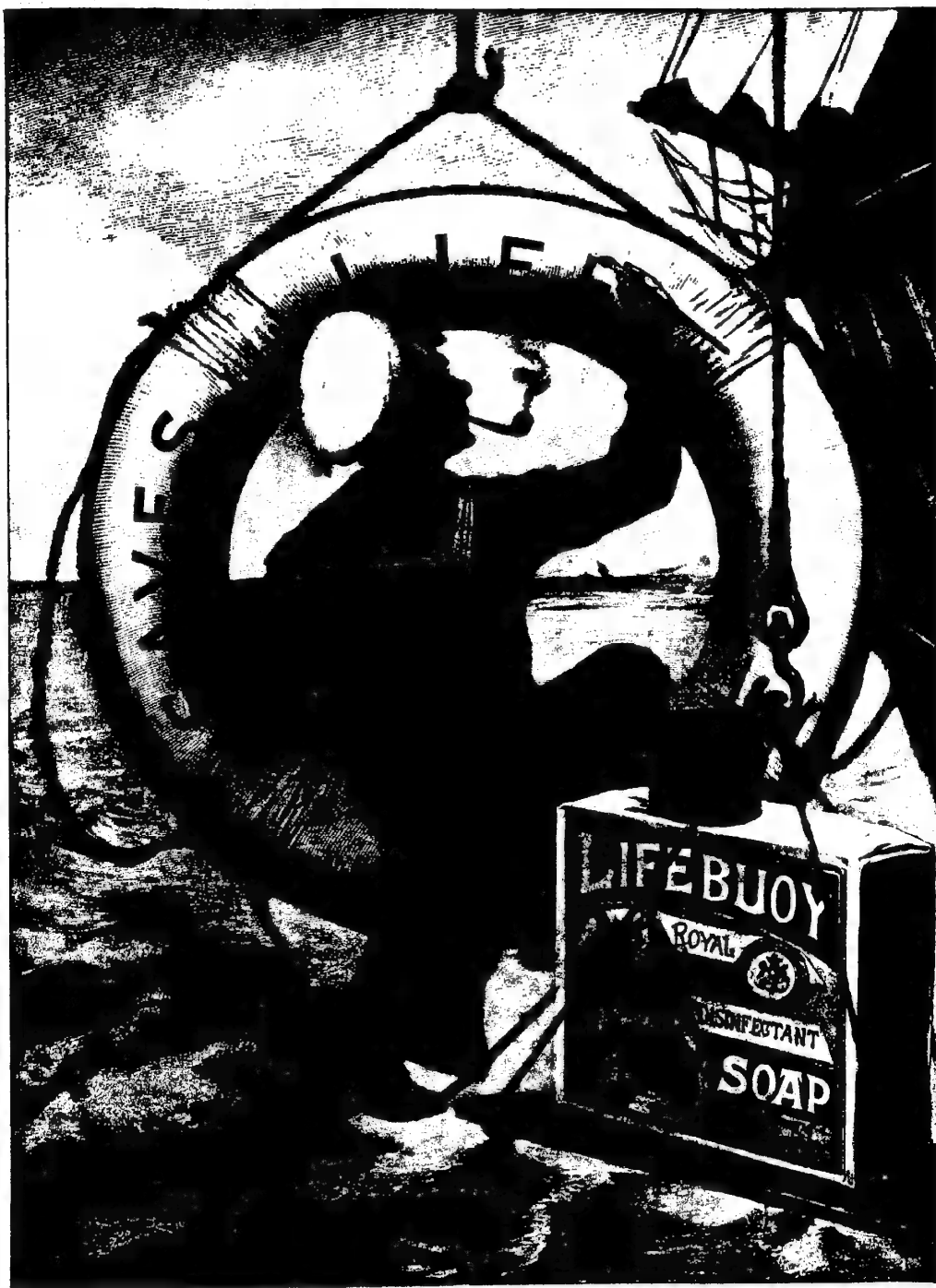


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## Our Bookshelf

## "THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE"

Grandiloquent as is the language in which this biography is at times written, it can hardly be called literature, but it is amusing in places. For instance, Sir Robert Peel is referred to as "the Gamaliel at whose feet he (Gladstone) had first and most sincerely worshipped;" the Duchess of Devonshire is the modern *Figeria*, whose *non grata* was a fancy dress ball, of which the biographer writes:—"Had it been but the single act of her career, her fame would have been made secure for centuries of society by the historic fancy dress ball which was held under her hostess-ship and guidance." In the early days Lord Harrington was member for North Lancashire. He was a poor speaker, and knew it. "A member of Parliament, he said, should, at least, be able to express himself intelligently and forcibly, and that, he feared, he was quite unable to do, and as he obtained very little experience in public speaking he was not likely to improve."

It was said that if Mr. Bright had been alien then, or had suggested his acquiescence in the opinions expressed as to the importance of the situation, Lord Harrington might have decided to quit the House of Commons without further delay. But he had

to the State. You are their heir and will one day be the first of the aristocracy. You have a duty to yourself, to your family, and the State."

Lord Harrington took Bright's advice, but when he obtained Cabinet rank North Lancashire did not return him as its representative, or to put it in Mr. Leach's words, when "he came to ask for it he was made to pass under the Cauldron fork and seek elsewhere for a political home."

## "THE WHITE MAN IN NIGERIA"

Nigeria is a country of which we have all read, of which most of us know a little, but how little we only appreciate when we have so admirable a work as that before us. This book will prove invaluable to those about to set out for West Africa, of the greatest interest to those who have resided there, and entertaining and instructive to all readers. The author discusses everything of importance to the Colony in separate chapters—the want of money, the Hausas and the Fulani, slavery, the fever, trade prospects, and other matters, and all with undoubted knowledge. The pages wherein the writer treats of the two great tribes of Nigeria, the Hausas and the Fulani, are well worthy of study. He says:

"The Hausa is the farmer, the spinner, the weaver, the dyer, the hunter, the trader; the Fulani is the organizer, the law officer, the taxgatherer."

"The Duke of Devonshire." By Henry Leach. (Methuen.)

"The White Man in Nigeria." By George Douglas Hazledine. (Arnold.)



"THE BOAT SNAPPED AND LET HIM INTO THE SEA"

From "Where Flies the Flag." Collins' Clear-Type Press.

the price. Each race thinks itself superior, and each race in its heart despises the other. . . . Can we call a people savage which has a written language of its own, a language which is used today; and which, after much controversy is admitted to be of older origin than Arabic? . . . The trader of Africa, the Hausa is found now, as he has been found for a thousand years, from

the Mediterranean to the Oh River, from Morocco to the Nile. Everything about the Hausa indicates a past of splendour, wealth, and power. . . . The Hausa has been in Hausaland longer than any other race, and, in spite of the overwhelming intertribal warfare, in spite of raiders, in spite of pestilence, has multiplied exceedingly and kept his nationality, absorbing all comers. Like the Anglo-Saxons, he gathered into his stock all the tribes and peoples, great and small, which attached him or wandered into his land, assimilating, absorbing, and assimilating them all—except the Fulani.

We do not know where the Fulani came from. He may be a Moor or a Berber. . . . The presumption is that he has an ancient history, but there is little in the way of proof. There is no written language, and the various theories have but little to rest upon.

Later, the writer says:—

Without the English, without the light of European civilization, Hausaland would decline and relapse into barbarism; but with them it will flourish again, and the Hausa will recover his equality with the Fulani.

With regard to that which the white man fears most of all in West Africa, Mr. Hazledine writes:—

The fever in Northern Nigeria is much overrated; it is the largest of the country, and many die from it. A few years ago it was a very different thing; the mortality from it was alarming. At one time it made the Government wonder whether the country, with all its natural wealth and teeming population, was worth the loss of officers needed by its compulsion; but in the last few years the death-rate has been steadily reduced, until now it is kept at a really low percentage.

With regard to trade prospects and the investing of money in Nigeria, the author is of opinion that the future of the country is assured, and that money invested, in large amounts only, will pay a sure, if only a comparatively small, return. If we had the space we could quote much that is of value from the book, but as it is lacking we can only recommend the work, in all confidence, to our readers.

## "WHERE FLIES THE FLAG"

Mr. Henry Harcourt's story, from which comes the illustration by Mr. Rackham which we reproduce, tells of the adventures of two brothers, Harold and George Payne, in all parts of the Empire. George, the elder, first goes to Canada, and then with the Canadian Mounted Rifles to fight in the Boer War. Harold makes his first start in life as apprentice in a cargo-boat bound for Calcutta. The Alisa Craig, however, for that is the name of the ship, comes to grief in a storm, and her crew have to be rescued by a P. and O. liner. The illustration shows what happened to the travelling cradle just at the precise moment when the most cowardly member of the company is being rescued. The story is crammed with incidents and adventures of every sort, but it is written in a curiously naive manner. Mr. Rackham's excellent illustrations are well printed in colours.

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Two further volumes (Numbers IX and X.) of his English edition of Heine's complete works have been issued by Mr. Heinemann. Vol. IX. ("The

"Where Flies the Flag." By Henry Harcourt. (Collins' Clear-Type Press.)

"The Book of Songs." By Heinrich Heine. Translated by E. H. Boscawen. (London: Heinemann.)

"New Poems." By Heinrich Heine. Translated by Margaret Armstrong. (London: Heinemann.)



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WHISKIES.

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Book of Songs" is the work of Mr. T. Brookbank: Vol. X. of Margaret Armour. It is a thankless task to attempt to render Heine's lyrics into English verse. Many people have attempted it, but none have succeeded. It is not therefore very astonishing that neither of the present translators is at all successful. The verse for the most part quite fails to catch the grace and the lightness, the exquisite simplicity of Heine. This is not astonishing, for it would require nothing less than genius to do so. But it was not necessary to fail quite so abjectly, as, for example, the following fails:—

A young man loves a maiden  
Who would fain be another's wife;  
That often she love with some other,  
And has taken her for life.

The maiden, piqued and angry,  
Just weds the first good man  
Who happens to come across her,  
The youth fares as he can.

It is an old story,  
Yet one for ever new  
But to whom it happens,  
It cleaves his heart in two.

This is not poetry at all, but bald prose. It should be so printed: if at all.

"EMMANUEL BURDEN"

To see ourselves as others see us is only rare because the gift of humour is rare. The true humorist may almost be defined as one to whom nothing is so natural, as well as so amusing,—though it may be at times so sadly amusing—as to regard himself from the outside. British readers who are deficient in this far from universal faculty must expect a good deal of bewilderment from Mr. Hilaire Belloc's "Emmanuel Burden, Merchant," of Thames Street, in the City of London, Expert of Hardwares: A Record of his Lineage, Speculations, Last Days, and Death" (Methuen and Co.). Those, however, who can enjoy irony for its own sake, irrespectively of its aims, may promise themselves the enjoyment of a brilliantly subtle display of an art that has counted fewer professors of the first rank than any other. Mr. Belloc's attitude towards the evolution of Empire is certainly not of the enthusiast. No doubt enthusiasm and humour have been found compatible in other cases than Sir Thomas More's; but the combination is, to say the least, seldom found. Mr. Belloc means to sting. But with such delicate urticaria the operation performed as to make it a pleasure even to the thinnest skins—of course upon skins of normally thick texture: irony is invariably thrown away. But upon no readers, we are sure, will be lost the effect of the close when the writer, rising above his subject and his purpose, gives, in the death of his Mr. Burden, bewildered and broken in body and mind by changes that he cannot comprehend, a more pathetically impressive picture of last hours and last moments than any we can recall. For this alone the book is worth reading, be the effect of the irony



THE HIT OF THE SEASON: WHO DID IT?

THAWE BY JOHN HARRALL, R.I.

Reproduced from THE BYSTANDER Christmas Number.

what it may. Thirty-four portrait-sketches by Mr. G. K. Chesterton are of a decidedly original order.

"THE THIRD EXPERIMENT"

In point of mere chronology, Miss Rosamond Langbridge's

"Third Experiment" (T. Fisher Unwin) is in reality her second; her first having been her story of "The Flame and the Flood" in a series devoted by its publisher to literary *studies*. The promise of the first is satisfactorily confirmed by the second. Miss Langbridge interests her readers in a plot of the simplest possible order, and if she fails to make them laugh it will be because the general gloominess of current fiction has made them forget how. It is a great pleasure to meet with a young novelist who realises that a novel ought, above all things, to amuse. The humour is those of an Irish country town, and have principally to do with one Zena Elizabeth "Flashy" (more classically "Psyche") Cullahane—a charmingly tricksome girl, who develops into the third but only successful matrimonial experiment of the keeper of the local store and also of all the caps—especially of a certain unscrupulous widow's—in the town. All the people are exceedingly real, and if not drawn from the life, appear to be. It is another sign of higher promise on the writer's part that she is evolving a style. But if, as we suspect, it is not uninfluenced by that of Mr. George Meredith, it is well to warn her against letting it lead her into needless obscurity. Her excessive indulgence in metaphor is, no doubt, only a first phase of a vigorous fancy that nobody will be in a hurry to see toned down.

"THE BYSTANDER" CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Just a year ago appeared the first number of our bright and lively contemporary, THE BYSTANDER, and now, after a prosperous career of twelve months, we heartily welcome the Christmas and Anniversary Number, in which may be truly said there is not a dull page, whether pictorial or literary. The contents are sufficiently varied to suit all tastes, grave and gay, as they range from a singularly interesting illustration of the Manger of the Inn at Bethlehem, to a couple of coloured pre-historic cartoons by Mr. Lawson Wood—one of which, representing an unfortunate bather held up by the ancestor of the British bulldog, is exceptionally funny. There is a thrilling story, "The Affair in Port Street," by William Le Queux, a society tragedy, "The Dainties' Dinner," by Edith St. L. Wilson, a clever little comedietta, *The Age of Innocence*, by Frederick Fenn, which may be acted by amateurs without the usual fee, a popular sketch, *The Auction*, by Ingith Allen, and a host of amusing and fanciful illustrations, from which we reproduce the "Hit of the Season," by John Russell. In addition to these there are all the usual features of the ordinary number, the illustrated articles on motors and motoring, on hunting and other sports, on theatrical matters—to say nothing of the literary column of "J. A. H.," which has been one of the most attractive features from the beginning. A thoroughly good sixpennyworth, and one, we feel sure, which will prompt its readers with ourselves in wishing THE BYSTANDER Many Happy Returns of this—its first—Birthday.

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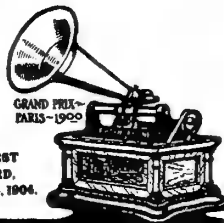
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## Music Notes

It is not a little curious that an opera by a man of Gluck's fame should have waited 137 years for its first production in England. That, however, has been the fate of his *Alceste*, which, though it was produced as long ago as 1767, was never played in England till Friday last, when it was revived by the operatic class of the Royal College of Music at His Majesty's Theatre. Such enterprise as this on the part of one of our leading conservatoires is altogether commendable. Only too often our amateur societies, or societies composed of embryo professionals, content themselves with playing works with which we are already perfectly familiar, and which we have seen played at Covent Garden by stars of the first magnitude. Comparisons, of course, are odious, but they are none the less inevitable, and it is impossible in such cases to be oblivious of the shortcomings of the performances. When an unfamiliar opera like *Alceste* is produced, however, it is easy to forgive and forget any slight deficiencies for the sake of the interest and pleasure afforded by such a production.

It is, in point of fact, not very difficult to understand how it is that Gluck's opera has been relegated to the limbo of things forgotten, for, truth to tell, it is not one of its composer's masterpieces. Of course it contains many beautiful passages, but they are alternated with long pages of dreary recitative which are singularly devoid of interest. The libretto, too, is very poorly put together, especially when we consider what Euripides made of the great story. Indeed, the opera is not likely to be staged again, and only a few airs, such as "Divinité du Soir," will live. The performance itself did immense credit to all concerned in it.

Miss Nannie Tout, who played the long and very trying part of the heroine, is sure to make her name in opera before many years are over. Her voice is a real dramatic soprano of great beauty and power, and she is a born actress. Mr. Ben Ivor Davies made a good Admetus, and the smaller parts were all capably filled. The ballet, in particular, covered itself with glory, and it is only too seldom that we see such graceful dancing.

On Sunday last the Sunday Concert Society celebrated its sixth birthday, and it is good to see that it is in no way flourishing a condition. It will be remembered that it was founded in 1898, when certain differences that arose between Mr. Robert Newman and the London County Council threatened the existence of the Sunday concerts at Queen's Hall, which, though they were not countenanced by the law of the land, certainly filled our old friend the long-felt want very effectually indeed. The success of the society's work may be gauged from the fact that last year no less than £350 was distributed among various charities. Considering the very low prices that are charged for the seats, this speaks well for the popularity of the concerts.

A singular honour has just been accorded to Mr. Isidore de Lara, who has been the hero of a three days' festival at Ghent. The three works selected for performance were *Mefisto*, *Messiah*, and *Le Roi de Buddha*. The last is a new version of his first opera, *The Light of Asia*, which was produced at Covent Garden in 1892, but has never become popular in London. It seems, however, that Mr. de Lara has improved the music out of all knowledge. He always had plenty of excellent ideas, but he lacked the skill to make the most of them. His technique,

however, is infinitely stronger than was the case twelve years ago, and the opera in its new form appears to be very well worth a consideration.

A movement is being set on foot to present a testimonial to Señor Manuel Garcia, the famous singing master, who celebrates his hundredth birthday in March. Señor Garcia has done invaluable work during his long career, and singers have good cause to be grateful to him not only for his famous treatises on his art, but also for his great invention, the *laryngoscope*. Those who wish to seize this opportunity of expressing their admiration for the Grand Old Man of the musical world should communicate with Mr. J. C. Ballin, 48, Hyde Park Mansions, W.

One of the most interesting concerts of this week was that given by the London Choral Society on Monday evening at the Queen's Hall. The whole of the second part of the programme was devoted to Dr. Walford Davies's new cantata, *Swarmen*, which, it will be remembered, made something of a stir at the recent Leeds festival. This was, of course, the first opportunity that Londoners had been afforded of hearing this interesting work, and it is not too much to say that it made no less an impression here than at Leeds. Dr. Davies, indeed, cannot be complimented too highly on the skill with which he has welded the old and the new together. Few composers could have accomplished with such complete success the difficult task of fitting the famous morality play with music which, while thoroughly modern, expresses the old-world feeling of the words to perfection. The performance, under Mr. Arthur Fagge, was very creditable.



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## Rural Notes

## THE REASON

To a cold and misty November there has succeeded a December which is merciful to the poor and ill-fed, and stimulating to the germination and growth-commencement of the autumn-sown crops. On the other hand live stock are not benefited by the muggy air, and the stacks are injured, neither corn nor hay being in good condition when the atmosphere is close and laden with humidity. To forecast the weather in an island is futile, but for many years past December has been a comparatively mild month, and the cold has not become severe for any length of time until January, or even later. The climate in the Calendar made in the reign of George II. is too often forgotten. The snowy Christmas of Old England was what we call the 6th or 6th of January. The calm weather of December in the Mediterranean area led to the classic myth of the halcyon days, but in the North Sea the winter solstice is often very windy. On the 26th of December, 1879, one of the worst gales of the century occurred, and many severe wind storms are recorded against December at Lloyd's. We have had only one snowy Christmas in the past ten years.

## SMITHFIELD AND THE "ROYAL"

The recurrence of Smithfield Show is a December event which seems as sure as the advent of the month itself. Yet the first day of the show saw a meeting at Whitehall to discuss the future of a society even more dignified, if not quite so old-established. Why has

Smithfield been from the first a success while the Royal has constant struggles? The inquiry is important and at the same time agreeable, for the officials and eminent personages who have made Smithfield highly profitable are largely the same set, in some cases the same men, as are now accused of letting down the Royal. It is only fair, therefore, to recall their successes. Smithfield has thrived to the Metropolis from the first, and has become fully established as a London institution. London is wonderfully loyal to a yearly feature when once it has secured acceptance and established a regular position. This looks as though the Royal only needed time to establish itself in town. But we fear that the Ealing site is too far out. The surroundings of Smithfield are disagreeable, but a shilling in the cab fare from West End or City, and the omnibuses are frequent and cheap.

## THE FATTED OX; AND OTHERS

The Smithfield type of animal has changed very noticeably from twenty years ago; in fact, we may divide the history of the Society into two periods. From 1801 to 1881, or thereabouts, a period of slow growth, of great size and breadth of bone, and of a somewhat heavy, but young, and well-limbed meat, also of total food. The adaptability to the new conditions has extended to all the chief breeds, and the Shorthorns and Herefords, Devon and Highland cattle fight out the same rivalries that existed when George the Third was King. The Aberdeen-Angus is a differentiated type of Highland cattle, which has, however, come to the front in the last thirty years, and the

Show boasts Kurries, Dexter Keweenaw, Jerseys, Guernseys, and Alderneys, which were not met with in England a century ago. No foreign breed of cattle has made any impression on English Showyards, and foreigners are freer buyers than ever of British cattle to set a type for their farms.

## MUTTON, PORK, AND POULTRY

It was thought humorous at the Restoration to allude to Charles the Second as "our mutton-eating King." England in 1660 despised the consumers of mutton and laughed at Tuffy and Steady for appreciating the flesh of the sheep. To this day the like prejudice lingers in the rural parts of the Latin countries, where mutton is consumed "in the bosom of the family." It is never offered to visitors or served at any festival. Farmers know, however, that a prime joint of Southdown mutton which eats really "about" and is not too fat is the scene of fine meat. It is still the short-woulded sheep which yield the fine mutton, but the improvement in the longwools by way of crosses has been appreciable. The demand for pork among the upper classes is comparatively small, and pig-breeding does not greatly improve. There are, however, some two or three dozen breeders to whom those who need really high-class pork can always turn. Poultry is not raised for the table as freely as it might be; in fact, our *cagot* still send France for the best. Turkeys, on the other hand, are an English triumph, so that the French *epicure* sends to Norfolk for his birds.

## AN ACT OF 1825

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**CHRISTMAS SWELLERS**—Mr. E. Hiler sends us some subjects calendars. These are of various kinds, and of many subjects. Among those with sacred pictures is a particularly handsome one, the "Emmanuel, God with us." Noticeable among the comic productions is "John Hallelujah Calendar." Mr. Hiler has also published "The Christmas Calendar," which is a very handsome one. Mr. Henderson and Sons have received the "Gibson Calendar," which consists of twelve of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's capital drawings—one for each month. The drawings are reproduced on cards measuring about five by eight.—Messrs. Hilly and Co., Ltd., of London, send us a very handsome calendar, and also a list of firm prices itself on the fact that their goods are "all British made," and their pride is justifiable, for they show that colour-printing in England can be quite as good at a given price as that done on the Continent. Their Christmas cards, which are of all prices, are good, and they have a list of prices for the various subjects. People of all tastes will find something to please them in Messrs.

HILL various series of cards and calendars, and will be able to assist themselves by the thought that they are encouraging British workmanship by buying of this firm. Messrs. Hill also publish the "Grand Slam Illustrated Bridge Score," which, will, no doubt, be popular.—*From Messrs. Stewart and Welford we have received a series of cards and calendars, including cards and calendars of all kinds. The series are very attractive, and the calendars are some small sets of the turnover type; calendars of this kind are mostly large in size, and inclined to be expensive, so these little ones will appeal to those who cannot afford the larger kind.* "Joyous Japan" is the title of a pretty calendar of medium size, and is a very attractive one. It is a series of cards for children, and they also publish a large number of Christmas postcards. *From Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode we have received copies of the "Royal Pocket Diary and Engagement Book."* This dainty little book, which measures some 3 in. by 2½ in., is a beautifully illustrated diary, and is a very attractive one. It is a quotation from a poet.—*Mr. G. Delaplace sends us a large collection of cards, calendars and postcards. The cards of the series which is appropriately called the "Union Jack," are all made in London. They are of all prices, and are for the most part artistically got up and reasonable in cost.*—*From Messrs. Hinchfield, Brothers, and Co., of 10, St. Clare Street, London, we have received a map of the boarsen for each quarter of the year.*

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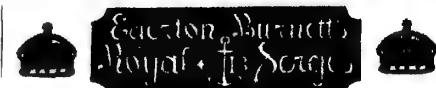
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No. 1,829.—Vol. LXX.

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# THE GRAPHIC

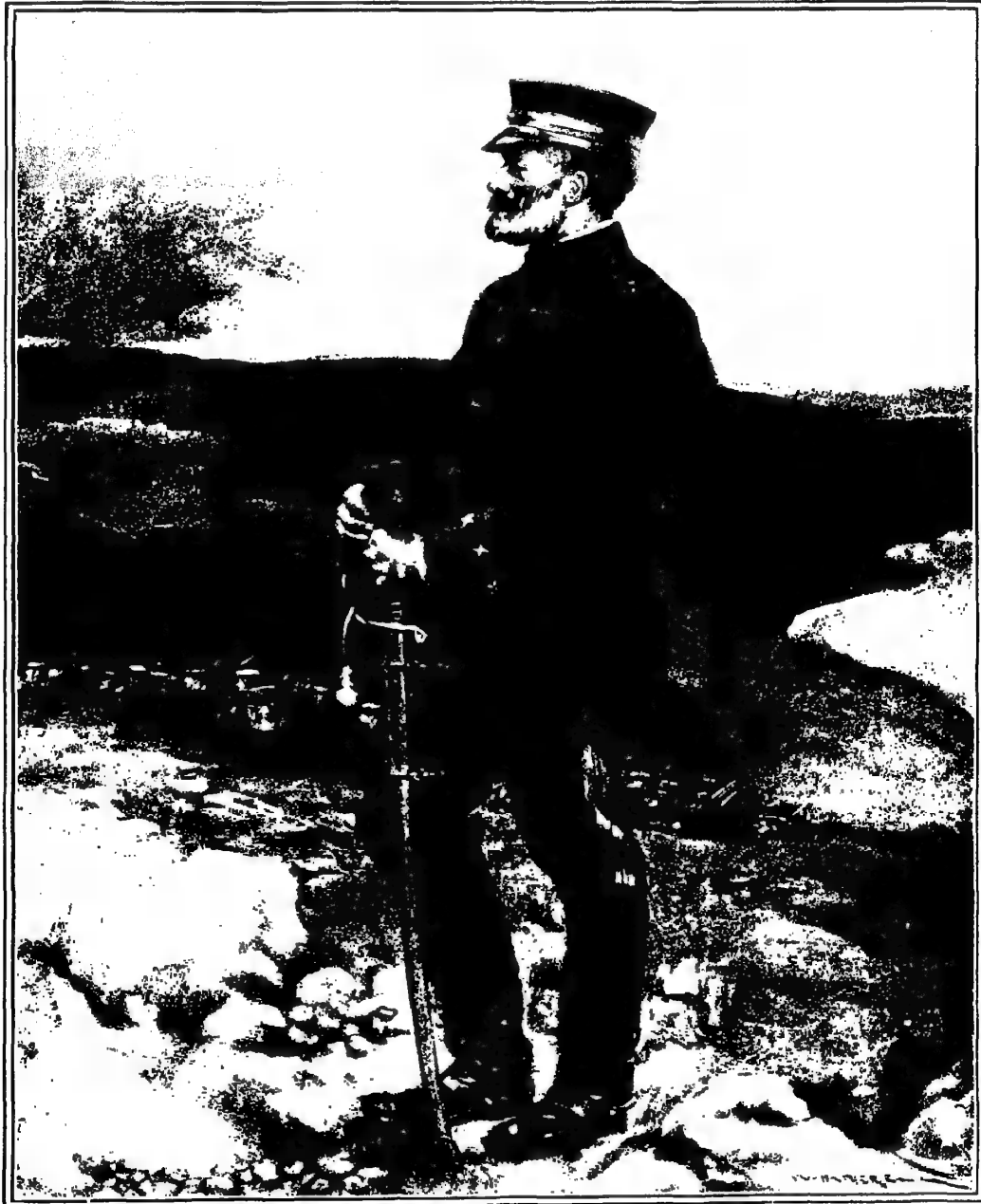
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1891. Vol. LXX.  
Registered at the G. O. Office.

SATURDAY DECEMBER 17 1894

Price 6d. per copy.

Page 1



General Nogi, 65, after four years of war and his sentence of death pronounced. He is very poor and is ailing. He is the only one of the Japanese generals who has not been killed in the war.

A SPARTAN FATHER. GENERAL NOGI, THE BESIEGER OF PORT ARTHUR, WHO HAS LOST TWO SONS IN THE WAR.

(Illustration by H. H. H. H.)



## Topics of the Week

The influential deputation which waited on the Prime Minister last Saturday to discuss with him the question of the more equitable distribution of the burden of Imperial Defence between the Mother Country and the Colonies, not only dealt with a problem of the highest Imperial importance, but also dealt with it at a peculiarly opportune moment. Not everybody in the country is agreed as to the wisdom or practicability of the scheme of fiscal union between the component parts of the Empire, of which Mr. Chamberlain is the powerful exponent; but there is no difference of opinion anywhere as to the necessity of a more symmetrical and equitable system of military union. At the Colonial Conference the question has been discussed, but, unfortunately, with very little practical result. In raising it once more to-day the Imperial Federation Committee have been actuated by two considerations which rightly lead them to think that the chances of a solution, or of some substantial advance towards a solution, are brighter now than they have ever been before. In the first place they point to the startling change which of late years has come over the distribution of naval power throughout the world. At one time naval power was practically confined to Europe, but to-day the battle-ships of the world are in every ocean, ready at the first signal of war to strike at the Colonial possessions of the Power by whom they are opposed. Besides this, local naval powers are growing in Asia and America, and bid fair, at no distant date, to rival the old States of Europe, both in the strength of their armaments and the expansive ambitions which those armaments are, more or less consciously, designed to serve. All this spells increased peril to our self-governing Colonies, and emphasizes the necessity of their taking their fair share at least in the enormous increase in naval expenditure which these changes have imposed on the Mother Country during the last twenty years. But this is not the only consideration which actuated the deputation whose case was so lucidly stated to Mr. Balfour by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach last Saturday. Another Colonial Conference is shortly to be held to discuss the Fiscal Question, and the deputation were anxious that the Defence problems should figure prominently on its agenda. The anxiety is eminently reasonable. To discuss any form of closer Imperial union without taking cognizance of the military problem would be to ignore one of the essential premises of the syllogism. Especially is this true of the coming Conference which is to devise a more remunerative and exclusive system of Imperial trade. If it succeed in its fiscal design, the Conference will have created a new property for the Empire, and one which in the natural course of things must intensify foreign jealousy and hostility to its owners. In these circumstances an adequate military provision for the Empire, so distributed as to render its cost not unduly burdensome to any one of its parts, becomes indispensable. The question is one to which the Tariff Reformers themselves should turn their most serious attention, for if the whole cost of Imperial defence is to fall on the Home taxpayer, he is not likely to look sympathetically upon any fiscal scheme which, in the name of Imperial unity, is calculated ever so remotely to impose upon him fresh sacrifices in the cost of the necessities of life.

The Education Committee of the London County Council has promulgated a bold scheme for the establishment of a whole series of scholarships leading from the elementary schools right up to the University. The cost of the scheme is estimated at considerably over a quarter of a million a year, and the magnitude of the sum may not impressibly frighten a good many ratepayers. Perhaps, indeed, it would have been better if the Council had begun with a more modest scheme, embodying the same principles, but applied on a smaller scale, so that if blunders were made they could be more easily corrected. The main idea, however, ought to win the hearty approval of the public. That the idea is to give help to those who had shown that they are worthy of it. If a boy or a girl in an elementary school shows signs of special ability, he or she will be helped by a scholarship to proceed to a higher grade school. From that school in turn the best students will be helped to take another step upwards and so on to the University. This is exactly the principle which guided the private benefactors of our endowed schools and colleges. These generous donors, to whom England owes her public school and university systems, believed that it was more important to provide a complete education for the few who were fitted to profit by it, than to provide a cheap elementary education for all. Acting in that spirit they established the system of scholarships which has helped many of the poorest lads in the Kingdom to rise to the

highest positions. The value to the nation of the cultivated brain-power of these selected few cannot be over-estimated. One genius is worth a million mediocrities, and though the nation has rightly decided that the mediocrities, and even those who are less than mediocre, must have a modicum of book learning, we cannot on that account afford to neglect the boys and girls who have exceptional talent. Indeed, it is possible that the principle now laid down by the London County Council might with advantage be applied in a negative as well as in a positive sense, so as to exempt at an early age from the strain of ordinary school work children whose brain-power is obviously insufficient to profit by an intellectual training. It is far better that the time and money now wasted in trying to fill their brains with knowledge which they cannot assimilate should be devoted instead to bringing on the children who possess real talent.

It is a remarkable coincidence that Lord Selborne should have produced his scheme for the redistribution of the British Navy almost simultaneously with the publication of Lord Kitchener's plan for applying the same process to the Indian Army. Both, too, are based on the same cardinal principle that this Imperial land of freedom should place her fighting forces, whether sea or land, at such points as have the highest strategical value. There is the farther similitude that in the one case, as in the other, the redistributed ships and troops are always to be in instant readiness for either attack or defence. Roman gladiators and British prize-fighters knew better than to permit their muscles to become pulpy, their sinews to lose strength, or their skill to deteriorate through want of practice. Lord Selborne only cringes from those hard-fighting heroes in bringing His Majesty's naval forces up to a level with their enormous responsibilities. One has only to reflect on how vastly different and how infinitely more favourable to Russia the Far Eastern conflict would have been had not the alert Togo "snapped" the Tsar's best fighting ships at Port Arthur at the very beginning of the desperate struggle. England cannot afford to run any risk of that deadly character, and Lord Selborne deserves the highest credit for adopting even revolutionary measures of prevention.

Thanks largely to the good "lead" given by the King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Mansion House Unemployed Fund for giving effort to Mr. Long's well-thought-out scheme for helping the deserving and necessitous poor this winter, has made an excellent start. If the amount of undeserved distress in the Metropolis may be gauged by the Poor Law relief statistics, it must be of a well-nigh overwhelming character. London now supports, in whole or in part, over 20,000 more paupers than the rates had to provide for three years ago. And it is greatly to be feared that the augmentation of poverty outside the ranks of the "submerged tenth" is very much greater than in rate-relieved pauperdom. The latter are rarely squeamish about applying for charitable assistance when starvation knocks at the door or peeps in at the window. But there are others of the London poor who fight against the acceptance of rate relief until there is no room for further fighting, and then the whole mass simultaneously implores help from private charity. And never yet has such an appeal been made in vain.

Only just arrived from the closing scenes of his strenuous fighting life, Lord Roberts gains takes up his parable to the Volunteers. "Learn to shoot straight" is his advice; there is no real soldierly efficiency, he declares, without skill in the use of the soldier's weapon. This may appear trite counsel, but we make little question that most of our readers could, if they chose, mention Volunteer battalions which systematically slur over musketry instruction in order to gain time for parade work. Lord Roberts, with more than half a century of personal military experience on his shoulders, frankly tells commanding officers who commit that patent blunder that it is the surest way to lose, not to win, battles. He has another equally pregnant piece of advice for commandants who aspire to make Volunteers the equals of Regulars in all-round efficiency. Knowing how utterly impossible it is for many young men engaged in business to go into camp for the full period qualifying for the campaign allowance, he suggests that application should be made to the War Office for remission of the obligation in individual cases. But there is so much nervousness among Volunteer commandants of rural parishes about giving umbrage in Pall Mall, that we question whether many of them will have the courage to act on Lord Roberts's advice.

## The Opstander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ANHBY-STERRY

The Shakespeare Memorial is again before the public. Three months ago I wrote in this column:—"Surely Shakespeare's monument is in his works and his universal reputation. Undoubtedly that is a far finer and more satisfactory memorial than any that could be raised by a combination of arts and crafts." At the time these lines appeared, and since, I have had ample evidence that my views on this subject were shared by many others. I note, however, that Professor Gollancz is reported to have said:—"It is a flippant answer and an obvious platitude to say that Shakespeare's best monument is built upon his works; that they are sufficient to perpetuate his memory. That is, of course, absolutely true." I would respectfully submit there is nothing flippant or platitudinous about the common-sense suggestion alluded to, but as long as it is "absolutely true," it does not much matter. It is very much to be feared that the promoters of the memorial are drifting in the direction of a statue. This is a pity, as Shakespeare should be altogether spared such commonplace commemoration. Let the memorial take the form of a theatre, a hospital, a library, a hall, an institution of some practical utility, but do not let us add to our melancholy collection of metropolitan edifices in stone, marble, or bronze. They are altogether unsuitable for our dismal climate, and the notion of the Bard looming mysteriously through the fog, while sooty tears course down his countenance, is something too dreadful to contemplate.

The recent gas exhibition is such a distinct testimony in favour of the brilliancy and economy of the much-despised illuminant, that it ought to do much towards restoring it to public favour. It has been a faithful friend ever since most of us can recollect, and yet directly electricity was introduced we turned round and abused it roundly. It seems to me, judging from the vast improvements recently made, gas has still a great future before it, and I fancy those parasites who so promptly removed all their hideous old-fashioned lamp-posts will find they have been in too much of a hurry. The introduction of electricity as an illuminant—it should be remembered it was first started in London by the late John Hollinghead at the Gaiety Theatre—caused almost a panic among the holders of gas shares about five-and-twenty years ago. Electricity has, however, proved to be rather beneficial to gas property than otherwise, as it has caused the purveyors of gas to adopt all sorts of improvements and economies, which have greatly contributed to its popularity.

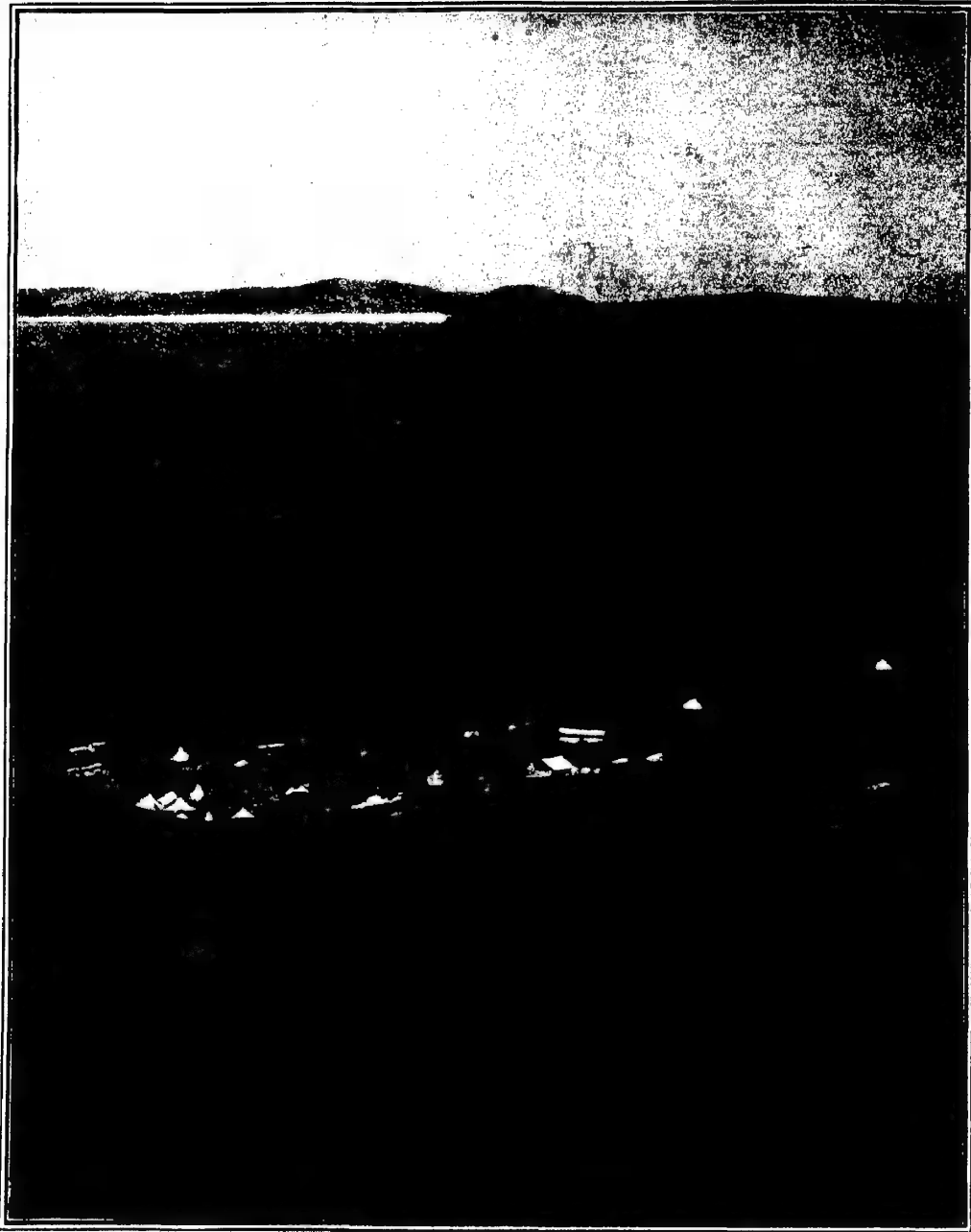
Do my readers, I wonder, remember my saying some years ago that great economy might be instituted in the private fireplace by the judicious application of water, that by discreetly damping the coal an increased heat might be obtained with a saving in fuel, and that a small watering-pot was an equally necessary adjunct to the domestic hearth as the coal-scuttle? Possibly they have forgotten all about it, though I remember some tried it at the time I speak of with very beneficial results. According to the papers, this notion has now been tried on a large scale by the Admiralty, and twenty tons of coal were submerged in Portsmouth Harbour a year ago. This, it is said, was recently tried against the same quantity of stacked coal used under precisely similar circumstances. The result was surprisingly in favour of the soaked coal. In the face of the rise in the price of coal it would be well for private persons to experiment on a small scale, for my impression is that everyone, for years past, has been using twice the quantity of coals they need and reaping no benefit from the transaction.

It has been said that the club—the club as it existed in the Seventies—has well-nigh ceased to exist, and that most clubs are second-class restaurants with the most disagreeable customers always present. Without going so far as to endorse these sweeping remarks one must admit that the general status of clubs has considerably deteriorated during the last twenty or thirty years. This is the natural result of the vast increase in the number of these institutions and it being necessary for them always to have a certain number of members to keep the concern going, hence they cannot be so particular as formerly in their choice of members, and, as a natural result, the tone of the circle is lowered and the character of such associations—with a few exceptions—is not nearly so select and exclusive as it was in days gone by. This is somewhat borne out by a story I heard of the Boulders' Club the other day. Said a new member to an old member, "I'm afraid I made a very great mistake. I was talking to a man just now whom I thought was a member, and he seemed to be rather shy. And now I believe I've been talking to a waiter." "What was he like?" said the old member. His friend went on to describe the individual, winding up with "he was a most superior man with a charming manner." "Ah!" rejoined the old member, "then he must have been a waiter!"

Though I am delighted personally to take advantage of the Post Office's privilege of the free delivery of re-directed letters, I cannot help thinking it is wrong from a financial point of view with regard to the invaluable institution in St. Martin's-le-Grand. Supposing I travel about rapidly, and my letters reach me just after I have left one place, and they are forwarded to me at another when I have visited it. This may continue for half a dozen times, and the Post Office does six times the work for the remuneration of a single postage, just because I choose to run away from my letters. This is scarcely just, and it is, moreover, liable to be abused by unprincipled persons. If the Post Office desires so confer a favour upon us, I fancy it would better take the form of a diminution in the rates of unregistered newspapers. At the present time the postage of Christmas numbers is a very serious item.







This view is taken from Hwang Hill, three miles north of Port Arthur, over an encampment of the Third Division of the Japanese Army. This point is about 150 feet above Port Arthur. Shells from the Russian batteries frequently fall in the camp. Our illustration is from a stereograph, copyright 1904, by Underwood and Underwood, New York and London.

THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR: THE APPROACH TO THE DOOMED FORTRESS FROM THE NORTH



A GLIMPSE OF THE BATTLE OF THE SHAMO, AS SEEN FROM THE REAR OF THE RUSSIAN LINES

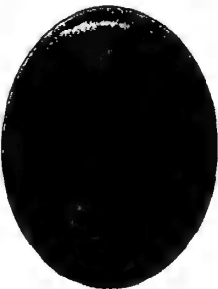
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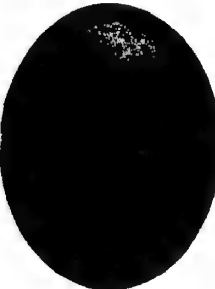
THE LATE GENERAL GORDON BHOWANATH  
Indian Mutiny Veteran



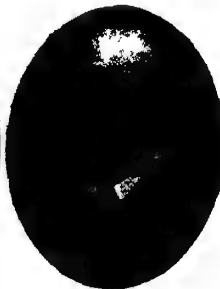
THE LATE GENERAL SIR F. W. J.  
FFYTCHES  
Crimean Veteran



THE LATE CAPTAIN STUART CRAIG, D.S.O.



THE LATE GENERAL SIR R. C. H. TAYLOR  
Colonel of the Cameron Highlanders



THE LATE MR. SPENCER CHARNINGTON  
The oldest M.P.



SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY  
Winner of the Nobel Prize for Chemistry



LORD RAYLEIGH  
Awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics



THE VEN. EDWARD LANE  
Appointed Dean of Rochester



MR. RICHARD PEYTON  
Who has endowed a Chair of Music at  
Birmingham University



MR. EDWARD ELGAR  
Who has accepted the new Chair of Music at  
Birmingham

## The Luxury of Modern Travel

Only a few years since a through journey to the South of Europe in winter was not to be looked forward to without considerable misgivings even by the able-bodied, while for the invalid it was fraught with such inconvenience and no little risk. All this, however, is now changed, and, with the exception of the inevitable channel crossing the journey can be made with no discomfort whatever. Moreover, the traveller is surrounded with every possible convenience, and luxury—thanks to the skilful arrangements of the International Sleeping Car Company, with their magnificently appointed drawing, room and restaurant cars. This year still further improvements have been made in the service, and the Calais Mediterraean Express in particular has been greatly improved in its general equipment, so that it is possible to travel comfortably in London and arrive next day in ample time for dinner. This train is composed exclusively of the company's sleeping, saloon and restaurant cars and leaves Calais at 2.55 p.m. in connection with the 11 o'clock service from Victoria, and not as heretofore in connection with the 9.30 a.m. from Charing Cross. This change will be warmly welcomed as travellers have long complained of the early hour of leaving London and the consequent early rising. Trains are reached at 6.15 p.m. and left in less than an hour for the train arriving at Marseilles at a few minutes past seven the next morning. Calais being reached at 10.15, Marseilles at 6.10 to 6.40, Monte Carlo at 11.25, Mentone at 11.45, and Nizza at 12.9. The journey of 612 miles having thus been accomplished in a few minutes over thirteen hours. The return journey is accomplished as quickly. The Calais-Mediterraean Express will run daily (except Sundays) this winter, but until January will only run four days weekly, the days of the departure on the outward journey being Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday and the homeward departure on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday. The luggage, as before, will be examined by the Customs House officials on the train.

The Riviera however is not the only district well served by the International Sleeping Car Company, as a *train de luxe* composed exclusively of the company's sleeping, baggage, and restaurant cars is now running from Paris to Rome. It leaves the Lyons Station at 10.5 a.m. three times weekly, Monday, Thursday and Saturday, connecting with the 6 p.m. train from Charing Cross the previous evening with a special sleeping car from Calais to the Lyons station. There will be a special car, which will run right through to Florence with a baggage, while twice a week on Monday and Thursday one of the cars of the Roman section will be run as far as Naples, and subsequently on to Palermo, being carried over the Straits of Messina by specially constructed ferry-boats. Any future organisation for rapid and comfortable travelling from Northern to Southern Europe could hardly be improved.

## Our Portraits

Lord Rayleigh, the famous physicist, who proposes to present to Cambridge University the value of the Nobel Prize for physics, which has just been awarded to him, is one of the greatest living authorities on acoustics, his "Theory of Sound" being a classic work. His best known discovery was the finding of argon, made known ten years ago. By a most refined chemical investigation, in the later stages of which he was associated with Sir W. Ramsay, he demonstrated the existence of an inert element, argon, as a component of the atmosphere. Lord Rayleigh is sixty-two years of age and has been honoured by almost every scientific body. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

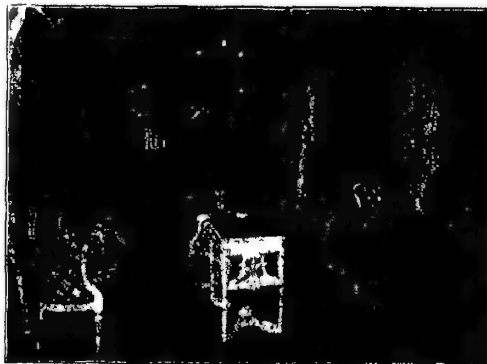
Sir William Ramsay, Lord Rayleigh's fellow worker in argon, has also been the recipient of innumerable medals and honours. He was educated at Glasgow and Tübingen, Sir William became successively principal of University College, Bristol, and Professor of Chemistry at University College, London. He followed up the finding of argon first by the detection of helium in the mineral cleveite, and then, jointly with Dr. Travers, detected three new gases in our atmosphere, krypton, neon, and xenon. The experimental work leading to these results ranks with the most refined ever carried out. Of xenon, for example, there is about one part

in 70,000,000 of air. Sir William is fifty-two years of age. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

At a recent meeting of the Council of Birmingham University, Mr. Charnberlain read a letter from Mr. Richard Peyton, offering to endow a chair of music at the University. Mr. Peyton said that there seemed to him at the present time to be a special opportunity of offering an appointment to a chair of music in the university to one of the most eminent of English musicians. He, therefore, offered to contribute £10,000 for the endowment of such a chair, the only condition being that it should, in the first instance, be offered to and accepted by Sir Edward Elgar. His name would command universal respect and confidence, and the study of music under his guidance would in the future ensure a high appreciation elsewhere of the value to be attached to such musical degrees as would be conferred by the Birmingham University. The offer was cordially accepted, and it was also resolved that the chair should be called the Richard Peyton Chair of Music. For close upon a quarter of a century Mr. Richard Peyton was officially connected with the Birmingham Festival movement, and during that period held from time to time the positions of orchestral steward, chairman of the orchestral committee, and chairman of the general committee. Under his management a large number of important new works by English and foreign composers were produced for the first time at these festivals. Mr. Peyton has also been president for a long series of years of several musical societies, among them being the Festival Choral Society, and a member of the late Duke of Edinburgh's Training School for Music, now better known as the Royal College of Music, London. Our portrait is by H. J. Whitley, Birmingham.

It is expected that Dr. Ligar will do for Birmingham what Mendelssohn did for Leipzig, and that Charles Hallé for Manchester—make it a great musical centre. In the first instance, he will only give six lectures in the year, to all of which the public will have access. Sir Edward Elgar was born in 1857. The son of an excellent musician, who was both an organist and a violinist, he started life in a thoroughly musical atmosphere, but, save for a course of violin lessons from Mr. Pollitzer, he had but little regular instruction outside his own home circle. He learnt music in the most practical manner possible, by playing in various orchestras and conducting others, and in studying the works of the great masters. The result of so singularly unacademic a process of pupillage all the world knows. Our portrait was taken specially for THE GRAPHIC by H. Pilkington.

The Venerable Edward Lane, Archdeacon of Stoke-on-Trent and Rector of Leigh, Stoke-on-Trent, has been appointed Dean of Rochester, in succession to the late Very Reverend S. R.



INTERIOR OF THE DRAWING ROOM CAR OF THE NEW CALAIS MEDITERRAEEAN EXPRESS WHICH RUNS FROM PARIS TO THE RIVIERA

Holt, D.D. Archdeacon Lane, who is an Oxonian, was ordained priest in 1863, and has been Archdeacon of Stoks since 1888. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

General George Strangways, retired list, Indian Army, died in Jersey, at the age of eighty-three. He entered the Army June 16, 1858, and was placed on the unemployed superannuary list July 1, 1901. General Strangways commanded the 71st Native Infantry on the outbreak of the Mutiny at Lucknow on the night of May 30, 1857, and commanded the detachment of the regiment that remained faithful and formed part of the heroic garrison throughout the defence of the Residency from June 3 to November 28, 1857, being of the party that were afterwards present at the battle of Cawnpore and the defeat of the Gwalior equipment. Our portrait is by Orlan, Jersey.

Captain Stuart S. Craig, D.S.O., who died from heart failure  
 as he was on his way to Haddington, Bicester, on Tuesday, Novem-  
 ber 29, went out to the South African War in Lord Loch's Colonial  
 contingent, and on reaching Cape Town was attached to the Her-  
 bert's Staff at Bloemfontein. In carrying a despatch from  
 Lord Roberts to General Hamilton at Helldown, he was captured  
 by General De Wet, but made his escape and rejoined the For-  
 ces at the Vaal River. After Pretoria he was specially attached to  
 General Hunter's Staff as Intelligence Officer, under whom he  
 distinguished himself by his gallant and successful conduct.  
 Distinguished Conduct medal, receiving at the same time his  
 commission; afterwards being appointed to Frankfort as Intelligence  
 Officer, he was awarded the Distinguished Service Order. While  
 there he had enteric, and was invalided home. On his return to  
 South Africa Lord Kitchener appointed him Staff Captain and  
 Divisional Superintendent of the Intelligence Department of the  
 North-East Colony District, where he remained to the end of the  
 war. His early death will come as a painful surprise to a  
 large number of friends. Our portrait is by Duffus Rose. Cape

General Sir Richard Chambers Hayes Taylor, G.C.B., Colonel of the Cameron Highlanders, who has just died at Chertsey at the age of eighty-five, entered the Army as an ensign in the 70th Highlanders in 1835. He served in the Eastern Campaign of 1854-5 with that regiment, taking part in the battles of the Alma and Balaklava and the siege of Sebastopol. During the suppression of the Sepoy Mutiny he commanded his regiment from February till November, 1858, including the siege and capture of Lucknow, and afterwards took part in the operations in Oude and Rohilkhand. He was promoted Major-General in the Royal Artillery in 1863, and was sent to the Crimea in 1866, when he was placed on the retired list. Our portrait is by Munn and Fox, Dublin.

General Sir Frederick Wellington John Fitzwygram, Bart., was born in 1823, and was educated at Eton. Obtaining a commission in the 6th Dragoons in 1843, he served throughout the Crimea campaign. He exchanged into the 15th Hussars in 1860, and acted as Inspector-General of Cavalry and Commander of the Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot from 1879 to 1884. He was president of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons from 1876 to 1878. He retired from the Army in 1889. His portrait is by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

Mr. Spencer Charrington, Conservative member for the Mile End Division of the Tower Hamlets, was born in 1818. He was educated at Eton, and became a partner in the great brewery in the Mile End Road. Mr. Charrington was returned at the head of the poll for Mile End at every (general) Election from 1886



H.M.S. Britannia is the largest battleship ever built at Portsmouth. She will cost £1,500,000 when completed—half a million more than the Omar cost, and double the price of the Kearsarge. In the distance can be seen "Bottom Row" in which are lying old warships. The small boats in the foreground are waiting up the river for the launch. Our photograph is by F. Crith, Southsea.

"RULE BRITANNIA": THE NEW BATTLESHIP LAUNCHED AT PORTSMOUTH

onwards. He will be sincerely regretted in the House of Commons, of which he was the oldest member. In spite of his advanced age,



This is said to be the first photograph ever taken of "dog-shores." When the two blocks seen underneath are removed the shores fall and the ship is raised. Until the moment of launching the night vessel is only held in her place by the dog-shores. The decoration was painted on the shores especially for the occasion. Our photograph is by E. Orth, Seattle.

A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH: THE DOG-SMOTHER USED AT THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. BRITANNIA

## Launch of the Britannia

The first-class battleship *Britannia* was launched from the building slip at Portsmouth Dockyard last Saturday. She is a ship of the King Edward VII. class—the largest class of battleship in the Navy—with a displacement of 16,350 tons—and was laid down on February 4 last. Her launching weight is 5,000 tons, and the armament to be placed on board will include four 12 in., four 9.2, ten 7 in., and ten 6 in. guns. The Marchioness of Londonderry named the vessel with a bottle of champagne. The ship, which, enclosed in a bouquet of flowers, service took place, and then the ship was launched. The ship was then placed in the water, and then the ship was placed in the water, and then the ship was placed in the water. A large gathering of spectators. Many naval and military officials were present, including Lord Selborne.



TURKISH GUARDPOSTS AT THE MEDITERRANEAN ENTRANCE TO THE STRAITS

Russia has lately been credited with the desire to bring up the abrogation of the clause of the Treaty of Paris preventing the passage of her warships through the Dardanelles. One Milan paper, discussing the matter, said: "The time has now come to solve the question is the same decided by all means. It is impossible to imagine that the Black Sea Fleet is destined to remain a peaceful guest in the end of the war." If the appearance of the Black Sea fleet in the Bosphorus elicited a protest from the British Government, Russian diplomacy, which now counts on the support of France and Germany, will know how to end the situation, of



THE TURKISH PORTS AT THE BLACK SEA END OF THE MONTENEGRO

which we can only speak with a blush of shame and with indignation at heart." There is, however, no reason at present to suppose that the discussion of the question in the Russian Press is anything more than the putting out of a fire to test European opinion. Our illustrations show the forts on the Bosphorus by which the Turks defend the narrow straits connecting the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmora and the ship which bears witness to the presence in the Dardanelles. Our photographs are by Orestion Smith Bros.

THE QUESTION OF THE DARDANELLES: CAN RUSSIA SEND A FLEET THROUGH THE STRAITS



The portion of the Baltic Fleet under the immediate command of Admiral Rozhdestvensky, anchored between Isak and Ropage. The fleet consisted of five battleships—The *Kniaz Suvarov*, *Imperator Alexander III*, *Borodino*, *Orel* and *Osmolyski*; three cruisers—the *Admiral Rukhlov*, *Dudint* (destroyer) and *Aurora*; five transports, a hospital ship and a store ship. The practical destruction

of the Port Arthur squadron has raised the question as to whether the Baltic Fleet will not be recalled, since Admiral Togo can now release the major portion of his fleet from the task of guarding the mouth of the harbour at Port Arthur.

WILL IT BE RECALLED? THE BALTIC FLEET OFF DAKAR, WEST AFRICA

## "Place aux Games"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

A children's hotel is the latest fad of this fanciful faddy day. What in the world is a children's hotel? As it is to be used by children whose well-to-do parents are about travelling or amusing themselves, I presume it is a kind of aristocratic *crèche*. But what are the parents about who will patronise this hotel? Surely rich people can provide for their own babies and find some relations as well-off as themselves to take charge of them willingly during their enforced sojourn abroad? The herding of children together is never a wise sanitary proceeding, as childish ailments are usually infectious; and to send little things to an hotel would mean the last nail driven into the coffin of domestic life. It is bad enough for parents to spend their lives in hotels and restaurants, but when it comes to sending children there too, the harmful results seem *foregone*. It is the absence of proper food that causes degeneracy to the race, and the highly spiced and rich dishes of restaurants, instead of simple home-cooked food, no doubt is answerable in many cases for the increase of dyspepsia among grown-up people.

Dentists tell us our teeth are *not* as good as they used to be. Poor people who lived and grew up in the olden times drank tea and eat a herring for their dinner, and were contented on soft food and made dishes of every kind. The poorer classes pay no attention to their children's teeth, and while in that wise country, Japan, and among the Hindoos daily tooth-brushing and cleansing is never omitted, it is the last thing poor people think of in England. A man or woman in the prime of youth, but almost toothless, is a common sight. They neglect their teeth, then they get toothache and have a tooth extracted, and when their teeth are gone they can neither masticate nor digest. I would have children taught to brush their teeth from the earliest age.

well-to-do people display culpable indifference about their teeth,

and often omit to clean them before going to bed, which is the A B C of all teeth preservation.

Lovely books are being sold in all the shops, books of all kinds, interesting, frivolous, well-bound and cheaply bound. Literary pulchritude is offered us in profusion, yet how few people go to work to select books on a system. Now is the time when parents could form the most delightful little libraries for their sons and daughters. Nearly all the best classical works can be purchased for a few shillings, and if every year they presented a few of these to their children, in a very short time the nucleus of a good library might be formed. Instead of giving books vaguely to their friends, it would be easy to ascertain what their libraries consisted of, what works would be most welcome, and what were their general reading tastes. As it is, half the time we are presented with books we do not care for, while we are languishing for the books we do not receive. Nothing is more delightful than a compact, well-chosen little library, which occupies the two niches on either side of the fire, where we can sit on winter evenings and indulge freely in our favourite literature, or the hanging bookshelf over the sofa near the window, where in summer the fragrant roses tap against the pane, and the scent of the hayfield rises to our nostrils. Let us collect our books as careful mothers collect their girls' jewels—one or more pearl every year till they reach maturity, and so possess a beautiful and lovingly gathered necklace.

Dress on the stage is always sumptuous, it is always in the latest fashion, and it is always agreeable to look at. Yet how very few women wear their gowns well! As a rule they look like the mannikins in the shops, who walk up and down and seem to ask to be admired, conscious that they bear on their backs many pounds' worth of material. The well-dressed woman should not be self-conscious, her garments ought to be part of herself and bear the impress of her personality. This is, in effect, the rule with a French woman. She wears her gown, she is not swamped by it. On the English stage two actresses only stand out as well-dressed women, who, though exquisitely garbed, yet manage to carry their clothes unobtrusively. These two are Miss Violet Vanbrugh and Miss Marie Tempest. The latter's

gowns are invariably piquant, original and up to date, yet they seem part of herself and are never obtrusive. Miss Vanbrugh dresses for the part she is playing, her appearance is in harmony with the character, and even the smartest of her gowns does not jar, as happens with women of less consummate taste. Of course, a well-made gown adds to everyone's appearance. But the gown is not everything; you want a woman as well as a peg to hang it on.

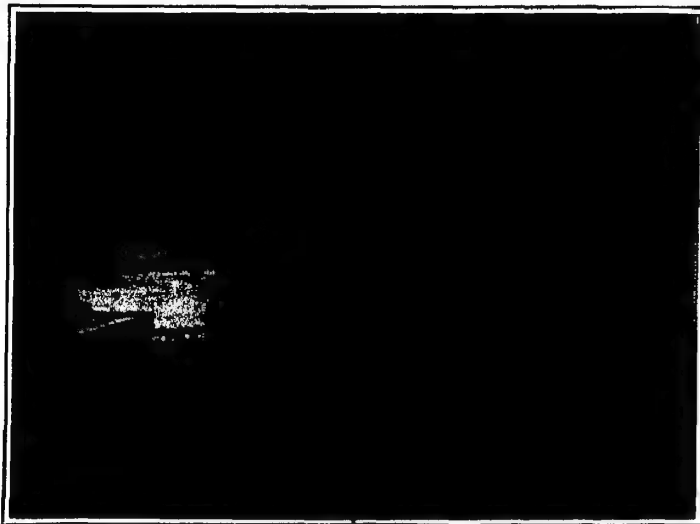
A very interesting and moving sight must that novel prayer meeting of Mohammedans, held in Hyde Park on a wet day recently, have seemed to the onlookers. Men who devoutly say their prayers in public, perform their obligations, kneel and kiss the ground, utterly oblivious of ridicule or observation, may frequently be seen in Oriental countries. On the railway platform the Mussulman performs his morning devotions as calmly as in church. But here, in England, a man who prayed publicly in the streets would be moved on as a nuisance, yet why, if we do believe and our religion is real, why should we be ashamed of prayer? The whole question of times and seasons is a curious one, and opens up all sorts of vistas, yet the fact remains, What is the good of a religion whose votaries are ashamed to pray before their fellow-citizens and in a public place?

A melancholy sequel to the Royal Serbian tragedy has been enacted at Christie's, the bridal dress and State costume of the hapless Queen Draga being brought to the hammer. The emerald bracelet—the *Tam's* wedding gift—realised £480, and the highest price—£1,120—was reached by the diadem of brilliants worn by the Queen on her wedding-day.

*Camille*, Mr. Bernard Shaw's play at the Court theatre, has delighted all women—surely one of the tests of success. It is so rare to see a real woman put on the stage, a woman with her complex emotions, her love of playing with fire, and her innate good sense, instead of the pretty doll puppet most dramatists think good enough. Women flocked to see *Camille*, and enjoyed the wit and the fun as much as the men did, though there wasn't a frock or a hat, or a bit of scenery or prettiness worth looking at. Managers, take notice. "The play, the play's the thing," even in the eyes of frail, frivolous women.

## Poor Old "Jimmy"

After a life of forty years' peace and contentment in the Elephant House at the Zoological Gardens, "Jimmy," the Indian rhinoceros, has succumbed to old age. He was presented to the Zoological Society by the late Mr. Arthur Grote, and arrived at the gardens in 1864, with a female which had been captured by the society's collectors. There being already a female Indian rhinoceros in the gardens, the latter animal was sent to the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, in exchange for an African elephant. "Jimmy" soon made himself at home in his new quarters, and at once became a favourite with the visitors to the gardens. "Jimmy's" life was uneventful until the summer of 1870, when, on being turned out into the yard with his consort, he endeavoured to uproot the strong iron railings with his snout. The undertaking, however, proved to be too much for him, for, after repeated attempts, he succeeded in wrenching off his horn! This apparently gave him intense pain, for he set to a-roaring most plaintively, and lost a considerable quantity of blood. To what age rhinoceroses attain in a wild state has not been ascertained, and whether they reach their full limit in a captive and necessarily somewhat artificial state is uncertain; but from the appearance of "Jimmy," and the worn condition of his teeth, it is probable that between fifty and sixty years is the span of a rhinoceros's life, although it has been stated that they live to a hundred. Altogether, five examples of the Indian rhinoceros have been exhibited in the "Zoo." The first was purchased for the sum of £1,050, and arrived in 1834. This individual died in 1849. The second specimen was purchased for £350 in 1850, and lived for twenty-three years. "Jimmy" and his mate bring up the number to four, and the fifth was presented to the society by the Rajah of Kuch Behar in 1886 and is still living in the gardens. The Indian rhinoceros at the present day is found only in Assam. It is the largest of all the rhinoceroses, and individuals have been killed measuring nearly six feet in height at the shoulders, and over ten feet in length of body. This species only bears one horn, and is known to naturalists as "rhinoceros unicornis." Our photograph is by the London Stereoscopic Company.



"JIM": A FAVOURITE AT THE ZOO WHO HAS JUST DIED



"In two shakes of a cat's lug, Phil Feargal was out upon the floor and into his clothes."

## THE NOTION THAT TOOK PHIL FEARGAL

By BEUMAS MAC MANUS. Illustrated by W. H. MARGETSON.

It was an extraordinary thing, certainly, that which happened to out' Phil Feargal.

His correct name, it was Philip Mac Antier, but we always knew him by Phil Feargal, by reason that his father's name afore him was Feargal. A decent man, too, was that same father, as decent as stepped in shoe-leather; but it wasn't in the Mac Antiers to be otherwise, troth.

Anyhow, a purty lively sort of a lad was this Phil in his youth—which is to say, up 'till the time he buttered on sixty; for, years and grey hairs couldn't frighten the youth from Phil. A purty lively lad up 'till then, I say, he was—as gay as a goldfinch, and as high-hearted as a lark; and from the top of the parish to the foot of it there wasn't a sprightly young fellow of them all that longed for a bit of fun more, or would go farther to find it, or enjoy it better when he was making merry in the middle of it.

Moreover, Phil had few to outmatch him at any of the games, at caman, at football, at handball, at leppin' or throwin'; and none to dance him down. And over and above all the games, Phil was noted and known over the breadth of the barony as being about the nicest and handiest handler of the stick, and the purtiest fellow, altogether, at a bout of blackthorns that one could ask to delight his eyes upon; for, it was Phelimy Taig, of Cor-na-mullion, his own mother's uncle and the acknowledged best sparrer in the North of Ireland, who trained Phil, and tarnt him the use of the stick scientifically. And when Phelimy (God be good to him!) died, it was purty generally given in that if Phil Feargal wasn't the man to step into his shoes, no other man in our parish anyhow was. And Phelimy made a good showin' for himself, on many a remarkable occasion; and though he never could be as good as his grand-uncle Phelimy—for Phelimy was a miracle—he proved himself no

discredit to him, anyhow. And Phil, the boy, was naturally prouder of his perfect science with the stick than if he had been born son of the King of Spain; and it's doubtful if he'd swap it for a sceptre.

And, in troth, a useful science the same was, as well as a proud one; for many's a tight corner it took him out of, in his livelier days, when a ring of blackthorns (that he had provoked) suddenly went up round him at a fair.

Phil was good-natured enough to forgive hot-headed men that planted him a box in the face—for he was as kindly as mother's milk. But if his own nearest and dearest had ventured a doubt of his superiority with the stick, the soul of him wouldn't rise from mortal anger till he'd proved his case on the man's hide.

That was Phil Feargal.

At last that was him till he reached nigh on to the borders of sixty—when, though he had certainly gathered a deal of settlement and good sense, and was less ready with the use of the stick, he was far conceiteder than ever of the reputation he had made, and growing vainer every day, and more touchy on the point: as indeed every mother's son of us will when we find a gift slippin' from us, or going to slip.

But it was in this time that the big change came upon Phil, and the extraordinary happened that I tell the story about.

It was on a fine day, in the middle of the month of June, that dinner—suddenly dropped the hook and the handful of corn, dropped them where he stood, and turned on his heel, and walked off deliberately out of the field, and into his own house and to the room, where he peeled off him and got into his bed!

His daughter Una—more by the same token, one of as purty

girls as was to be found in that parish, or the next to it—Una, she came into the room after him to find what had fetched him home.

And seeing him in bed—her father who, in all of his sixty years, had never once before laid himself down upon a bed in daylight—seeing the sight of her father in bed she was all alarmed, and she says, "Father," says she, "sure it isn't sick ye are?"

"Neither sick nor sore, Una daughter, thank God," says he;

"Or is it a pain that's botherin' ye?" says she.

"Una," says he, "neither pain nor ache."

"Then ye have hurted yerself with the hook," says she. "For surely it isn't the sun-stroke."

"Una," says the man in the bed, says he, "I've got neither stroke nor blow, hurt nor cut of any description, in any shape, make, or form."

"In the name of wonder, then, father," says Una, says she, "what is the matter with ye, or what has happened to ye at all, at all?"

"Una," says the father, "when ye have time I want ye to run over for Father La'rence, and ask him to step here at his convenience—the morn' normin', after his breakfast, till be as good a time as any, if he's able—to step over and help to fit me out for Heaven, as I hope?"

Poor Una, she was too much dumfounded to say anything for a full minute. She looked, open mouthed, at her father; and, says she, when she did come to her senses, "Father, dear," says she, "what are ye talkin' about, or what's come over ye anyhow?"

Says he, back to her, "Una, I think my talk's plain enough; for, unless it was unknownst to me, I'm not aware that I've lost any of my teeth."

"Father, father," says Una, "isn't this terrible of ye for to go to

"he frighten me this way. What are ye talkin' about goin' to Heaven for? Aren't ye both dead an' a whole lot?"

"As wholesome, Una, as a trout, and as sound as a bell, thank God!" as I sayed afore," says her father. "And as for talkin' about goin' to Heaven, ye surely wouldn't wish worse to your po' father? Una, darlin'," says he, and the tears was now, for the first time, standin' in his eyes. "Una darlin', darlin', a *chaste me*," says he, "sure it distresses myself double as bad as it does your distresses me on your account only—but where's the *poor body* the truth?—I'm going to die at half-past six o'clock on Thursday evenin', and this is Wednesday (not this Thursday, Una?)—Thursday." And, as I consider it would be a most disrespectful thing, and unbecommin', and noways decent, for a man to keep on his feet, and go poutin' about at his everyday work up till the very hour when he must throw off his clothes, and lie down and die, I have considered that, for appearance's sake, as well as for sake of the respectfulness we all should show such a serious matter as death, in the very last I would do is to be sick for two full days and two nights."

"But, father, father, father, dear," says she, "sure it's some kind of a ravin' has come over ye. And sure ye ain't sick at all, at all? Sure, ye sayed yourself you weren't sick?"

"Not sick, Una, dear," says her father, "but in bed. It's all the same, isn't it? For it was little note in ever Phil Feargal, who never knew a toothache in his lifetime, had of sickness. "And," says he, "if you choose to believe, Una, that it's a ravin' has come over me, ye're free to do so. But I'm sorry for ye, too, the same. And at half-past six o'clock on Thursday evenin' you, all the same, will be a sorry girl. Good night ye."

The sorrow a lot of Una, poor girl, could get out of the mystification, or come to understand at all, at all, what the meaning of it was. But, anyhow, she ran out and got Shaimene Kittah's wee son Johnnie, and sent him out, post haste, for Father La'rence to tell him what was come over her father, and ask him to make hurry to see him.

And when Father La'rence come in, with the breath in his mouth—for, poor man, though the bite was on its way to his lips when the word come, he lounced up, and left his dinner, and off with him—says, "Musha, Philip, it's a rare night to see you laid on your back, and it's sorry, indeed, I am to be the man that sees it. What's this nonsense, says he, 'I hear about ye.'"

"Father La'rence," says Phil, says he, "it's myself wishes to the Lord I could say with ye that it's nonsense."

"Then, Phil, me son," says Father La'rence, "tell me what it all means for it's a sore puzzle to me."

"To me," says Phil, says he, "it's as simple as a child's sum. Father La'rence," says he, "you mind your poor father (and he go to him?)"

"I do," says Father La'rence. "And a decent upright livin' man he was. God rest him!"

"An' Amen!" says Phil, says he, "and, thank ye, Father La'rence. Well, my poor father, he reached sixty years. He was as healthy as a hare every hour of his life till then. He never knew ache nor pain. And any man seen him would take a line of his life for another thirty years. But on the very day that he was sixty he lay down in his bed and he died—on that very day, and on the stroke of half past six in the evenin'. What do ye think of that, Father La'rence?"

"Why," says Father La'rence, "I think it was wonderful."

"Wouldn't ye say well name it," says Phil. "Now I suppose ye don't recollect my father's father afore him—my grandfather?"

"In troth and I do not," says he, "I'm sorry to say, my grandfather?"

"And more the pity," says Phil, says he, "for he was a grand man."

"And a decent one, too. I'm always hearin'," says Father La'rence.

"He could tow a hull at a blow," says Phil.

"Ye don't say it," says Father La'rence.

"And he could clean out a Fair while ye'd be turnin' three times on your heels."

"Ah," says Father La'rence.

"He could say," says Phil, "Well, me grandfather he was as healthy as a hare, and never knew pain nor ache, neither, till he was sixty years of age—sixty to the day. And on the very day he was sixty he lay down and died, comin' on half-past six o'clock in the evenin'."

"That's extraordinary," says Father La'rence.

"Extraordinary it surely is," says Phil, says he, "and no mistake. And ye'll now admit, Father La'rence," says he, "that it's noways odd for me to begin to prepare for me death in time."

"Says Father La'rence, "It's always well and good and a pious thing for a man to be prepared for death, which—ye mind the words of the good book, Phil, that I preached upon on Sunday last was eight days—'cometh like a thief in the night.'"

"Only, your reverence, it hasn't sometimes the manners to wait till night. In my case it'll be comin' like a thief at half-past six in the evenin'—on Thursday evenin'."

"Oh, but not that," says Father La'rence, says he, "and blatheration be on ye. No!" says he, "let me hear any such nonsense it talk out of your head."

"Oh, all right, Father La'rence," says Phil, "I'm more than half expected to hear this from ye. I don't blame ye," says he, "at all. But for Thursday night ye'll be sorry for your words."

"Phillip Mac Antier," says the priest, "it's ashamed of yourself ye ought to be, for talkin' in such blather—for both sinful and shameful it is. Shake yourself up, and pull yourself together; be a man and don't feel a fool; and go out and shear your corn that's shakin' and droopin' on the hill, while ye're lyin' in bed in the middle of God's broad daylight, and in the glow of health and strength the good God has seen fit to bless ye with, dhráimín out!"

"Shame on ye, I say, Phil Feargal!" says the priest, and he shakin' with the anger. "Shame on ye, I say! and get up, and go out with ye to your shearn!"

"Father La'rence Gliongly," says Phil in his very calmest voice, "I sent for ye to help me with my duty to God. Are ye goin' to do it?"

And there was nothin' for poor Father La'rence then but for to

put on his stole, and sit down by the man's bedside and give him all the religious help that it was both his duty and his pleasure to give every man.

And he shook his head hard as he went out of the house.

And poor Una, she was gathered in the corner cryin' her two eyes out.

Phil, poor man, was touched for her, and he tried to comfort her, and he said, "It's God's will, Una, and you should try to take it as I do."

The word that Phil Feargal was down, and was goin' to die, soon went like wildfire; and the neighbours came droppin' in to find out what was wrong with him, or what the matter was at all, in all.

And when they heard—from his own lips—the extraordinary story, they got as indignant, every one of them, as Father La'rence had done afore them; and they told Phil it was a heavy shame for him, and that he should get up out of that, and go and shear corn, and shake the notions of him. And they one and all told him that they wished they were as sure of seeing Friday, and a thousand Fridays after, as what he was. For they told him he'd not only live now, but live for high half a century to come.

Phil Feargal made a hard try to listen to all this with patience. He at first tried to argue the question with them. Then, seein' this was worse nor useless, he held his tongue and let them talk. But, seein' that was as little good as the other plan, he began, at last, to lose patience; till when, on Wednesday night, with the house party full of the neighbours—for, durin' two days and two nights it never emptied—Patrick Bohannon of the Long Acre, mounkin' to soothe and comfort him by tellin' him there wasn't any more danger of his lyin', than of the big (Patrick's) growin' wings, and flyin' up to Heaven on them, and the gathrin' in the house all end—'in' his Patrick's words, and backin' him up, Phil at last lost the end of his patience, and, poor man, it took six strong men to hold him; for he tossed and tore to get up, with the eyes of him flashin' fire, and to get out of bed and beat big Patrick.

And when they held him down in spite of himself, he ordered big Patrick for to go home and mind his own business, and to neither come back there to wake nor funeral. "And," says he, flashin' his eyes round the house, "the next individual of yous that comes in here to persuade me that I'm goin' to live, Phil get up and—don't care if he's as big as a mountain—I'll thrash him within an inch of his life; and when he's goun' out of the door he'll hardly know whether it's his head or his feet's first—there's for you!"

And after that Phil Feargal got peace. They got Una to make him consent to let the doctor be sent for. And to please Una, he consented. "Though," says he, "you might as well send for a tinker or a tailor—either of them would do me just as much good."

Anyhow, they sent for Doctor Kilgannon, to Donagel; and he came and seen him, and sounded him, and questioned him, and told him, what all the world knew, that there was nothin' but notions dailin' with him; that he was as sound as a church bell, and would live for thirty years to come, and he should get up and go out, and let the notions blow off him. And Phil Feargal just smiled at all this, and thanked the doctor, quite politely, and wished him good day.

But the doctor gave little Una the wink, and called her out to the gavel of the house, and warned her that, sound and well in his health, as her father surely was, still he wouldn't undertake to say what would happen; for that it had come to pass more nor once, as I more nor ten times, that people who took the idea into their heads, strong, that they were goin' to die at a certain time, did—

"I never heard of a more stubborn case than your poor father," says he, "and I'd be long sorry to prophesy what the upshot will be. Ye can only trust in God," says he, "and may lie help ye and sustain ye." And then he left. And poor Una was a pity to the world wot!

It's an' un' sayin' an' in troth, a true one, that says, "Throulids, like crows, seldom come singly." Una's sweetheart, Felmy Bradley, was home from America to marry her. Felmy had been off for high six years, and he came in for his minin' in Montana, and had gathered together, people sayed, the flowin' foil of his mother's lay of sovereigns. And he was goin' out again; and he had his own passage, and here looked to sail from Derry Quay on the very week after, and their wedding—his and Una's—had been fixed for Friday night.

So poor Una had double trouble on her soul. And Felmy Bradley was on the fair way to feelin' bad, too. From he got the word about Phil he got neither ease nor rest, nor didn't do any good, only wandherin' up an' down and round like a man distracted. The sorrow she was at comfortin' poor Una, for he was far from feelin' comforted himself. He walked about all day, and—for he couldn't get no sleep, for thinkin' of the poor girl's distress—he walked about all night. Now he'd be standin' on Phil's floor, and he like a man in a dhráim; and next time ye'd see him he'd be in a house in the very other end of the parish.

About twelve o'clock in the day on Thursday, he come dhráimín into a big meadow of Neil Harley's, of Drinanone, and he was then on a great crowd of boys in the middle of a meadow of men Neil had cuttin' an' winnin' the meadow for him—sat down as glum as one crow on a tree-top, and the men fell pityin' him. Among the meadow of men there was one Billy Managhan, or Billy Beag, as he was better known, because of his bein' underzaid, from the Binnone uplands.

A very kindly fellow this Billy was, over and always noted far for his wit and his tricks and his cool divilment. But he had as kind and kindly a heart as ye'd find anywhere here and there. Billy, he stopped his scythe on the swathe to listen to Felmy's woes; and then, without sayin' a word, him, or ha! he laid to his scythe, and went on with his work again. And in five minutes he stopped and says to Felmy, "Felmy Bradley," says he, "as soon as I drop work this evenin' I'm goin' to take a turn down there to Phil's, to try my han' at curin' him of his notions."

The boys, when they heard it, they all laughed at Billy. And "Musha, Billy," says Felmy, "how do ye imagine you could cure him?"

"Sure," says Billy, back to him, "it's no cost to try."

"No cost," says Felmy; "it is. But neither is it no gain!"

And sure, says he, "don't I tell ye that he gets into a murderin' rage, and there's neither holdin' nor lyin' of him, when anyone wants to make him believe he'll not die. It'll be as much as your life is worth, Billy, to come there to cure Phil Feargal. And if ye be sayed by me ye'll not try."

"Well, Felmy," says Billy, "no offence meant, but I'll not be sayed by you this time. I mean to try anyhow—make a spoon or spoli a horn. I have the idea—yous needn't laugh, boys—that I can cure Phil Feargal, and I'm willin' to wager a week's wages on it."

Billy looked hard at the boys, and shut his mouth tight, and shook his head, to show his determination, and his confidence in himself.

"But," says Felmy Bradley, "if it should happen that the poor man 'ill die—and the doctor, he's gettin' more and more afraid every hour—he'll just be about the time ye're quitlin' work he'll go. At half-past six he allows himself."

"Says Billy, "That's the very time I want to strike, there or thereabouts. Neil Harley'll let me of a bit early, and I'll be at Phil Feargal's by the stroke of six. Good-mornin' to ye, Felmy. God be with ye, and keep your heart high."

Felmy, he wandhered off, in a bit of a puzzle, altogether. For he didn't know what to make of Billy—Billy looked so cock-sure and confident. Only, he then thought to himself, how could Billy Managhan cure what Doctor Kilgannon himself confessed he wasn't able to do anything good, bad, or indifferent for?

But, no matter for all that, close upon the heels of six o'clock Billy Beag lifted the latch and walked into Phil Feargal's, he still in his waistcoat and shirt-sleeves, just as he had dropped the scythe—walked in among a whole house filled, both kitchen and room, with neighbours that was puttin' their heads together and talkin' in whispers that ye might hear across a fella'. Billy, he nodded to these, and he pushed his way through till he come to the bedside, where the dyin' man was lyin' stretcht, and he nearly as motionless as if he was dead already.

But Phil lifted one eye, a sort of lazy-like, when Billy stood over him, lookin' down on him.

"Phil a charn," says Billy, says he, "I'm sorry to see ye on your back."

"Thanky, Billy," Phil mutters.

"Mortal sorry, indeed," said Billy, shaking his head doleful. "Get up out of that chair," says he, "to Ned Garvillan, son of Aultloo, who was sittin' by." "Get up," says he, "till I sit down an' have a lat chat with your Phil Mac Antier afore he goes to his long home," and Billy dragged the chair to himself, and sat down close to Phil, and lookin' into his face.

When Phil heard this he turned round in the bed, so as to face Billy properly.

"An' so, Phil, me son," says Billy tenderly, "they're tellin' me that ye're goin' to leave us?"

"Via, Billy," says he, with a sigh, "in less nor an hour's time I hope to be in Heaven."

"God rest ye, poor man," says Billy. "Sure I see the death-rings round your eyes already. And Phil Mac Antier, though I say it to your face, there'll be many's the wet eye afore ye."

"William Managhan," says he, "do you know that these people 'ill not believe me that I'm goin' to die?"

"I can't credit it," says Billy, "that they'd be so mabeleevin' as all that—especially," says he, "when they have the proof of their own eyes. If they wasn't blind."

"William Managhan," says he, with the eye of him lightin' up for the first time in two days, "ye're a comfort to come across. These people had high drive me desperat."

"Shame on them," says Billy, says he, "that wouldn't let a man die in peace."

"Thanky, Billy," says he, "thanky. Ye're a decent man and a decent man's son."

"Phil," says Billy, "don't mention it—it's why I stepped in now," says he, "was to catch ye alive, that I might take me excuse to ye for not bein' able to attend the wake the night. My poor mother's son, Nuala, is underwood, layout in Kilmoyard, and I've to go there this night. But I'll make a strive to come and sit up the night afore. And Nelly Kennedy, abash in the kitchen, was beapaskin' me to come and give a hand at the coffin in the day after."

"Thanky, thanky, Billy," says the dyin' man. "It's mighty nice and kind of ye, so it is; and so decent, too—as I would expect of your father's son. But, Billy, I don't like that you'd give yourself so much bother."

"Bother!" says Billy, says he, "Arrah, Phil Mac Antier, it's a downright shame for ye to make mention of the word. It's a pleasure I'll be. And I'll help to kilp ye, please God, on Sunday."

"I'm for ever obliged to ye," says the dyin' man.

"Don't say it," says Billy. "And," says he, "I'll lose after that, that I helped to plant the best man in the Barony of Banagh."

"Och-och!" says Phil, delighted that people should still believe him the best man in the barony.

"And," says Billy, "it's you was the charmin' handler of the stick in your day."

"Billy," says the dyin' man, as the eyes of him dancin', "I can't deny it—and I won't deny it."

"Fity ye should," says Billy, "I mind the time—I mind the time," says he—"and I'm not an' out man"—Billy was about thirty—"and I mind the time, I say, when ye could clean out a fair both faster an' purtier than e'er another man in the parish."

"Ye mind the time when I could do it, Billy!" says Phil, says he, shuttin' up the bed—"ye mind the time? Do ye mean for to say, William Managhan, that there come a time when e'er another man in this parish—or the next to it—could take the fore-way of me! Or what do ye say to that?" For Phil's pride was sorely touched and his both eyes was flashin'.

"Well," says Billy, says he, "just as cool as ever—"well ye know, Phil—but lie down, man—lie down in your bed and don't disturb yourself. As I say, Phil, ye know I don't any shame for a man to allow out' agn to overtake him. And there's no denyin' that of late years ye haven't been as young as ye used to be."

"William Managhan," says Phil, says he, raisin' his voice, "Ned potatoes are sometimes blibed, i.e., the soil is slightly raised and the seed sown in water."



and speakin' both loud and hot, "of late years, or of long years, I'd have ye know, I was an ever and always the same Phil Feargal—first man in the parish at handlin' a stick. And, I'm sorry to say, ye're the first man ever thrawin' it in my teeth that if it come to blows again I'd find myself not so young as I used to be."

"Now, Phil, Phil," says Billy, says he, soothing, "don't take me up wrong. It's me 'ud be the last man in the parish to stand by an' hear ye insulted, let alone to insult ye myself. Sure I give in, an' I'd like to see the man of any weight, or with fourteen pounds beyond, 'ud refuse to give in that Phil Feargal was the best man, not in the parish, but in the County Donegal. In his day, of course, that is," Billy a sort of added.

"Now there ye are again, Billy," says Phil, a wee bit soothed. "Why will ye say in *his* day? Take it back, like a good fella, and admit what the whole wide world admits—that I always was, and always am, the best man in the parish. And the whole house was now on their feet and crowdin' round Phil and Billy.

"Now, Phil, me good fella," says Billy, says he, back to him, "ye're a shudde man, and ever and always was a shudde man, and so ye must give in yerself—what, as I sayed afore, it's small shame for ye to give in—that ye aren't, of late years, as young, and as spry, as ye used to be."

"William Managhan," says Phil, "how dar' ye say so! And in my own house, too!"

Billy, he wasn't one little bit miswowed, but, without appearin' to notice, at all, at all, Phil's wrath, spoke on just as cool and easy as ever. Says he:

"When the owl's age overtakes any of us—an' small shame, as I sayed afore, for a thing we can't neither help nor hinder—it leaves the Rheumatiz sittin' straggle on our shoulders, an' we lose the nice twist of the wrist that made us the best man in the barony. And then," says Billy, "it isn't any shame, in the wide world, but a credit, instead, for a man to be bowled enough to admit that the Rheumatiz is with him, an' he isn't any longer what he used to be. So, come now, Phil, ye were always known and noted as a straight-forward man, and I think ye should acknowledge to the truth."

Phil, he was bolliu'! the teeth of him was crunchin'; and the eyes of him was leavin' from his head. "William Managhan," says he, "is there a man atween the four corners of this parish fit to measure sticks with me at the present day?"

"Do ye really mean that, Philip?" says Billy. "I say," says Phil in a thunderin' passion, "is there?"

"Well now, Mr. Mac Antier," says Billy, says he, in earnest, "if ye rally do mean what ye're askin' I must answer ye straight—tell the truth and shame the devil. I should say there is one or two men not afraid of ye at the present speakin'."

"And," says Philip, a bit calmer, and more satisfied now he was gettin' Billy to the point, "may I make bould to ax who are they?"

"Ye may in troth," says Billy, "an' no offence—I'm one meself."

"You! Billy Beag," says Phil, astonished.

"Billy Beag, or Billy Mor—Me—me! It's me is the man I refer to, Philip. You maybe never shraint it, but I count myself fit for a consorted man now too."

"William Managhan," says Phil, "I'll make ye prove them words, or I'll not leave two sound bones in your body."

"Oh," says Billy, says he, airily, "if it's proof ye want, I'm your man. No one catches William Managhan sayin' anything he isn't ready to stand over."

In two shakes of a cat's lug, Phil Feargal was out upon the floor and into his clothes.

"Manny McGroory," says he, "will ye, as ye're tall and long, reach up into the rafters there in that nor'-ast corner of the house, and hand down a pair of blackthorns that ye'll find there seasonin'; and give William Managhan his choice of them. Then, Manny, I bespeak ye to stand by me in this little match, and see fair play done me, while I'm dartin' this boy's jacket for him, and takin' a share of the consait out of it—William Managhan," says he, "out of the houseful choose what man ye fancy to second ye."

And William choose Patrick Moore of Mewagh. And then, Phil Feargal leadin' the way, the houseful went without, and into Phil's haggard, where everyone waited in wonderment and excitement—they believed this was goin' to be one of the most famous fights of that generation—while Billy stripped himself of his waistcoat, and borrowed Michael Moehan's neck-tie, of Dinnis, as he round him for a belt; and took a mortal lot of time, and care, and patience, in fixin' an' squarin' himself; Phil, who was lookin' on, smilin' with pity at the bother Billy took in preparin' himself for the heartiest and completest trouncin' he ever got in his life—Phil havin' only just buttoned up his coat on him, for he disdained to throw it off,

to fight a boy that, as he remarked to Manny McGroory, he could polish off half a dozen more like him, in a while afore breakin'. "But I know, Manny," says Phil, says he, "it's the nervousness is overtakein' me becase Billy, already, an' he's tryin' to keep his bairn's as far off him as he can. Billy, me boy," then says Phil, says he, speakin' out aloud, "I wish all goodness ye'd hurry yerself up, for I'm mighty caddy to begin thrashin' ye."

Billy, by this time, had, sure enough, killed a mighty deal of time, fixin' an' thrickin' himself out, tyin' and untidin' again the knot of his belt, for it was either too tight for him, or too high up or too low down, or the devil-knows what else was the matter with it; an' there was a lot of whisperin' beginnin' to go round among the crowd, who at first thought Billy a bould fella, and a brave one, but now begun to jalouse that he was all dare but no do. And some of them now, too, speaks out and says "We think, Billy, if ye rally

as I like to see clearly what I'm strikin' at, an' as there's now-a-particular hurry with this fight, since Dath, who was due to have called on my friend Phil here at half-past six (an' it's now on the borders of eight), hasn't kep' his appointment, I believe that I'll adjourn this little fight for a fortnight."

Afore Phil Feargal had got his breath again, or e'er another man there—for they were near all as taken aback as Phil—Billy he was takin' a ditch at a leap two fields away, and shruggin' his arms into his waistcoat at the same time.

Then the maddest man on the ground was Phil Feargal, an' he wanted to pursue Billy Beag far home, only the people held him. And they forced him into the house, he prayin' had prayers upon Billy an' shruggin' to get free. And five men had to sit up all night with him tryin' to pacify him.

He was moderately pacified as he joined the company to Una's wedding next day. But he couldn't fetch himself to forgive Billy either then or after, but spited him till the day he rally did die, which was five-and-twenty years later.

T. K. END

## Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour

Admiral Sir Edward Hobart Seymour, G.C.B., O.M., has been appointed Admiral of the Fleet in the vacancy which will be caused by the retirement of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C., G.C.B., in February next. Admiral Seymour is the descendant of a famous fighting line, and wears more decoration than probably any other officer. He is the only officer of the Navy on whom His Majesty conferred the Order of Merit on its institution. He is best remembered as the intrepid leader of the Allied Forces in the march to Peking four years ago. He was Captain of the *Irish* in the Egyptian Campaign in 1882, and later, as a Flag Officer, was second in command of the Channel Squadron, Superintendent of Naval Reserves, and Commander-in-Chief of the China Squadron successively. He rendered very distinguished service in the last respect, and showed great ability and daring. Our portrait is by Heath, Plymouth.

## The New Distribution of the Fleet

The changes of far-reaching importance which are to be effected in the distribution and organization of the Fleet will, according to Lord Selborne, greatly increase its efficiency and result in a very considerable economy on the Navy Estimates. They may be summarised as follows:—

- 1.—The present Home Fleet will henceforth be known as the Channel Fleet, and will consist of twelve battleships and their attendant cruisers. Its headquarters will be at home, and its Station the home waters.
- 2.—The present Channel Fleet will be renamed the Atlantic Fleet, and will consist of eight battleships and their attendant cruisers. The base will be Gibraltar and all repairs will be effected there.
- 3.—The Mediterranean Fleet will consist of eight battleships, with their attendant cruisers. Its base will remain at Malta, and all repairs will be effected there.
- 4.—Cruiser Squadrons, each of six armed cruisers, will be affiliated to the Channel and Atlantic Fleets. They will be known respectively as the First and Second Cruiser Squadrons and will be detachable from the fleets for special purposes.
- 5.—The large cruisers of the Mediterranean Station will be known as the Third Cruiser Squadron, and like the first two squadrons they will also be detachable from the Fleet on operations for independent exercises and cruises.
- 6.—In extra-European waters the present China, Australia and East India Stations will be retained, such battleships as are required being allotted to the China Station as at present, while the cruisers of the three stations will be placed in time of war at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief of the China Station.
- 7.—The Cape of Good Hope Squadron will form a connecting link between the Eastern group and the Western group, or the Eastern group and the Mediterranean cruisers.
- 8.—To constitute the Western group of cruisers, a Particular Service Squadron will reinforce the cruisers of the North American Station. Into this Squadron will be incorporated all the cadets, youths, and boys now training abroad.
- 9.—The present South Atlantic Squadron will disappear.
- 10.—The Atlantic Fleet will be placed under the orders of the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet twice a year, and under those of the Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Fleet once a year, for combined exercises.
- 11.—Wardships will be commissioned for two years only, and the distinction between foreign sea service and home sea service will be abolished.
- 12.—The Fleet Reserve will be reorganised.



ADMIRAL SIR E. H. SEYMOUR  
Promoted Admiral of the Fleet.

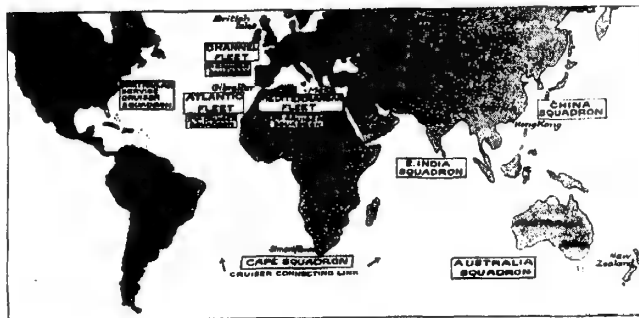
mean to try a bout at basin? Philip with the sticks ye should do so without no more delay. Otherwise confess that ye have took fight and fire the stick from ye."

"Right!" says one, and "Right!" says another; and "Right! Right! Right!" come from all corners of the crowd.

"Boys," says Billy, says he, straightenin' himself up, an' lookin' round on them. "Boys," says he, "as for talkin' fright to me, ye might as well talk Haylewe—I'd understand the one about as much as the other. To fight and make a good fight is my intention; and I'm now ready, moreover."

Here Phil said, "Thank God!" and stepped into the ring.

"Now ready," Billy went on. "But," says he, lookin' right round the sky, "as the light seems to be now rather leavin' us, an'



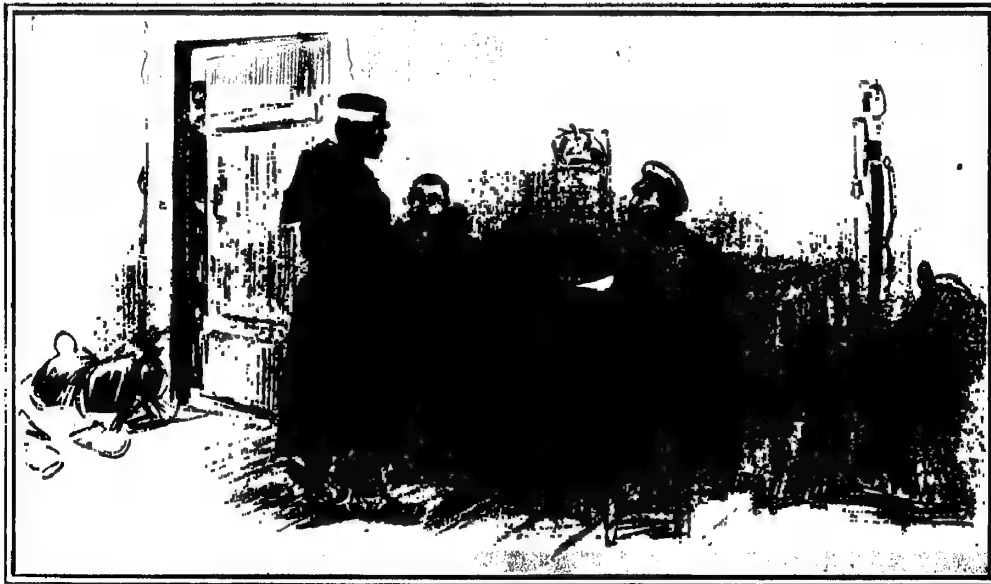
MAP SHOWING THE NEW DISTRIBUTION OF THE BRITISH FLEET



The mine owners of the Rand profess themselves to be well satisfied with the results of the Chinese laborers who have been imported. From their point of view the experiment seems, therefore, to be a success. On the other hand the coolies if we may judge from photographs, do not appear to be

"serfs," as one would have us believe, but seem to be uncommonly well content with their lot. Our illustration is from a photograph taken at Haldenberg Station by O. B. Stern.

#### THE QUESTION OF CHINESE LABOUR ON THE RAND: COOLIES ON THEIR WAY TO THE MINES



This sketch shows a Japanese soldier, who has been taken prisoner, brought before an officer at the Russian headquarters at Mukden. The civilian at the table is acting as interpreter. The Japanese

soldier refuses to be "pumped," and assumes a stupid air; nothing will induce him to say a word that will betray his comrades.

#### CROSS QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS: A TRIAL OF STRENGTH AT MUKDEN

FROM A SKETCH BY "W."



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A CORRESPONDENT. It is against the fort that the main central operations of the Japanese are being directed. 270. More than 200,000 Japanese have been taken here since the outbreak of the war. (The fort is an mile to the north of the city.)

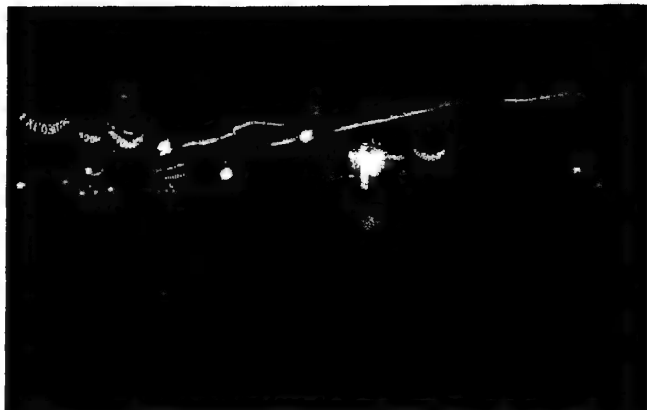
# A TOUR OF INSPECTION. THE INTERIOR OF THE ITZESHAN FORT AT PORT ARTHUR

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A CORRESPONDENT

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A CORRESPONDENT



A NEAT MOVING COUTURE

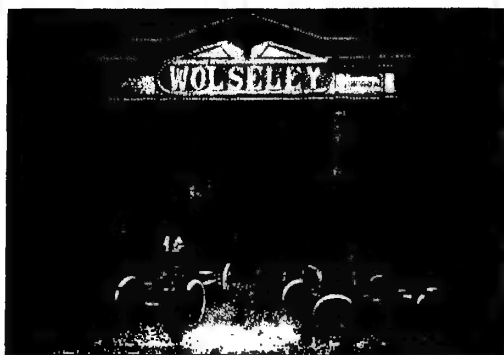


The illumination of the salon in night was most effective, the decorative designs in electric light being very artistic.

THE SALON ILLUMINATED AT NIGHT



USEFUL BUT USEFUL



This firm worthily upheld the reputation of the lost British work. Among several fine exhibits was their new 6 h.p. chassis, with vertical engine.

THE WOLSELEY COMPANY'S STAND



This company's polished steel chassis, with barrel-shaped bonnet, excited much admiration. Their stand was very tastefully decorated.

THE HOTCHKISS COMPANY'S STAND



Prominent among the Renault chassis was a new 20 H.P. (shown on the right of the picture). Simplicity hall-marks the products of this firm.

THE RENAULT STAND



On this stand were shown the new types of the "Voitures Légères Clement," which are justly famous in the racing world.

THE CLEMENT STAND

## THE AUTOMOBILE SALON IN PARIS

From Photographs by Stranger and Co., Paris.



THE ENCOUNTER

M. Jaurès challenged M. Paul Déroulède, who was at San Sebastian in exile, to a duel in consequence of a message sent by the latter, which was deemed insulting. M. Jaurès travelled to San Sebastian, but the authorities would not allow the duel to be fought there. M. Jaurès thereupon applied for a permit to enable his adversary to enter French territory. This was granted, and the combatants met at Behobie, a village in

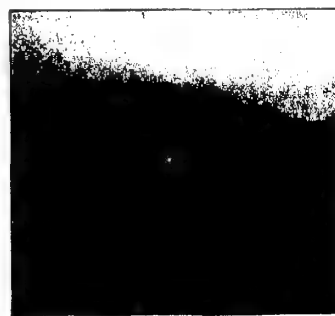
the Department of the Lower Pyrenees. The duel was bloodless. The opponents fired in each other at twenty-five paces without result. However, M. Déroulède was slightly wounded, and M. Jaurès returned to his territory. Our photographs are by Louis Malgren, San Sebastian.

## HONOUR SATISFIED WITHOUT BLOODSHED: THE JAURÈS-DEROULEDÈRE DUEL.

## The Paris Motor Show

President Loubet opened the seventh annual motor show in Paris at the end of last week, and he marked the occasion by taking his first drive in an automobile. It was a short trip, being only from the Grand Palais to the conservatories on the quays, where the motor-boats were exhibited; but the President seemed to enjoy the experience, and possibly we may find in him the latest distinguished recruit to automobilism. One of the first things that strike one in the exhibition is that the stalls are more decorative than is usual at these shows. The Richard Brasier stand naturally attracted much attention, for in the centre stood the identical car in which Théry won the Gordon-Bennett Cup, the trophy itself standing on the bonnet of the car, and above are pictures of Théry driving at full speed and of the motor-boat, *Troffé à Quatre*. Over the De Dietrich stand is a perpetually revolving light. The stand, which is of wrought iron, is most artistic, and is said to have cost £1,000. Messrs. Gardner Serphlet have adorned their stand with electric flowers. The Scottish nationality of the Hozer Engineering Company was shown by the display of a lion rampant, stag's heads, and shields on the gateway of a mediæval castle, which was further decorated with claymores. The De Dion and Bouton stall was decorated with imitation garlands of flowers, the effect of which at night was very pretty. One of the liveliest stalls is that of the Delahaye Company, which is of mahogany-coloured wood, picked out in gold. The stand of the Automobile Louet is rigged up like the masts and yards of a ship, the mainsail bearing the firm's name. The Charron, Girardot et Voigt

Company's stand flies a large standard, which is lighted up at night. Of the other stands that are tastefully designed and decorated, there may be mentioned those of the Panhard and Levassor Company (very effective at night), the Gladiator in red wood, gun-metal and gold, the Léon Bollée, the Gobron (in green), and the Mors in white and gold. When we come to the exhibits themselves we find that all the most important French manufacturers are represented, while British and American firms make a goodly show. There is a Wolseley *Chassis* with a six horse-power vertical engine, in which the mechanical parts are isolated from dust by a complete system of casing. The Charron, Girardot and Voigt firm exhibit a new frame over a mirror in the floor, so that the mechanism of the machine can be seen. The Mercédès Company exhibit an immense touring car, and the Louet Company show the longest car in the exhibition. The Gardner Serphlet Company's exhibit included a gorgeous vehicle ordered from them by the Shah of Persia. The Royce Company show four of their cars, one great merit of which is their noiselessness. An object of much interest was the monster travelling coach, exhibited by the De Dietrich Company capable of seating six people, and so arranged that two beds can be rigged up in it at night, and a separate compartment contains a *cabinet de toilette* and a tiny kitchen. The Panhard Company show a new clutch—metal to metal running in an oil bath—which has been experimented with for two years. It is fitted to a new fifty horse-power model. By means of this clutch a driver can start off with his engine racing, and without slowing it. The Hotchkiss Company showed some of their polished steel *chassis*



AFTER THE COMBAT: M. DEROULEDÈRE AND THE JOURNALIST

built like a gun. On M. A. Clément's stand were some fine examples of the Bayard cars.

## Leoncavallo's New Opera

Leoncavallo's new opera, *Der Roland von Berlin*, composed by order of the German Emperor, in illustration of the struggles and conditions depicted in the celebrated historical novel by Willibald von Alexis, was produced on Tuesday night at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, before a very clamorous audience, which included the Kaiser and Court. The greatest experience was shown by all classes to secure tickets—the humbler folk standing at the doors all night and the wealthier offering large sums for a seat. "Roland," who gives his name to the novel of Willibald Alexis and to the opera which Leoncavallo has founded upon it, is a legendary being, whose statue used in the Middle Ages to stand in front of the law courts at Berlin and in many other German towns. He represented the rights of the burghers as opposed to the privileges of the ruling classes. The first act of the opera opens in carnival time at Berlin, whither comes the Elector Friedrich in disguise. He meets Henning, the "Roland" of the piece, a young man of humble birth who has boldly championed the rights of the people. Henning is in love with the Burgomaster's daughter Elisabeth, who returns his love. Her father, however, has chosen as her future husband a young and wealthy merchant of Berlin, and proposes to celebrate the betrothal by a grand festival in the Town Hall of Berlin. This festival forms the scene of the third act, and Elisabeth is its queen; but the pleasure-making is rudely interrupted by the entrance of Henning, who demands the hand of his beloved. In the last act the townsfolk rise in rebellion against the Elector, who, however, gains a decisive victory, and forces the burghers to submit to his authority. Just as he comes upon the scene Henning is stabbed, and dies.

## Paris Notings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

It is curious how utterly wanting in humour the French nation is. If it possessed this saving sense such a farce as the duel between M. Jaurès and M. Déroulède would have been impossible. Mark Twain's famous description in the "Tramp Abroad" of the procession to the *terrazza* in the Grimaldi duel, was not a circumstance on the motley crowd that followed the funeral of the combatants (?) at Hutoyde. The fact that the local community of police aided the seconds with his counsel as to the choice of the ground on which to commit a breach of the law, is not one of the least comic incidents. Then came the dramatic arrival of M. Déroulède on French soil, the wide sweep of the arm removing the broad-brimmed hat, and the kiss he flung from his finger tips at the blue sky of France. It was exactly the same sky two yards on the other side of the frontier, but that was a detail.

Any one reading the account of the proceedings would think both the principals were laudable and *passable*. This is not the case. M. Jaurès was a professor of distinction before becoming one of the leading and most talented men in French public life, and M. Déroulède, though of a highly quixotic and exalted temperament, is a man of parts. It is true that his public acts have not always revealed him as a man of discretion, an *entraîneur*, but, at the same time, he is not by any means a fool. His genius is great and treasured by the whole French nation, and he is a dramatic author of repute. Of course, his undertaking this adventure is more explicable than the action of M. Jaurès. M. Déroulède is in exile, and in danger of dropping into oblivion. The *rencontre* with M. Jaurès gave him a welcome opportunity of occupying the public attention for a week at least. In any other country this kind of advertisement would do its object harm, as the humour of the thing would dominate all other feelings. But, as I have said, the French nation has no sense of humour, and so M. Déroulède will profit by the *éclat* he has received.



Francis Dillon (the Burgomaster's Daughter) Signor Leoncavallo Herr Knipper (Burgomaster Behnemann) Herr Gruning (Henning Moller)

THE COMPOSER AND SOME OF THE CHIEF MEMBERS OF THE CAST

THE SEPARATION OF THE MOMENT AT BERLIN: LEONCAVALLO'S NEW OPERA, "ROLAND OF BERLIN"

From a Photograph by Knipper and Lohndorf, Berlin.

"Mlle. Jeanne Chauvin, 'advocate,' près de la Cour d'Appel, has found an imitator, and out of no mean worth. This is Mlle. Guilhaud, of the Bar of Carcassonne, in the south of France. She recently covered herself with glory by an eloquent *plaidoirie* before the Assise Court of the Aude Department, in favour of a young girl accused of infanticide. She pleaded the cause of her erring sister with such warmth and passion that the conclusion of her speech for the defence brought forth *hail* applause in court, and caused the judge-worms to congratulate the young *débattante* on her first effort. The jury paid a still more practical compliment to her eloquence and forensic talent by acquitting her client with unanimity.

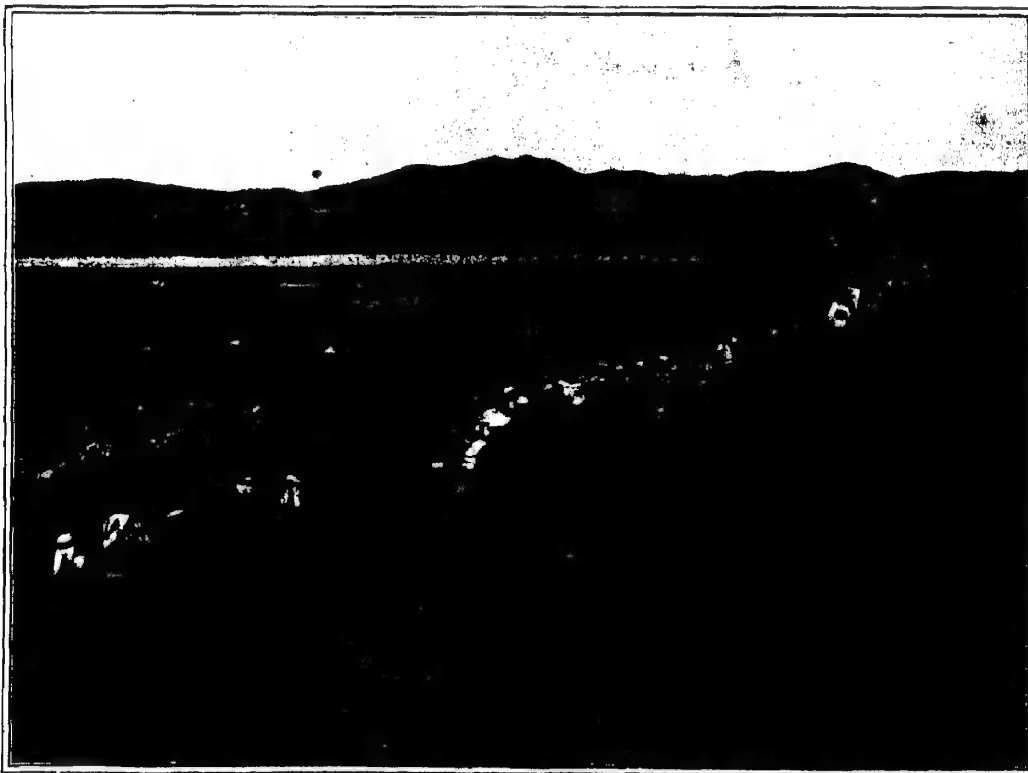
About four months ago—to be exact, the 14th of August last—a stone dropped from the top of the Porte Saint Martin, and narrowly missed striking a passer-by. The shock to the latter's nervous system was, according to his own account, considerable, and he informed the nearest policeman that he was going to sue the City of Paris for damages. Hearing this the conscientious *sergent de ville* at once took possession of the *corpus delicti*, and carried it to the police station. Here it was measured and weighed, and an exhaustive report sent to the proper authorities. The careful Commissary of Police sent a couple of policemen with a rope, which they held stretched out along the front of the Porte Saint Martin to prevent the public approaching too near that monument. This went on for six weeks. Then about the beginning of October came workmen with beams and trestles, and soon the monument disappeared beneath an elaborate scaffolding. Then they left.

A few days later a policeman passing by was scandalised to see a well-dressed gentleman climbing about the scaffolding. He called on him to descend at once, which the gentleman did, and was promptly conducted to the police station. Here he declared himself to be M. Legrand, architect of the City of Paris. Since then M. Legrand has returned often to the Porte Saint Martin, but nothing seems to come of it. The scaffolding, he explains, is only a temporary one, so that he may examine the Porte. A temporary scaffolding which remains for months is a proof of the correctness of the French proverb, "*Kou ne dan, comme le procureur*," but the inhabitants of the French capital are beginning to think that it is about time some effort was made to restore one of Paris's most characteristic monuments to its former state.



One of the first things to be done by the Japanese after they had won Liaoyang was to destroy the redoubts which the Russians had with much labour constructed, and which cost the Japanese a heavy price to take. As may be imagined the work of dismantling these forts gives lively satisfaction to the Japanese soldiers.

CONGENIAL WORK FOR THE JAPANESE OUTSIDE LIAOYANG



The Japanese Red Cross Service is admirably organized, and even the Russians have been kind to the prize. In our illustration the ridge of broken rock at the right is part of the embankment of the railroad to Port Arthur, less than five miles away. The telegraph poles used to help to connect the

Russian garrison with the rest of the world, but their wires are now out of connection. From a Stereograph, copyright 1904, by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.

THE RED CROSS IN MANCHURIA: CARRYING THE DEAD AND WOUNDED BACK TO CAMP AFTER A SKIRMISH NEAR PORT ARTHUR





SPINNING



THE TAMBOUR FRAME



UPHOLSTERING A CHAIR



A DRESS

A REVIVAL OF AN OLD ART: A VISIT

DRAWN





THE DESIGNING AND TRACING ROOM



STRETCHING A PHAUL



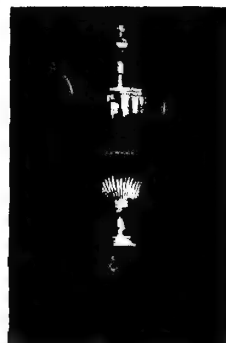
THE EMBROIDERY WORKROOM



THE LACE PILLLOW

THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK

LILLOE SALMON



THE CUP PRESENTED BY THE  
PRINCE OF WALES



THE FRANKLIN FLAGON AND CHALICES  
ANTIQUE AND MODERN SILVER: SOME PIECES OF PLATE BELONGING TO THE  
HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF LINCOLN'S INN



THE CHALICE PRESENTED BY THE KING  
TO MR. GIBBS

## The Royal School of Art Needlework

It would be difficult to find in London another modern building so original in design and colour treatment and yet in such refined taste and admirable proportion as the new home of the Royal School of Art Needlework in Exhibition Road, and the architect, Mr. Fairfax H. Wade, is to be congratulated on having designed a structure upon which the eye rests with pleasure, while at the same time it is in every way adapted to its purpose. But if the outside is attractive, no less so is the interior; for here is the home of artistic needlework, the centre of the revival and development of an art which was well-nigh lost, whose influence has spread not only over the United Kingdom, but also to the Colonies, and particularly to the United States, whose many decorative art schools were all inspired by the parent institution in South Kensington.

The School, which owes its existence to Princess Christian—its President from the first—was founded in 1872, and moved to temporary premises in Exhibition Road in 1875, but it was not till last year that the new building was completed. From the entrance hall in Imperial Institute Road a marble staircase leads up to the first floor, where, in a lofty gallery running the whole length of the building, the needlework executed by the school is exposed for sale. These showrooms are open free during the week, from ten to six (on Saturdays until 12.30), and are well worth visiting by all who take no interest in artistic and beautiful objects. Here also is a lecture theatre and suite of rooms for the management. On the second floor are a large workroom and several smaller ones, classrooms, the stockroom and rooms for drawing and designing, all spacious and well-lighted. Passing through these rooms one gains some idea of the diversity of work carried out by the school. Here, in addition to all sorts of beautiful embroidery work, may be seen some rare old pieces of fine-woven tapestry in process of restoration, designs being traced on different materials, or old chairs and sofas being re-covered. Anything and everything in the shape of fine needlework is undertaken by the School and is carried out at the shortest notice. Besides the regular workers there are a number of pupils under training who pay £10 per annum and are taught embroidery in every branch, gaining a certificate in two years, or a diploma after the full course of three years, when they are fitted to become head teachers in art schools at good salaries. In addition there are evening classes for design and embroidery, in connection with the London County Council, and there are also separate classes for amateurs.

Amongst the recent productions of the School may be mentioned the beautiful pall for our late Queen's funeral, which was executed in a few hours, when no commercial firm could undertake it, the King's Coronation robes and the canopy held over the King during the Coronation ceremony, the embroidered coats worn by the Venues of the Court on that occasion, the embroidery for the Queen's throne and festoon and for the Royal chairs in the House of Lords.

In the showrooms there is always on view a large selection of fine old furniture, old china and old silver, by the sale of which the School is enabled to support itself without any public grant or subsidy, for it has to move, and is proud of never having received help in any form for its maintenance, but only for the new building. Royalty is a frequent purchaser here, and the collection is extensively patronised by people in search of old furniture, who know how difficult it is to get the genuine article.

The School, since its foundation, has been doing a splendid work, in which art and philanthropy are happily combined, for, besides reviving and encouraging a beautiful art, it offers employment to ladies of a kind in which they are best able to excel, and it is to be hoped that with the spacious premises at its disposal its sphere of usefulness may be continually extended. At the present time the School is holding its annual sale of Christmas presents in its showrooms, which are open free daily, the articles for sale including dainties and confections, embossed linens, velvet paintings, and other beautiful and useful objects.



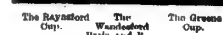
The Wynnyffe Cup.



The Augustus Basin and Cover.



The Rich Cup.



The Raymond Cup.



The Wandsworth Basin and Cover.



The Greene Cup.

## Plate at Lincoln's Inn

Within the venerable walls of Lincoln's Inn is to be found a collection of silver plate, ancient and modern, which might well excite the cupidity of the most voracious collector. The collection ranges over three centuries, and, owing to the courtesy of the Benchers of the Honourable Society, we are enabled to re-examine some of the most valuable pieces. Comparatively few are modern, but of these two are of exceptional interest, owing to the personality of the donors, namely, the handsome old English silver cup which the Prince of Wales has just presented to the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn in commemoration of his year of office as Treasurer of the Society, and the Gibbs centrepiece, which was presented by the King, when Prince of Wales, to Mr. F. W. Gibbs, C.B., who was his tutor from 1824 to 1838. Mr. Gibbs died in 1868, and bequeathed the centrepiece and a pair of candlesticks, the gift of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, of which he was a Benchers. The centrepiece bears the inscription:—"To F. W. Gibbs, Esq., C.B., in grateful remembrance from Albert Edward, 9th Nov. 1858," with the achievements of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.

The oldest pieces of plate in the possession of the Society are the Wandsworth basin and cover, which bear the London Hall-mark 1612-13, and were presented by Philip, Lord Wharton, in memory of his father-in-law, Sir Rowland Wandsworth, who, as the inscription tells, had been "Attorney General of the Court of Wardes and Liveries." Next as to date come the beautiful Franklin flagon, bearing the London Hall-mark 1657, and inscribed "Ex dono Richard Franklin, unius Magistratus de Banco Supra Hospitii, ad ministerium Alterius."

The chalices are the gift of a later member of the same family, Sir John Franklin, who died in 1707, and bequeathed to the Society the sum of £100, half to be laid out in buying gilt plate for the use of the communion table in Lincoln's Inn Chapel and half to be expended in purchasing books for the library. The Greene cup, which bears the arms then used by the Society, is dated 1661, and the Raymond cup 1677, and both are perfect specimens of the silversmith's work of the period. Of about the same date, but bearing no date letter, are the Wynnyffe cup and its fellow, the Rich cup, both inscribed with the names and arms of the donors. Finally, there are the Anglesey basin and cover, bearing date 1675, and, like some of the above-mentioned pieces, estimated to be worth fully £50 an ounce. The basin measures 22 inches in diameter, and bears the following inscription:—"This basin with the Fwre is given to the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Society of Lincolnes Inn by the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> Arthur, Earle of Anglesey, a Member thereof, and Lord Keeper of His Ma<sup>ties</sup> Privy Seale, Febr<sup>y</sup> 24. 1675."

## An Art Canstrie

BY M. H. SPIELMANN

As the world knows, the Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy is to consist for the most part of the works of the late Mr. G. F. Watts. Thus, for the third time, London will have enjoyed the opportunity of seeing together a great collection of the works of our greatest master. The first was at the Grosvenor Gallery, in 1882, the second at the New Gallery in 1897; and there have besides been special exhibitions at Birmingham, New York and elsewhere. On this occasion the long series of portraits of great men, presented by the artist to the National Portrait Gallery, and the cycle of diptych pictures at the Tate Gallery will, perforce, be omitted; but more rooms than usual at the Academy will be filled, notwithstanding. If these pictures are arranged as far as possible in chronological order, the collection will be a highly interesting and informative one; but if the hangers concentrate their attention on merely making "pretty walls," the opportunity will be thrown away—as it was in the case of Rembrandt and Vandyck, of Leighton and Millais—of giving an educational and personal value to the display. Second only to the interest of the works themselves is the interest of the intellectual development of the master who produced them.

Now that the Shakespeare Memorial movement has taken form, and that a vast monument of the character of the Albert Memorial or the Scott Memorial is in view, it will behoove the committee to be wary in the choice of the sculptor and architect. Probably, in a "world scheme" such as this a vast competition will first be held, and the authors of the six best works will be asked to compete again—as was done in the case of the vast two-million-sterling memorial to King Victor Emanuel in Rome. Or the competition may properly be confined to British, or to Anglo-Saxon, artists. In any case, one or two main principles based upon experience will have to be adopted. The first, that a sculptor and an architect must work together, but on well-defined lines, in such wise that neither encroaches on the ground of the other; if not, difference of opinion, hardening, perhaps, into stiff professional inter-opposition, is almost certain to arise. The second principle is that from the beginning the services of a sculptor and an architect of the first rank should be secured as judges, as only the professional can tell whether a model or a plan, however admirable in that form, can be carried out satisfactorily without loss of effect. Had such good professional advice been available no such clumsy and unfortunate a column would have been erected as that recently set up at Kensington in memory of Queen Victoria.

Two cities have lately rendered such signal service to the people that their achievement should receive wide acknowledgment in the metropolis. The Birmingham Art Gallery, under the brilliant directorship of Mr. Whitworth Wallis, has acquired a large collection of the drawings and studies of Burne-Jones and Rossetti, so admirable and inclusive that the student as well as the connoisseur derives infinite advantage and enjoyment from the examination of this fascinating exhibition. This acquisition was made, on the representations of Mr. Wallis, by Mr. Karslake, Mr. Smith-Ryland, Mr. John Feeney, Mr. Colmore, and Mr. Holliday, who were all munificent donors to the fund. About the same time there was opened in Newcastle the Laing Art Gallery—the gift of Mr. Alexander Laing to the city, in which he is a leading spirit. In this fine building—good architecturally as well as extensively—there has been brought together by Mr. Bernard Stewart so splendid a collection of modern pictures that it is difficult to see how the standard is to be maintained. Mr. Laing has thus carried on the altruistic traditions which Newcastle owes to the late Mr. Charles Mitchell—for, municipally considered, Newcastle has hitherto been a somewhat art-less city.

# THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST



On October 6 an operatic mass was celebrated at Mukden with the object of calling down the Divine blessing upon the proposed general attack on the Japanese positions on the Rhaio. General Kurupakin and his staff may be seen in the picture kneeling in the front. Our photograph is by Raoul Reaoul.

IMPLOING THE BLESSING OF HEAVEN ON RUSSIAN ARMS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF THE RHAIO



Between the intervals of active service the Japanese soldiers in Manchuria devote most of their time to fishing. In the illustration the figure to the left with a rod is General Kuraki, and that to the right Prince Kuni. Our sketch, which is by a Japanese artist, was sent to us by T. Hoffmann Johnson.

DISCIPLES OF IZAAK WALTON: A LULL IN THE FIGHTING



THE BATTLE OF YENTAI: THE FIRST POSITION TAKEN BY THE JAPANESE

FAOSIMILE SKETCH BY OUR

After the battle of Liaoyang, which culminated on September 4 by the retreat of the Russians to a position across the Shaho, south of Mukden, the Japanese gradually advanced as far as the Yentai Mines. Kuropatkin had been defeated, but had saved his army from a rout, much to the disappointment of the friends of the Japanese. The battle of Liaoyang, though an achievement of great gallantry, practically left the opposing armies as they were, but with the strategic advantages equal instead of their being considerably in favour of the Japanese. Rear-guard actions followed the great battle, and then came suspense. What was going to happen next? The prophets were all put to shame by what followed. The Japanese were evidently bent on pushing forward to Mukden, and the question debated was whether General Kuropatkin would make a stand outside Mukden—for the town itself is but poorly fortified—or retreat to Kharbin, and there wait for the Japanese.

#### AN UNEXPECTED ORDER

Early in October there came some news from St. Petersburg that took the critics by surprise and reawakened interest in the operations in Manchuria which had begun to flag after all the excitement at Liaoyang. The message was to the effect that General Kuropatkin had published at Mukden an order to his troops on October 2 in which he said that the Manchurian Army had not hitherto been numerically strong enough to defeat the Japanese. It was for that reason that, in spite of the repeated repulse of the Japanese attacks on the Russian positions, he had given the order to retreat with sorrowful heart but with unshaken confidence that it was necessary in order to gain a decisive victory when the time came. The Emperor had assigned for the conflict with the Japanese, forces

sufficient to assure victory to Russia. All the difficulties of transport were being overcome. If the regiments already sent out proved insufficient, fresh troops would arrive, for the inflexible wish of the Emperor that the foe should be vanquished would be inflexibly fulfilled. General Kuropatkin proceeded to declare that the Manchurian Army was now strong enough to begin the forward movement, and closed with an appeal to the troops to bear in mind the absolute necessity of victory in order to uphold the dignity and rights of Russia in the Far East and to relieve the Port Arthur garrison.

#### THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE

By October 8 the Russians were advancing to the south from Mukden on both sides of the railway, constructing numerous defences along the line of advance. The Japanese abandoned Beniaspase, which is the most important centre of the communications between Mukden, Liaoyang, Fushun, Fuling and other places, without firing a shot. They concentrated just north of Yentai, occupying a semicircular position. For a moment it looked as if success would crown the Russian efforts. On October 9 a Russian force crossed the Taitseho and cut the Japanese communications between Hsi-ho-pen and Pen-hai-hu; but it was only for a time. Two Japanese positions near Pen-hai-hu, which the Russians had taken, one by assault, and the other by a night attack, were retaken on October 10; and next day the Japanese, who had been reinforced, assumed the offensive. The great battle of the Shaho, which was to last several days, and to consist practically of several battles, was thus begun. Fierce fighting took place on the 11th. A force from the Japanese right, sent out from Pen-hai-hu to the left bank of the Taitseho, drove back the Russians and



MAP SHOWING THE POSITIONS  
FIRST DAY  
From Shanshi Map by



ARMY ON THE MARCH TO MUKDEN; THE BATTLEFIELD OF OCTOBER 13

ARTIST, FREDERIC WHITING



IN RIVAL FORCES ON THE BATTLE  
H. Frederic Whiting

recovered the river. In the meantime, the Japanese left and centre were also engaged with the enemy, the fighting being obstinate and mostly indecisive. Still, the Japanese at the end of the day had gained ground.

#### THE BATTLE NEAR YENTAI

The failure of the Russians to hold Pen-bul-hu practically wrecked Kurapatkin's plans, for it prevented the anticipated co-operation of the two Russian attacks, and allowed Oyama to assume the offensive with his centre and left in comparative security. On the 12th, General Oku, on the Japanese left, having received reinforcements, by a night attack flung back the Russians to the line of the Shaho. In the meantime, General Nodzu and the Centre Army had, in the early morning, reached the line of the high lands extending from San-kiu-tsu to the north-west of San-kwai-shi-shan; while the Right Army occupied the high lands north of Lukulenshan and Pa-ki-tse. By the end of the day Marshal Oyama was able to telegraph that all the enemy's counter-attacks had been repulsed. The pursuit undertaken by the Right Army's main body and the Centre Army had made great progress, and had reached the line from Marshan to Mang-kiu-pu, where "a force of the Russian infantry and artillery was surrounded and thrown into great confusion, while the remainder seemed to be broken, and retired northward." A force was promptly detached to intercept their retreat. The Centre Army captured nine guns. The night attack by the Left Army was stubbornly met by the Russians, but they had in the end to give way, the Japanese capturing sixteen guns. The Russians broke and retreated north, with the Japanese treading on their heels. The victory of the Japanese left was decisive. The Russians fought bravely, and several times

attempted counter-attacks, which the Japanese repulsed every time, continuing their steady advance. A despatch from General Kurapatkin admitted that "the final issue of the fighting of October 12 on the Japanese left was a failure for the Russians, who were not only obliged to abandon their position, but also lost the guns which they had momentarily regained."

#### THE JAPANESE SUCCESS

At dawn on the 13th, the Japanese left, having advanced during the previous night, assumed the offensive, attacking the whole Russian line. The Russians were driven from their position, and the Japanese captured a complete Russian battery. The victory was complete. The Russians fought bravely, and several times attempted counter-attacks, which the Japanese repulsed every time, continuing a steady advance and shelling the retreating enemy. General Sakharov, in his despatch, stated that the retrograde movement was carried out in perfect order; but, as a matter of fact, the situation of the Russians on the evening of the 13th was very critical. They had been driven back in every part of the field, and had lost heavily, leaving some thirty-eight guns in the hands of the Japanese. Kurapatkin had come perilously near being routed. Thus ended the first of the series of engagements known as the Battle of the Shaho. General Kurapatkin had been forced by the powers at St. Petersburg into an effort beyond his powers. The subsequent actions which formed the conclusion of the great Battle of the Shaho cannot be noticed here. It must suffice to say that the Japanese won the victory. The Russians had played a gambler's game and staked everything on the advance. That, as we have seen, failed, and it would have been far better for the Russians if Kurapatkin had been left to continue his retreating tactics.



MEANT BY F. M. BLAKE  
lighted that at the beginning of the war Port Arthur was used with Japanese spies. Even the halfbreeds were Japanese who kept the authorities at Tokyo well posted with information. Of course when the war broke out most of these Japanese left, but a few, disguised as Chinese, remained. When caught subsequently they were, of course, led out to execution.

PAYING THE DEATH PENALTY: JAPANESE SPIES CAUGHT IN PORT ARTHUR

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A CORRESPONDENT





An artistic illustration on the work of the school appear on pages 819, 819 and 820.  
THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK IN KENSINGTON ROAD

### The Theatres

There is not very much to add about the new comic opera by Fausch Ponsbury and Frank Lambert, which has been produced at the AVENUE Theatre. It is called *Ladyland*, and deals with a colony of young women who have thrown off the yoke of men and are presumably enjoying themselves much after the manner of such like communities, of whose doings we have read in Tennyson's "Princess" and in Mr. Gilbert's *Pygmalion*. But the plot baffles description; it is chaotic and meaningless, and the chief impression carried away is of a gunpowder plot which comes to naught, and of Miss Ethel Irving imploring forgiveness of the Queen of Ladyland because her nefarious schemes are discovered. The opera is lavishly mounted, and, as a whole, well performed by a cast in which Miss Irving in the central figure, though Mr. Richard Green sings with all his accustomed charm and suavity, Mr. Lambert's music is pretty and tuneful, but rarely distinctive, while it is most markedly of what is called the "romantic" order. Indeed, so familiar a sound had certain airs and melodies that the effect was, for the moment, quite startling. The greatest weakness of the whole production lies in the "book," which is feeble, old-fashioned, long-winded, and crammed with dreary yams. One may accuse Mr. Lambert of being imitative, but at least he has taken good models. Mr. Ponsbury, if he has taken models at all, has taken masters whose works the world would willingly let die. The scenery and dresses are most elaborate, and nothing in this direction has been spared to make the production a success.

At the COURT Theatre on Monday afternoon was given the first

afternoon during the Christmas holidays, Mr. Arthur Bourchier will give his annual children's entertainment. The afternoon programme will consist of *Ladyland's Christmas Party*, an old-fashioned episode, in one act, by Tom Gallon, followed by a musical melody entitled *Little Black Sambo* and *Little White Harbinger*, adapted from the Dumpy Books by Rutland Barrington and set to music by Wilfred Bendall and Frederick Rose. The afternoon performances will not interfere with the run of *The Walls of Jericho*, which will be played every evening as usual.

Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry are now rehearsing a new play, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, by Oracy-Baron, which they will produce at the NEW Theatre early in January, the exact date not having yet been fixed. The music is being specially written by Mr. Raymond Ruz.

Tolson's *Power of Darkness* will be given by the Stage Society at the ROYALTY Theatre, on December 18, 19, and 20. No tickets will be sold to the public for plays given by the Society this season.

Mr. Becl during the Christmas holidays, on December 18, 19, and 20. No tickets will be sold to the public for plays given by the Society this season. The benefit performances recently given at HIS MAJESTY'S Theatre, resulted in £432 or 6d. being handed over to Mrs. Edmund Phelps.

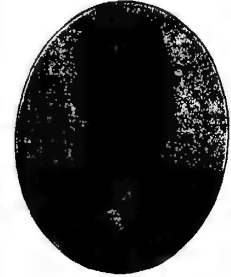
of a series of performances of *Merger*, an adaptation by Miss May Tardie of *Le Maitre*, by Alphonse Daudet and Léon Henique. This play was given, it may be remembered, in a matinee last May at Gaiety, and Miss Darragh's appearance as the would-be heroine was received with a chorus of approval. This week she has again given us a powerful and interesting performance, though she is now rather more inclined to indulge in affectations. The tragic story tells of a moral-less young woman who, although happily married, is still hopelessly enamoured in an old intrigue. When detection comes she takes poison and dies. It is not edifying, nor even a good play, but it is a fair example of the work of a French writer who was never at his best when trying to point morals by exposing vice.

Next Wednesday afternoon, December 22, and every following day, the Russian "Gipsy" will give his annual children's entertainment. The afternoon programme will consist of *Ladyland's Christmas Party*, an old-fashioned episode, in one act, by Tom Gallon, followed by a musical melody entitled *Little Black Sambo* and *Little White Harbinger*, adapted from the Dumpy Books by Rutland Barrington and set to music by Wilfred Bendall and Frederick Rose. The afternoon performances will not interfere with the run of *The Walls of Jericho*, which will be played every evening as usual.

### A Russian "Gipsy"

Captain Klado, who was left behind at Vigo by Admiral Koshidjevsk, has now been arrested for writing newspaper

articles advocating the despatch of the Black Sea Fleet and attacking a number of Russian naval officials. As a not unnatural result he is the lion of St. Petersburg, and the Russian Government is seriously troubled in a fresh quarter. Letters of congratulation and sympathy by members of St. Petersburg society, enclosing subscriptions for the foundation of a Klado scholarship in the Naval Academy, the subscribers including Madame Koshidjevsk, wife of the Admiral, while about a thousand persons endeavored to enter the headquarters of the Military Commander at St. Petersburg, in order to visit him, but they were refused admission.



CAPTAIN KLADO

### CHRISTMAS RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS

CHRISTMAS ON THE CONTINENT—Exceptional facilities are offered by the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Stock of Holland steamers for visiting Holland and Germany during the Christmas holidays. Passengers leaving London in the evening and the Northern and Midland Counties in the afternoon, arrive at the principal towns in Holland the following morning. Cologne at noon, Berlin, Dresden and Halle in the evening. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will leave Harwich on December 21 and 24 for Hamburg, returning December 28 and 31.

THE LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY have arranged a very full programme of cheap excursions for the holidays. Special arrangements will also be made for the collection, quick transit, and prompt delivery of Christmas parcels at the reduced rates now in operation.

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY announce excursions on December 23 for six or sixteen days, to York, Donington, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Aberdeen, and intermediate stations. On December 24, to the Norfolk district, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, and other stations. Cheap day excursions have also been arranged for Boxing Day, when such easily accessible places as Harfield, St. Albans, Hertford, Whitchurch, Harpenden, Luton, Dunstable, Hitchin, Baldock, Royston, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Peterborough, Grantham, and Nottingham may be visited.


THE GREAT CENTRAL COMPANY will run excursions to all the principal towns and health resorts in the Midlands, North of England, and Scotland. The information has been kindly tabulated in handy guides, copies of which can be obtained free on application at Marylebone Station, or at any of the Company's town offices and agencies.

THE MIDLAND COMPANY announce excursions to the North and Scotland on December 23 and December 30; to all parts of Ireland on December 23, and to London on December 20 and 21. A programme giving full information of their Christmas and New Year excursions can be obtained at all the Company's booking offices and also from Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, at Ludgate Circus and branch offices.

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## Our Bookshelf

### "FAMOUS FIGHTERS OF THE FLEET"

In "Famous Fighters of the Fleet" (Macmillan) Mr. Edward Fraser has added considerably to the general knowledge of naval history. The book is evidently the work of a man to whom research is a pleasure, and who has spared no pains in unearthing from original sources the fascinating stories of the Old Navy which are here presented to us. The book is profusely illustrated, many of the pictures being from old prints which have not been daylight for many years. The author has chosen six ships of the modern Navy, and has given us a stirring story, taken from accounts by eye-witnesses, from old diaries and old logs, of the romance and glory that is wrapped round the name of each. The Monmouth, Formidable, Unfauget, Royal Sovereign, Temeraire, and Comus are the six chosen, and although they are not perhaps the best known "fighters of the fleet," their selection is amply justified. It was certainly a happy idea of the author to open each of his stories of the Old Navy with a picturesque and telling description of the man-of-war that to-day bears the name of the ship whose history forms the backbone of the chapter. Figures appear little to one's imagination; but when we are told of the Monmouth that, "set up on end beside the Clock Tower at Westminster, the ship's length would overtop the tower by half as high again," we are forced to think a little, and the dimensions of a modern cruiser become interesting. The "glances through the cannon smoke" which we get in Mr. Fraser's stories are vivid, and the scenes revealed are dramatic and full of action. We seem to be reading a story of yesterday in the account of the valiant Gardner fighting his little Monmouth against the huge Frenchman. Then, again, "Rodney's Ship on Rodney's Day": the story of the old Formidable is delightful reading. Perhaps some of the most interesting portions of the book are those in which we are given capital pen-portraits of the leaders of the gallant enemy—all of which are evidence of the author's patient research. The story of Lord Charles Bessborough's Comus at Alexandria is wisely told, since it serves to show that the spirit of the Cornwallises, Rodneyes, Faulknors and Gardiners of the Old Navy is still burning as brightly as of yore in the breasts of those who, in the hour of danger, will offer and man the workshops of the British Fleet. The book is true history, history of the kind that makes for patriotism, and every boy who reads it will be the better Briton for having done so.



HUNTING THE GUN ON THE MAIN DECK, 1782. (After Rowlandson)

From "Famous Fighters of the Fleet." (Macmillan).

### "MORE QUEER THINGS ABOUT JAPAN"

One can hardly expect to find a second book on "Queer Things About Japan" as fresh as the first, and although Mr. Sladen introduces some new material in the shape of a History of the Great Nippon, translated from the Japanese, and the Letters of Will Adams, from the Hakluyt Society's papers, yet we cannot but come to the conclusion that the writers have failed to add, in any great measure, to that which we have already learnt about social life in Japan. In the beginning we have sixteen chapters of "Japan from a Woman's Point of View," and at the end, the same subject from a man's point of view. As the two points of view coincide with each other on most things there is much repetition, which, to say the least of it, is wearisome. Both writers harp on the subject of the unhappy lot of the Japanese girl, and some such paragraph as the following constantly recurs:—"It is rather sad to contemplate the transformation of this gay kitten, any time after she is fifteen years old, into the drudging Japanese wife, who, until she is old enough to have daughters-in-law, does nothing but wait upon her husband and his belongings." Miss Leinster gives a realistic and artistic description of the life of the

"More Queer Things About Japan." By Douglas Sladen and Norma Leinster. (Tribner.)

Japanese women, their housekeeping, and the everlasting etiquette. This people is veritably bound up with etiquette. She says:—

The etiquette of smiles is perhaps one of the strangest of etiquette. When you have lived in that land of smiles you will learn in time that when you understand a Japanese smile you may hope to understand the people. A daughter-in-law must always present a smiling face to her mother-in-law; a servant must smile when his mistress disciplines him. But the news of a death must be told with laughter. Laughter is reserved for very special occasions, and has no relation to joy or smiles are used on every occasion to conceal real feelings; they are not always significant of pleasure.

If the Japanese are somewhat lax as regards their religion, they are at any rate believers in cleanliness. The writer says:—

Personal cleanliness is a virtue which all Japanese servants possess. It is no unusual thing for a Japanese servant to apologise to a mistress for not having had time to bath more than three times that day.

Perhaps the most valuable of Mr. Sladen's chapters is that which is devoted to the Army and the Family in Japan. In speaking of the soldiers, he says:—

The Japanese has no wants. He can live in his clothes without a suit; he can live on rice or offal of the sea; and he is so accustomed to carrying heavy weights and running long distances that he can be his own commissariat, and even his own horse. As we turned our fast soldiers into mounted infantry, so the Japanese can turn their *ricksa*-boys, of whom there are fifty thousand in Tokyo alone, into unmounted cavalry. Their courage is wonderful. The Japanese does not fear death in any form.

### With regard to patriotism:—

Every Japanese prays that he may do something before he leaves the earth to increase the glory of Japan, and spread it over the east and across the sea. The Japanese feeling for his country is more than patriotism; it gives him the ambition of a martyr, not only to live for it, but to die for it.

We do not agree with Mr. Sladen in his opinion of the lives of Napoleon, Alexander, etc.; in fact we find them more childlike than amusing, although we allow that the illustrations are interesting, as are all in the book. The letters of Will Adams, the Kenilsh pilot, who was cast away on the Japanese coast in the time of Queen Elizabeth, are a valuable addition to the volume.

### "EARLY DAYS IN THE INDIAN ARMY"

In this book General Sir J. Luther Vaughan gives us the eventful history of his life, and to all those interested in the history of the compilation of British rule in India, and the growth of the Indian Empire, it is a most valuable addition. General Sir J. Luther Vaughan has active energy which forms such a striking trait in his character, he soon

"My Service in the Indian Army and After." By General Sir J. Luther Vaughan, K.C.B. (London: Constable, 1904.)

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A tremendous sensation was caused in French Parliamentary circles by the sudden death of M. Byrson, the Deputy who assassinated General Andre in the Chamber, and who was awaiting trial at the Assises for this offence. M. Byrson was found in an unconscious condition in his apartment at Neuilly, evidently suffering from the effects of the inhalation of noxious gas caused by a leakage from a gas stove. Everything was done to restore animation, but without effect. A judicial inquiry was opened, which reported that the unfortunate Deputy died from carbonic oxide poisoning. The strange affair was much discussed. The French opposition journals refused to believe that the death of M. Byrson was accidental, and republished solemnly the idea of a murder, declaring that his acquittal on the charge of assassinating General Andre was certain. The funeral, with military honours, took place last Saturday at St. Pierre, Neuilly.

THE LATE M. GABRIEL BYRSON.  
A sketch from life by Noel Durville.

row to the position of adjutant; and the fact that, when the Mutiny broke out some years later this regiment alone, out of five then at Peshawar, was not disbanded, speaks highly for his efficiency in that post. In 1850 he joined the newly raised Punjab Frontier force, in the organisation of which he played a prominent part, and with which he went through the Mutiny. Meanwhile,

he had spent one period of leave as an officer in the Turkish contingent, and speaks with much appreciation of the good qualities of the Turkish soldier. The Umbala campaign, during which he experienced to the full the delights of mountain transport and the Black Mountain Expedition, fully established his reputation as a soldier. Then occurred an unfortunate circumstance which put a stop to his career as a soldier; he was promoted to the rank of major-general. As an officer of that rank only a divisional command was open to him, and there was none vacant, so he was forced to return to England. The idleness of London club life, however, became so irksome to him that he accepted a post as traffic superintendent on the London and North-Western Railway. But his work in the East was not done; the Afghanistan War saw him back in India, not, to his disappointment, as a combatant, but as correspondent for the *Times*. There is a portrait and an excellent map with the book.

#### "DIALSTONE LAKE"

Mr. W. W. Jacobs is nearly always more or less amusing; and if his "Dialstone Lake" (George Newnes) is a case of less rather than of more, half a laugh is very much better than none. His story is of three elderly boobies who, on the faith of an ancient mariner's yarn, buy a schooner and make a voyage into the Pacific in search of an imaginary treasure buried in an imaginary island, with a skipper who winds up his rascalities and his owners' multitudinous entanglements by swindling them out of the Fair Emily and twenty pounds over. The tangles in question are largely due to the characteristics of two of the boobies, of one as the henpecked husband of later, and of the other as the caricature of a domestic bully; but principally to those of a young person, "Miss" Selina Vickers, whose temper and tongue render her the actual heroine of "Dialstone Lake," though the temper and tongue of the young lady of the love-business are by no means to be despised. Any such lack of effect, however, as we have suggested, is probably less due to extravagance of incident and trifleness of portraiture than to Mr. Jacobs's selection of an inland town for the main scene of his story and of landsfolk for its leading actors.

#### "IN THE RED DAWN"

A stolen child left suspended over a quarry with a view to his destruction, and only rescued to grow up dumb from the effects of terror, to be tried later on for the murder of an old lady by her villainous nephew, and finally to turn out a long-lost heir, is the sufficiently exciting theme—exciting both in itself and in its complications—of Mr. J. E. Preston Muddock's "In the Red Dawn: A Manchester Tale" (John Long). The novel may be commended to all who are reckless of likelihood in their demand for a story and nothing more.

#### A RELIC OF BURNS

An intimate relic of Burns, namely, his family Bible, was sold last Saturday at Messrs. Sotheby's auction-rooms for £1,560. Many enthusiastic countrymen of the poet tried to secure the coveted lot, but it was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch. The Bible, which is in itself defective and worthless, was printed by John Reid, Edinburgh, in 1766. On the reverse of the title of the New Testament, in the autograph of Burns—and herein is the worth—are the following entries:—

Robt. Burns was born at Alloway, in the Parish of Ayr, January 25th, 1759.  
Jean Armour, his wife, was born at Mauchline, Feby. 27th, 1757.



THE FAMILY BIBLE IN THE BURNS BIBLE, SOLD FOR £1,560

Sept. 3rd, 1786, were born to them twins, Robert, their eldest son, at a quarter past noon, and Jean, since dead in fourteen months old.

March 2nd, 1786, were born to them twins again, two daughters, who died within a few days after their birth.

August 25th, 1786, was born to them Francis Wallace, so named after Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop; he was born at a quarter before seven, forenoon.

April 25th, 1791, between three and four in the morning, was born to them William Nicol, so named after Wm. Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh.

November 21st, 1795, at a quarter past noon, was born to them Elizabeth Hinde, so named after Mrs. Robt. Hinde of Glenhead.

The pedigree of the Bible is thus summarised. It was willed by Jean (Armour) Burns to her eldest son, Robert Burns, and a signed receipt is in existence showing that Robert Burns got possession of the book. It passed from him to William Nicol Burns, the poet's second surviving son. He gave it to his niece, who lived with him, Mrs. Sarah E. M. T. Burns Hutchinson, of Cheltenham, the last possessor. Our photograph is by W. A. Rousch, Strand.

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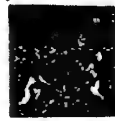
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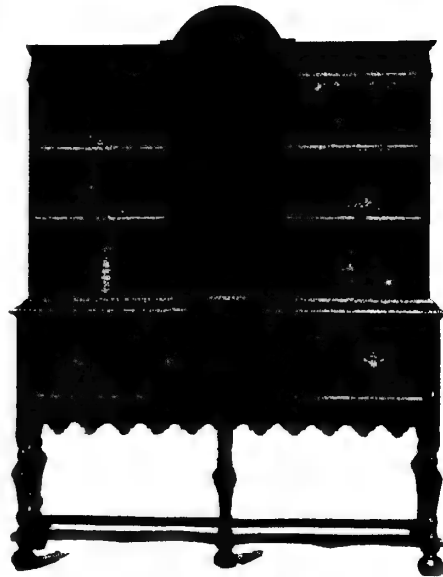
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## THE CHRISTMAS BOOKSHELF

"The Witches of Westover Combe," by Edith Cowper (P. I. C. K.), is an excellent tale, which will be read with equal pleasure by old and young. It introduces some quaint Cornish characters, notably the elder of the witches, who is a little bit "gone in the upper story," and who, with her daughter, the heroine, is suspected of burglary. Their innocence is established by the daughter's sweetheart, and the guilty discovered. The picture drawn both of the Cornish fishing village and its picturesque inhabitants is very interesting and wonderfully true to nature. We have noticed that, of all books, those which appeal most to boys tend to school life. Of these a book, by Kent Carr, entitled "Brought to Heel" (Chambers), is certain of a favourable reception. It is a tale of a public school in which "classics" is the main feature. The managers introduce a "modern" side, whereas the "classics" take great umbrage, and determine to "make it so hot" for the new "head" that he will be compelled to resign. Assisted by a subordinate master, the "classics" try all they can to make his life a burden to him. It turns out later that the "head" is a man of great repute in Europe, and also a hero, and in the end wins the admiration and affection of the boys. The book is full of exciting events: a fight with strikers, a lock-out, a fire, punishment of a bully, in all of which the new "head" greatly distinguishes himself, and is voted an "awfully decent chap" in schoolboy language.—"By a Schoolboy's Hand," by Andrew Hume (Blackie), if less well written, is full of incident, and will, undoubtedly, prove sufficiently thrilling for the average boy. The hero's father is a sworn magistrate who is kidnapped by the workmen of the last boy's parent, who, with the help of the hero's guardian, attempts to smuggle our hero out of his estate. Poaching, forgery, and many other heinous offences enter largely into the plot, and it is certain, if the book is once begun, the reader will not be happy until he has finished it.—"The Troll of Leif the Lucky," by E. A. Lilienkrantz, is a story of Viking days, and is based on old Norse Sagas. The troll, or slave, is the son of a great Northman noble, who has been captured in one of the Norse raids

slave before, both in war and peace, that he eventually succeeds, with the assistance of his master, in gaining the hand of his lady love. These sagas are always fascinating, and this story, full of romance, hard fighting, and adventures amongst strange lands and strange lands, should prove as fascinating as many of the original Norse tales, both to boys and girls, and also to their elders.

## A BOOK FOR GIRLS

Although girls of the present day apparently prefer books written for boys to those meant for the delectation of their own sex, Mrs. L. T. Meade's "Mrs. Pritchard's School" (Chambers) cannot fail to claim their undivided interest and pleasure. The story hinges on the doings of two girls and the painful consequences. Rhoda Mangerford, the adopted daughter of a wealthy lady, and a general favourite, is anxious to finish her education with *Adel* by taking the gold medal offered for an essay. Peggy West is clever and poor. She has heard that her beloved little sister is likely to die unless she can be sent to the seaside, and that money is lacking to send her there. She tells Rhoda, who induces her to part with

her essay in exchange for £10, Peggy to read Rhoda's production and Rhoda Peggy's. The latter wins the medal, and all her friends are so proud of her work that it finds its way into the hands of an editor of a leading literary journal. Rhoda is asked to write an essay for this paper, and owing to the insistence of her admirers is bound to consent. Peggy happens to be staying in the neighbourhood, and for fun she writes an essay on the same subject, which the editor's old friend sees, and is so struck with it that he sends it to the journalist. Rhoda does not know this. She gets hold of Peggy's essay, copies it and sends it to the paper. Then there are consequences, which we will leave it to the readers of the book to unravel. Mrs. Meade, we think, is at her best in this style of book, and we have no hesitation in saying that "Mrs. Pritchard's School" is the best book of its class we have seen this season.

## BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS

The children who are lucky enough to receive Mrs. Alfred Baldwin's "Pedlar's Pack" (Chambers) as a Christmas present will have a treat in store. It is a delightful collection of fairy stories, which goes far to prove that the art of writing such stories did not die with Hans Andersen and the Grimms. The author is evidently fond of children and understands them and their requirements in the way of amusement. The stories, which are admirably written, introduce us to the necessary giants, fairies, princesses, etc., but they are quite original, and point a moral, but in quite an unobtrusive manner. The book is capably illustrated in colours by Charles Peck.—"Chips and Chops," by R. Nisb, and "Chirp and Chatter," by Alice Banks, both published by Messrs. Blackie, are collections of simple little stories admirably suited for children. The story from which the first volume takes its title, relates how Chips, a building, captures a burglar, whilst Chops, a cross-bred animal, makes himself ill by eating poisoned meat, instead of attending to his master's property. Other stories are told by Sunbeam, a Cabbage Rose, etc. In the second volume, the stories, all of which point a moral, are related by different birds and insects.—These children, old and young, who possess Mr. Farrow's "Wallypug" books will welcome with delight his "Wallypug Birthday Book" (Routledge). In an amusing introduction the author tells his "Dear Children" how the Kingdom of Why was discovered, and how to get there, and also something of its curious inhabitants. In each of the spaces reserved for birthdays—that is to say, every day in the year—is an illustration of one of the Wallypug's subjects. The first birthday to be inscribed is that of Mr. Farrow himself. And his autograph, in his own writing, written with his own hand, will be found under the date March 17.—Amongst what are known as "Picture Books," one which is certain of popularity is "The Snob" (Lawrence and Bullen), which is written by Walter Emms and illustrated by Cecil Aldin. The Snob is a terrorist, the son of a dissolute father and a good mother. Unfortunately he follows in the footsteps of the former. Brought up, in his youth, in the midst of luxury, he is led away by a low companion. He learns that a dog is entitled by law to one bite; he takes more than his allowance, and for his ruse is dismissed from his luxurious abode and gradually sinks so low that he falls into the hands of the police, and is just being dragged off to Battersea for extinction when he is recognised by his former mistress, who takes him home a wiser and more modest dog. The story is most

amusing, a remark which equally applies to the illustrations.—"The Story of the Five Rebellious Dolls," by E. Nesbit, with illustrations by E. Stuart Hardy (Nisbet), is certain to be a favourite. The dolls—two French, a Dutch, a Chinese, and a soldier—consider themselves badly treated and desamp. They meet with most borrowing adventures in their travels, and when they returned to their nursery had to submit to most undignified and painful tortures at the hands of their youthful mistress.—"The Flower Painting Book" (Nisbet) will be a delightful addition to nursery amusements, and will fill up many a dreary hour when wet or darkness prevents out-door games.—"Our Little People's Book" (Nisbet) is full of bright pictures and stories, and will be an admirable present for quite the little ones.—"The Old Nursery Stories and Rhymes" contains what one might call the nursery classics, "Little Red Riding Hood," "The Three Bears," etc.; in fact the self-same stories which, we read lately, used to be read in King James II. and even earlier kings. When it is known that the illustrations are by John Hassall, it will be naturally concluded that they are good and amusing—which they are.—"Jolly Jumble," pictured by Harry B. Nelson (Blackie), will prove a certain cure for the complaints of grumps and grizzles which is liable to become prevalent at the festive season, for it will be difficult indeed for the worst sufferers to withhold a smile at these amusing pictures and rhymes.—We have always held the opinion that children are never too young to have good literature placed before them, provided, of course, that it is not beyond their comprehension. It engenders, we believe, a taste for the really good. Miss Lilla Scott Macdonald is evidently of the same opinion, for she has chosen for her book, "Babies' Classics" (Longmans), some of the simplest and most beautiful poems of Shakespeare, Blake, Browning, Milton, Mary Hewitt, Kingsley, Tennyson, Wordsworth, and others. All are suitable to a child's understanding; moreover, they are all prettily illustrated by Arthur Hughes.

HOW TO REACH THE RIVIERA COMFORTABLY.—Visitors who elect to travel through without break of journey can take the Brighton Company's 10.0 a.m. service from Victoria or London Bridge, reaching Paris-St. Lazare at 6.40 p.m. or Paris-Lyon at 8.10 p.m., through corridor carriages and restaurant cars being run direct from Dieppe to Paris-Lyon, whence the Rapide leaves at 9.30 p.m., Cannes being reached at about 1.0 p.m. the next day. Nice at 2.0 p.m., and Monte Carlo and Mentone at about 3.0 p.m. Those who wish to avoid a night journey can leave London by the 10.0 a.m. service, stop the night in Paris, and take the new Côte d'Azur Express, which leaves Paris-Lyon at 9.0 a.m. every weekday to December 31, and afterwards every day. Marseilles is reached at 7.20 p.m., Cannes at 10.20 p.m., and Nice at 10.50 p.m. the same day. For the return journey, a connection has now been established between the 1st class Rapide leaving Mentone at 1.40 p.m., and Nice at 2.50 p.m., and the through service from Paris-Lyon to Dieppe the next morning, passengers reaching London at 7.0 p.m., the journey from Nice occupying twenty-eight hours ten minutes. Passengers can also take the new Côte d'Azur-Paris Express, leaving Nice at 8.30 a.m., and reaching Paris at 10.20 p.m., where the night can be spent and the journey to London continued the next morning by the 10.20 train from St. Lazare, reaching London at 7.0 p.m.



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## The Court

The King and Queen have spent this week with Earl and Countess Cadogan at Colford Hall, Bury St. Edmunds. Their Majesties came up to town from Norfolk on Saturday, the Queen travelling direct from Sandringham, whilst the King joined the train at King's Lynn, from Castle Rising, where he had been staying with Lord and Lady Fitzgibbon. Rain and fog rather interfered with the King's shooting during the visit, but in the few intervals he made excellent bags of pheasants and partridges. On reaching town the King and Queen went first to Buckingham Palace for an hour, and then to the Portuguese Legation for the farewell luncheon to King Carlos, given by the Portuguese Minister, the Marquis de Soveral. Among the thirty-two guests, who were seated at small tables—were the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg. No speeches were made, but King Edward and King Carlos toasted each other by raising their glasses jointly. After lunch Queen Alexandra took leave of the King of Portugal, but King Edward and the Prince of Wales accompanied him to Victoria Station, the departure being quite private, with neither escort nor guard of honour. The Sovereigns exchanged a most affectionate farewell, and King Carlos waved his handkerchief out of the window as King Edward's train could be seen, while he sent a farewell telegram to the King on leaving Dover. King Edward then rejoined the Queen at the Palace, and in the evening they went to the Criterion Theatre. Next day their Majesties attended Service in the private chapel and afterwards received Prince Arthur of Connaught on his return from Rome, where he had represented King Edward as sponsor to the infant Prince of Piedmont.

On Monday the King held a Privy Council, where he still further prorogued Parliament, and the Earl of Minto was sworn in a member. Afterwards His Majesty was present in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, at the baptism of the infant son and heir of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, to whom he stood sponsor. The child was named Edward, after his Royal godfather. In the afternoon the King and Queen left for Bury St. Edmunds, being received at the station by Earl Cadogan, who escorted their Majesties to Colford Hall. Shooting is, of course, the chief feature of the visit, and the Royal guests remain until the end of the week, when they return to town for a few days. The King holds an investiture of various Orders on Monday, and with the Queen will be choosing Christmas gifts and clearing off State business before the Christmas holidays, which their Majesties spend at Sandringham as usual.

The Prince and Princess of Wales also were in town on Saturday for the farewell luncheon to the King of Portugal. In the evening they went to the New Theatre. On Sunday the Prince attended Service in the Marlborough House chapel, and next day the Prince and Princess went down to Wiltshire on a visit to Lord and Lady Pembroke, at Wilton House, near Salisbury. Next week they stay with Lord and Lady Mountstephen at Brockton Hall, Hatfield, and later, after a few days in town, they rejoin their children at York Cottage, Sandringham, for Christmas.

Messrs. Anderson, Anderson and Anderson, Limited, have been appointed manufacturers of waterproofs and india-rubber goods to the King of Portugal.

Although the exhibition of the Women's International Art Club, which is now open at the Orchard Gallery, includes rather too many things of minor importance, there is in it a sufficient amount of good work to make it definitely interesting. The best things are Mrs. Rindall's "Hymn to the Sun," Miss F. Melony's "By the River," "A Study," by Miss M. Lancaster-Lewis, and the powerful but rather crude Spanish subjects by Miss M. Cameron and the pictures by Mrs. Eastlake, Miss M. V. Whitehouse, Miss Florence Small, and Miss L. L. Gleng, are also of real importance. Among the water-colours, the most notable are, "A Warm Day," by Miss E. M. Lister, "In the Ragdolls," by Mrs. Jardine, Miss Gleng's "Leanne and Her Dog," and the sombre landscape, "Scheveninghe Deinen," by Madame Mondag van Houten. Some good work is also to be found in the applied arts section.

In the exhibition of water-colour drawings of Norway which Mr. Nico Jangmann is holding in Messrs. Dowdall's gallery, he shows that he is capable of intelligently applying his strongly personal method to other motives than those which he has so often before chosen from Dutch life. He does not, perhaps, quite succeed in realising the character of the Norwegian scenery, but he has found plenty of good material in the towns and harbours of Norway; and in such subjects as "The Snow Plough," and "Girls on Overturned Sledge, Høimøen," he suggests very happily the beauty of winter. His studies of national types are also very well considered.



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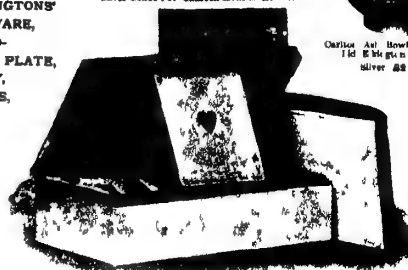
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**A CASE OF COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE**—A case of considerable interest in commercial circles occupied the attention of Mr Justice Iffell in the Chancery Division last week. The Plaintiffs, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of London, Sheffield, Paris,

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Murg, who have the business of the business of Mappin Brothers, who have been accustomed to carry on, applied for an injunction to restrain George Stanley Mappin, Ernest Montague Mappin, and Norman Randolph Mappin from so conducting their business as to injure the business of the said persons to suppose that they were the goods of the amalgamated firm of Mappin and Webb and Mappin Brothers, Jewellers, Silversmiths, etc. Defendants in 1901 commenced trading as Mappin Brothers, Jewellers, Silversmiths, etc., at 100 West 12th Street, in proximity to Mappin and Webb's establishment, as manufacturers of plate powder, polishing paste, etc. Mr. Upjohn, K.C., Mr. Ella Griffith, M.P., and Mr. Dawson, K.C., appeared for the plaintiffs, and Messrs. J. H. Murg and defendants were represented by Mr. Jenkins, K.C., and Mr. Atkin, instructed by Messrs. Hullcutt, Crowe and Hulbert. Considerable evidence was called on behalf of plaintiffs as to their business and the business of Mappin and Webb, and the business of for nearly a hundred years. On the resumption of proceedings

On Tuesday, Mr. Uppel, addressing the judge, said that Mr. Jenkins had made an offer to Messrs. Mappin and Webb which was satisfactory. Defendants consented to judgment with costs in favour of Mappin and Webb, and undertook to omit their names from the list of persons who had been arrested, and the marks complained of which were attached to the advertisements on their goods, and, further, to remove their address from Queen Victoria Street, and to join in a direction to the Post Office as to the removal of their names from the list of persons who had been arrested in London, England, or Queen Victoria Street, to Messrs. Mappin and Webb, and never to engage under the style of "Mappin and Brothers" in the jewellery, silversmith, electro plate and cutlery business, and to inform Messrs. Mappin and Webb of any such engagement. Under these circumstances the Plaintiff consented not to enforce the costs of the action so long as Defendants performed their undertaking, the more so as Defendants were young men appearing for the first time in court, and the Lordship made an order for the interest on the costs to accede to that part.

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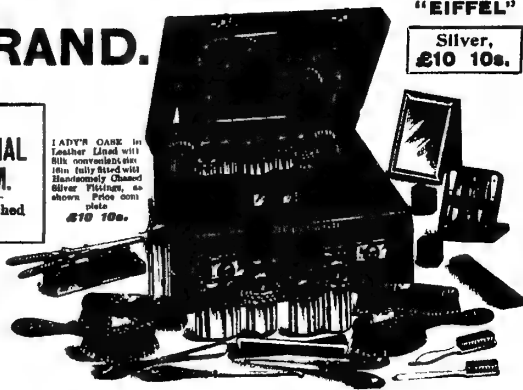


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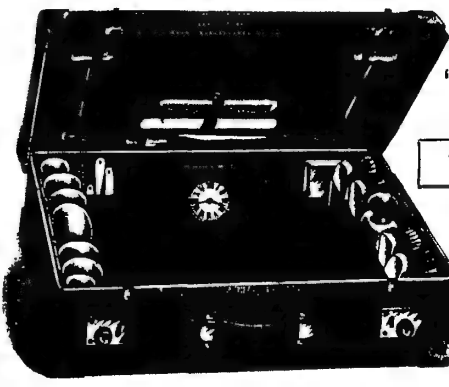
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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1902



THE CHRISTMAS POST. A. J. B. 1902.

## Topics of the Week

**A Well-Earned Christmas**

Once more the Christmas bells ring out their message of peace and goodwill amid the mocking clash of steel and the pagan thunder of cannon. Happily the conflict is not European and only on one side Christian, but it is none the less disappointing, if only because it is difficult to say which of the combatants is truly Christian. Time was when, even at Christmas, a war in Asia might have been looked upon with tolerance, since the Christian warrior was only fighting for the greater glory of Christian truth; but in the present struggle who shall say on which side the real Christianity is battling, seeing that the Cross is wielded by hands which in practical life are for much which spells a negation of Christian progress, while the non-Christian adversary stands for light and liberty and justice and the sympathy of Christian Europe? It is a strange satire on the names and tokens by which in our shortightedness we classify humanity—altogether a grim harlequinade. The best consolation we can lay for our souls is that both are perhaps purblind, and that the Christmas moral is not at issue at all where the pagan elements on both sides are so flagrant beneath their thin disguises. Happily in Europe itself the message of peace and goodwill is for once preached to the converted. Never in the history of mankind were the strivings for peace more earnest, more persistent, more hopeful than to-day. The close of the year may be fitly celebrated with the old profession of faith in Universal Peace, since its political history is rich in works by which the cause has been sensibly advanced. A year ago International Arbitration was still a plying for cynics and demagogues. To-day we can look back upon a good dozen of treaties by which the Great Powers of the world have pledged themselves to a judicial settlement of their disputes, and have thus very perceptibly diminished the risks of war. It is, of course, true that the aspiration of the Psalmist for "wars to cease unto the ends of the earth" is still unrealised. Blows remain unbroken, the spears are not yet cut asunder, nor are the chariots burnt in the fire, but still the need of these things is growing less. Another machinery has been established by which international differences may be settled, and in proportion as an unkind habituates itself to the use of this machinery the more barbarous instruments will be laid aside. On the whole, we may celebrate Christmas this year without the haunting sense of hypocrisy—or at least with less of it—than in past years has spoiled the revelries of those among us who have consciences.

**Alghani and English**

The exceptionally hospitable reception accorded at Kabul to the British Diplomatic Mission should not be too readily assumed to prove that Afghan animosity to the English has died out. What really is in evidence seems to be nothing more than a demonstration of popular obedience to the Ameer. He wills it that the white conquerors of Hindustan, despite their being infidels, and therefore anathema to True Believers, must receive friendly treatment, and the tribal chiefs accept the order as dictated by motives of high State policy. There is the farther influence in favour of an appearance of fraternisation, that the Afghan Heir-Apparent, Prince Tayatullah, started for Calcutta on the very day that brought Mr. Dane and his small escort to Kabul. There could not be stronger proof to the Ameer's subjects that he really desired to establish closer relations between India and Afghanistan than have subsisted since he came to the throne. There can be no harm in admitting now that the tension has almost ceased, that friction of an unpleasant character has occasionally occurred since the death of Abdurhaman Khan. It counts for something, therefore, towards the abatement of Afghan Anglophobia that the present Ameer should have ventured to receive a British Mission at his turbulent capital, and to depute his youthful son and heir to talk over matters with Lord Curzon at the City of Palaces.

**Ship Canals**

There are some indications just now of a coming "boom" in ship canals. That which cuts the Suez Isthmus is threatened with a rival, and the American interests concerned in piercing the Panama neck by the Nicaragua route are said to be determined to persevere with their project, despite President Roosevelt's preference for the Lesseps undertaking. The Manchester Canal, slowly emerging from financial difficulties, has raised additional capital as the surest way of increasing its traffic and its profits, while at Birmingham, long-headed men with

long purses are again discussing the construction of a big waterway for ocean-borne trade between their city and the Severn estuary. But all of these projects, ambitious though they be, fade into comparative nothingness in comparison with the revival of the scheme for cutting through the Malay Peninsula at its narrowest part. That "ditch" would undoubtedly shorten the voyage to and from the Far East to an appreciable extent, while engineering experts pronounce that, although the work would be extremely costly, no insurmountable difficulties present themselves. But a right of way cannot be secured without British consent, and it is more than doubtful whether this country would see much gain in ruining Singapore by taking away a large portion of its gigantic carrying trade.

**Free Meals for Underfed Children**

It is a sound proposition that the State is guilty of shocking waste of public money when underfed children attend schools maintained at public cost. The unfortunate are unable, of course, to profit by the instruction they receive; all their thoughts are concentrated on their physical wants. So far, then, as that goes, educationists of all schools are at one. But a wide area of controversy lies beyond. While it is strongly contended by the more enthusiastic section that all semi-starved pupils should be and must be supplied with at least one full meal per diem, whether at public or at private cost, there is no getting away from the fact that the acceptance of that parental responsibility would inevitably exercise a pauperising influence among the masses. We know what followed the abolition of school fees, how numbers of almost well-to-do people who had never previously found the slightest difficulty in providing the money required for the education of their offspring at private schools, were tempted to avail themselves of the State's generosity. It is a further grave objection to the proposal to furnish hungry school children with food that it acceptance would throw the door wide open for other similar demands. Warm clothing in winter is as necessary for the young as either education or provisions, and if it were also bestowed we may make very sure that some fresh boon would soon be urgently solicited.

**A Milk and Water Problem**

Something has to be done over the milk standard. The adulterated cow, ten years ago, would have been deemed a fantastic creation in a Christmas book by the author of "The Wallypug," or in a "prehistoric peep," by Mr. E. T. Reed. To-day she is a living terror. Mr. Balfour is fond of telling us how little Parliament can, in reality, do. But Parliament has created an entirely new animal, and surely that is something. The Milk Standard Act was a measure called for by generations of "Simpsonised" milk. Detection of milkmen in the act of appealing to "Simpson" was so difficult that it was decided to fix a standard of percentage of water in the milk, above which that fluid was not to be legally saleable. All went well for a while, but soon undoubtedly honest farmers began to be convicted, and these honest men appealing to their agricultural societies to protect them, it was found that sickly, underfed, or ill-nourished cows were perfectly capable of giving from their udders direct into the inspector's own pail milk that contained more than the legal percentage of water. What is to be done? Are farmers to be exempted from the Act, or is the Government prepared to proceed against the guilty cows?

**The World's Apple Crop**

The phenomenal importations of foreign apples which have taken place quite recently, and are still in evidence, might almost be misinterpreted to signify that the fruit has come to be regarded as the chief constituent of Christmas fare in England, *à la* plum pudding deposed. Of course, that hypothesis would be purely fanciful; the apples come here in such prodigious quantities solely because the world's present supply immeasurably exceeds its present demands. We doubt whether there is any previous record of equal prodigality on the part of beneficent Pomona. Countries so far distant from one another as Canada and Australia tell the same tale of orchards yielding twice or thrice the usual quantity; the United States and Tasmania join the gleeful chorus. But the British and Continental markets are also gorged with exceptionally large home supplies, and as the fruit does not keep very long after it is ripe, cider-makers should be having a very good time. When apple juice is converted into that mild stimulant, the longer it is kept the more does the quality improve. But the thirsty soul has need for caution when old cider is set before him in country quarters; its alcoholic potency increases with age, like the old sort of Edinburgh ale.

## The Bystander

"Stand by,"—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STEARNS

Here is Christmas once more! It seems this year to have come upon us with a suddenness that is surprising. It seems to have taken us unawares, and to have arrived before we are quite ready to receive it. It would appear to be only recently we were lamenting the passing of the longest day, and now we are congratulating ourselves on the departure of the shortest. After all, I don't know that anniversaries are absolutely necessary, or altogether pleasant, and I am not sure that if we abolished them altogether, along with birthdays, feast days and dates generally, whether the world would not be considerably happier. It is a question with me whether we do not complicate too clearly the footsteps in the sands of Time, and whether we do not make its milestones somewhat too conspicuous. If we did not decorate them so elaborately and by this means endow them with such distinguished importance we could manage to slip by one or two of them without observation and thus considerably lighten the weariness of the journey of life. I once endeavoured to start a Society of the Suppression of Anniversaries, but the project fell to the ground. It strikes me, however, that all this is beside the object I had in view. That object was to wish my countless readers and correspondents, not only in Great Britain and Ireland, but in the Colonies and in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

The Bedford Head in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, which is shrewdly to be sold, is a modern building; but it occupies the site of a tavern of considerable antiquity, with its ceilings, panelled rooms, a picturesque staircase, and an old-fashioned bar, which one need not be a Methuselah to remember. There was a cheerful room on the first floor which was devoted to the Réunion Club, which met there in the evening, and where assembled in times past George Augustus Sala, the Broughs, Francis Talbot, Frederick Guest, Tomlin, H. J. Byron, Leicester Buckingham, E. L. Blanchard, Stirling Coyne, William Bedford, John Clarke, Edward Draper and others. The entrance to the old house was just opposite the bar which prevented the lane being a thoroughfare. With the removal of that bar the character of the lane—which was at one time one of the quaintest streets in London—has gradually changed.

If I had space I could tell you of Benjamin Rule, the eminent oysterian, and his three sons, of Haynes the barber, and various other characters who peopled this quiet lane, and of the many celebrated people, from Charles Dickens downwards, whom I have met walking through it. There was also another notable club here—and I fancy the rooms are still remaining—that was the Fielding, which numbered among its members Thackeray, Albert Smith and his brother Arthur, Serjants Murphy and Ballantine, Chisholm Austerly, Shirley Brooks, Joseph Langford, Wilde Collins, Peter Cunningham, Julian, Robert Kealey, Samuel Lucas, John Leech, William Beverley, Leigh Murray, Robert Razi, Benjamin Webster, Huddleston, Edmund Yates, and the present Sir William Howard Russell, who had in that period just made his brilliant success as Special Correspondent of the *Times* in the Crimea. Since the removal of the bar alluded to many of the special characteristics of the lane have disappeared. The curious old houses and quaint shops, with the quiet of the place—which gave it almost the aspect of an old country town—have gradually disappeared, but it is still haunted with pleasant ghosts of the past to those who knew it in the good old times.

It is a wonder to me that no art critic has hitherto protested against the iniquity of over-framing pictures. If you look into the matter carefully you will find that nearly every picture is over-framed, and often the more valuable it is the more lavish will be its gilt border. Often the mouldings are so massive and ornate that they cast shadows on the picture, whose merit they are supposed to enhance, while generally speaking the expanse of glittering gilt effectually detracts from the beauty of the painting it enframes. I know this to be the case, both theoretically and practically, for I have on several occasions removed the massive outside member of a frame, and have been absolutely surprised to find how greatly the picture has increased in value. It is not only this, but the massive gilt borderings take up a great deal of room. If you have many pictures and only a limited space for their exhibition this is a very important item. If you took the trouble to make the calculation you would be very much surprised to find what a large amount of wall space at the exhibition of the Royal Academy is occupied by conventional manufacturers' mouldings overlaid with gold leaf.

It amused me very much to see in "Cassell's" excellent column in the *Referer* a paragraph concerning my old friend "Buggins the Builder." It is gratifying to me to see he is still recognised as a type because, a good many years ago, I invented him. I was at that time writing a series of articles in a London weekly paper, which attained considerable popularity, and I was, after my usual custom, inveighing against the builder who had colonised some quaint time-honoured corner of the metropolis, or who had ruthlessly uplaid some secluded rural spot, and I made some remark to the effect that "nothing was sacred to Buggins the Builder." If I had then—once served his any time nowadays—I would look up the article and give its title and date. But, anyway, the name—typifying the spoiler of neighbourhoods and the creator of cheap uninhabitable houses—speedily caught on and eventually passed into general use. I have no doubt "sp allerningsh" article made up something to do with its popularity. If I had spoken of Smith the Mason or Jones the Bricklayer, probably no one would have taken any notice. But Buggins the Builder rolls off the tongue easily, and I am delighted to find my old friend is not forgotten.

# "Place aux Bames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

The weather that prevailed last week—fog, rain, and snow of mood—made life very difficult for those women who were bent on shopping and getting about quickly from place to place. They grumbled, naturally; and yet it is not shopping one of the joys dear to a woman's heart? The man walks into a shop, chooses what he wants, and walks out again, thinking he has done his duty nobly; but a woman, like a butterfly, flits from flower to flower, visits a dozen shops to purchase one trifle, and spends hours walking up her mind as to the merits of a pink or a blue hat. Far be it from me to deny that the results are probably more satisfactory in the case of the woman than the man, for thought and precision and care are all valuable assets in the giving of presents. At the same time, shopping, as women understand it, consumes an unaccountable amount of time which might be otherwise bestowed, and in itself costs a great deal of money, often meaning a trip to town, a stay in an hotel or a club, dinner and a theatre thrown in, and endless cab fares.

It was dingy weather too, for wedding last week, but Lady Violet Finch's wedding gown of ivory chiffon velvet trimmed with Brussels lace, looked both appropriate and luxurious. These new and soft velvets form quite delicious and ideal fabrics for dresses, they are so soft, so clinging, so rich-looking and up to the present their price prohibits any chance of commonness. So few things remain now uncopied in cheap and clumsy imitations; all the luxurious and beautiful things which only money could buy, such as lace, furs, jewellery, velvet, are reproduced in inexpensive materials by the dozen. It takes, consequently, exquisite taste and a long purse to be really better dressed than the average woman. Simplicity and quality must be conscientiously studied, as these are the signs never dreamt of in the philosophy of the crowd.

I see a warning in one of the papers about the danger of ladies carrying their purses in their hands at a season of the year when the multitude is hurrying to and fro in the streets. Will women never have the comfort of pockets, the very A B C of a man's existence, without which he could not live, and which serve all purposes for him, from comfort to generosity, convenience to self-enclosure? Woman, so long as she possesses no pocket, will always remain the inferior sex, and yet, as she has done without this useful adjunct for years, there does not seem much chance of reformation. The capacious pockets of our grandmothers, perhaps, contributed largely to their contentment with their lot and their housekeeping qualities, and that may be the reason why the modern woman will none of them.

A beautifully illustrated book, "Three Generations of Fascinating Women," by Lady Russell, proves, at least, the heredity of beauty. From Mary Beaufort, the pretty maid of honour and friend of Pope, through the beautiful Miss Gunning, Mrs. Dacre, Lady Betty Campbell, and a host of other beauties, the dream of fair women was continued for a century and a half. Their faces were immortalized by Romney, Gainsborough, and Copley, and their histories were mostly romantic. In fact, it seems as though beauty, from the time of Helen of Troy, were invariably commingled with adventurous love affairs. It is the fact that makes the story of lovely women so entrancingly interesting, especially when associated, as it so frequently is, with a peculiar fascination. Beauty is commonly voted dull, but when one reads the stories of Mme. de Pompadour, Mme. Tillyrand, Mme. Kémarie, the Duchess of Gordon, Mrs. Damer, Lady Alibushy, etc., one cannot agree in this dictum. The ladies of that day had not only an individuality of their own, but also a very marked one.

Never were the theatres so full as they are at the present moment: it is almost impossible to obtain a place anywhere, and the decadence of the drama certainly does not seem to affect the managers' pockets. Yet one constantly hears people say as they leave the theatre, "Such a stupid play!" Then why do they go? It is, as was recently suggested, really the fact that men and women both can no longer amuse themselves, that conversation is dead, and it is less trouble in all through an evening and gaze, like children, at a Punch and Judy show, only with a quarter the interested excitement, at something, no matter what, that takes place on the stage? There are always lights, colour, music, and pretty frocks to look at—the latter useful hints for one's dressmaker. It is no wonder good dramatists are few. Though the prizes are big, the chances of success are small, for there are only half a dozen theatres in London where so-called plays can be produced.

The magnificent and instantaneous response of the public to the appeal for "toys for poor children," and for "Christmas Givers," shows the amount of money that is always forthcoming for charitable purposes. It also shows that, given proper organization and forethought on the part of the civil authorities there need never be the painful distress and the ceaseless suffering of which we hear so much. Organization is the last thing which people care about. They invariably wait till the last moment, till the poverty is acute and the suffering unbearable. Why could not a proper scheme of relief for the unemployed have been drawn up beforehand, for everyone knew what the coming winter would bring forth? Tender women's hearts are wrung daily at the mere story of the wants and miseries of their poor sisters, for the time of distress it is always the women and children who suffer most, and yet, with all the amount of money that is willingly poured out, the result is practically nil. Each year sees the same appeal to the charitable public and the same low level of unemployed misery and starvation.

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THE ALDRING ARGYLE,  
THE DASHING DE DION,  
AND MANY OTHERS.

### NO FEATURE, NO FEATURE

Even in this century of quick development and rapid change the automobile industry astonishes. Its rapid progress stands out in bold relief. Its rate of development is phenomenal. Nevertheless the casual visitor to the French Salon is in one sense disappointed. There is nothing new; there is no real change, improvement in detail, but no radical alteration; in short, the absence of feature is the feature of

being ensured by its running in more than four. The top speed obtained by interposing a third gear wheel. Only two methods of conveying the power to the road wheels obtain—chains, or a live axle with level drive. The frame is of stamped steel, and bolts are used in almost all the bearings. The *chassis* has a long wheel-base and the ratio of the gearing in proportion to power is moderate.

### THE CARRIAGE WORK

The car, with a huge engine, two bucket seats, minus exhaust fan, and paint, suitable for the care-taking for anybody motorist, is on the wane. Big luxurious covered-in bodies are the feature, splendidly hung. Two of the best examples were on the Dietrich and Martini stands are as comfortable as Pullman cars. Such vehicles will quickly change our methods of locomotion. Even at moderate speeds they provide a quick and convenient means of accomplishing a short journey.

this big December show. Up to last year the design and detail of the petrol-engined *chassis* was ever in a state of flux—constant changes and indecision amongst the manufacturers made it hard to foresee finally. The present Salon indicates that design has crystallized, that it has become permanent. The locomotive and the cycle have nowadays taken a fixed and hardly alterable form, as too has the modern motor.

### UNIFORMITY

All inventors aiming at the same result, proceeding, maybe, on different lines, meet eventually in one universal type. The design and construction of the motor-car seem now to have reached this stage. Speaking generally, the coming type of car has a vertical engine with four cylinders running in a medium speed of 900 to 1,200 revolutions, all valves are mechanically operated, and the approximate dimensions of the engine are 1000, here by 1300, stroke. Carburation is automatic, ignition is by magnets, either high or low tension—the drive is taken by a metal-to-metal friction clutch—long life and sweetness of application in an oil bath. The speeds are never is direct, while the reverse is

### BEAR AND FORBEAR

Rush and hurry scurry are the predominant notes of the twentieth century. Whether we like it or not the world now moves more quickly, more rapidly. The motor fits in with the mood of the age—the motor enlists, the motor develops it, and in turn is a development of the age. There are *pros* and *cons*, uses and abuses, but the car has come to stay. The splendid vehicles assembled at the Paris Salon prove that nothing can prevent the ultimate triumph of the petrol car. Almost as quick as a railway train, it possesses elasticity, mobility. One can begin and end a journey without calling other means of transit to your aid. We are a conservative nation, averse to change, and many of us dislike the motor. Its very charm is a temptation. Its speed power is a constant temptation to its devotees. Speed fascinates, attracts. Like some insidious drug, the more you have the more you want. Let those who now condemn the motorist realize the temptations of the spark advance and the open throttle. Let those, too, who motor (and this is far more important) think of the grave inconvenience caused by thoughtless driving. A little more tolerance, a little more courtesy and consideration, and the next few years, which are to witness gigantic changes in methods of road transit, will pass more easily. Let "Bear and forbear" be the motto for 1905.

ALFRED C. HUNTER.

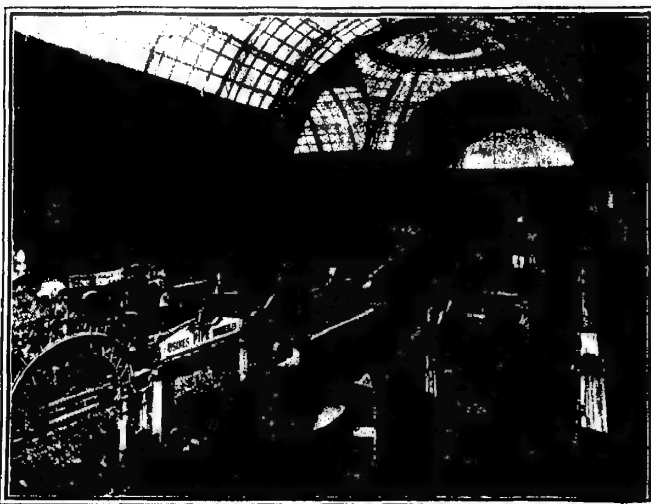
## Dispersing Art Treasures

One result of the anti-Clerical policy now being pursued in France, writes a Paris correspondent, will be to enrich the museums with a number of valuable works of art. These are the pictures of the Crucifixion which have been removed from the walls of the various courts of justice. In every French court a picture of Christ on the Cross hung behind the President's seat, and the witnesses were supposed to look on it



Since the capture of Port Arthur, the Japanese have been able to train their guns on the Russian fleet in Port Arthur, with such accuracy that all the ships have been practically disabled or sunk, except the *Verdugo*. This battleship took refuge from the gunfire outside the harbour, was torpedoed by the Japanese, and is now completely crippled.

THE LAST OF THE PORT ARTHUR FLEET: THE BATTLESHIP *VERDUGO*, WHICH HAS BEEN TORPEDOED BY THE JAPANESE



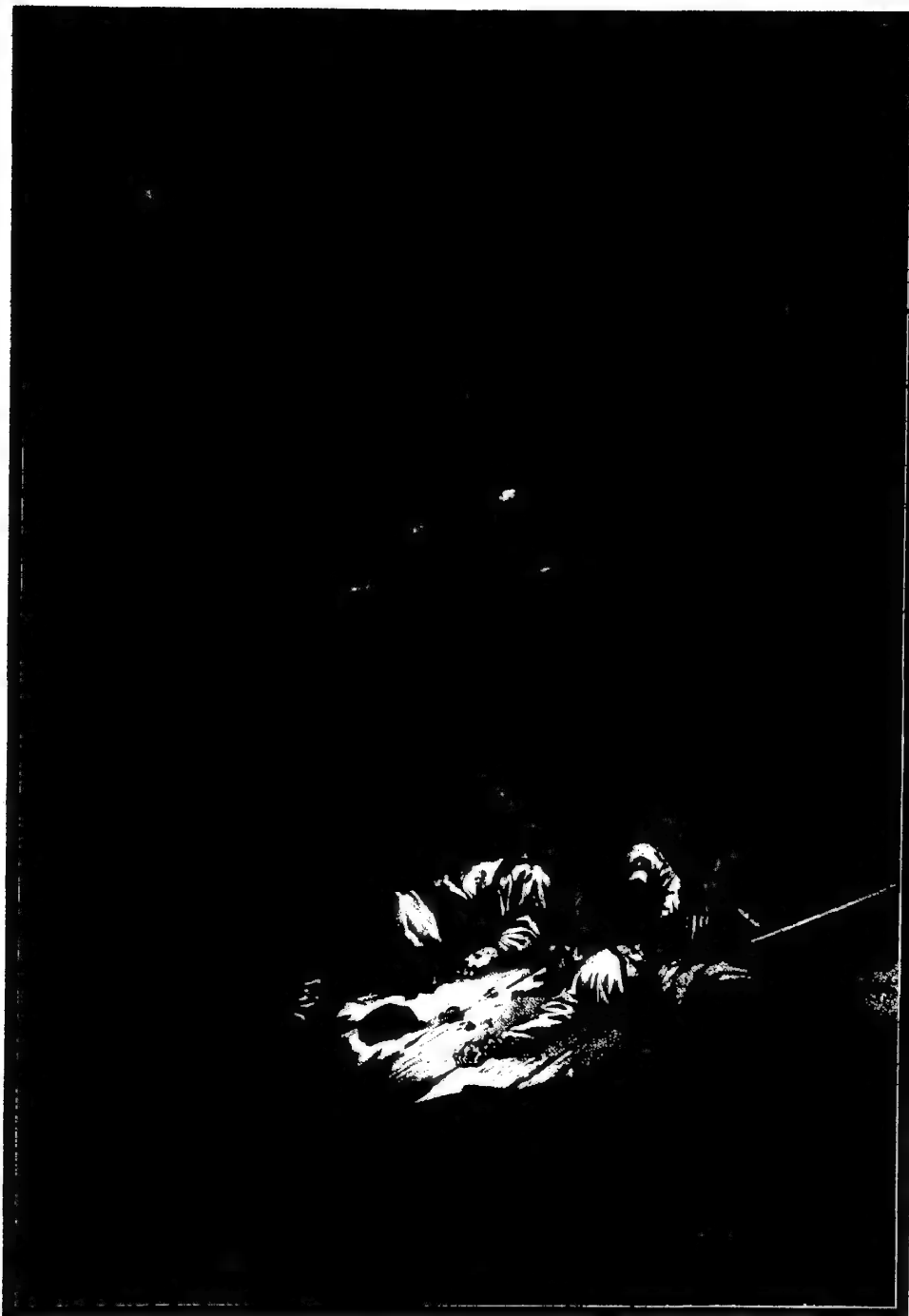
THE AUTOMOBILE SALON IN PARIS: GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION

From Photographs by Brander and Co., Paris.

at the moment they took the oath. On their removal some of the opponents of the Government declared that the witnesses would no longer feel bound by their oath, and would perjure themselves without scruple—a curious view for people to take who pretend to be the true friends of law and order. One of the finest of these pictures was the celebrated triptych which hung in the Court of Appeal in Paris. It had originally hung in the Parliament of Paris, and in the month of Germinal, in the seventh year of the First Republic, it was exhibited in the Central Museum of Arts. In the year 1808 Napoleon ordered it to be transferred to the Palais de Justice. Here it has hung ever since, though for years the Louvre laid claim to it, as a work that should by right hang on the walls of a national gallery, where it could be seen by all, and not in the chamber of a Court of Appeal, where it could be seen by but a limited number of people. It was originally ascribed to Albert Durer, then to Van Eyck and to other Flemish painters. It is, however, really the work of an unknown master of the School of Paris, and was painted about 1480. The Louvre has now carried its point, and the famous triptych will shortly adorn the walls of the great national museum, "which," to use the words of the Minister of Justice in his letter to the Minister of Fine Arts, "can alone assure this beautiful work the position which is due to it and the number of admirers it merits." The "Christ" by Hemmer, which hung in one of the chambers of the Court of Cassation, will be sent to the Luxembourg before taking its place in the Louvre. A rule exists to which no exception is ever made—that no work of any painter can be hung in the latter gallery until ten years after his death.

FINE ART.—From the Art Union of London we have received a copy of their presentation plate, to be issued to members of that society for the current year. The plate consists of an admirable etching by C. O. Murray, of the painting "The Miller's Meadow," by Alfred East, A.R.A. The picture was exhibited in the New Gallery last year, and was generally considered to be one of the finest of the artist's compositions. Mr. East himself regards the plate as the best etching of his work ever produced. The picture, it should be added, was painted in the Lambourne valley, Berkshire, in the miller's meadow of Boxford Mill.





DRAWN BY GEORGE SCOTT

FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT

There have been days when the Japanese guns have scarcely ceased to shell the forts from dawn till night. The gallant defenders have stuck to their work in spite of the terrific bombardment. Sometimes, indeed, a gun has only been silenced because, as in our illustration, there was none left alive to man it.

SILENCED: AN EPISODE IN THE DEFENCE OF PORT ARTHUR



HYDE PARK IN THE SEASON—B.C. 28  
(AT THAT TIME FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, IT WAS CALLED "PAINTED HYDE PARK")



HIS FIRST DRESS COAT



LOVERS, THEN AS NOW, WERE  
PERTINENT IN EXCUSES FOR BEING LATE



"MY DANCE, I THINK?"  
(IN THESE DAYS IT WAS GENERALLY A TRIUMPH OF MATTER OVER KIND)



SPORT WAS THE DELIGHT OF THE CAVALIERS—NOTHING LAYE (THE MAJORITY OF) THEM FORGOT  
THEY WERE WATCHING A BEAR HUNT—1874. IT IS NOW KNOWN THAT THE SO-CALLED DAVID STONES WERE REALLY  
SAFETY GRAB STANDS—SEE PATENT OFFICE REPORT OF THE INVENTOR



THE DAWN OF LUXURY, CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, COMMENCED IN SCOTLAND WHEN  
THE 21st PLACED, OF THAT 1st (B.C. 43) THREW HIS TWO AGES INTO THE  
HIS OWN BALL PILLOWS—OF COURSE THE OLD CANTY MAN WAS ANGRY.

A PAGE FROM THE EARLY HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN: FROM AN ANCIENT MS. NOT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

DRAWN BY W. BALATON



"Their walk to chapel next morning was humorously elevated by Porthjuflyan into a triumphal procession. Subdued cheers were raised, hats were doffed, curtains dropped, and a loud of wretched-looking imaginary drums cleared the way for the pair. Julia walked along, rigidly unconscious, her pretty nose in the air; while the victim of Jankyn, his hand nervously grasping the unruly hat, alternately twisted an uneasy deprecating grin, and relaxed the same to whatever a savage 'I told 'em so!' in his wife's ear."

## THE SILK HAT

By CHARLES LEE. Illustrated by CECIL ALDIN.

I.

A charitable hope may be expressed that the gentleman from London meant well by it. Either he did, and was singularly lacking in all sense of humour and proportion, or else he was a practical joker of the most abandoned kind, and abominably ungrateful into the bargain. In either case he was near ruffling the domestic happiness of the loveliest young couple in Cornwall.

Mr. Smith came down to Porthjuflyan for his health, and found a hearty welcome and comfortable accommodation at the Rowes' cottage. Jamey Rowe had lately taken Julia Harvey to wife. Everything about the place was spick and span; Julia in her cookery blended the experience of the matron with the enthusiasm of the bride. There were no noisy children about. Mr. Smith came for a week and stayed a month.

On the morning of his departure he walked on the cliffs, to take a last view of the rocks and sea, and to fill his lungs with the last draught of the local air. The local air was in bristling mood that morning; Mr. Smith's hat—of those soft indented felt hats—was rudely snatched from his head and whirled over a sheer two hundred feet of cliff into the Atlantic. So it happened that he drove away from Porthjuflyan with a cloth cap of his host's on his head, and on his lips a gay promise to return or replace the same within a few days.

To say that he was as good as his word would be to make a ridiculous misstatement; he was far better—or worse—than his word. When on the following Saturday the landlady arrived, and the impatient Julia had fetched Jamey up from the beach, and

Jamey had cut the outer string and untied the inner tape and lifted the lid, a brand new, glossy black silk hat was disclosed to their astonished eyes. Exclamations burst simultaneously from the two; Julia's was of unalloyed rapture, Jamey's was flavoured with a spice of dismay.

"Well now," said Julia, as she carefully extracted the gift from its wrappings of tissue paper, "well now, I do call this handsome o' Mr. Smith. A drum hat! How it do shine! Real handsome, to be sure; and cost a pretty penny, I'll be bound."

"Shouldn't wonder," said Jamey, regarding it with uneasy disfavour. "But what's going to do by en? that's what I want to know."

"Do, thou buffhead?" cried Julia, with a fond smile to soften the rude word. "No? Why, wear it, to be sure!" So saying, she poised the hat delicately between her finger-tips; raised herself on her toes, and set it on his head. With her own head prettily on one side she marked the effect.

"Grand! You'm the gentleman, now, Jamey. La! 'tis one o' these proud London clurks I've been and married, and no fisherman at all!"

"But, Julia!" exclaimed her dismayed husband, "I can't go about with this black drum thing 'pon my head. They'll all be laughing upon me."

Julia compressed her lips. "Let 'em laugh if they've a mind to," said she.

"And what's more, I won't!" declared Jamey.

Julia wrinkled her brow. "James Rowe," she said, "you'm talking foolish."

"I'm talking sense," protested Jamey. "But I'd rather talk foolish than look foolish."

Julia's eyes flashed ominously. "James Rowe, you'm going to chapel with me to-morrow in the hat—no hat the kind gentleman went 'er."

Jamey shook his head violently. The hat promptly slid sideways over the close-cropped surface of his skull, and rested rakishly on his left ear.

"There 'tis!" he exclaimed in disgust. "Don't hit me even! Bristly old thing! How's going to keep it on? Tell me that. If I go to take a step, I can feel it wobble."

"You've got to learn," said his wife with determination. "It want some practice, 'course, same as anything else; but if others can wear 'em, so can you. And so you shall."

Again Jamey shook his head, but not until he had first put up a steady hand. Julia stamped her foot.

"And so you shall!" she's peated on a higher note. "This very next Sunday; or else you go to chapel alone."

"Why, Julia!" exclaimed her husband aghast, "we be'n going to quarrel, sure—me and my fond little wife!"

"A lot you care for your fond little wife!" choked Julia. "And—and I've been and married a man with no more pride in him than a wu-worm, and no more kind feelings than a T. Turk!"

At the sight of tears, the first tears of their married life, Jamey did as braver men have done, and surrendered at discretion.

"There! I shall be as you'd wish. There!" The hat fell off unregarded as he proceeded to make his penance in the only possible fashion. But although subdued, he remained unconvinced; and his heart failed him when he thought of the morrow.



## The Theatres

Mr. George Edwards has unquestionably scored another huge success by presenting Messrs Newham-Davis and Paul Rubens's *Lady Macbeth* at the PRINCE OF WALES Theatre. It was received with enthusiasm, and it will probably run a year, though it marks no new departure. A first act of lively plot, a second act in which the plot all but disappears—this is quite as it should be according to tradition—but the book is something above the average, while Mr. Paul Rubens's music is bright and sparkling, and the mounting has been done with lavish splendour and excellent taste. The rose garden of the first act and the hall of the second are gorgeous and yet tasteful, and the dresses are singularly rich and beautiful. But the great thing is that popular individuals have great opportunities for distinguishing themselves. To ensure success Mr. Edwards provided not one but four popular favourites, namely, Mr. Marston Farkos, Mr. G. F. Huntley, Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, and Mr. Fred. Enney, and we must be grateful to him for giving us the opportunity of dropping in any evening after dinner to hear and see the perfect technique of Mr. Marston Farkos, which never fails to please because it is perfect of its kind. Grateful too, with an even larger gratitude, must we be to the manager who keeps Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald in London to show us

given of a new comedy by Mr. Bertie Thomas, part author of that clever play, *The Wandering Jew*. It was called *A Little Brown Brunk*, and was of no particular merit; indeed the audience, as a whole, seemed indisposed to be interested. Briefly it told of a woman living down the inevitable past who "ran" a farmhouse with paying guests, who one suchall were supposed to justify their existence by working. She falls in love with the manager of the farm, who reciprocates it, but ultimately he transfers his affections to some one younger and fairer and without a past, while the woman, we are given to understand, is going to find happiness eventually with one of the guests. It is all rather unconvincing, though Miss Winifred Fraser played the heroine with distinction, and Mr. Graham Browne, one of the cleverest of our younger actors, was distinctly good as the faithful lover.

*Eager Hunt*, by Miss Alice M. Buckton, which has been performed in the Great Hall of Lincoln's Inn, is in its way quite a charming little Christmas play—charming in conception that is to say, but inadequately written. It is based on an old superstition that on Christmas Eve the Christ child makes a progress through the land, and that people prepare their homes in case He passes that way. Eager Fame, one sister, waits for Him in the Capitol, Eager Sense waits elsewhere, only the third sister, little Eager Hunt, prepares for His reception in her own simple dwelling. Just as she

written by Arthur Collins and J. Hickory Wood, with music by James M. Glover. Mr. Collins has just issued a charming booklet concerning his *White Car* pantomime.

DRURY LANE, of course, opens its wide doors on Boxing Night (at 7.30 sharp) the pantomime begins, and on the following night *Peter Pan*; or, *The Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up*, by J. M. Barrie, is due at the THEATRE OF YORK. The story of Mr. Barrie's play comes from his book, "The Little White Bird," and tells of poor little Peter's adventures in Kensington Gardens, where, failing to grow up, he becomes a sort of mixture of boy and bird. He finds means, however, to fall in love. The principals will include Miss Dorothea Baird, Miss Hilda Trevelyan, Miss Nina Boucicault (as Peter), Miss Pauline Chase, Miss Joan Barrett, Miss Ella (2), Mrs. Master George Hersey, and Messrs. George Shelton and Gerald Du Maurier. *Peter Pan* is to be repeated twice daily after the first night.

In the suburbs, Mr. Robert Arthur will be responsible for five productions—namely, *Aladdin*, at the KINGSWAY; *Robinson Crusoe*, at the CAMDEN; *Cinderella*, at the CROWN, Beckham; *Red Riding Hood*, at the CROMWELL; and *The Forty Thieves*, at the GRAND, Fulham. All these five pantomimes will be presented to-night (Saturday), thereby stealing a march on "Old Drury."



The Hungarian Diet, though it has an unenviable reputation for "noise," never provided a more discordant spectacle than that which marked the day intended for the opening of the Session last week. A quarter of an hour before the time fixed for the opening the Opposition had mustered in force, the leaders, however, being conspicuous by their absence. Not a single member of the Government was in the House. The disorder began by some of the deputies asking the Parliamentary guard whether, as Hungarians, they were not ashamed of their sister, St. Victor Market, the secretary, proceeded to ascend the platform, but was prevented by the Guard from achieving his purpose. Several Opposition deputies thereupon hastened to his assistance, and a scuffle ensued, in which the Presidential platform was smashed to pieces and the debris thrown on to the benches.

The table of the House was overturned and the ceiling of law lying on it were torn to atoms. With the exception of the Opposition, the Government was not present. The scene was a chaotic one, with debris everywhere and the sound of breaking glass and falling plaster.

### PROUD OF THEIR WORK: OPPOSITION DEPUTIES OF THE HUNGARIAN DIET IN THE CHAMBER THEY HAD WRECKED

(little though he has to do in *Lady Macbeth*) that English art can be even greater than foreign technique; that the finest acting is still ours did we but gather it together and give it a chance! If one were to mention a fifth artist it would be Mr. Leedham Bantock, who as the Colonel sings an anecdotal song about a hoot and a black beetle charmingly—and the word charmingly is used with deliberate intention in spite of its odd connection.

London must count itself richer since Monday last by one very charming playhouse, given to it by the energy and good taste of a doctor who for twenty years has dreamed and worked towards the rebuilding of the old PRINCE OF WALES Theatre, made famous by the Bantock management. The new theatre on the old site is built on a novel plan, the idea of the owner, Dr. Dustin Maddick. It has a grand staircase on both sides of the auditorium connecting the stalls with the dress circle, which is certainly a happy innovation. The SCALA Theatre, as it is now called, has been built by Mr. Verity, the architect of the IMPERIAL Theatre as reconstructed for Mrs. Langtry. It was opened by Lady Bancroft, in the presence of all the leading lights of the theatrical world, and its white marble and red upholstery were greatly admired.

At the COURT Theatre on Wednesday afternoon a matinee was

is ready there arrive three weary travellers, man, woman and child. Her kindly heart is touched; at the risk of missing the great event she takes them in and ministers to them, and subsequently finds that the travellers are those whom she looked to see come in other guise. Where Miss Buckton is most simple she is most successful, and the production was well worth seeing.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE, where Mr. Pinero's ecstatic doll has danced its last dance and been inconspicuously cut down, opens on Boxing Night, at 8.15, with *Peggy MacArre*, a "new play with music," written by Patrick Bidwell.

### THE PANTOMIMES

The extensive alterations and improvements at DRURY LANE include changes in connection with the amphitheatre (or upper circle) and the gallery. Both of these tiers are absolutely new, and splendid improvements upon the previous system. Four new staircases have been added, thus affording a perfect arrangement of exits. The new stage, all of non-flammable teak, and fitted with steel ropes and girders, is so pitched as to afford a far better sight-

Other pantomimes due to-night include Mr. Mulholland's *Red Riding Hood*, at the KINGS, Hammersmith; *Two in Boots*, at the ELEPHANT AND CASTLE; and *Beauty and the Beast*, at the GRAND, Woolwich. Suburban pantomimes to be produced on Boxing Day include the following:—*Aladdin*, at the BEXLEY; *The Rake in the Wood*, at the WEST LONDON; *Aladdin*, at the MAREBOROUGH, Holloway; *The Golden of the Sun*, at the BRITANNIA; *The Forty Thieves*, at the BROMLEY; *Seaforth*; *The Rake in the Wood*, at the GRAND, Islington; *Cinderella*, at the ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington; *Dick Whittington*, at the BROADWAY, New Cross; *Dick Whittington*, at the SHAKESPEARE, Clapham; *Pick Whittington*, at the PAVILION; and *Sandak* at the OLYMPIA, Crouch End.

At the Crystal Palace the pantomime will be *The Rake in the Wood*. The circus in the centre-entrance will again be a great feature. The company will include the Tokio Troupe of Japs, and some Russian equestrians. In the pantomime Mr. Will Foulks will be the "star."

At the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA on and after Boxing Day three performances a day will be given with a special Christmas programme.



"BOB-APPLE": AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS GAME

DRAWN BY SYDNEY E. HALL, M.V.O.

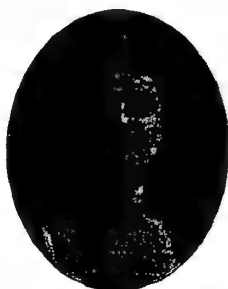


WRITTEN BY C. H. BROCK

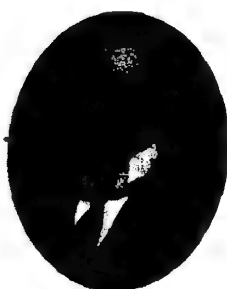
BONDS TEMPORARY AND PERMANENT A BACHELOR CURED



CAPTAIN J. R. JELlicoe, C.B.  
New Director of Naval Ordnance.



MISS DAISY LEITER  
To be married on the 27th.



THE EARL OF SUFFOLK



M. MARK RUCHET  
The new President of the Swiss Republic.



THE SOUTH-WEST CHAPEL, ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN ARRANGED FOR THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE

DRAWN BY H. C. BREWER

### The Chapel of St. Michael and St. George

The accompanying illustration of the western portion of the south-west chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral, which the Chapter has generously assigned to the Order of St. Michael and St. George as its shrine or Chantry (the suggestion having been originally made by Archdeacon Sinclair), shows what its appearance will be when the stalls, seating, etc., are completed. The illustration necessarily shows only a part of the chapel. Facing the entrance there is to be a new painted window, beneath which will be placed, on an ornamental lectern, the Register of the Order, containing the names of members, with a special record of those members (styled the "Founders") by whose voluntary contributions the cost of the renovation of the Chapel will be met. At the east end there will be a handsome reredos and altar. All the designs are being prepared by the architect to the Chapter, Mr. Somers Clarke, F.S.A., in his capacity of architect to the Chapel Committee.

The central stall at the west end is, of course, that of the Sovereign. On the right of this will be the stall of the Prince of Wales, and on the left that of the Grand Master. The other stalls in the upper row are being assigned to those Knights Grand Cross, in the order of their seniority, who, being contributors to the Chapel Fund, provide their banners and escutcheons. Each stall will be surmounted by the Knight's banner, as shown by two specimen banners in the illustration. The lower tier of seats will be allotted to Knights Commander, also in order of seniority; and on the floor will be ornamental chairs for Companions, provided by the munificence of one of the Companions of the Order.

The subscriptions already paid or promised by less than half of the members of the Order, amounting to upwards of £4,000, have enabled the Chapel Committee to give orders for the carved woodwork of the stalls and seats as shown, which will absorb the amount; and if contributions to a similar extent continue to come in freely from those members who have not yet signified their intentions in the matter, it should be possible to complete and open the chapel during the coming year. It will be recognised as a really beautiful ornament of the cathedral, and worthy of the "Most Distinguished Order" and its Sovereign.

ROBERT G. W. HERBERT, Chancellor.

### Our Portraits

The Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire is to wed Miss Daisy Leiter, at Washington, on December 27. Two days later the future Countess and the Earl leave for England, where the honeymoon will be spent at Charlton Park, his place near Malpasbury. Henry Molyneux Paget Howard, Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, was born September 13, 1877, and is the eldest son of the eighteenth Earl and Mary Eleanor Lauderdale. He succeeded his father in 1898, since when he has been A.D.C. to the Viceroy of India. He owns about 10,000 acres and possesses a famous collection of Old Masters. Miss Leiter is a younger daughter of the late Mr. L. Z. Leiter, of Washington, U.S.A., and sister to Lady Curzon. Our portrait of the Earl of Suffolk is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, and that of Miss Daisy Leiter, by H. W. Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

Captain J. R. Jellicoe, the newly appointed Director of Naval Ordnance, is an officer deeply versed in the scientific and practical aspects of gunnery. As a young officer he had a brilliant college career, and he gained the C.B. four years ago, when he acquitted himself with distinction as Sir Edward Seymour's chief staff officer in China. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

M. Mark Ruchet is the new President of the Swiss Republic.

General Sir Richard Campbell Stewart entered the Madras Army fifty-one years ago, and served through the Indian Mutiny with the Mysore Silladar Horse, attached to the Kurnool Movable Column. He was present at the attack on Shorapore on February 8, 1853, on which occasion he was dangerously wounded by two sword cuts. In 1886-87 he served with the Burmese Expedition in command of a brigade sent to the Ruby Mines, a service for which he received a mention in despatches, the thanks of the Governor-General in Council, and the Companionship of the Bath. After his return to India he was brigadier-general of the Hyderabad Contingent for four years, and from 1890 to 1895 he was in command of the



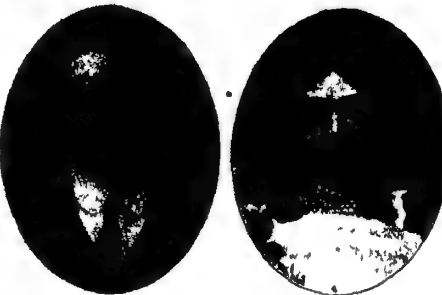
Darna district. For his services in the operations in the Chin Hills in 1892-93, during his command of the Burma district, General Stewart was made a Knight Commander of the Bath. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Ven. John William Diggle was born in Pendleton in 1847, and is the eldest brother of Mr. J. R. Diggle, formerly of the London School Board. He was educated at Manchester Grammar School, and won a mathematical posthumouship at Marton College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1870 with a first-class in law and modern history. After lecturing for a time at Marton, he was ordained in Manchester diocese, and served curacies at Whalley Range, All Saints', Liverpool, and Watton-on-the-Hill. In 1875 he was nominated by trustees to the important vicarage of Mosley Hill, Liverpool, where he carried on a very successful work for twenty-one years. He was rural dean of Childwall from 1882, and Bishop Ryle made him an honorary canon in 1886. In 1896 he was appointed Canon of Carlisle and Archdeacon of Westmorland. Since 1901 he has been rector of St. Martin's, Birmingham. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Dr. Gore, the distinguished editor of *Lux Mundi*, is only fifty-one years of age, and has had a remarkable career since he left Balliol College. After acting successively as Vice-Principal of Gaiden College, Librarian of the Pusey Library, and Vicar of Radley, he became in 1904 Canon of Westminster. He continued to reside and work in the metropolis until he was appointed to Worcester, and during this period added a number of works to the long list which already bore his name. He became the first Bishop of the new See of Birmingham, which has a population of about 600,000. Our portrait is by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Dr. Hyslop Wolcott Vestman Biggs, who has been Suffragan Bishop of Southwark since 1891, was born in 1845. After his ordination, for which he received training under Dr. Vaughan, he was curate of St. Edmund's, Salisbury, being for two years chaplain to Bishop Moberly. In 1877 the Bishop appointed him to the vicarage of Northbury, Wiltshire, and in 1879 he began his long connection with Church work in South London on his nomination to the vicarage of St. Bartholomew's, Sydenham, where he had a large and prosperous congregation. In 1891, the year of the present Primae's appointment to the See of Rochester, Canon Vestman, as he then was, became Suffragan Bishop, taking his title from Southwark. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mrs. Chadwick is now very prominently before the public in connection with an affair which seems on the face of it to bear strong resemblance to the Humbert case. She was first arrested on a charge of aiding and abetting a bank official in embezzlement, and she was the proud possessor of a package (not a safe, like her prototype), which though alleged to contain five million dollars' worth of collateral securities, when opened was found to contain paper, the intrinsic value of which was nil. The most interesting discovery was a note for 5,000,000 dollars, bearing the name of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, but besides that it is reported that there was also a similarly signed trust agreement purporting to be a receipt for interest-bearing securities to the value of 7,500,000 dollars, delivered to Mr. Carnegie by Mr. F. R. Mason, a deceased uncle of Mrs. H. Chadwick. These securities were represented to be bonds of the United States Steel Corporation, the Caledonian Railway (Scotland), and the Great Western Railway (England), a promissory note for 1,800,000 dollars, signed by Emily and Daniel Pine, payable to Mrs. Chadwick, and a mortgage securing the same. Mr. Carnegie denies having signed any of the papers, and declares that he has no knowledge of Mrs. Chadwick whatever. A telegram from Oberlin, Ohio, says that the confession of Mr. Beckwith, president of the wrecked Citizens' National Bank, explains that Mrs. Chadwick secured immense loans by a written undertaking from that bank to act as trustee for the mythical 5,000,000 dollar estate in consideration of its receiving some 40,000 dollar loans when the loans were paid. Besides this, Mr. Beckwith and Mr. Spear, the cashier, were to receive 10,000 dollars each per annum for their trouble. Mrs. Chadwick's statement that she was a relative of Mr. Carnegie calmed their doubts. The Oberlin Bank served as a clearing house for Mrs. Chadwick's manipulations, this finally resulting in the arrest of the president and the cashier for endorsing her notes to enable them to pass



MR. T. W. LAWSON  
The Wall Street "Bear"

MRS. CHADWICK  
Of the American Humbert case

through other banks. A special Federal Grand Jury has indicted Mrs. Chadwick on the two counts of forgery and uttering forged documents. Mrs. Chadwick pleads not guilty to all the indictments. Mr. Beckwith, President of the Oberlin National Bank, and Mr. Spear, the cashier, have also pleaded not guilty, and have been released on bail of 25,000 dollars each.

The Right Hon. William Broderick Tollemache, second Baron Tollemache, of Helmingham, Suffolk, was born on July 4, 1832. He was Conservative M.P. for West Cheshire from 1872 till 1885, when he retired. He succeeded to the peerage on the death of his father in 1890. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Something very like a panic was experienced on the New York Stock Exchange nearly a fortnight ago, with unusual attendant circumstances. The collapse in prices on Wall Street has been largely attributed to a "bear" raid carried out by Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, a Boston operator, who literally flooded the United States with advertisements denouncing the manoeuvres of stock gamblers interested in flooding the public. These advertisements in the United States are now known by the name of "Lawsongrams," and have also been published in certain journals in London, as well as on the Continent, and would certainly seem well calculated to occasion a bit of nerves. Mr. Lawson's operations were in the main confined to Amalgamated Copper, an attack on the shares of which property, by means of the Lawsongrams, warning the public that attempts were being made to hoist the price far above its intrinsic value, to the relief of present holders, was facilitated by the general market conditions. It was seen that stocks had passed into weak hands, and a wholesale dump in quotations resulted in the throwing over of securities by multitudes of "bulls" who had not the wherewithal to "conspire" their account by the deposit of "margins." The result has certainly been to clear the financial atmosphere, and speculation in Wall Street will probably be carried on for some time to come within narrower limits. Meantime, Mr. Lawson is still breathing forth his denunciations. By his last raid he knocked twenty points off the value of Amalgamated Copper shares, and his announcement has convinced that a further decline of at least twenty-five points is awaited. Having stated this fact, the latest Lawsongram in London contains the following:—"Every owner of an active Stock, in which 'The System' (i.e., gambling margins) has any interest owes it to himself to weigh my warning paragraph. The result must be terrible for Wall Street and 'The System' and nothing can avert it. It matters not how much preparation is made, as it will come in a way not possible to guard against. I want all to know now, so they will not blame me when the slaughter is on. My first and only warning will come in the form of a public notice that certain named stocks should be sold the day my advertisement appears. Three days afterwards I will publish why, but with the 'why' it will be too late for holders of stock to save themselves." This warning was issued a week ago, confidence is rising in Wall Street, Mr. Lawson is almost forgotten. It remains to be seen whether and in what way his advertisements will be justified.

## Club Comments

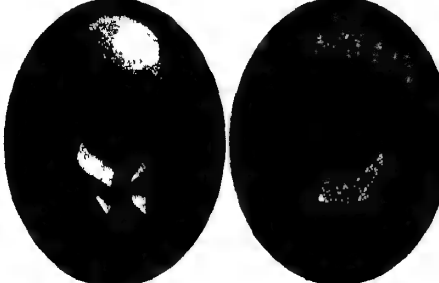
BY "MARMALADE"

Take care of the parents, the children will take care of themselves. The altogether altered circumstances of life make it necessary to write the proverb, and this revised maxim will certainly be considered wise by thousands of careful and intelligent children. "A Constant Reader" of this series of "Comments" have addressed the following letter to the writer:—"Sir, My father was educated at one of the great public schools of England, where he was taught much Greek and Latin, and little else. That was in the fifties. In early life in the world he was considered to be a polished gentleman, a good manager of his estate, and a useful man on the bench. During the past forty years there have been rapid and enormous changes, even education for practical purposes have attracted a man, the value and returns of land have greatly diminished, and business has become the chief feature of our times.

"As the income which my father derived from his property continued to seriously diminish, and as he was accustomed to be praised for his intelligence and his management of the estate, he imagined that he would be able to augment his fortune by investing money in stocks and shares, and by judiciously speculating. He did not perceive that one form of character and education might make a man a very wise manager of an estate, and much admired for his ability in the circumstances which formerly existed, and that it required altogether different characteristics and abilities to succeed in business, and in our time the result is that he has lost the whole of the fortune which he inherited, the estate has been sold, together with the art treasures which our ancestors had accumulated in many generations, and he now perceives that he was trained and educated according to methods suitable for circumstances of one order, and was destined to live in the surroundings of another. I write this not to direct him towards him of course, but for the sake of you of my age, and of my acquaintances, have been ruled by their fathers through almost the same causes, and I wish to call attention to that."

This letter will show more clearly than any elaborate description would, how great and rapid have been the changes which have occurred during the past half century. There is a sum—and there are hundreds like him—who has been carefully trained and educated at one of the most celebrated schools to lead the life which many of his ancestors did, and he ends his career admitting that this very training and education have unfitted him to succeed in the altered circumstances.

The New Sun must be somewhat irritating to the Old. I like the former returns home for the Christmas holidays and says:—"I see you have horses, carriages, and stables. How old-fashioned you are, you should have motor cars and a garage. Moreover, it is really too bad to find the house full of jamon when everybody has pineapple now. You use electric bells still. I see, you should have house telephones and that would enable you to do with less servants. Do you not subscribe to the National or the Local Office telephone? It is astonishing. My sisters were desirous to use yesterday the inconvenience caused to them, and the whole household by the spring cleaning. Have you not yet heard that this is a new dance, quickly and much more thoroughly by machinery? There are several political newspapers on the library table, but where is a historical paper? My dear father, I should know that political events in these days are chiefly interesting in that they may affect financial operations. I English country, it is barbarous." Jointly publishing, and says and he should tell us why that is what they give. The minutes of their instructions. My sisters are learning to sing? What is the use of that when there are gramophones, which reproduce the best songs sung into them by the great singers? Surely it is better to listen to Calvé than to Gaby? If they want to be popular with the right kind of men, let them smoke cigarettes, drink champagne, out of tumblers, and spend most of the day and the night playing at bridge for big stakes. However all that only indirectly affects me at the moment, but I must insist upon a tape machine being added to the house, by the Long Vacation for it is seen only important that I should know at once the very latest movements of stocks and shares and the latest betting on the racetrack.



THE LATE GENERAL SIR B. G. STEWART  
Indian Military Veteran.



THE VEN. J. W. DIGGLE  
Appointed Bishop of Carlisle



THE RIGHT REV. HYSLOP VESTMAN BIGGS, D.D.  
Appointed Bishop of Worcester



THE LATE LORD TOLLEMACHE



1. The Lecturer was intent on his notes for his lecture on "Reformed Burglars." The Lady was occupied with a *Thru-the-Window* Number, and never noticed that he took her bag instead of his own.



2. "And now, ladies and gentlemen," said the Lecturer, at the close of a moving discourse, "if my lord, the chairman, will permit some members of the committee to lay out the contents of that bag on the table, I shall have pleasure in showing you some of the instruments of evil that these burglars have achieved for ever."



3. Meanwhile the Lady had arrived to take up the position of nursery governess to the Bishop's grandchildren. She employed herself making the acquaintance of her charges—



4. Unconscious of the frightful discovery being made (on unpacking her bag) of all the preparations for an elaborate burglary, and disguise, if necessary.



5. The Bishop, having with some reluctance brought the Lecturer home for tea, was met by his wife with the frightful account of the real character of the new nursery governess.



6. Explanations and introductions followed, and matters were thus brought to a happy conclusion.



7. In fact, so happy, that even if they should happen to muddle up their luggage again it would be a matter of minor importance.

#### THE LECTURER AND THE LADY'S LUGGAGE: A ROMANCE OF A PENNY READING

SKETCHED BY MARIE INCE



"THIRD CLASS": A STUDY OF CHARACTER

DRAWN BY LAURE GALEN





IN PREY



THE STALKER STALKED



A HASTY SHOT



THE VICTIM



INSPECTION IN THE MORNING

men were now bushing up the fires, and the cook—with great presence of mind—got four or five of the men with sticks, and with some kerosene oil rapidly made some fires. I then noticed the donkey was gaining more to the left of the centre, and, led by the growling, which was going on continuously and furiously, I crept on my hands and knees past the donkey for a couple of yards, and the men with the torches were a little behind my right shoulder. Suddenly the torches flamed up brightly, and the lion being behind me somewhat, I was not dissatisfied by it, but saw the lion dragging off a step. It did not take me more than one second to snap both barrels at him, and his howl at once ceased, and on getting two more cartridges, and re-trimming the torches, we then advanced, and found him lying on his side, giving a few expiring gasps, with his nose

touching the donkey's throat, a trickle of blood flowing down from under his left eye; and as I afterwards found—he had got the other bullet in the nape of the neck. The donkey was quite dead, and the lion seemed to have expired as we drew quite close. Suddenly he drew a deep growling breath, and his flanks heaved, and I found myself alone, for the Somalis turned and fled, and I must say I lacked a few yards too. However, it was apparently a final gasp, as they soon brought back the torches, and, finding the lion quite dead, we dragged him close up to the tent for fear of any hyena sneaking through the thorn fence and damaging his skin, and we turned in until daylight, when all were astir again, and we replaced the lion as he had fallen, photographed the scene, and skinned our prize."

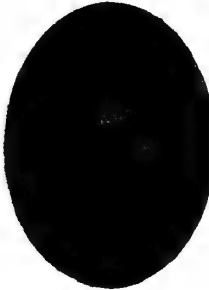
# A LION IN SOMALILAND.



ALBERT SMITH



ARLENE WARD



EDMUND YATES

FREDERICK MACCANN  
Reproduced from the *Harbinger* by kind  
permission of the Proprietors.

## The Passing of the Egyptian Hall

BY J. ANDREW STERRY

To those who were children when I was a child and to the young people of my youth there is no what so-called "Egyptian Hall" was not only an important of wonder and amusement, but it was an institution. Having existed many, many years (for my day we were born it was erected and opened as Bullock's Museum three years before the Battle of Waterloo—we looked upon it as an element of our city as important and as imperishable as London Bridge, the Tower, and St. Paul's Cathedral). But as the first has been improved the second has subjected alterations, in the third and to be somewhat shaky in its foundations, one can scarcely be surprised to hear that the Egyptian Hall is about to be demolished. To give a history of all I have seen within its walls would be somewhat wearisome, but perhaps a few of the most notable.

My first recollection of the Egyptian Hall was one of the very first of my life. I was taken as a child to a reception by General Tom Thibault. He appeared upon what was very like an enormous dining table covered with crimson cloth, around which his audience stood. I can recall that I was somewhat of a drowsy figure, as my eyes were only just able to peer over the edge of the table. But I have a distinct recollection of his various impersonations of Frederick the Great, a Highland Chief, and Napoleon. Also of his imitations of Greek statues, his songs and his speeches all delivered in an odd, shrill little voice. It was on this occasion too that I first saw Phineas T. Barnum, who afterwards developed into the great American showman and whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making many years subsequently. My next visit to the hall was to see Captain Oglethorpe and his collection of weapons and costumes. As children we were not interested in dry and meagre things. There was a "poor Indian whose untutored mind did not prompt him either to indulge in a war dance or scalp anyone, and who was apparently relying on his unbecomingly useless. There was also the first museum I had ever seen, which inspired within me a wholesome distrust of museums that continues to the present day. A museum always seems to me a collection of things that no one would on any account keep in their private houses, and so they are generously devoted to the masses and an I mystification of the British public. I believe I was taken to this exhibition to improve my mind, in spite of the fact that I always objected to it, but which as a small boy I especially resented. I am inclined now, ever, to think that this show inspired an Indian epic which I subsequently wrote at a tender age. Fortunately this has entirely faded from my memory, except the concluding lines, which ran as follows—

Owens! Children take the Hall Road!  
For the War is also a hall road!  
At the end of the hall road, home!

It seems to me the metaphors are somewhat mixed, and there does not appear to be much sense in the lines. Well, after all, you cannot expect to find sense in an epic in whatever age you may write it, can you? It will be noted that my first and second experiences of the Hall were due to American enterprise. The third may be ascribed to the same source. This was Barnard's

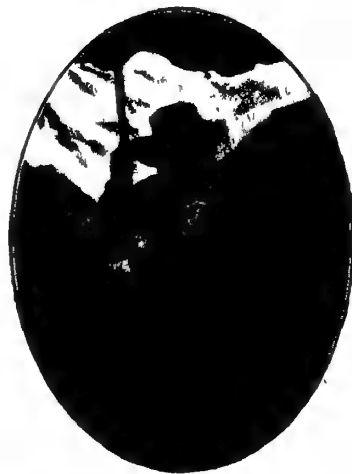
played the piano. Sometimes the piano and the lecturer gave a duet, which was not so harmonious as it might be. Altogether the entertainment could scarcely be called exhilarating, and not a few of the audience dropped off to slumber before their exploration of the Mississippi was completed. There was a great craze for panoramas at this period. Charles Mathews, in *Punch's* *Songs of Christendom*, sang—

Diorama, panoramas, cycloramas—charming ones,  
Mississippi Panoramas four miles long—fading ones!

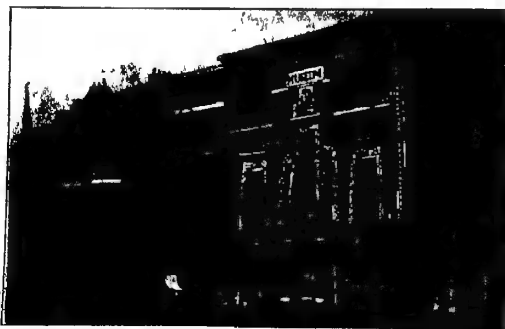
And *Punch* at the same time remarked, "Life is short, but—America—art is long!"

Possibly the pleasantest of all my recollections of the shows of the past at the Egyptian Hall was Albert Smith's famous "Ascent of Mont Blanc." Nothing of a similar kind had been seen before, and nothing of a kindred character has been seen since. Albert Smith was especially qualified for his task, being a man of position, a clever novelist, a popular lecturer, and an experienced traveller long before he took to what he called the show business. He was among the few entertainers I have seen who did not give you the idea that he was making a fool of himself, or whose recital you did not regard with some amount of pity. The whole affair had the aspect of a clever raconteur giving a most amusing description of his adventures in his own house. He illustrated his narrative by a number of excellent pictures by Rev. J. E. B. by models, sketches, and songs. There was no impersonation or dressing up throughout the programme, and the entire lecture was delivered with a rapidity of utterance and clearness of articulation that were indelibly refreshing. His songs were particularly fascinating. Bearing in mind the boredom of the miles of moving canvas of bygone times, he gave us his panorama of the Rhine, and described it as it passed along in a running commentary to the air of "The Fall of Fens." There was also the duty, entitled "Crispian's Messenger," which gave the very latest news of the day, and always concluded the evening. This idea has since been somewhat clumsily imitated in many a modern burlesque.

I have also vivid recollections of "Brown on his Travels," "The Young English Traveller," "Postic Restante," "Murray's Hand Book," and other clever patter songs, likewise of Edwards the Engineer, with his very dull story, the fine St. Bernard man that used to appear in the stalls during the evening, which was immortalized by John Leech in the pages of *Punch*, and countless other features of the unique entertainment, which was pleasantly varied from time to time. The picture given herewith presents an excellent notion of the novel arrangement of the room where the popular recital achieved two thousand representations. I was present on the last night, and, amid a distinguished audience, I recollect seeing a handsome white-haired old lady, who was the mother of the lecturer, and who, naturally, appeared to be very proud of her son's triumph. This marvellous success was followed by "China," for the production of which the author took a rapid run to Hong Kong, which, although very successful, scarcely achieved the popularity of its predecessor. It was on the first night of "China" that I had

ALBERT SMITH  
In his famous Ascent of Mont Blanc.

Panorama of the Mississippi, which, I must admit, was rather a dull diversion. You sat in the dark while miles of illuminated canvas passed before you and a gentleman with a pronounced American accent—whether it was Mr. Barnard himself or not I am unable to say—called your attention to places of interest as the picture passed before you. When the lecturer was not talking, a young lady



THE EGYPTIAN HALL AS A MUSEUM



THE SWISS CHALET, BUILT UP FOR ALBERT SMITH'S LECTURE

Brown—who is visiting the Hotel—sees of the widows of the surrounding country and a wild imagination urges him to carry a revolver



COMING AWAY



When he rides out from British territory

The man answers that here are taking roses across the river



Arrived at the oak wood, he slumbers, but his pony straying, is retrieved



As a woodman who is at hand



Brown wakes, to find, apparently, that his words have been noticed, and fire at random



The gods of war



He decides to hurry home, but on the road the enemy reinforcements



And subsequently a procession is formed to the gate



Luckily they come upon a British picnic, which leads to explanations in Spanish



Followed by elaborate tips and mutual non-judging

# A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE IN GIBRALTAR

DRAWN BY LIEUTENANT H. D. COLLINGS-MORLEY

the pleasure of seeing Charles Dickens and his two daughters occupying the private balcony. There is no doubt that Albert Smith was the making of Switzerland as a holiday resort, but I have not yet heard of a monument to his memory being erected in Savoy, though I believe his rooms in the Hotel de Londres—I remember occupying that suite during my first sojourn in Chamouni—must still be seen.

A few months after the death of Albert Smith, the saloon which he used as a Chinese Museum at the Hall was occupied by Miss Emma Stanley, who had, I believe, originally appeared with considerable success upon the stage. She gave an entertainment entitled "The Seven Ages of Woman." She was especially fortunate in her author, who was E. L. Blanchard. The monologue was witty and in the best taste, and all the lyrics were admirably written and for the most part set to well-known airs, hence they became at once popular with the audience. The quick changes of costume, originally introduced by Woolfin, were here adopted, and the various ages of womanhood, beginning with the baby—the actress personating the old nurse—passing to the schoolgirl and eventually to the white-haired grandmother, were admirably portrayed. Miss Stanley was one of the few instances—if not the only one—of a lady undertaking such a project single-handed. It was an excellent performance, interpreted with infinite skill and spirit, and certainly deserved more encouragement than it received. For I am under the impression that it did not have a very long run.

Two years after the last-named show closed, the large room of the Hall was occupied by "Invitations," which was supported by Edmund Yates and Harold Power. The name of the first was a sufficient guarantee for the literary character of the venture, and that of the second—who, by the way, was a son of Tyne Power, the actor who was lost in the *President*—warranted that the theatrical and historic items would be well looked after. The entertainment, with its sketches of society in town and country, its playful satire on the crazes of the hour and the follies of the moment, was thoroughly amusing from beginning to end. It was provided with two charming scenes by William Beverley, and had the further advantage of illustrations in black and white by John Leech, Mr. W. P. Frith and Mr. Marcus Stone. Harold Power had a charming voice, and his singing of "London Power,"

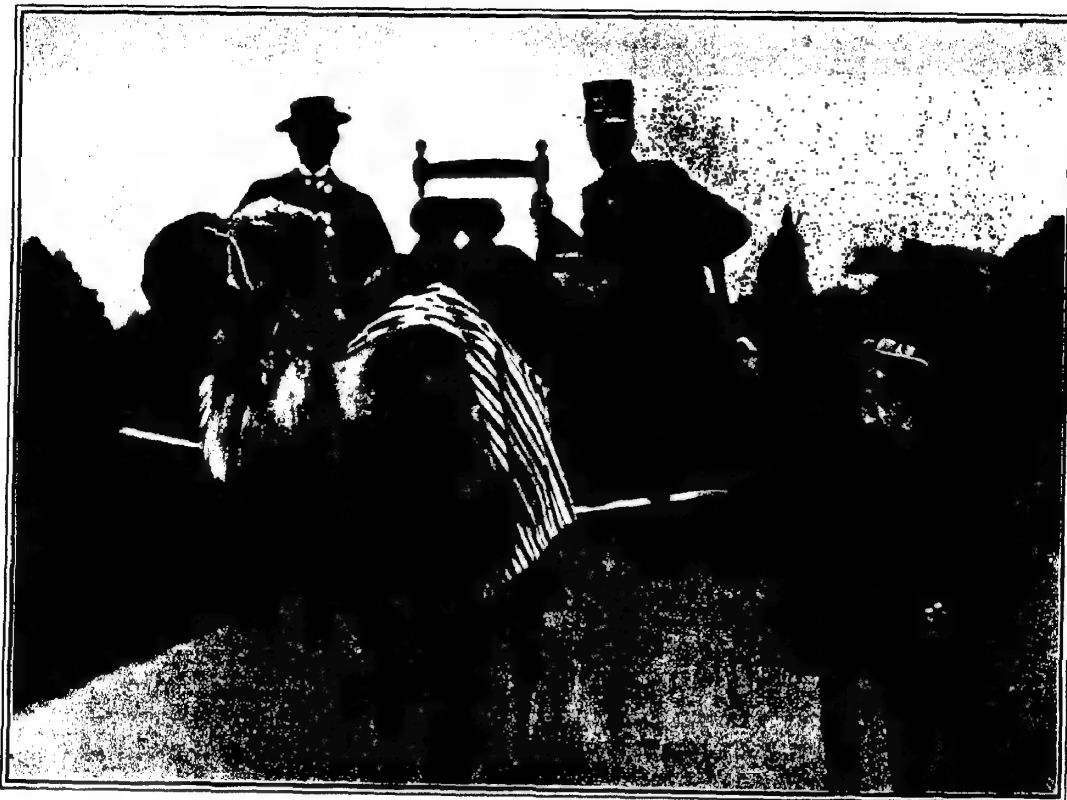
"Lodging House Miseries," "Hidden Fire," and "Bubbles of the Day," as well as his refined rendering in a lady's voice of "*Du, du bist mir ein Heros*," together with his imitations of popular actors, constituted an attractive feature in the programme. I was present in the first representation, and can recall what a brilliant and enthusiastic audience assembled to welcome the new candidates for public favour. The affair was a great success, and ran for over six months. It, however, came to an abrupt conclusion by reason of Power getting an important appointment abroad and his *collaborator* not wishing to carry on the concern single-handed.

The next notable show that I can recall is that of "Fads and Mrs. Brown at the Play," by Arthur Sketchley. This entertainer, who was, perhaps, better known in his intimate friends as George Rose, was a man of infinite jest, a good pianist, and a fair singer. In private he was seen to especial advantage, and I can recall one or two luncheons and dinners in his society as being among the merriest I ever spent. Possibly some of his peculiar humour evaporated when he appeared on the public platform, for I do not fancy his career at the Hall was of long duration. The entertainment, which was somewhat after the fashion of those by Albert Smith, was illustrated by some admirable dramatic views by Matt. Morgan—an artist of singular power and versatility, equally at home in painting scenery at Covent Garden or designing cartoons in black and white—and was enlivened by songs, of which I can remember "The Entertainments of London," "Leap Year," and "Griggs on Paris," and the whole concluded with the ever-popular recital of "Mrs. Brown at the Play." I remember the first night I sat behind Henry J. Byron and E. L. Blanchard, whom I regarded with silent reverence and affection: the first as being the writer of the inimitable Strand burlesques, the second as the author of pantomimes innumerable at Drury Lane. In after years I was fortunate enough to know both these accomplished humorists intimately.

It must have been about a year after the last-named occupation of the Hall that Charles Farrer Browne—better known all the world over as Artemus Ward—came to London. He had been in bad health for some time, and he was suffering considerably when he first gave his lecture on the Marquise—at which I was present. His method and manner was something so entirely new to an English audience that they did not quite know what to make

of it. To people who understood the man the lecture was very amusing, but I have my doubts whether it would ever have been popular with the general public. It was illustrated by views—many of them very badly executed. And even out of this the lecturer contrived to make capital. I can recall that perhaps the most puerile bit of painting was received in dead silence. Whereupon Ward, looking more serious than ever, said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I fancy you don't seem to think much of this picture. But I can assure you when I first exhibited it at Salt Lake City, they raised a perfect storm for the artist (*à propos*). And he came on (*à longer phrase*). And they *shook* chairs at him!" The lecture was full of quaint surprises of this description, and if you were at all inattentive you missed half the good things that were delivered without the ghost of a smile. I remember there was to have been a little entertainment in Ward's rooms in Piccadilly afterwards, and those who were invited repeated thither. He, however, was so extremely unwell that we wished him all success and bade him good-night and departed. On account of this illness, which eventually had a fatal termination, he was compelled to relinquish the lecture after a run of a little over two months.

The last slide from my magic lantern of memory to which I shall call your attention is the entertainment by Frederick Maccafee, which was presented at the Hall under the title of "Begone Dull Care." He called it a "photo-physiognomy of music, ventiloquism, and character delineation," and it had a run of, I fancy, over a year. Maccafee, who died only the other day, was a clever ventiloquist, and a good singer and varied character actor, and his programme comprised many striking illustrations in costume. Especially effective, I remember, were the *Lancashire lads*, the railway porter, the wandering minstrel of the *Jem Bagn* type, Miss Mary May, Mr. Solenn Sides, his melodrama entitled "*Vanquished Villainy*," in which he impersonated at the same time a man and a woman, by simply turning from side to side, and his graphic sketch of the "*Excursion Train*," embracing a variety of characters, was always amusing. Many of Maccafee's songs were favourites, and "*The Galloping Horse*" achieved the distinction of being whistled by the London street boy at a time when the London street boy had not reached the ponderous solemnity that is his usual characteristic at the present moment.



KING ALFONSO XIII. OF SPAIN AND THE DUKE DE SIVONA ON A CAMEL AT ARANJUEZ, NEAR MADRID

ROYALTY OUT FOR A RIDE

From a Photograph by C. Chamma-Flavins Paris.



## The Court

Christmas is essentially a family festival in our Royal House as much as among their subjects. The various members of the Royal Family keep the holiday season quietly in their separate home holds, with perhaps a few intimate friends, while the big house-parties are reserved for the New Year. For many years past the King and Queen have spent their Christmas at Sandringham, of late with an increasing circle of young grandchildren to brighten the home. The Prince and Princess of Wales at York Cottage, with their five children, Princess Charles of Denmark at Appleton Hall with her only son, and often the Duke and Duchess of Fife with their two daughters, make quite a big family gathering round their Majesties. Their Majesties came back to town on Saturday from staying with Lord and Lady Cadogan at Culford Hall, Suffolk. It was quite a private visit, with shooting for the King and ducking for the Queen. One day they went to Elveden Hall, on other afternoons to Hardwick Hall in visit the Hon. Walter and Lady Evelyn Guinness, and in Ickworth Park to see the Marquess and Marchioness of Bristol while one morning was spent in the stud farm. Their Majesties' only public appearance was at Bury St. Edmunds, where they stopped on the way home to receive a municipal address and a hearty welcome. On reaching Buckingham Palace the King was at once busy with audiences, and on Sunday morning their Majesties attended Service in the private chapel. Next day King Edward held a large investiture of various Orders, and conferred several knighthoods, chiefly in connection with his birthday honours. Except for a day's pheasant shooting with Lord Burnham at Hall Barn Park, near Beaconsfield, His Majesty was fully occupied with State business, until he left with the Queen for Sandringham at the end of the week. There will be several house parties at Sandringham during January, and the King also proposes to pay a few shooting visits. Their Majesties will be in town again by February, when the London season will be inaugurated by a couple of Courts. Those who wish to attend must make up their minds at once, for names are to be sent in as early as possible after January 2. They are also asked to state whether they wish to come before or after Easter. Regulations are as in former years, the Lord Chamberlain issuing invitations according to Royal command.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have also been in town this week shopping, after their visit to Lord and Lady Pembroke



The Helos Cup for racing motor launches was contested for on Sunday. Starting from the Alexandra Bridge, the six motor launches they raced in the Helos Cup and finished at the starting point. Out of several entries the Helos Cup was won by M. H. P. 171. It was won, completing the thirty-one miles in one hour twenty-three minutes. Our photograph is by Branger and Co. Paris.

### THE SALON MOTOR LAUNCH RACE ON THE WINE THE HOTELMAN'S BOAT WINNING

at Wilton House. During their stay the Princess went to see Stonehenge, and also spent an hour at a sale of work held at Wilton House, on behalf of the Home for Crippled Waifs and Strays. Besides buying in the stalls, the Princess witnessed some theatricals and was amused by a baby show. The Prince and Princess were to leave town yesterday (Friday) to join their children at York Cottage. Next month the Prince will be away a good deal. He is to stay with Lord Anson

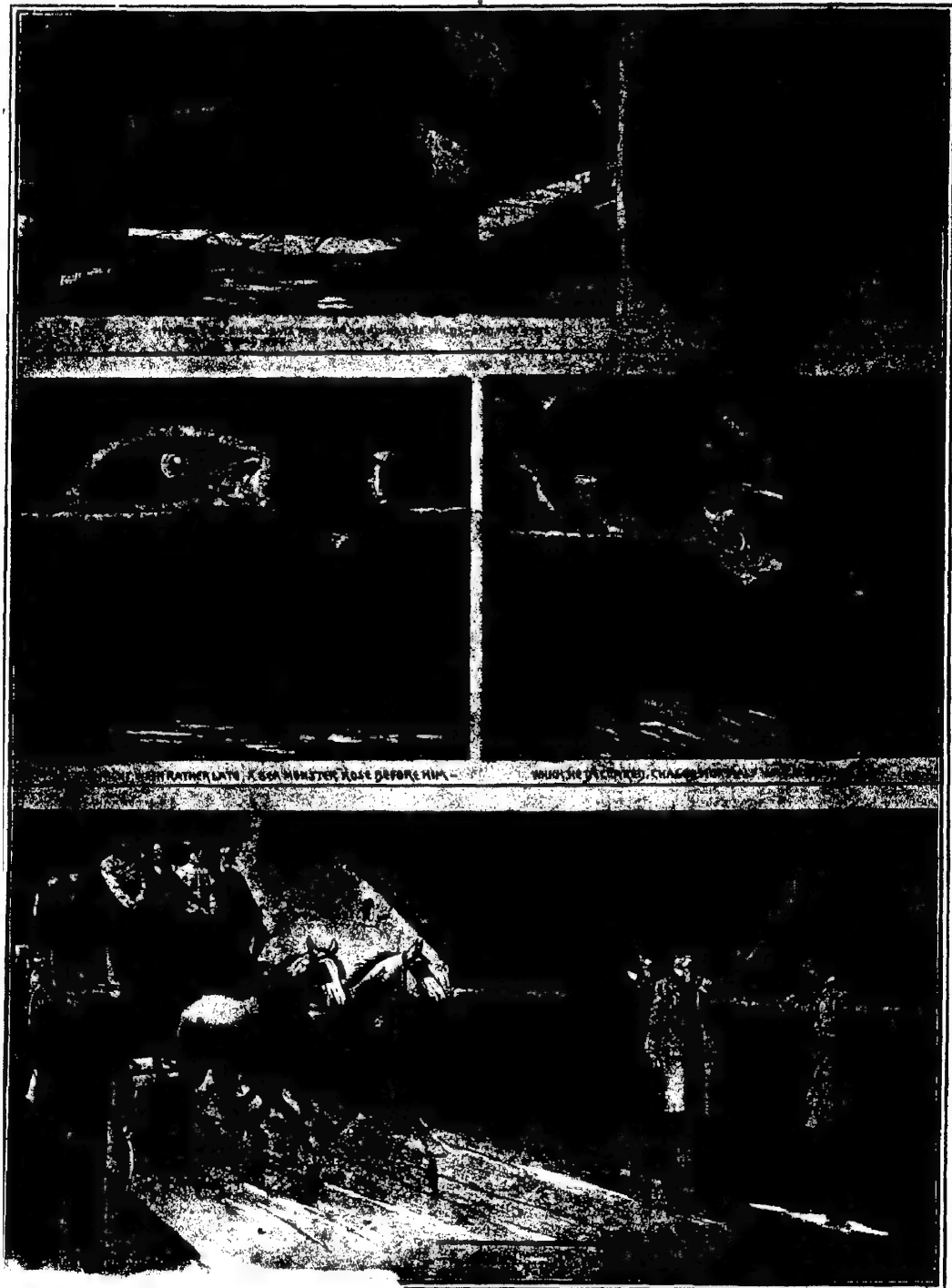
of Hackney at Deddington Hall, Norfolk, for some shooting in the 23rd prox. he is due in Ireland for about a fortnight's stay. First the Prince goes to Lord Arundell at Ashford on a week's shooting visit, and thence to Dublin where he will be present at the first Levee of the season on February 1. Next day he will attend the Drawing Room, and on the 3rd will witness the investiture of the Earl of Mayo as a Knight of St. Patrick. Two balls and other State festivities are also in prospect.



The Duke of Westminster's son and heir was born on November 16 and was christened in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The infant received the names Edward George Hugh, the King being one of the sponsors. The veil in which the child is lying is that worn by the Duchess of Westminster.

on her wedding day. Our photograph was taken immediately after the christening in St. James's Palace.

THE KING'S YOUNGEST GODCHILD: LORD GROSVENOR, THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S INFANT HEIR



A POWERFUL IMAGINATION: THE EFFECT OF — BAD WEATHER

SKETCHES BY W. SALTON

## Our Bookshelf

## "IN PURSUIT OF DULCINEA"

"Undying is the charm of Spain," says Mr. Henry Bernard, in this volume of chaotic impressions of the country. "for she fascinates not only those who merely visit her in dream." She will fascinate also those who only visit her through the medium of Mr. Bernard's book, because there is a singular charm and picturesque about these discursive notes dealing with his Quixotic journey and quest, and the failure of the same. The writer refers to Helios, even compares Spain—Lord Salisbury's "dying nation"—to the poet dying on his mattress bed. Indeed, it is difficult to believe him other than well read in Helios, and—one says it in no disparaging sense—an unconscious inferior. The comparison in no sense odious: it would be difficult, perhaps, to pass a higher compliment than to say that memories of the *Reis Rider* float below one while turning over these pages. Full of humour and of melancholy and of tragedy, they contain the aroma of fallen greatness and the spirit of a bygone majesty—a spirit which will always seem a far more dignified thing than the emanation of a huge Jerry-built nation. In short, these pages breathe Spain and Spain's melancholy and tragic abundances, and those who love Don Quixote and his author and his country should turn to "In Pursuit of Dulcinea." Fifteen charming illustrations, by Mr. H. C. Brewer, add picturesque to the little book.

## "WAR IN THE FAR EAST"

The first two volumes of an admirable history of the Russo-Japanese War, written by Mr. E. Sharpe Grew, have now been issued by Messrs. J. S. Virtue and Co. The narrative is most ably written, and it would be difficult to praise Mr. Grew too highly for the care and skill with which, out of a vast confused jumble of telegrams, letters, and contradictory reports, he has compiled a clear, connected, straightforward, deeply interesting story of the conflict. The first volume deals with the birth of Japan as a modern world power, the war between Japan and China, the trouble between China and the allied Powers, the conquest of Siberia, the absorption of Manchuria by Russia, and the last stages which involved Korea in the rivalry between Russia and Japan and led to the outbreak in February last. The second volume deals with the fighting on the Yalu, the naval blockade of Port Arthur, and also touches on the question of the Baltic Squadron, in relation to the balance of naval power. Further chapters dealing with the more recent land fighting will be awaited with much interest. The volumes are copiously illustrated, the illustrations including maps, plans, portraits, and pictures by well-known artists, and these make the work very attractive in appearance. The illustration which we reproduce shows the sequel to one of the early torpedo-boat engagements off Port Arthur. The *Stiergastoff*, after a desperate engagement, riddled with shell, lost her speed and was captured, but only when all on board except four had perished. An attempt was made by a Japanese destroyer, the *Sazanami*, to tow the defeated craft into safety, but a heavy sea was running, and the attempt had to be abandoned. The *Stiergastoff* sank two hours afterwards. Those who are sometimes tormented by the thought of the position of the engine-room staff shut up far below the water-line, during a naval engagement, will be interested in the following statement with regard to the last fight of the Russian cruiser *Varyag*, off Chen alphi:—"The engine-room staff were practically untouched; they may they hardly noticed that anything was happening throughout the fight, and were not in the least disturbed."

## "THE NAVY AS I HAVE KNOWN IT, 1849-1899"

Admiral Fremantle, in this interesting work, says:—

This is not precisely an autobiography in the ordinary use of the word. My chief desire has been to give a faithful picture of life in the Navy by one whose naval career has covered half a century, and to show something of the duties devolving upon the service when some of our little wars are in progress, or even when the country is under the impression that we are in a state of peaceful peace with all the world.

Edmund Fremantle came of a truly naval family, his grandfather having commanded a line-of-battle ship at Copenhagen and Trafalgar, whilst two of his uncles were post-captains. In 1849, when he was thirteen years of age, he obtained a nomination from Admiral Dundas, and shortly after joined the Queen, a three-decker of 116 guns. The Navy was then very much as it is described by Marryat in "Peter Simple." His uncle took him to Woolwich for his examination, when the following conversation took place:—

Uncle: "Well, what have you been doing at school?" Nephew: "Oh, Virgil, and a little Horace, Xenophon's *Anabasis*, and so on." "You did not seem to be more

"The Navy as I have known it, 1849-1899." By Admiral Sir Edmund R. Fremantle, G.C.B. (Cam.)



"The houses are dimly mysterious when the moon is hiding. When she looks down at them they are the dwelling-places of ghosts."

A STREET IN MANCHURIA

From "In Pursuit of Dulcinea." By Henry Bernard. Illustrated by H. C. Brewer. (George Allen.)

enough, as my uncle looked grave. "Well, I don't think you'll be asked much of that. What have you done in mathematics?" No I began again: "Fractions, decimals, so many books of Euclid, algebra, as far as quadratic equations," and, as I was wondering what important subject had been omitted from my educational course, he added: "Can you do the rule of three, and can you write English from dictation?" To which I replied that "I thought I could," and he promptly relieved my mind by saying, "Well, Eddy, I think you'll pass." . . . Indeed, the examination was a larcy. I think the master of

the Black Eagle, then the Admiralty yacht, examined me, the Naval Instructor or Chaplain of the Flagship being away; and I was asked to write a few lines of dictation; while what my examiner was pleased to call the rule of three was, if I remember correctly, the following: "If a yard of cloth costs 1s. 6d., how much will three yards cost?"—a question which I answered with remarkable success, and I was reported to have passed a very good examination.

Fremantle served his first commission in the Mediterranean, where he met with a serious accident in falling down the hold. When he had recovered he was appointed to the Spartan, in which he served for over five years on the East Indies and China Station. In China he was engaged in suppressing the pirates, of which there were large numbers at Hong Kong. The Korean War was being fought at this time and the China squadron was ordered to Peking, in Kanichka, but nothing was accomplished; in fact there was a general idea that the admiral had orders not to press the Russians in the Far East. "Admiral

" says:—"How little I am, we fortunately

do not do it." We have insufficient space at our command to follow Admiral Fremantle through his distinguished career. His promotions came early and were richly deserved. During the China-Japan War Admiral Fremantle was in command of the British Fleet on the China Station, and, in view of the events now taking place in these waters, the perusal of his autobiography is of unusual interest. Of Port Arthur, which he visited shortly after the fall, he says:—

"The houses are dimly mysterious when the moon is hiding. When she looks down at them they are the dwelling-places of ghosts."

Although this volume is written in, perhaps, a more serious strain than other biographies of commanding naval officers, and does not abound with amusing naval yarns, it is nevertheless of great interest to all who have affection for the Navy, and will prove a welcome addition to naval literature.

## "ARTS AND CRAFTS OF OLD JAPAN"

This is a pleasantly written, though necessarily superficial, little introduction to Japanese art; the author's object is more to point out the spirit in which the study of objects of Japanese art and craft should be appreciated than to give a serious and detailed account of schools and masters. In the short space of one hundred and fifty pages he deals with painting, colour-printing, sculpture and carving, metal-work, ceramics, landscape-gardening, and the arrangement of flowers. The names and characteristics of the principal artists and their dates are given, and a short sketch of the various processes by which artistic effects were obtained. He points out the unfortunate effect that political progress has had upon Japanese art. In the old feudal days the artist retained worked for the pleasure of his feudal lord, and his own. Time and expense were no object. The disappearance of the feudal system, and the opening of Western markets for Japanese goods has introduced competition, with the result that the craftsman has now to consider the question of cheapness and rapidly of production, the two influences which contribute most to strong all true artistic productions. The book is illustrated with photographs of objects in the British Museum and other collections; it is well bound, and altogether forms a very attractive little volume.

## A DICTIONARY OF FOLKLORE

All lovers of folklore, and they grow more numerous every year,

present an obligation to Mr.

Carver Hailst for these most

serviceable volumes, which,

though modestly described

as a new edition of Brand's

"Popular Antiquities of

Great Britain," contain

quite, in effect, almost an

original work, the matter

having been largely added

to, and the different sub-

jects being for the first

time alphabetically arranged.

Turning over the pages of

these volumes one is struck

by the antiquity of many

customs which are generally

considered to be of com-

paratively modern date, as,

for example, in the case of

the Christmas Tree, whose

origin, we are told, is to be

found in ancient Egypt, when

a yule tree was used at the

time of the winter solstice

as a symbol of the depart-

ing year. The custom of giv-

ing Christmas Boxes, again,

dates back to Roman

times, a fact from which our

readers may possibly derive

some consolation at the

approaching festive season.

The book is a veritable

treasury of popular customs,

superstitions and national

beliefs, and should find a

place in the library of every

student of folklore.

"Arts and Crafts of Old

Japan" (The World of Art Series,

by Sir Ernest Dick. (London:

Paul, 1904.)

"A Dictionary of Faiths

and Folklore." By W. Carver

Hailst. Two Vols. (Kew and

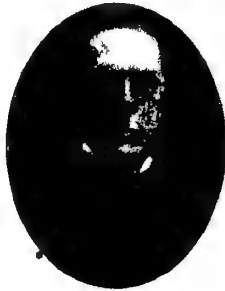
Turner.)

## THE RUSSIAN DESTROYER STIERGASTOFF, CAPTURED BY THE JAPANESE

From "War in the Far East." By E. Sharpe Grew. (J. S. Virtue and Co.)



THE EARL OF ELGIN  
Chairman of the Royal Commission on the  
Scottish Church Crisis



LORD KINNEIR  
Member of the Royal Commission on the Scottish  
Church Crisis



SIR RALPH ANSTRUTHER  
Member of the Royal Commission on the Scottish  
Church Crisis



SIR JOHN CHEYNE, R.G.  
Appointed to inquire into and deal with all  
questions of interim possession between the Free  
Church and the United Free Church of Scotland

### The Free Church and the United Free

The appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the ecclesiastical difficulties in Scotland may not unfairly be regarded as a victory for the members of the United Free Church who are resisting the judgment of the House of Lords. It has at any rate so been interpreted by the members of the original Free Church, and it appears that they are in consequence doing their utmost to secure the immediate possession of the property in dispute. Nevertheless it may, however, the terms of the instructions to the Royal Commission by no means imply that the judgment of the House of Lords is to be set aside by legislation or otherwise. The main point to which the attention of the Commissioners is directed is the difficulty which the Free Church may have in carrying out the House of Lords' judgment. That is a difficulty which forced itself on the attention of the public the moment the decision of the House of Lords was given. The Westminster Kirk as it is not inappropriately called, consists of a mere remnant of the original Free Church of Scotland. It possesses only about thirty ministers and practically no students in training for the ministry. How such a body can possibly undertake the necessary ministrations in about 1,000 parishes is a problem which cannot be solved merely by pointing to the strict letter of the law. The Government are therefore, fully justified in treating the question as an administrative as well as a legal one. Accepting this decision of the House of Lords as to the state of the law, the Royal Commission now has to inquire whether that decision can be practically carried out, and if it cannot the Commission will report what steps are necessary to deal with the difficulty. There are other points involved in the instructions to the Commission but they are of minor importance. In addition Sir John Cheyne is appointed to inquire what interim steps may be necessary for dealing with certain properties until the legal rights of the respective parties can either be regulated by Act of Parliament or determined by action at law. It may be assumed that Sir John Cheyne has been entrusted with this special task in order to prevent the violent scenes which have been taking place in certain churches and

ministers where the rival parties have been forcibly evicting and re-evicting one another. Immediate action was necessary to prevent the continuance of this scandal, and the Government are to be congratulated on the course they have taken.

The Royal Commission is composed of the Earl of Elgin, K.G., G.C.S.I., G.C.S.I. (chairman), Lord Kinneir, and Sir Ralph Anstruther, Bart., with Mr. Robert Allardyce, L.S., advocate, as secretary. Lord Elgin is the former Viceroy of India. Lord Kinneir has been Judge of the Court of Session, Scotland, since 1884. Sir Ralph Anstruther is a large landowner in life. He entered the Royal Engineers in 1877, and has served with distinction in Egypt and Bichmaland. Sir John Cheyne has been Sheriff of Kent and since 1889, Procurator of the Church of Scotland since 1901 and Vice Dean of Faculty of Advocates, 1894. Our portraits of Lord Elgin, Sir Ralph Anstruther and Sir John Cheyne are by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

### Electrifying the Underground

An experimental trip was made the other day on a portion of the Metropolitan Railway which has been electrified—from Baker Street to Uxbridge. The experiment was in every way successful, and in the course of time the whole of the underground railway will it is hoped, be electrified. The Metropolitan Railway is supplied with electricity from its power station at Neasden, and the Underground Electric Railways Company of London is building a huge power station at Lots Road, Chelsea, which is to supply electric power to the District Railway line, including its share of the Inner Circle, as well as the three or four deep-level tubes, such as the Waterloo and Baker Street, the Piccadilly and Brompton, and the Charing Cross and Euston that are to be connected with it. The train in which the trial trip was made resembled in outward appearance, and did not differ greatly in dimensions from those with which the public is familiar on the existing Central London Railway. The entrance to the cars was by platforms at either end, with similar gates on the platforms and similar seating accommodation in the carriages. Each car is mounted on two steel bogie trucks, and each train of six carriages has a motor car at each end.

### Gift to H.M.S. Cornwall



The gift to the cruiser Cornwall, presented on behalf of the county by the Earl of Mount Edgumbe, consists of a handsome solid silver shield, mounted on oak, a massive silver bowl and a set of gongs, being for the wardroom of the ship. The shield stands 3ft. 6in. high and weighs nearly 300 ounces. The centre panel represents a gun's crew in position for firing a huge gun in the casemate. The shield was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Page Keen and Page, of Plymouth.

It seems as if the Concert Goers' Club means to remove the stigma under which London has laboured for so long. For years we have felt the need of somebody which would do the honours to foreign musicians when they visit our shores. The visits of other distinguished foreigners are always officially recognised, and receptions are held in their honour, yet musicians have invariably been neglected, and many of them must have gone away with very poor ideas of our hospitality and of the esteem in which they are held in this country. The Concert-Goers' Club, however, has now stepped into the gap, and on Sunday evening it held a reception in the Prince's Galleries to celebrate Dr. Richard Strauss's visit to England. The guests were received by Sir Edward and Lady Elgar, and many of our representative musicians were present. It is to be hoped that the Club will continue its excellent work.



THE DRIVER AT HIS POST



THE INTERIOR OF A CAR OF A CORRIDOR TRAIN

A BOON TO LONDONERS THE ELECTRIFICATION OF THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY



## Christmas Books

## BOUGHTY REEDS

Of thrilling fights and gallant fighters boys never tire, so they may take their fill from a brace of absorbing volumes by Mr. Herliet Hayens, who now stands in the front rank of attractive writers for boys. "My Sword, My Fortune" (Collins' Clear-Type Press) presents old Paris writhing under the Frois and burning in its deadly revolutions, where the hero, an adherent of Maximin, threads his way safely through plots and counter-plots like a second d'Artagnan. Indeed, there is a touch of Dumas and Stanley Weyman throughout, although Mr. Hayens does not lack originality. If you prefer modern and practical, "The President's Scouts" (same publisher) also deals with revolutions; and what could be more exciting than the Civil War in Chili a few years since, when President Balmaceda lost his power and his life. Truly a sensational tale, infinitely told, and showing the terrible side of war with stern fidelity. There is more romance about "The War God and the Brown Maiden" (same publisher), for Mr. Bevan leads us to Mexico in the days of Montezuma, and although we have often heard of the glories of the Aztec and the Aztec priests, the side notes and narrow escapes of hero and heroine are more the best. Following, on the magic carpet of imagination the reader may next fly over to India with "The Princess of Bulah" (Blackie), and follow Mr. M. Macmillan's plucky young Scotchman to Delhi to rescue a captive Princess from the great Mogul conqueror Aurang-zeb. Not only does he restore the Princess to her Kingdom of B-Oh after many hard blows, but he shares her throne till homeliness draws him back to Scotland with his Indian wife. The story is most amusing. After such roaming in tropic lands Mr. Gordon Sullivan depicts the very opposite of life in "Regime of Perpetual Snow" (Ward, Lock). How thoroughly at home is Dr. Stables in Arctic adventure his admirers need not tell, and they will find all his former briskness and cheery humour in this capital volume. One favourite author was gone from us long ago, but a few scattered writings behind, so all those who loved Mr. G. A. Henty will eagerly devour "In the Hands of the Malays" (Blackie), which includes an excellent story of town life rather out of the author's usual track. The fountain of adventure never seems to run dry for Mr. Alfred Miles, his two latest collections of sensational sketches, "Fifty-two Stories of Wild Life East and West," and "Fifty-two Stories of Grit and Character for Boys" (Hutchinson), yield to none of their many predecessors in life and interest, but form a perfect treasury of excitement. Among the writers for boys appear, one feminine pen, for Miss Beatrice Marshall, following in her mother's footsteps, contributes a very charming tale of Elizabethan heroes. "The Queen's Knight Errant" (Steeley), wherein Sir Walter Raleigh and other famous sons of Devon play their part with much entertainment to the reader. Not in school life unrepresented, Mr. Harold Avery tells a bright tale of a public school, with the usual ingredients of bad and good boys well mixed, in "Out of the Running" (Collins' Clear-Type Press). One more key portrait in "Archie Upton" (Nelson), about as unpleasant a specimen of conceit and selfishness as Eton could produce. Misfortune knocks the conceit out of him, however, and G. E. W. finally presents him as quite a reformed character.

## NORMAN BIOGRAPHIES

Short witty sketches of well-known people rarely fail to please in this age of levity, and these smart volumes of this class from



The perfect method in which the Japanese have carried out their plans in connection with stores and supplies has been a constant source of admiration. The soldiers are well equipped, and, long before the cold weather caused any discomfort, stores of overcoats and winter clothing arrived at Liaoyang.

A SIGN OF GOOD ORGANIZATION: WEARING OVERCOATS FOR THE JAPANESE ARMY AT LIAOYANG

the Collins Clear-Type Press are just the thing for amusement as well as instruction. "In the Ice North," by Henry Harbott, traces the career of the two famous Arctic explorers, ancient and modern, Sir John Franklin and Dr. Nansen—so wisely contrasted in their success. Next comes a tale of famous British seamen in "Two Old Sea Dogs," wherein Mr. Herliet Hayens relates the dashing exploits of Sir Francis Drake and Robert Blake. Finally the girl finds plenty of examples in "Peerless Women," for Mrs. J. D. Cochrane shows them models of all types of life, from Queen Victoria to Frances Power Cobbe, from Elizabeth Fry and Sister Dora to Mary Carpenter, from the Baroness Bunsen to Miss Robinson and Miss Weston, the soldier's and sailor's friends. Passing from man to beast, a heartily amusing autobiography from the animal world is "The Rat" (Blackie). Mr. G. M. A. Hewitt depicts the creature's life and habits in most fascinating style, while the humorous character of the autobiography is well maintained. Nor does the wee Yorkshire terrier narrate his history—"The Chronicles of Bala" (Jarrold)—with less

zeal. Through the medium of Mrs. Montgomery-Campbell, he tells "doggy" anecdotes galore, which will enchant lovers of his kind.

"RUSSIA, THE LAND OF THE GREAT WHITE TIGER"

"Russia, the Land of the Great White Tiger," by E. C. Phillips, is a book for children opportunely published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. The story opens in St. Petersburg, where young Alexander Nicolaievitch is living in straitened circumstances with his mother, who is mourning the banishment of her husband to Siberia on a mistaken charge of nihilism. The error is discovered after three years, and the Baron liberated, and Alexander and his mother travel many miles to Orenburg to meet the released captive. All the details of the journey are pleasantly noted, and the towns and villages described, together with the inner life of the Russian home. The sufferings of the prisoners on their way to Siberia, the different modes of travelling in the country, the devotion of the people to their Tsar or "good father" are all interestingly portrayed. The book is illustrated with some fifty pictures.

## XMAS GIFTS.

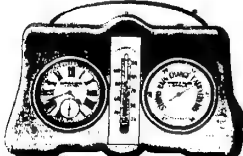
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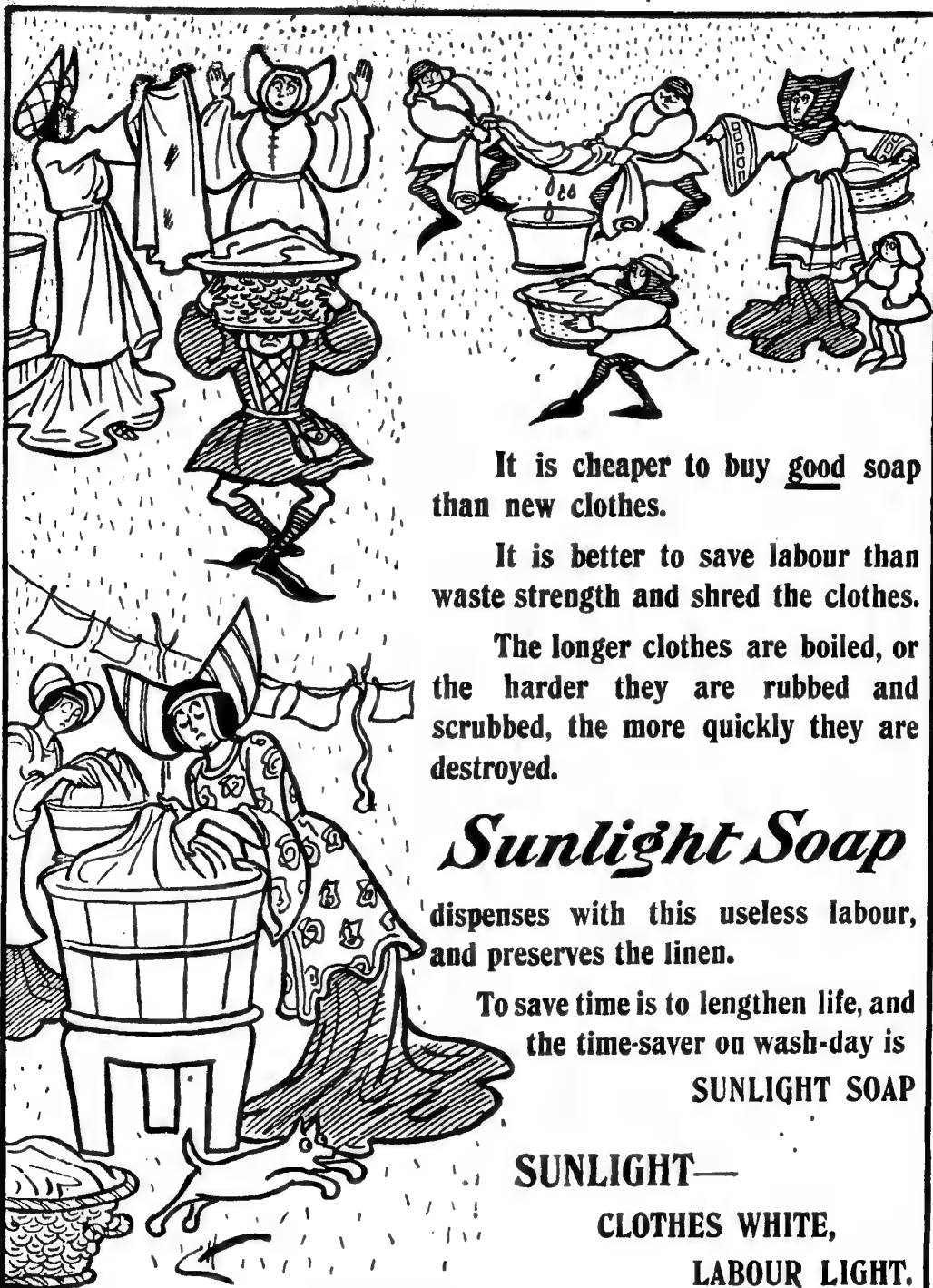
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## OLD MYTHS RE-TOLD

Most young students of classic history have some acquaintance with Plutarch, but for those who must depend on translation, the "Tales from Plutarch" (Fisher Unwin) will prove highly acceptable. Mr. F. J. Rownsbrough tells the stories of Theseus, Romulus and Remus, Fabius Maximus and Alcibiades in simple, graceful language, and his success suggests that more works of the same character would be appreciated. Cecil Wilson contributes some appropriate illustrations. Many people, nowadays, argue that William Tell is as much a myth as these classic heroes, but for those who have followed the Switzer's footsteps in the Playground of Europe, Tell is still a very real figure in history. To such, the comic view of the Swiss revolt against Austrian tyranny (provided by P. G. Wodehouse as "William Tell Told Again") (Black) will loudly appeal. Although the story is innocently put and the illustrations by Philip Dodd are truly comic, it wears a pity to vulgarise a poetic story.

## IN DREAMLAND

What would authors of fairy-tales do without dreams as the foundations of their fantasies? Here is Mr. G. E. Farrow again taking off various small boys and girls in "The Gnomograph Train" (Huntley Johnson) to enjoy delightful and impossible experiences in the land of dreams. Of course they meet such dear old friends as the Wallopup and Co., and how they all fared the juveniles may be cordially advised to read for themselves. Popular favourites like "Grimm's Fairy Tales" (Blackie) or "Gulliver's Travels" (Black) need no recommendation, but the novelty of the present editions lies in their charming new illustrations, Miss Helen Stratton being the capable artist both in colours and black and white for "Grimm" and Mr. Stephen Bagshot de la Here showing a spirited pencil in the coloured cuts for "Gulliver." A new edition of "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales" (Blackie) is sure to appear every Christmas, and the present selection of the most popular tales is on a colossal scale for youthful eyes. Here again Miss Helen Stratton shows her talent to advantage, the drawings being distinctly clever. An original idea comes from Missot Ella and Agnes Tomlinson, for they have illustrated some old nursery favourites in verse and prose by photographs from life in "A Summerful of Children" (Black). The bony larks and loaves who masquerade in these pages are all Sussex children, and that delightful rounly may be congratulated on possessing such sons and daughters. One more dream, where a rustic lad sees the delights of a country fair and takes a marvellous journey on a wooden horse into the country of the clocks—"Giddy-Go-Round" (Warne), with Miss Madeline Hall's jolly drawings, will rouse a hearty laugh indeed. Lastly, in turn from dreams to reality, what child does not love a garden of its own? Those small people who are struggling with the difficulties of their special patch of earth may well be presented with "Three Little Gardeners" (Brown, Langham), where Miss J. Agnes Talbot will teach them many practical lessons in story guise, to be put into practice when winter is past.



There is nothing in the equipment of the Japanese Army which is not up-to-date. Advantage has been taken of every recent invention that could be used by an army in the field. Even the telescope supplied to the staff officers is of a novel kind, which enables the user to command a much more extended view than could be obtained by an ordinary instrument. The eye piece is in the centre, and at each end of the telescope is a lens placed at right angles to the tube of the telescope, and the images are deflected to the eye.

A JAPANESE STAFF OFFICER WATCHING THE BATTLE OF THE SHANHO

## New Editions

It is nearly half a century since the last British edition was printed of Dr. Samuel Johnson's "Prayers and Meditations," and Mr. Elliot Stock has been well advised in issuing a new edition of that famous work, familiar to all readers of Johnson's Biography from the numerous extracts Boswell gives. The book is printed in a tasteful form, in old-face type, on antique paper, and appropriately bound.—From Messrs. Hutchinson comes another of their admirable "Classic Novels," Smollett's "Adventures of Peregrine

Pickle," in two volumes, and from Messrs. Blackie the latest volume in their "Red Letter Library," Tennyson's "In Memoriam," printed in clear type on excellent paper, and charmingly bound in limp red leather.—"The Love Poems of Byron" is Mr. John Lane's latest addition to his "Lovers' Library," a most daintily bound little series, and George Newnes, Ltd., have now issued Swift's "Journal to Stella," uniform in type and binding with their other volumes of standard works, which, even in this age of reprint, have never been surpassed in excellence of type or binding.—"The Wisdom of the East" is the appropriate title of a series of little books now being issued by the Orient Press, with the laudable object of promoting a deeper knowledge of the great ideals and lofty philosophy of Oriental thought. The series is edited by L. Cranmer-Hyng and Dr. S. A. Kapadia, and the first volumes are "The Religion of the Koran," "The Duties of the Heart," by Rabbi Bachye; "The Awakening of the Soul," by Ibn Tufail; "The Sayings of Lao-tzu," "The Sayings of Confucius," and also the "Odes" of the last-named great Chinese sage.—Mr. John Long's serviceable "Library of Modern Classics" now includes Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" and George Eliot's "Adam Bede," both charmingly illustrated by Mr. P. B. Hickling, also "The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins, and Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" illustrated by Harold Copping; and in "Mortley's Universal Library" Messrs. Routledge issue two volumes of Fitzgerald's Works, one containing Calderon's Dramas and the other Fitzgerald's "Miscellaneous," including "Omar Khayyam."—From Messrs. Macmillan come two more volumes of their handsome edition of Thackeray's Works, one containing "The Adventures of Philip," and the other his "Travels in London" and "Contributions to Punch," and also the Poems of Thomas Campbell and Christina Rossetti, in the well-known "Golden Treasury Series." The same firm also send us a number of charming

illustrations, including "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," with Tenniel's illustrations, Fenimore Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," Kingsley's "Water Babies," illustrated respectively by H. M. Brock and Linley Sambourne, and three books by Marryat, "Mr. Midshipman Easy," "Peter Simple," and "The King's Own," with illustrations by F. Pears and other well-known artists.—We have also received new editions of Gordon Cumming's "Men Hunter of South Africa," Magrath's "Rob Roy on the Jordan," and Youngblood's "Heart of a Continent" (John Murray), "Farrar's Life of Christ" and three reprints of especial interest at the present moment, Diney's "The New Far East" (Casell), and two volumes from Fisher Unwin's "The Stories of the Nations" series, namely "Russia," and "Japan,"

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We shut our eyes, the dewy bloom on; | We choose the shadow, but the sun  
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill; | That casts it 'shines behind us still.  
And each good thought on action moves the dark world nearer to the sun

'Peace hath Higher Tests of Manhood than Battle ever knew.'—WHITTIER.

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TRUE and TRIED  
IN the AGE of OTHERS; for  
all that is GLORIOUS  
AMONG the LIVING  
GREAT among the DEAD,  
AND MARVELLOUS in the  
POWER  
THAT CANNOT DIE'  
IF I take the wings of the  
morning and  
DWELL in the uttermost parts  
OF the UNIVERSE, 'THY  
POWER is THERE'  
KNOWEST thou ANY CORNER  
of the WORLD  
WHERE at least FORCE is not?

**THE WITHERED LEAF  
CANNOT DIE:**

DETACHED!  
SEPARATED! I say there is  
NO SUCH SEPARATION  
Nothing withereth  
WAS ever stranded; cast aside;  
BUT ALL were it only a  
withered leaf.  
WORKS together with all; is  
BORN FORWARD on  
THE BOTTOMLESS, SHORE-  
LESS FLOOD of ACTION,  
AND LIVES THROUGH  
PERPETUAL METAMOR-  
PHOSES.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SEAGULL, AND PUPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

THE WITHERED LEAF IS NOT  
DEAD and LOST.  
THERE are Forces in it and  
AROUND it, though working  
in inverse order:  
ELSE how could it ROT?  
DESPISE NOT THE RAG from  
which  
MAN MAKES PAPER, or the  
LITTER from which  
THE EARTH makes CORN,  
RIGHTLY viewed.  
NO MEANEST OBJECT is  
INSIGNIFICANT!  
ALL OBJECTS are as  
WINDOWS, through which the  
PHILOSOPHIC EYE looks into  
INFINITUDE ITSELF.  
—CALVER.

### MORAL!

THE above DISTINCTLY  
PROVES that matter is  
INDESTRUCTIBLE.  
INTELLECT—UNDERSTAND-  
ING, GENIUS.  
ABILITY, SENSE—is, without  
doubt,  
SUPERIOR TO MATTER: then  
it is  
NOT LOGIC to Preserve the  
INFERIOR and  
DESTROY the SUPERIOR.  
THE following beautiful lines  
from LONGFELLOW'S  
'RESIGNATION' are TRUE:

'There is no Death! What seems so is transition; this life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian, whose portal we call Death.'—LONGFELLOW.

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## Christmas Novelties

"Pic" is the latest game which Society has taken to its heart. It is played with a special pack of cards and can be learned in two minutes. The pack contains suits of nine cards each, each suit representing either wheat, rye, barley, oats, or other grain, and each differing in value from the others. The entire suit of wheat cards, for example, represents 100 points, and if you secure them all by "leading" or exchanging with some other player, you "corner" wheat and score 100 points. The game is for 500 points, and the cards are shuffled and re-shuffled until some player has secured that number. The game is issued by Barker Bros., Lovell's Court, E.C. 4.—Messrs. Leggett Bros., as usual, issue a Christmas etching by Frank Paton, signed by the artist. The subject this year is "Hunting Incidents," a spirited central picture surrounded by little sketches of a style which the artist has made his own.—Messrs. Tom Smith and Co. are, as usual, well to the front with their Christmas crackers. The firm has won a high place among the makers of Christmas novelties. Every one wants "Tom Smith's" crackers, and every one should be sure that "Tom Smith" is on the box he buys. Many of the crackers produced by the firm are almost too dainty and pretty to be pulled. This is especially true of those for "table decoration," which are real works of art. Among other boxes we notice "Jewels of Asia," "Mareni" messages—"Japanese," "Russo-Japanese," "Maiden Car," and "John Bull's Stores," all of which show that the firm is up to date in its designs and choice of subjects. Another delight to the youngsters are the Santa Claus Surprise Stockings, filled

with sweets and toys.—The Molinsine Company, Ltd., issue a very ingenious bridge and whist marker, which ought to be popular. The markers are sold in pairs, enclosed in a neat case, by using one of these scores a player can see his own and his adversary's score at a glance without the tedious process of adding up a row of figures.

## Pocket Books and Almanacs

From Messrs. Charles Letts and Co. we have received a parcel of their famous diaries and pocket-books. These diaries, which are known as "Charles Letts," hardly need praise, for their reputation as the best is everywhere acknowledged. The diaries are of all sizes—thus "Office" and "Scribbling" are made with one day, two, three and seven days on a page, which may be octavo, quarto or folio. The "Self-Opening" and "Peerless" are models of what pocket diaries ought to be. The "Elite" diary is very elegant, and the "cheapest on earth" deserves its title. When handsomely bound or enclosed in a handsome wallet, a "Charles Letts" diary makes a useful Christmas present. A feature of this firm's publications is the accident insurance policy for £1,000 enclosed in them. The date calendars and other novelties issued by Messrs. Charles Letts and Co. will be found as excellent as ever.—The diary diaries published by Messrs. John Winkler and Co., Ltd., are beautifully printed on clear paper. They combine usefulness with elegance, and the back loop for the pencil is a capital idea. These charming books are made in several sizes, and can be bought in a variety of bindings, from the humble cloth

to the handsome Russia, morocco, seal, or mooshide. Many of the diaries are bound in handsome wallets, and the book inside can be refilled each year, the refills being sold separately. Messrs. Winkler's publications have long enjoyed the public favour, and they thoroughly deserve the high reputation they have gained.—Messrs. Dean and Son issue the "Debutant's Walcott-Pocket Diary," which is a pretty little book bound in leather, with two days to a page.—From the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company we have received their Diary and Almanac fitted in a useful leather wallet.—We have also received the Gloucester Diary and Directors' Calendar, published for the Gloucester Railway Carriage and Wagon Company by F. J. Brooks, Gloucester.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—Of all books of reference there is none more widely known or more highly valued than "Whitaker's Almanack" (12, Warwick Lane), the thirty-seventh annual volume of which is now published. The general contents of "Whitaker" are too familiar to need recapitulation, but like everything else that is successful the volume has to march with the times, and therefore certain additions have been made to the book, and these have necessitated the omission of other articles in order that the size of the work may be kept within reasonable bounds. The size of the new edition is exactly that of last year's, the number of pages being 792. Among the new items are useful summaries of the Military and Educational Systems of the World, the Movement of British Commerce in 1904, a Statistical Article on British and Foreign Patents (in view of the operation of the new Act), and an article on British Holiday and Health Resorts.

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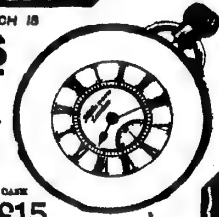


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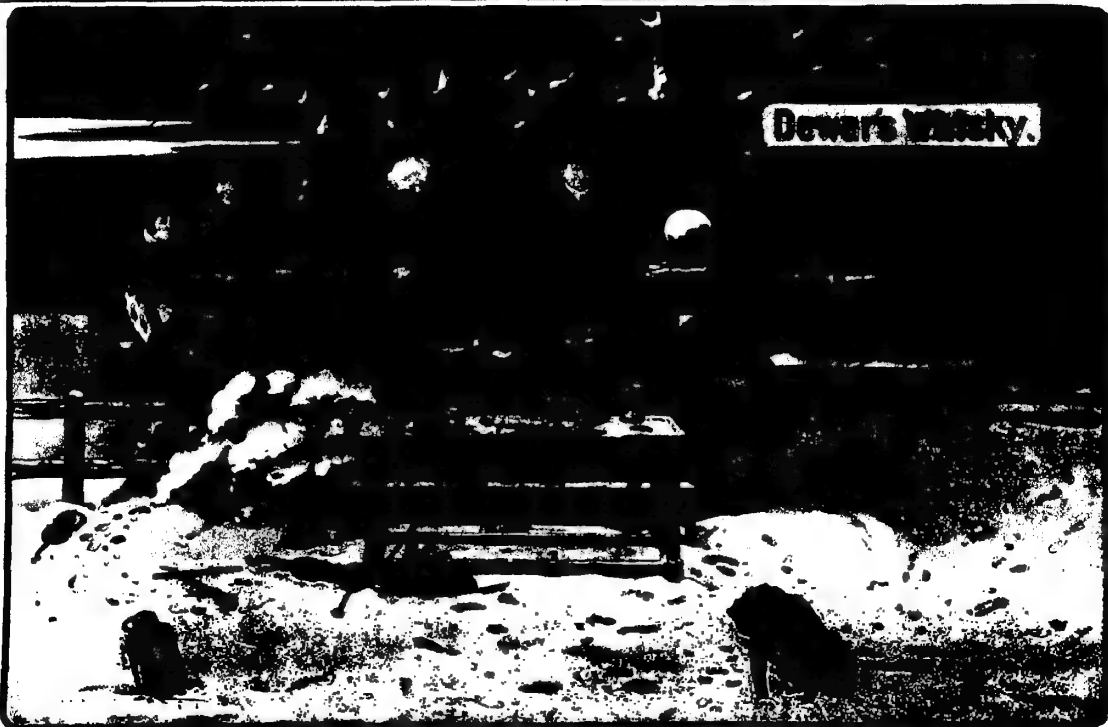


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## Rural Notes

## THE SEASON

Thousands of wounded soldiers were frozen to death. The fact that 1869 was also marked by a bitter December is to be noted as a sign that a season is not by any means always followed by its opposite. The present writer cannot recall December, 1860, but the temperature was fifteen degrees in London on Christmas Day.

#### SMALL COUNTRY HOLDINGS

The association to promote the interests of small country holders is held that many of them have gone far beyond their tether in resolving to promote a Bill giving parish councils power to re-let land for building purposes. It is to be hoped that the House of Commons will reject the idea; for if the parish councils' action in buying agricultural land and becoming speculators, the small country holders will be well advised to withdraw from the Committee. The landowner who refuses to sell land that small folk want to work on has universal reprehension to face. The landowner who declined to sacrifice his country amenities to building speculations would probably have a balance of public favour on his side. The Committee will have to wait for the next proceedings, we note a submission from the National Farmers' Union, and will receive their receiving new applications monthly, and their ability to open up new settlements of small agricultural holdings near Hamstead, Brackley, and Hawick. The proposal to promote a bill enabling parish councils to buy land for building purposes is a very serious one, and it is to be hoped that the House of Commons will reject the idea; for if the parish councils' action in buying agricultural land and becoming speculators, the small country holders will be well advised to withdraw from the Committee. The landowner who refuses to sell land that small folk want to work on has universal reprehension to face. The landowner who declined to sacrifice his country amenities to building speculations would probably have a balance of public favour on his side. The Committee will have to wait for the next proceedings, we note a submission from the National Farmers' Union, and will receive their receiving new applications monthly, and their ability to open up new settlements of small agricultural holdings near Hamstead, Brackley, and Hawick. The proposal to promote a bill enabling parish councils to buy land for building purposes is a very serious one, and it is to be hoped that the House of Commons will reject the idea; for if the parish councils' action in buying agricultural land and becoming speculators, the small country holders will be well advised to withdraw from the Committee. The landowner who refuses to sell land that small folk want to work on has universal reprehension to face. The landowner who declined to sacrifice his country amenities to building speculations would probably have a balance of public favour on his side. The Committee will have to wait for the next proceedings, we note a submission from the National Farmers' Union, and will receive their receiving new applications monthly, and their ability to open up new settlements of small agricultural holdings near Hamstead, Brackley, and Hawick.

of seeing if small holdings were locally appreciated without going to the expense of buying land outright in the first instance.

## EXPERIMENTAL

With what sum of money at the bank should a farmer save? This interesting question has been debated in agricultural circles for long, and it is agreed that the data of Arthur Young's time are no longer apply. What does a twentieth century peasant do? On the whole the writers on the subject seem to think that £1000 are the least, and that £500 is an ample allowance. These figures are, fairly well defined limits. The latter may, say, be £400, and the former, £1200, and the profit should be a pound per acre. This leaves the farmer a sum of £100 a year in return for inconstant care, and no time out for pleasure or recreation save in the winter. On the other hand, if a young fellow has £2,400 on capital, the choice between stagnating on £100 a month interest or expanding and earning £1000 a year is earned out of the land. The latter is clearly in favour of the latter.

We cannot recommend a man to start farming on borrowed capital, because the chances of the seasons are too great. If he insists upon the experiment let him at least beware of fluctuations in yield. With crops like wheat, on the other hand, if they never rise above the average, he will have £1000 on 40 bushels per acre. He must know the number of possibilities.

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Bottle of 100663296s. 6d. contains 10066329600 drops.  
Bottle of 201326592s. 6d. contains 20132659200 drops.  
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Bottle of 206158430208s. 6d. contains 20615843020800 drops.  
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Bottle of 1649267441664s. 6d. contains 164926744166400 drops.  
Bottle of 3298534883328s. 6d. contains 329853488332800 drops.  
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Bottle of 13194139533312s. 6d. contains 1319413953331200 drops.  
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Bottle of 52776558133248s. 6d. contains 5277655813324800 drops.  
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Bottle of 211106232532992s. 6d. contains 21110623253299200 drops.  
Bottle of 422212465065984s. 6d. contains 42221246506598400 drops.  
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Bottle of 1688849860263936s. 6d. contains 168884986026393600 drops.  
Bottle of 3377699720527872s. 6d. contains 337769972052787200 drops.  
Bottle of 6755399441055744s. 6d. contains 675539944105574400 drops.  
Bottle of 13510798882111488s. 6d. contains 1351079888211148800 drops.  
Bottle of 27021597764222976s. 6d. contains 2702159776422297600 drops.  
Bottle of 54043195528445952s. 6d. contains 5404319552844595200 drops.  
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Bottle of 216172782113783808s. 6d. contains 21617278211378380800 drops.  
Bottle of 432345564227567616s. 6d. contains 43234556422756761600 drops.  
Bottle of 864691128455135232s. 6d. contains 86469112845513523200 drops.  
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Bottle of 110680464442257309696s. 6d. contains 11068046444225730969600 drops.  
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Bottle of 113336795588871485128704s. 6d. contains 11333679558887148512870400 drops.  
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Bottle of 453347182355485940514816s. 6d. contains 45334718235548594051481600 drops.  
Bottle of 906694364710971881029632s. 6d. contains 90669436471097188102963200 drops.  
Bottle of 1813388729421943762059264s. 6d. contains 181338872942194376205926400 drops.  
Bottle of 3626777458843887524118528s. 6d. contains 362677745884388752411852800 drops.  
Bottle of 7253554917687775048237056s. 6d. contains 725355491768777504823705600 drops.  
Bottle of 14507109835375550096474112s. 6d. contains 1450710983537555009647411200 drops.  
Bottle of 29014219670751100192948224s. 6d. contains 2901421967075110019294822400 drops.  
Bottle of 58028439341502200385896448s. 6d. contains 5802843934150220038589644800 drops.  
Bottle of 116056878683004400771792896s. 6d. contains 11605687868300440077179289600 drops.  
Bottle of 232113757366008801543585792s. 6d. contains 23211375736600880154358579200 drops.  
Bottle of 464227514732017603087171584s. 6d. contains 46422751473201760308717158400 drops.  
Bottle of 928455029464035206174343168s. 6d. contains 92845502946403520617434316800 drops.  
Bottle of 1856910058928070412348686336s. 6d. contains 185691005892807041234868633600 drops.  
Bottle of 3713820117856140824697372672s. 6d. contains 371382011785614082469737267200 drops.  
Bottle of 7427640235712281649394745344s. 6d. contains 742764023571228164939474534400 drops.  
Bottle of 14855280471424563298789490688s. 6d. contains 1485528047142456329878949068800 drops.  
Bottle of 29710560942849126597578981376s. 6d. contains 2971056094284912659757898137600 drops.  
Bottle of 59421121885698253195157962752s. 6d. contains 5942112188569825319515796275200 drops.  
Bottle of 118842243771396506390315925504s. 6d. contains 11884224377139650639031592550400 drops.  
Bottle of 237684487542793012780631851008s. 6d. contains 23768448754279301278063185100800 drops.  
Bottle of 475368975085586025561263702016s. 6d. contains 47536897508558602556126370201600 drops.  
Bottle of 950737950171172051122527404032s. 6d. contains 95073795017117205112252740403200 drops.  
Bottle of 1901475900342344102245054808064s. 6d. contains 190147590034234410224505480806400 drops.  
Bottle of 3802951800684688204490109616128s. 6d. contains 380295180068468820449010961612800 drops.  
Bottle of 7605903601369376408980219232256s. 6d. contains 760590360136937640898021923225600 drops.  
Bottle of 15211807202738752817960438464512s. 6d. contains 1521180720273875281796043846451200 drops.  
Bottle of 30423614405477505635920876929024s. 6d. contains 3042361440547750563592087692902400 drops.  
Bottle of 60847228810955011271841753858048s. 6d. contains 6084722881095501127184175385804800 drops.  
Bottle of 121694457621910022543683507716096s. 6d. contains 12169445762191002254368350771609600 drops.  
Bottle of 243388915243820045087367015432192s. 6d. contains 24338891524382004508736701543219200 drops.  
Bottle of 486777830487640090174734030864384s. 6d. contains 48677783048764009017473403086438400 drops.  
Bottle of 973555660975280180349468061728768s. 6d. contains 97355566097528018034946806172876800 drops.  
Bottle of 1947111321950560360698936123457536s. 6d. contains 194711132195056036069893612345753600 drops.  
Bottle of 3894222643901120721397872246915072s. 6d. contains 389422264390112072139787224691507200 drops.  
Bottle of 7788445287802241442795744493830144s. 6d. contains 778844528780224144279574449383014400 drops.  
Bottle of 15576890575604482885591488987660288s. 6d. contains 1557689057560448288559148898766028800 drops.  
Bottle of 31153781151208965771182977975320576s. 6d. contains 3115378115120896577118297797532057600 drops.  
Bottle of 62307562302417931542365955950641152s. 6d. contains 6230756230241793154236595595064115200 drops.  
Bottle of 124615124604835863084731911901282304s. 6d. contains 12461512460483586308473191190128230400 drops.  
Bottle of 249230249209671726169463823802564608s. 6d. contains 24923024920967172616946382380256460800 drops.  
Bottle of 498460498419343452338927647605129216s. 6d. contains 49846049841934345233892764760512921600 drops.  
Bottle of 996920996838686904677855295210258432s. 6d. contains 99692099683868690467785529521025843200 drops.  
Bottle of 1993841993677373809355710590420516864s. 6d. contains 199384199367737380935571059042051686400 drops.  
Bottle of 3987683987354747618711421180841033728s. 6d. contains 398768398735474761871142118084103372800 drops.  
Bottle of 7975367974709495237422842361682067456s. 6d. contains 797536797470949523742284236168206745600 drops.  
Bottle of 15950735949418990474845684723364134912s. 6d. contains 1595073594941899047484568472336413491200 drops.  
Bottle of 31901471898837980949691369446728269824s. 6d. contains 3190147189883798094969136944672826982400 drops.  
Bottle of 63802943797675961899382738893456539648s. 6d. contains 6380294379767596189938273889345653964800 drops.  
Bottle of 127605887595351923798765477786913079296s. 6d. contains 12760588759535192379876547778691307929600 drops.  
Bottle of 255211775190703847597530955573826158592s. 6d. contains 25521177519070384759753095557382615859200 drops.  
Bottle of 510423550381407695195061911147652317184s. 6d. contains 51042355038140769519506191114765231718400 drops.  
Bottle of 1020847100762815390390123822295304634368s. 6d. contains 102084710076281539039012382229530463436800 drops.  
Bottle of 2041694201525630780780247644590609268736s. 6d. contains 204169420152563078078024764459060926873600 drops.  
Bottle of 4083388403051261561560495289181218537472s. 6d. contains 408338840305126156156049528918121853747200 drops.  
Bottle of 8166776806102523123120990578362437074944s. 6d. contains 816677680610252312312099057836243707494400 drops.  
Bottle of 16333553612205046246241981156724874149888s. 6d. contains 1633355361220504624624198115672487414988800 drops.  
Bottle of 32667107224410092492483962313449748299776s. 6d. contains 3266710722441009249248396231344974829977600 drops.  
Bottle of 65334214448820184984967924626899496599552s. 6d. contains 6533421444882018498496792462689949659955200 drops.  
Bottle of 130668428897640369969935849253798993199104s. 6d. contains 13066842889764036996993584925379899319910400 drops.  
Bottle of 261336857795280739939871698507597986398208s. 6d. contains 26133685779528073993987169850759798639820800 drops.  
Bottle of 522673715590561479879743397015195972796416s. 6d. contains 52267371559056147987974339701519597279641600 drops.  
Bottle of 1045347431181122959759486794030391945592832s. 6d. contains 104534743118112295975948679403039194559283200 drops.  
Bottle of 2090694862362245919518973588060783891185664s. 6d. contains 209069486236224591951897358806078389118566400 drops.  
Bottle of 4181389724724491839037947176121567782371328s. 6d. contains 418138972472449183903794717612156778237132800 drops.  
Bottle of 8362779449448983678075894352243135564742656s. 6d. contains 836277944944898367807589435224313556474265600 drops.  
Bottle of 16725558898897967356151788704486271129485312s. 6d. contains 1672555889889796735615178870448627112948531200 drops.  
Bottle of 33451117797795934712303577408972542258970624s. 6d. contains 3345111779779593471230357740897254225897062400 drops.  
Bottle of 66902235595591869424607154817945084517941248s. 6d. contains 6690223559559186942460715481794508451794124800 drops.  
Bottle of 133804471191183738849214309635890169035882496s. 6d. contains 13380447119118373884921430963589016903588249600 drops.  
Bottle of 267608942382367477698428619271780338071764992s. 6d. contains 26760894238236747769842861927178033807176499200 drops.  
Bottle of 535217884764734955396857238543560676143529984s. 6d. contains 53521788476473495539685723854356067614352998400 drops.  
Bottle of 1070435769529469910793714477087121352287059968s. 6d. contains 107043576952946991079371447708712135228705996800 drops.  
Bottle of 2140871539058939821587428954174242704574119936s. 6d. contains 214087153905893982158742895417424270457411993600 drops.  
Bottle of 4281743078117879643174857908348485409148239872s. 6d. contains 428174307811787964317485790834848540914823987200 drops.  
Bottle of 8563486156235759286349715816696708178296479744s. 6d. contains 856348615623575928634971581669670817829647974400 drops.  
Bottle of 17126972312471518572699431633393416356592959488s. 6d. contains 1712697231247151857269943163339341635659295948800 drops.  
Bottle of 34253944624943037145398863266786832713185918976s. 6d. contains 3425394462494303714539886326678683271318591897600 drops.  
Bottle of 68507889249886074290797726533573665426371837952s. 6d. contains 6850788924988607429079772653357366542637183795200 drops.  
Bottle of 137015778499772148581595453067147330852743675904s. 6d. contains 13701577849977214858159545306714733085274367590400 drops.  
Bottle of 274031556999544297163190906134294661705487511808s. 6d. contains 27403155699954429716319090613429466170548751180800 drops.  
Bottle of 548063113999088594326381812268589323410975023616s. 6d. contains 54806311399908859432638181226858932341097502361600 drops.  
Bottle of 1096126227998177188652763624537178646821950047232s. 6d. contains 109612622799817718865276362453717864682195004723200 drops.  
Bottle of 2192252455996354377305527249074357293643900094464s. 6d. contains 219225245599635437730552724907435729364390009446400 drops.  
Bottle of 4384504911992708754611054498148714582878000188928s. 6d. contains 438450491199270875461105449814871458287800018892800 drops.  
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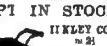
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No. 458. Vol. LXXV.  
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1904

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At Christmas time every member, driver and conductor in London receives from Lord Biddulph a beautiful Christmas card. The card is not only a beautiful work of art, but it also contains a list of the names of the men who have been promoted during the year. The card is a beautiful work of art, and it is a pleasure to receive it. The card is a beautiful work of art, and it is a pleasure to receive it. The card is a beautiful work of art, and it is a pleasure to receive it.

PEER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS TO OMNIBUS MEN. ONE OF THE POLICE LIVERY MEN.

DEAN, C. S. BISHOP, R. G.

## Topics of the Week

Not even the irrepressible optimism of the late New Year Lord Hammond, who, it will be remembered, **Prospects** could not see a cloud on the political horizon **Abroad** in the fateful summer of 1870—would regard the outlook for the New Year with anything but misgiving. The political sky is anything but fair to see. Lowering clouds in the foreground merge into a thick tenebrous mass in the distance, already fully lit up with the angry glow of war. The year on the threshold of which we stand will probably witness the *denouement* of the colossal struggle in the Far East. What shape will it take? Who can say? And who can think of it without uneasiness? The victory of Japan will mean a new chapter in the world's history. Not only will Asia have re-established her right to a place in the inner councils of the Great Powers, but the rebound of Russia, driven back from her Eastern expansion, will make itself disagreeably felt in pressure elsewhere in Central Asia, in Persia, in Asia Minor, perhaps in Europe itself. Not less menacing is the prospect of a Russian victory. In that case the peace of the world will probably be more immediately imperilled, for Russia may try to crush Japan once for all, and that Great Britain can never permit. A middle *modus vivendi* is perhaps possible, which would leave both belligerents undefeated; but this also would mean a disturbance of the equilibrium of the world's forces such as we have never known since the partition of Poland. Meanwhile troubles are accumulating nearer home. There is talk of a war in Morocco which may kindle a flame throughout African Islam. There is something more than talk of a recrudescence of troubles in the Balkans, in which Bulgars and Greek and Turk and Rouman are all itching to take a hand, and in which the Bashi-Bazouk would be in his element. But worse than all these impending troubles is the instability by which the domestic condition of many of the great States is marked. If serious international crises are to be adequately dealt with the neutral Powers must be strong and secure at home. There at least are almost paralysed by internal dissensions. Russia, France, and Austria are all in the throes of constitutional conflicts of the gravest kind. In themselves, perhaps, they need not be regarded tragically, but that they must tend to weaken the forces which are normally available for the control of international perils, and must also help to darken counsel when international ways and means are considered, is unquestionable. On the whole, then, the outlook of 1907 is the reverse of bright. Happily this sort of meteorology is not an exact science, and we may still muddle through, as we have so frequently done before, into a Happy New Year.

From a commercial and industrial point of view the prospects of the New Year are simultaneously both good and bad. On the one hand we find our foreign trade in a more flourishing condition than perhaps ever before; on the other hand, our home trade, in many of its branches, is so depressed that the cry of the unemployed has gone up from all parts of the country. The truth appears to be that our home trade is suffering from the after effects of the war. We have spent our money in South Africa, and have got less left to spend at home. The evil did not make itself felt while the war lasted, because most of the expenditure, being made out of capital, stimulated for a time an unhealthy activity in those branches of industry concerned with the production of the material for war. A good deal of this rapid expenditure also continued after the war was over in order to make good the destruction caused by the war. Now that all this feverish activity is at an end, and we have nothing to do but to pay the bills, each taxpayer feels the pinch, and by curtailing his ordinary expenditure in order to pay his taxes, he diminishes the amount of employment in the country. There is good reason to hope, however, that these hard times will not last long. The profits that are being made by many of our great export industries, and the extra wages that are being earned in these industries, will gradually begin to tell on the total wealth of the country, so as to enlarge the purchasing power, or in other words the employing power, of the community. On the whole, then, the commercial and industrial outlook is favourable. The political outlook is more doubtful. Nobody knows what may happen when Parliament meets. The general expectation is that a dissolution will take place in March; but it is quite possible that Mr. Balfour may decide that the General Election ought to be postponed until after a Redistribution Act which would give fair weight to every part of the

country. At present the constituencies are so unequal in size that it is quite possible for a minority of electors to return a majority of members to Parliament. In any case, however, the political barometer unmistakably points for the New Year to the word—Stormy.

Being an honest statesman from top to toe, President Roosevelt now uses, in unmistakably plain terms, to allow the United States to be made use of any longer as a shield for wrongdoing by neighbouring Republics. In his Message to Congress he let drop a hint to that effect, but it was left for Mr. Root, his *alter ego*, to give the Presidential warning definiteness. As it now stands in its completed form, it notifies all whom it may concern that while the Great Republic cannot permit any foreign State to increase its territorial possessions on the American Continent, Washington undertakes to exact redress for any proved misconduct in the same extensive arena. Apparently, even armed force would be employed against insurgents, but it is scarcely believable that any of the troublesome little States on the isthmus would challenge that application. So, at last, Washington recognises the equipollence of the oft-repeated British contention that the Monroe Doctrine carries with it responsibility as well as power. While there is no longer the slightest danger of any European State attempting either to enlarge its American territories or to found new colonies there, there has always been some risk of temporary occupation as a "material guarantee." But if the Great Republic acts on the lines laid down by the President and Mr. Root, claimants against Venezuela or St. Domingo, or any of the other recalcitrant Republics, will have the guarantee of Washington for adequate and quick redress.

Lord Curzon's strenuous efforts to develop British and Indian commerce with Persia have not been attended with much success so far. Trade Not many years ago we commanded the Persian markets in the southern and eastern provinces, and also did a good deal of business elsewhere. But from the time when the reigning Shah fell into Russian leading-strings, there has been a remarkable upsetting of previous commercial traffic. According to official statistics just issued at Teheran, Russia now transacts more than twice as much trade with the Shah's subjects as Great Britain and India together. Some allowance should be made, it is true, for the improved transport facilities between South Eastern Russia and Northern Persia, and also for the important fact that our cotton exports now encounter keen competition from Russian manufactures. Still, it is not satisfactory to see a once excellent market in process of being captured by our Asiatic rival, and all the less so when it is remembered how close is the connection in most cases between commercial conquest and political influence. Happily, while Lord Curzon was on leave in England, he concerted with Lord Lansdowne some carefully planned measures for the better "juristic penetration" of ill-governed Iran.

The complete success of Mr. A. B. Markham's endeavour to check the continuous flow of discontented country folk to towns should stimulate the State to carry the experiment to greater lengths. Conceiving the idea that English agricultural labourers, small tenant-farmers, and rural shopkeepers would be as ready to embark in the purchase and cultivation of land as is the case in Ireland, if they received the same sort of help, Mr. Markham bought a small property of some sixty acres in Leicestershire. Parcelling this out into plots of one thousand square yards each, he so arranged that the occupier would automatically become the owner of the freehold at the end of ten years, at a payment of only fourpence per week. That small sum covered interest, principal, and all other outgoings, and it was thus placed in the power of applicants to rise to the position of yeomen at no greater sacrifice than, say, the abandonment of a single pot of ale on Saturday night. It should be understood that the whole scheme rested on strictly business foundations; at the end of the decade the projector would be reimbursed every farthing of capital invested in the bit of land, together with four per cent. interest for the whole period. At once every plot was taken up on these terms, and just before Christmas Mr. Markham had the pleasure of handing over to his humble customers the title-deeds of their several purchases. As there is no reason to believe that Leicestershire differs from other English counties in the aspirations of its population, there can be little doubt that if the State were to make a similar offer, the old race of yeomen would soon come back into being, and this country would once more possess a physical backbone much superior to the weakly product of the towns.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

Some three or four years ago, goaded to desperation by the boring lanities of the public dinner and the incoherent, inaudible rubbish, the stammering speech and the dithering imbecility of the subsequent orators, I proposed in this column that a drastic reform should take place in all these matters. I suggested that all after-dinner speaking should be abolished, but that the list of toasts should be gone through as usual, and all the speeches, either in proposal or reply, should be printed in a little book tastefully got up and illustrated, a copy being given to each guest, so that he might read or not as he thought fit, but which he might keep afterwards as a souvenir of the occasion. This I was told was "one of Bywater's wild, impracticable, impossible ideas." Therefore, I am delighted to hear the notion was admirably carried out recently at De Kroyer's Royal Hotel, when Mr. Carl Hentchel, as president of the Bartholomew Club, entertained the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs. The innovation, I hear, was so generally approved the other night that there is every chance of its becoming popular. My second notion to mitigate the miseries of a public dinner was to have the toast-list arranged as a *causette*, which should be properly rehearsed by the principal speakers, with an efficient selection of the diners to act as chorus. This, however, would hardly be so easy to accomplish as my first-named scheme. Another reform in such functions might, however, be easily and beneficially carried out—that is to abolish the long tables altogether. How often has one's enjoyment for the whole evening at one of these entertainments been entirely spoilt by having a garrulous bore on one side of you, an uninteresting person on the other, or your nearest enemy sitting immediately opposite. Sometimes I have been so badly placed that I have left hurriedly after the soup, and made my way to a club in search of dinner. All this trouble and disadvantage might be avoided by having, instead of the long tables, a number of small ones to accommodate four, six, or eight, as the case might be. Then you could select your own company, and, moreover, have plenty of room for your elbows, and stand a very fair chance of passing a pleasant evening.

It is satisfactory to find that my protest against the Shakespeare memorial taking the form of a statue, which originally appeared in this column fifteen weeks ago, and which I have had occasion to refer to since, is every day meeting with further support, and judging from the communications I have received on the subject, this form of commemoration is likely to meet with less favour than any other. Mr. Bernard Partridge's admirable cartoon, "De Mortuis, &c." in last week's *Punch* will, doubtless, convert many to my way of thinking. Surely the most conventional of committee-men will not be proof against the touching appeal of the Shade of Shakespeare to Mr. Punch. "I hear they want to do something to perpetuate my memory. I say, old man, don't let 'em put up a statue!" This appeal is cleverly strengthened by the aid of the introduction of a few of our own conventional weaknesses in the way of statues in the background. It has been said that an Englishman has but two methods of commemorating his great men—a dinner while living and a statue when dead. Let us hope we shall not perpetrate this conventional mistake in the case of William Shakespeare. Lady Bancroft, on opening the New Scala Theatre the other day, suggested that it might be reserved for the performance of Shakespeare's plays. If this excellent idea should be carried out, and the theatre called the "Shakespeare"—it would be a finer memorial than any number of statues.

A good many years ago I walked about the City all night in the interest of *All the Year Round*, and embodied my experiences in an article entitled "In the Silent City." In that paper I raised the question as to whether one could get a cheque changed at a banker's in the middle of the night. I said, "Supposing I were to ring the bell and present a properly signed cheque at one of these banks, is it likely that some ancient octogenarian housekeeper would come down with a wince and throw over her night-dress and give me the change? I think it is far more likely that the night-watchman would awake suddenly from his slumber and give me in charge of the nearest policeman." It appears, however, according to the papers, that this somewhat wild idea has been realised in New York, where they have an "All-Night Bank," where cheques may be cashed any time between 4 p.m. and 9 a.m., which is specially arranged for those who are unable to reach a bank within the usual business hours. It seems to me that a bank of this description would be specially open to burglarious attack—that it ought to be kept open by a well-armed guard, and that the clerks should have a revolver ready when they utter to a customer the mysterious question, "Owyeravit?"

The rapid increase in the number of theatres is somewhat alarming both as regards the welfare of the management and the convenience of the public. As London increases in size, it naturally requires more places of amusement, but there should be so disposed as to accommodate a certain area, and not more than one theatre should be found within a given space. As it is, the theatres are too closely clustered together. In some instances they are next-door neighbours, in others they are back to back, while most of them are within half of one another. What is the consequence? There are some districts without any theatre at all, while there are others so crowded with places of amusement that at night-time the footpaths are overbronged and the roadways impassable. As more theatres are being built—and there are plenty in course of construction—this nuisance is likely to increase to a terrible extent. It would be well, then, if the London County Council would seriously consider this matter, and take measures, if possible, in the future, to prevent the too close aggregation of places of amusement.







FROM A SERVICE BY A CORRESPONDENT

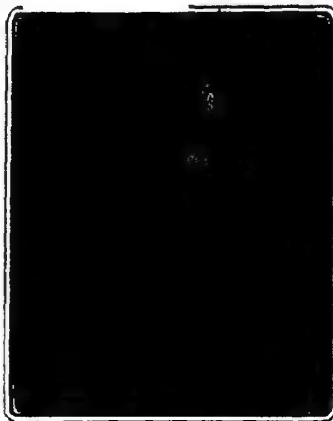
LEFT BEHIND: WIVES OF RUSSIAN RESERVISTS SEEING OFF A TROOP-TRAIN AT A COUNTRY STATION

THEY ARE THE WIVES OF RUSSIAN RESERVISTS WHO ARE OFF TO THE FRONT. THE WOMEN ARE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND, AND THE MEN IN THE FOREGROUND. THE WOMEN ARE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND, AND THE MEN IN THE FOREGROUND. THE WOMEN ARE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND, AND THE MEN IN THE FOREGROUND.

## The Court

The Royal Christmas at Sandringham was very bright and pleasant. The King and Queen had all their children and grandchildren round them, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, with their two daughters, joining the party at the end of the week, the Marquis de Saxe and a few other very intimate friends also arriving, but according to their custom their Majesties kept the season quite quietly. Present going was the order of the day, from the Royal circle itself down to the poor on the estates, who, like those in London and Windsor, had a large share of Royal bounty in the shape of coal, beef, clothing and money. The King himself presided on Saturday afternoon at the distribution of five joints of beef to the cottagers and workmen on the Sandringham estates. The meat was put out on long tables in the coach-houses, where all the Royal party inspected them. Later in the day the Royal household had their turn among the presents, for a big Christmas tree was arranged in the ballroom, hung thickly with the King and Queen's gifts for their family and household, every present being tactfully chosen with reference to the recipients' particular likings. There was a number of eight grandchildren—the Duke and Duchess of Fife's two daughters, the Prince and Princess of Wales's five children, and Princess Charles of Denmark's only baby son. The King and Queen themselves distributed the gifts from the tree, and it was essentially the "children's hour," games following. In their turn the little ones had presents to give the grandparents, mostly home-made treasures, such as mats, penwipers, etc., the White Lodge children being especially clever with their fingers. Christmas morning was fine and frosty, and all the Royal party drove to the Service at Sandringham Church, which was prettily decorated with flowers from the Royal greenhouses and plenty of holly. There was no sermon, Canon Hervey taking the Service. Afterwards the King and the Prince of Wales walked home, and Princess Charles of Denmark went back with the Prince and Princess of Wales to lunch at York Cottage. In the evening all the Royal Family dined with the King and Queen at Sandringham House. It was a traditional Old English Christmas dinner, with the ha's head, game pie, and turbot of beef—the last being cooked at Windsor Castle, and eaten cold—and a huge plum-pudding. The ha's head was a present from the German Emperor. This dinner was served at small oval tables, the King and Queen sitting opposite each other. The rest of the week has been occupied with shooting for the King and Prince of Wales and driving for the Queen and Princesses, together with various evening entertainments. On Monday the King and Prince shot at Hillington, the Queen and Princesses joining them at lunch and watching the sport until late in the afternoon. The family festive routine till the New Year, and on Monday the King and Queen leave for Chatsworth, to spend a few days with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. On returning to Sandringham there will be a big shooting party, and during the rest of the month the King will divide his time between entertaining guests at Sandringham and Windsor, and paying shooting visits until their Majesties go to town in February to hold the first Courts of the new year. About the beginning of March the King will go yachting in the Mediterranean. Possibly the Queen may accompany him instead of going to Denmark as originally intended, and their Majesties may visit Gibraltar and Malta. The Victoria and Albert is being refitted in readiness.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will probably leave Sandringham for Fougere early in January, and on the 22nd will the Prince start for Ireland. Their youngest child, little Prince George, has just kept his second birthday.



THE LATE DUCHESS ALEXANDRINE OF  
SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA

In the time of the late Queen, the Isle of Wight was always the Royal headquarters for Christmas, and those Princes and Princesses who so often spent the season with Queen Victoria still like to go back to Osborne at this time of year. Thus Princess Henry of Battenberg was at Osborne Cottage with all her family except her second son, Prince Leopold, who is in Egypt again for his health; Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, was at Kent House with her husband, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their family, also joined the party. All the Royal Family attended the Service in Whippingham Church on Christmas morning, and in the evening they all gathered at Princess Henry's home, Osborne Cottage, for the Christmas dinner. Prince Arthur of Connaught, however, had to leave for Germany to represent the King at the funeral of the Dowager-Duchess of Saxe-Coburg. The same clause kept the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg from joining the Duchess of Albany at Clarendon for Christmas, but he will come over next week. Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck were with the Duchess, and on Christmas Eve accompanied her to her usual distribution of holly to her poorer neighbours. The Duchess's Annual Christmas Tree to the Esch schoolchildren is postponed till the Duke arrives.

Christmas at foreign courts is always kept with much festivity. Perhaps the gayest Christmas is at the German Court, where the Kaiser makes a great deal of the season. As usual the German Imperial Family were at the New Palace at Potsdam, where the only absence was the sailor Prince Adalbert. Christmas Eve is the great time, and this year the Emperor began by a visit to his favourite regiment, the First Foot-Guards, then strolled through the Sans-Souci Park to give his gardeners five thalers apiece, and finally met his family in the Jager Gallery to conduct them in State to the Shell Chamber, where a Christmas tree was arranged for every member of the family. The Imperial

gifts are generally somewhat plain and practical, but always suitable, as, like our own King and Queen, the Emperor and Empress always choose each present. The German Crown Prince, by-the-by, gave his betrothed, the Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, a lovely pearl necklace, the Empress having carefully chosen each pearl. Empress Augusta is as great an expert in pearls as the Dowager Queen Margherita of Italy, and has given her only daughter a splendid pearl on each birthday, so that by the time Princess Luise is grown up she will have a beautiful necklace. The German Emperor receives many presents from his fellow-Sovereigns—beef and plum-puddings from King Edward and caviare from the Tsar. At the Italian Court the children also had a bright Christmas, Queen Elena and King Victor having Christmas trees for Yolande and Mafalda. Even the Vatican departed from its traditional formality for the day, the Pope's sisters dining with him—quite a startling innovation. Affairs were not so comfortable at the Saxon Court, for the ex-Crown Princess Louise unexpectedly arrived to pay her children a Christmas visit. She was not allowed to see them, and had to leave Dresden for Leipzig, the Dresdeners, however, showing the utmost sympathy and throwing flowers into her carriage. So far the King is still obdurate, but there are hopes that arrangements may be made for the Princess—or rather the Countess Montpensier—as she is now called—to see her children occasionally. Popular feeling greatly favours the Princess, thus complicating the situation.

The Dowager Duchess Alexandrine of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who has just died at Callenberg Castle, was in the eighty-fifth year of her age. She was the widow of Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha—the elder brother of the late Prince Consort, and consequently an aunt of King Edward. Alexandrine Louise Annette Friederike Elisabeth Sophie of Saxe-Coburg was by birth a Princess of Baden. She was born at Karlsruhe on December 6, 1820, and was the sister of the present Grand Duke Frederick of Baden. On May 3, 1848, she was married to Ernest II., Duke of Saxe-Coburg. In 1894 she lost her husband. Her marriage was childless, but she lived to see two generations occupy her husband's throne in the persons of her nephew the late Duke Alfred, and of her grand-nephew, the Duke of Albany, the present Duke Charles Edward.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Trebizond:—"In your issue of October 1, it is stated that with the death of Prince Herbert Hismreck disappears the last survivor of the Congress of Berlin. It will interest your readers to learn that Caratheodor Pasha, one of the three representatives sent by Turkey to that Congress is still alive. The career of this statesman and diplomatist is somewhat remarkable. In 1874, at the age of forty, he was sent as Ambassador to Rome, and was shortly afterwards made Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs: in 1878 he was sent by the Sultan as chief of the delegation to the Congress of Berlin. Though a much younger man than his colleagues—Sadullah Bey and Mehmet Ali Pasha—and possibly the youngest of all the members, he showed considerable ability. It was from this meeting that the intimacy between himself, Lord Beaconsfield and the late Marquess of Salisbury arose. He later held the positions of Minister for Foreign Affairs, Governor of Samos and Governor of Crete. He was recently proposed by Sir Nicholas O'Connor, British Ambassador at Constantinople, as President of the Committee for reforms in Macedonia. To-day, at the age of seventy, he enjoys the confidence of the Sultan, and, as Privy Councillor, is among the chief advisers of His Imperial Majesty. Caratheodor Pasha is a finished mathematician and a distinguished polyglot; he speaks and writes fluently English, French, German, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Turkish, Persian and Sanskrit. He is acknowledged as an authority on International Law and Jurisprudence and may be considered in the first rank of diplomats, both of the old and of the new school."



THE ENGINE IN THE MIST OF THE WRECKAGE

The Great Central Railway's 2.45 a.m. newspaper mail train to the North, while running over the Metropolitan Railway's line on Friday fell off the rails at Aylesbury. Amongst, among the mangled being slippery from frost and fog. The engine fell across the down platform, and the train, which consisted of three passenger coaches, six parcel vans, and a guard's van, was dashed with terrific force against the brickwork and piled up in a heap the two front coaches being quite demolish. The driver of the train, Joseph Barnabaw, was seriously injured, and subsequently died in hospital. The fireman, George Masters,



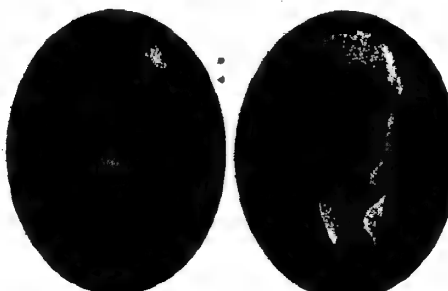
ONE OF THE COACHES AFTER THE ACCIDENT

and two passengers (Daniel Rogers, engine driver, and Joseph Blanton, fireman, both in the service of the Great Central Railway) were killed. Almost immediately after the accident a train from Manchester drove in sight, and a second disaster was only averted through the promptness of the signalman. The Manchester train was unable to stop, though it was slowed down. It struck the tender of the wrecked engine, and the two front wheels of the Manchester engine left the line. No one was hurt. Our photographs were supplied by the Topical Press Photo Agency.



## The North Sea Commission

Vice-Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont, the British Commissioner, has a great reputation for conspicuous ability and fair-mindedness. He is only fifty-seven years old, and of those years forty-four have been spent in the Navy. He has the Arctic medal for his services as a Lieutenant in the expedition of 1875-76, for which he was also promoted and made a F.R.G.S. In July, 1878, he became a naval attaché for Europe, but was appointed three months later private secretary to Lord Northbrook, then First Lord of the Admiralty. In that capacity he accompanied Lord Northbrook on his mission to Egypt in 1884. It was not until 1891 that Sir Lewis Beaumont received his first independent command, when he was given charge of the Training Squadron, a post which he held for rather more than two years. His subsequent appointments have been Director of Naval Intelligence, 1894-1897; Aide-de-Camp to Queen Victoria, 1895-1897; and Commander-in-Chief, Pacific and Australian Stations, 1899-1903. Sir Lewis was in personal attendance upon the Prince of Wales during the Australian

MR. HUGH O'BRIEN  
British Agent.THE RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD FRY  
British Legal Assessor.ADMIRAL FOURNIER  
French Commissioner.ADMIRAL KARSAKOV  
Russian Commissioner.ADMIRAL G. H. DAVIS  
United States Commissioner.ADMIRAL SPAUL  
Prussian Commissioner.VICE-ADMIRAL SIR LEWIS BEAUMONT  
British Commissioner.

### THE NORTH SEA INQUIRY COMMISSION NOW SITTING IN PARIS

part of his Royal Highness's Colonial tour in 1901, receiving his K.C.M.G. for these services.

The Right Hon. Sir Edward Fry, legal assessor on the Commission, is the distinguished lawyer who for some ten years was Lord Chief Justice of Appeal, and for six years before that a judge of the Chancery Division of the High Court. Sir Edward, it may be remembered, has quite recently been presiding over the Court of Arbitration appointed to adjudicate as to the purchase of the London water companies by the newly created Metropolitan Water Board. Sir Edward Fry is a man of many interests and attainments. Among other things, he is a governor of the Charterhouse School, a trustee of the Hunterian Museum, College of Surgeons, a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, and also of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, besides acting as Alderman and Chairman of Quarter Sessions of the County of Somerset. Sir Edward was seventy-seven last month.

Rear-Admiral Charles Henry Davis, United States Commissioner, is one of the newest admirals in the American Navy. He entered the United States Navy in 1861 as a cadet at the Annapolis Academy. Like Captain Mahan, he is an excellent scholar as well as a sailor, and one of the most scientific officers in the American Navy. He has been connected with the various expeditions for the determination of the difference of longitude by means of submarine telegraph cables. He commanded the auxiliary cruiser Dixie in the Spanish-American War, and his last command before reaching flag rank less than a year ago was the battleship Alabama.

The French delegate is Vice-Admiral Fournier; and the fifth member of the Commission, who was elected at its first meeting, is an Austrian, Admiral Baron von Spaun.

General-Adjutant Admiral N. J. Karsakov was born in 1834, and entered the service in 1852. In the Russo-Turkish War he was commander of the Nihil-Danubian flotilla, and from 1884 to 1886 had command of the fleet in Greek waters. From 1889 until 1891 he was chief inspector of the naval artillery, and subsequently commander of the practising squadron in the Baltic Sea. In 1884 he received the rank of rear-admiral. Promoted to vice-admiral, he had command of an Atlantic Ocean squadron in 1893, and then was Chief Commander of the port of Cronstadt, and Military Governor at Cronstadt until 1899. In 1901 he was promoted to Admiral. Admiral Karsakov is a member of the Admiralty Council, and also of the Nicolai Naval Academy's Conference.

Mr. Hugh O'Brien is First Secretary in H. M. Diplomatic Service, and is at present attached to the British Embassy in Paris. Before going to Paris he occupied positions at St. Petersburg, Washington, Constantinople, and Athens. While at St. Petersburg he was granted an allowance for his knowledge of Russian.

Our portrait of Admiral Fournier is by E. Pivov, Paris; that of Admiral Karsakov by Levitsky, St. Petersburg; that of Admiral Spaul by Cirovitch, Trieste; that of Sir Edward Fry by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; that of Vice-Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont by Mauld and Fox, Piccadilly; and that of Mr. O'Brien by Kate Pagnall, Brompton Square.

## The Late Sir Erasmus Ommanney

Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney was born in the year before the battle of Waterloo, on May 22, 1814, and entered the Navy in August, 1826, eleven years before Queen Victoria came to the throne. He was the son of Sir Francis Molynux Ommanney, M.P. for Barnstaple and Navy Agent. His first ship was the Albion, a famous seventy-four of the Napoleonic War, built while Nelson was alive, and in her, as a midshipman, he had his first experience of fighting—at the battle of Navarino. At Navarino the Albion was in the hottest of the fighting, and was run alongside of by a Turkish two-decker, whose men swarmed on board on maces in a desperate attempt to capture the vessel.

They were beaten off after a fierce hand-to-hand fight, and then the Albion's men, headed by a lieutenant, boarded the Turk in turn and took her. The scimitar, or yataghan, of the Turkish captain, who fell in defence of his ship, was given to Sir Erasmus Ommanney, whose most treasured memento it was to the last. Ten men were killed and fifty wounded on board the Albion. Sir Erasmus received the old naval "General Service" medal for Navarino, with one clasp—the same medal and ribbon granted for the Nile and Trafalgar and all the other battles and galleon actions of the Napoleonic War. As a lieutenant, in 1836, Sir Erasmus served with the Arctic explorer, Sir James Ross, in an expedition in the depths of winter to Baffin's Bay and the coast of Greenland and Labrador, in search of missing whalers, and as captain of H.M.S. Assistance he paid a second visit to the Arctic regions in 1850-1 as a second in command of a Franklin Relief Expedition. His indomitable energy was rewarded by the discovery of the first traces found of Sir John Franklin. During 1855 Sir Erasmus, as captain of the Hawke, of sixty guns, served with the Baltic Fleet, having charge of the squadron blockading the Gulf of Riga. In the performance of his

## Our Photographic Competition

### THE PRIZE-WINNERS

The enormous number of photographs submitted for competition—amounting to more than ten thousand—has rendered the task of the judges exceptionally severe, while the great advance made by the amateur photographer during the past few years, so strikingly shown by the excellent specimens which were sent in, have added greatly to the judges' labours. The mode of judging was as follows:—The whole of the photographs were first carefully looked through by skilled members of the Art Department of THE GRAPHIC, who reduced the number to 5,000. These were then examined a second time, and the number reduced to 500. The Art Editor and Assistant Art Editor then carefully further reduced the number to fifty, which were hung in a well-lighted room for the final award.

Sir Henry Wood, Secretary of the Society of Arts and a former President of the Royal Photographic Society, Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., and Mr. Carmichael Thomas, chairman of THE GRAPHIC, acting as judges, then minutely examined the photographs, and awarded the prizes as follows:—

#### First Prize: £50

"AFTER THE GAME."  
PIERRE DUBREUIL, 27, Rue d'Angoulême, Lille.

#### Second Prize: £25

"THE COUSIN-SOUP."  
W. NORTHROP, High Street, Walsley, Mansfield.

#### Third Prize: £10

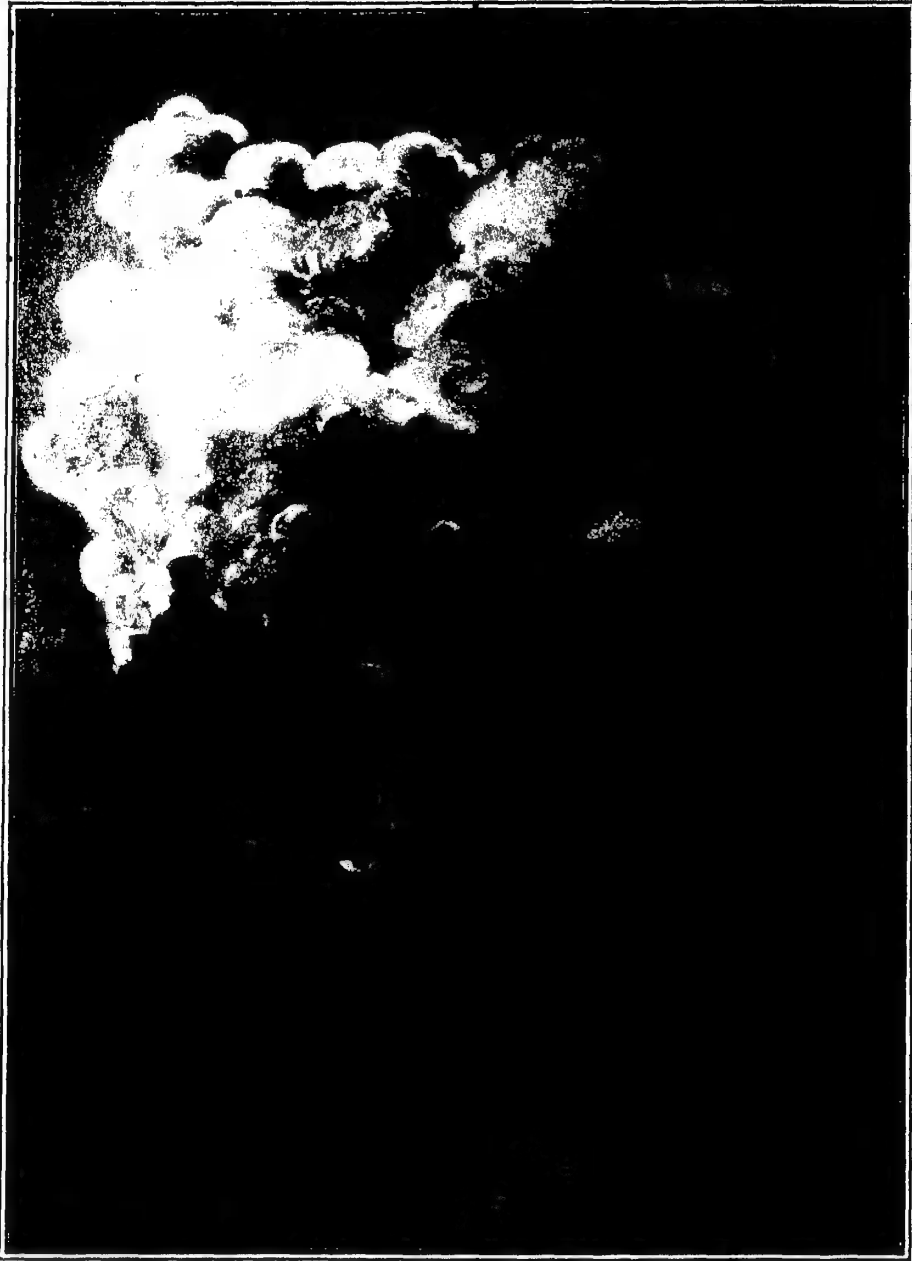
"HIS FIRST SMOKE."  
WM. ALLEN, 24, Rue, Landau, Tervent, Belgium.

#### Fourth Prize: £5

"BABY'S WAKING."  
T. LÜSCHER, 15, Cour de Rive, Geneva, Switzerland.

A number of other photographs were selected for reproduction in the Special Supplements, which will appear shortly. The senders of these photographs will each receive the sum of One Guinea.

THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR ERASMUS OMMANNEY.  
A Navarino Veteran.



These coast defense guns were brought by the Japanese from Osaka by boat to Dalny, hauled by rail fifteen miles, and then by hand over three miles to their positions in the mountainous region of Port Arthur. As the Russians have turned their coast defense guns inward, two great coast defense equipments are, for the first time in history, battling with each other. Most of the powder used in these guns is black, but at one battery, 900 meters from the Russian position, and hid only in a ravine, smokeless powder is necessary. By mistake, during the bombardment of October 22, one charge of black powder was put into one of these smokeless guns. Two minutes afterwards a thick volume of smoke rose over the ravine, and the Russians promptly put two shells into the battery. Most of the guns are behind mountains, over which they are fired.

**"BETRAYED BY SMOKE": FIRING A JAPANESE SIEGE GUN BEFORE PORT ARTHUR**

From a photograph taken under fire with the Third Japanese Army by Richard Barry.



"The merry-making spirit soon took possession of her—she insisted upon John trying his luck at the shooting gallery."

## TO CAMSDALE FAIR

By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST. Illustrated by W. RUSSELL FLINT.

John Furness stood before the mirror in his parlour, eyeing in dubious fashion his unaccustomed smartness. All his life he had been devoted to the wearing of sober colours; this morning, however, he had donned a new buff-coloured coat and grey breeches and a blue and white waistcoat. His gaiters, too, were worn for the first time—the brass buttons were bright as gold. He had a prosperous and kindly air, and his mild blue eyes were full of good nature.

Although he had passed his thirty-fifth year, he still presented a youthful appearance. His face was unlined with wrinkles; there was no grey in the closely shorn covering of his head; his moustache was short enough to leave displayed well-moulded lips; his teeth were white and admirably shapen. He was tall, plump of chest, with clean-cut shoulders and straight, strong legs.

The sound of wheels rolling over the cobbled farmyard told him that his lad had harnessed the young mare to the new dogcart. He took out his watch, a great gold repeater with a fob and seals that had belonged to his grandfather, and, seeing that it was a few minutes before noon, he left the house, rose to the seat, and drove briskly in the direction of Hannah Wainwright's house. His two women-servants, grown elderly in the family service, ran to an upper window and peered through the greenish glass until he was lost to sight behind the great elms that bordered the road.

"'Tis my belief," said Sally Morgan, the housekeeper, "as the master'll settle his fete to-day. In the night I dreamed o' barying, and well I know as dreams go by countries."

"And this very morning," added her companion, "I stumbled on my way upstairs, which my mother said, was a sure and certain sign. Well, well, I for one hope 'twill be so. The lad must either

wed or live and die a bachelor; and I've ne'er seen anyone as fitting as Miss Wainwright. A beauty, too, and famed for kindness."

Meanwhile the lady whom John was about to escort to Camsdale Fair sat before the carved toilet-chest in her chamber, dressing her long yellow hair in a very becoming style. There was, despite her fresh colour, a look of weariness in her great brown eyes; indeed, one would almost have thought that she had been weeping.

"Lackaday!" she said. "Tis foolish of me to dwell on the past in this fashion! It all happened ten years ago, before I heired Brosterfields. Maybe—maybe if I'd been mistress here then, Jake 'd ne'er have left me in the way he did—all for a foolish quarrel, without a grain of foundation!"

She took up a little bundle of letters tied with blue ribbon, and laid it out of sight in a drawer. Then she coiled the last plait at the top of her head, and plucked the affluence with an ancient comb of finely fretted tortoiseshell. When this was done, she put on a white muslin gown faintly patterned with green leaves, and buckled bands of black velvet, embroidered with pearl beads, round neck and wrists. A spray of moss rosebuds stood in a thick stemmed wineglass beside the mirror; she shook out the moisture and pinned the flowers in her breast.

She heard the sound of Furness's arrival, and being of too considerate a cast to keep him waiting, she tied daintily the strings of a white chip hat that was trimmed with leaves that sparkled with feigned drops of dew, and shaped like a shallow inverted flower-basket. Afterwards she drew on a pair of new lavender gloves, threw over her shoulders a silk Paisley shawl—faint green and white, like her gown—and then stood for a moment about the long glass in the wardrobe door. The picture reflected was

exceedingly fair; she wore lush crimine and shawl with a grace unusual amongst country women. She nodded to the smiling girl she saw there, then went lightly downstairs to the best parlour.

Furness, unconscious of her approach, was looking from the window at the lupins and poppies and columbines that filled the garden. When she spoke he turned and started visibly at the sight of her fresh loveliness.

"Why, Hannah," he cried, as he took her hand, "you're of a piece with the morning! Just like to me—how sweet a-growing by a brook-side!"

She pretended to have assumed fine manners with her pretty clothes; she plucked her skirt with forefinger and thumb of each hand, and made a very graceful curtsy.

"You flatter me over-much, John," she said. "You'll make me vain, for I have moods when I can listen to the hour to compliments. Before I grow quite my own simple self once more, let me assure you that I have never seen you so handsome!" She curtsied again.

"The fine lady's gone now," she declared. "Here's only Hannah Wainwright waiting for the promised drive to Camsdale Fair."

So they passed out of doors, and entered the dogcart, and John started the mare. They drove through the garden into the croft, thence along the western side of a copse that was busy with the humming of bees, and down a long and steeply-sloped lane to the highway. A shower soon after dawn had slaked the dust; the air was cool and fresh—perfumed with the myriads of flowers amongst the almost ripe mowing grass. Hannah counted the voices of five separate cuckoos, each crying against the others.

John pressed somewhat closer; his left arm crooked so that the hollow of the elbow made an enticing nest. He turned pleading

eyes. Hannah, after a moment's reluctance, placed her hand there.

"Hannah," he said, "you must have known why I asked you to honour me with your company to-day?"

She smiled. "Being a woman," she replied, "I had my thoughts. Say what you will, John, and I'll listen." Then she turned her face and gazed over the wide slope of country to a windmill that crowned a conical knoll. Her lashes were now wet with tears, the distance seemed to flutter from side to side.

"I have felt for long that I love you," he said in a low voice, "and I don't see how any man could help but love you. Because of my feeling, I want to tell you the whole truth. 'Tis not a smooth heart that I can offer you, Hannah—'tis a heart that was broken years and years ago, when Jane Urwin jilted me and wedded down Stafford way."

She laughed faintly: the laugh died of a sudden. "And I have but half a heart," she said. "Tis old news to you that once I was plighted to Jake Nelson, and that he quarrelled with me and left me at the last. I'd not have mentioned it, but I respect you so that I'm bound to. 'Tis with me as with you—I couldn't love again as I loved then."

"I knew that 'twas so, Hannah," he said; "but if you'd be content with the feeling I offer, I'd be happy with thine." He raised her hand to his lips, and kissed between the glove and the velvet wristband. "'Tis a compact, then, Hannah?" he added, half sadly.

"Ay, if you still wish it, John. Only, I can't answer for myself if—"

"If what, Hannah?" he said.

"If Jake came back before we married, and asked me to forget and make it up. He's been a widower for a year or so, I've heard."

"If he came back and was worthy of you," he said, "I would be my desire to see you happy together. Jane, too, is left alone in the world—her man died three months ago; but I shall not seek her, though I could forgive her all."

For a while they travelled in silence, passing fields where the green wheat was breast high, and where the cornflowers trobled in the heat like wind-stirred smoke. In the Sheriff Woods the pheasants rose and fluttered with their half-grown broods. The undergrowth was bright with wild roses—the pure white kind, whose fragrance conveys suggestion of faded alcoves, of women in lace-like sequins. In the ditches bordered camions held up their pink heads; the great cranial bowl covered the roadside with gorgeous purple.

When they reached the Lygate, the steep road that descends to Camladale town, they heard the confused turmoil of the fair—the discordant music of the "galloping horses," the nasal cries of the cheap-jacks, the trumpeting and roaring of wild beasts in Woolwell's travelling menagerie. The road had been newly resurfaced here; it was necessary to drive slow. Hannah's hand moved again to his arm.

"I'll tell you another thing, John," she said. "Whatever befalls us, whether we wed or not, I shall always hold you the best man I've ever met."

"A year lot we men are," he replied, with a sigh; "but I've never known such a girl as you. 'Tis a rare pity that these old fascinations grip us yet. . . . I haven't seen Jane since she wedded."

"Nor have I seen Jake since he went away," she said. "Yet he's before me as clear as before can be."

They said no more, for by this time they had reached the bridge over the shallow river, where the holiday-makers stood in the jutting recesses and watched the leaping trout and the white swans that passed with formal state between the rusty oars. At last they drew up against the "Bull's Head," a low-crowned, many-gabled hostelry of red sandstone. An outlier came forward to take charge of the mare and vehicle; John and Hannah passed indoors together, and went to the great room where the furnace of the day was held. John chose a little round table near a window that overlooked the market-place. After the old waiter had taken his order, the hostess, Mrs. Brownhead, came to their side and greeted both very cordially. She was a tall, elderly dame, with heavily black eyes that twinkled mischievously.

"I did you welcome," she said. "'Tis surely a grand sight to see you pairing; for a coupler couple has not darkened my doors this many a day!"

Hannah blushed with embarrassment; but John smiled broadly. "I've known Hannah ever since I was a lad," he said inconsequently. "I used to dandle her on my knee."

"And you'll dandle her again," said the shameless old woman. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! I could stand nugging with you for a full hour, but they're calling me to the kitchen."

Much to Hannah's relief, she left them before the waiter returned. As this was such a great occasion, the farmer entertained his companion to drink wine with him, and made the fellow bring a bottle of Mrs. Brownhead's best claret. Hannah watched him with considerable admiration; he had quite the manner of one who had seen the world. They ate and drank, the while discussing lightly matters connected with their everyday lives; afterwards, half afraid that the good woman might return, they stole away from the inn and made their way through the crowd to the great fair-ground. Many of their acquaintance were there; Hannah heard greetings on every side.

The merry-making spirit soon took possession of her—she insisted upon John trying his luck at the shooting-gallery. He won a glass shade filled with less flowers. "'Tis yours, Hannah," said he, "the first prize of all. 'Twill stand well on the sideboard in your best parlour." And though the thing was far too gaudy for her taste, she found herself accepting it with sincere pleasure. Then, declining the entreaties of the thimble-rigger, the vendor of mosaic chains, and the Italian grandmother whose green birds told happy troubles, they went onward until they reached the front of a travelling booth, whose flaring pictures illustrated of tragedy kings and queens, told that it was devoted to the legitimate drama. The sight of the eager rustic swarming up the wooden stairs intrigued Hannah with a desire to enter; she whistled to John;

he nodded, and after paying his florin to the gaffer in the box, led her through the narrow lobby to the very middle of the second row. There they sat (Hannah gave John the prize to hold on his knee, whilst she fanned herself with her handkerchief, for the place was oppressively hot) commenting on the fearsome aspect of the curtain picture, until a feeble glow, a cracked violin, and a flute began to play a selection from *Il Trovatore*.

"Why John," exclaimed Hannah, "we actually don't know what's to be played! Something from Shakespeare, I should say—"

"You're right," he replied. "I heard a chap say 'twas *Hamlet*, the Prince of Denmark. There's love and poison and duels in it. I've read it more than once, as I don't not have you."

The curtain rose, and the miserable players came forward to declaim, with utterly false emphasis, and painful disregard of aspiration. Hannah was only prevented by womanly compassion from joining in the laughter of the rest of the audience—the luckless creatures being so woebegone, so shamelessly incompetent. At last, finding the performance somewhat pitiful, she allowed her attention to wander, and began to amuse herself with looking at the folk who sat in her immediate neighbourhood. And all at once her heart began to leap very wildly; for at the end of the first row of seats was her old lover, Jake Nelson himself.

He was changed—had grown grossly fat—the colour of his cheeks had deepened to a sallow red—his hair, which she remembered as crisp and curly, had become lank and sandy—there was a bald disc upon the crown. Beside him sat a stout woman of his own age, whose deep crape spoke of recent widowhood, and Hannah saw that his arm encircled her comfortable waist.

She gave a faint gasp; John, turning, saw that she had grown very pale. "The heat's too much for you," he said. "Maybe we'll best get outside again."

But Hannah prevented him from rising. "I'll be all right in a moment," she whispered. "'Tisn't the heat; I've had a kind of shock. Prythee, John, who's sitting at the end of yonder row?"

He looked; started suddenly; his breath came very fast. "Why, Hannah," he muttered, "it cannot be Jane; she would never have changed to that!"

"'Tis not the woman," said Hannah, "'tis the man; I could swear that he's Jake Nelson!"

Just then the curtain fell on the second act, and the strange couple turned, as if influenced by the perplexed stare. The ridiculous man's hand rose to his brow; the woman bowed her head and nodded and giggled. Then Jake—for it was Jake—spoke a few words to his companion, and rising, forced his way to where Hannah sat.

He shook hands in a lingering way; his palm was very warm and moist. "By Jowks!" he cried, "I didn't expect to see you here, Miss Wainwright! And courting, too! Well, you and me are in the same case; I'm going to marry Mrs. Carter—her as was Jane Urwin—when her year of mourning is done. And, Lord have mercy! your dear's Master Furness. How are you to-day, sir? It brings old times back, to see Milton folk again."

John replied laconically, his gaze being still fixed upon the widow. She had also grown ugly and vulgar, and she ogled him with an unpleasant leer. Jake, finding neither very cordial in their reception of his advances, returned to her side; and whilst they talked in undertones and laughed foolishly, John and Hannah stole from the place. They went at once to the inn, ordered the dogcart, drank a cup of tea, and then started on their homeward journey.

They were oddly quiet for the first hour; neither spoke until they came again to the peaceful woodland. But, as soon as they had passed out of sight of Camladale town, Hannah had taken his arm and pressed it close to her side. Both found the silence very pleasant; but when, at last, John looked into her face he saw that the cheeks were all wet with tears.

"I'm sorry," he said anxiously.

"Women cry for more things than regrets," he said. "This because I'm beginning to understand what happiness means."

His own eyes were dimmed; he let the reins fall to his knees; the steady young mare went along of her own will. "Hannah," he said, in a curious moved voice, "when I saw Jane it came to me that I had never loved her rightly—I had my heart would not have fallen in my breast, as it did in the theatre. Hannah, true love's come to me late in life—Hannah, my lass, I'm very proud of you."

She took her arm from him, linked it around his neck and hid her sweet face against his shoulder.

"Oh, John," she murmured, "'tis good to be alive and with you."

THE END

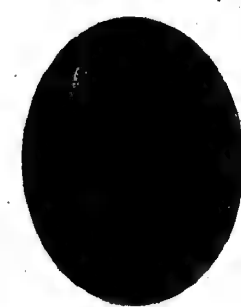
## The Crystal Palace

At the Crystal Palace the entertainment this Christmas is well up to its average. In addition to numerous side shows, polo matches on the skating rink, there is a grand circus and a pantomime. Among the attractions of the circus are the Japanese and Russian troupes, and the boxing horses "Charlie" and "Cigarette." The pantomime this year is *The Babes in the Wood*, with Miss Wee Moon and Master Crowsley in the title-roles. Both are clever and both are charming, the former's dancing being especially clever. Miss Kathleen Grey makes a spirited Robin Hood, whilst Miss Mignon Tremaine is pleasing as Maid Marion. Miss Kate Harrison, of the *Princess of Wales* Company, gives her specialty, "The Gibson Walk," with great success. Quite a feature of the production is the comic business, for in the hands of that old favourite, Mr. Will Potbury, it never flags. The scenery and dresses, especially in the last scene, are tasteful and pretty. The music is by Mr. Herbert Godfrey.

## A New D.C.

Lieutenant Herbert Augustus Carter, upon whom the King has conferred the Victoria Cross for bravery in South Africa, belongs to the No. 6 Company

Indian Mounted Infantry. During a reconnaissance near Jiddah, on December 19, 1903, when a British native force was retiring before a force of Dervishes, who outnumbered them by thirty to one, Lieutenant Carter rode back alone four hundred yards to the assistance of Private Jai Singh, who had lost his horse, and was closely pursued by a large number of the enemy, and, taking the opportunity to help him, saved him safely away. In consequence of this award the appointment of Lieutenant Carter to the Distinguished Service Order, which was notified in June last, has been cancelled. Our portrait is by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.



LIEUTENANT H. A. CARTER  
Awarded the V.C.

award the appointment of Lieutenant Carter to the Distinguished Service Order, which was notified in June last, has been cancelled. Our portrait is by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.

## Club Comments

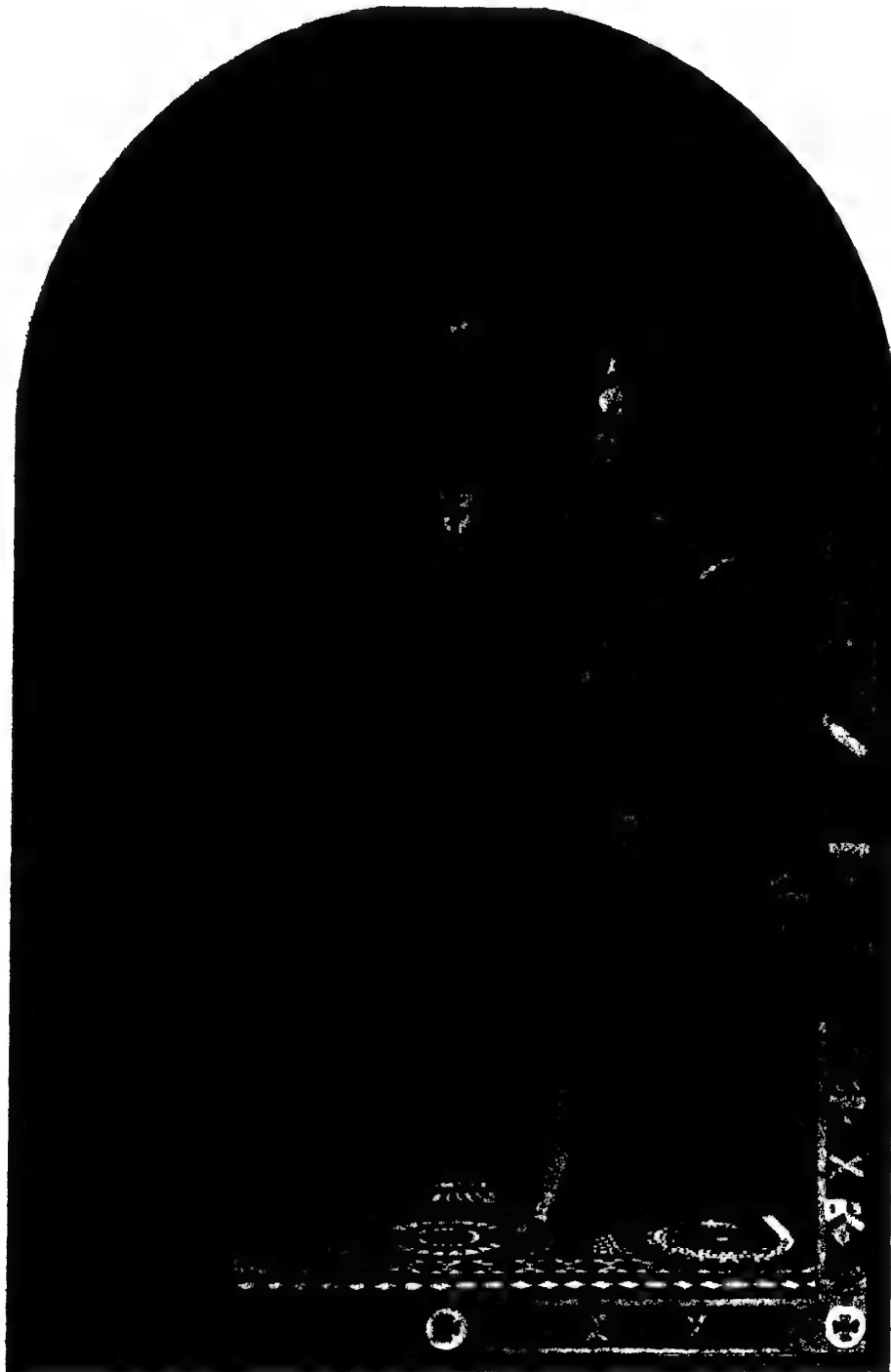
BY "MAMMADEUK"

Lord Nelson won the Battle of Trafalgar, and died, on October 21, 1805. On Saturday, October 21, 1905, it will be the hundredth anniversary of the death of Nelson, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the whole British nation will do its utmost on that occasion to show its affection and respect for the greatest hero the race has produced. There may be some available English men and women who might dread to revive the memories of the defeat of the French fleet, but they must remember that the Americans, even in London, annually celebrate their great national festival, and that British statesmen of the highest rank often assist at the banquet given on the occasion. The French will easily understand that whilst the British nation wishes to do honour to its glorious hero, it has not the slightest desire to give pain to the neighbour that fought brilliantly and bravely and is now its valued friend.

It is a regrettable habit of the English of the times to postpone preparing for such celebrations until the last moment, when arrangements for the purpose are hurriedly organised that are incomplete and unsatisfactory. The writer, therefore, desires to direct public attention to the matter now, so that every county and colony may endeavour to join in doing honour to the foremost hero of our race. The remains of Lord Nelson are buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, and a solemn memorial service should obviously be held in that church on Saturday, October 21st, and the celebration should, if feasible, include a review of the fleet. At an early period of his youth Nelson determined to have a gazette of his own; it is to be hoped that there will be a special list of honours for the occasion, for the Navy has in recent times—more through the force of circumstances—received the attention which it deserves in this direction.

The war in South Africa caused a downpour of honours, which fell, of course, almost entirely upon the Army. Whether it was wise to distribute so many distinctions on that occasion is a matter which even many military men have doubts about. There were, probably, political considerations which had to be attended to. That is a subject which need not be discussed here, however, but it is mentioned to emphasise the argument. There are five or six men in the Army to every one in the Navy who now have medals or distinctions, and that is the more to be regretted, as the Navy is our chief glory. It is true that the Army has for many generations been regarded in this country as the career for the older sons, and the Navy for the younger and, therefore, the latter has been during this period somewhat neglected by the authorities. That circumstance is gradually being altered. The British nation is beginning to take active interest in the management of its Army and Navy; the idle and incompetent side arms are being, therefore, edged into the fore, and the Government is endeavouring to fill both Services with men who have more than a temporary interest in the work.

The authorities in every country have a double part to play; they have political considerations to attend to, which are often of a personal character, and others which for the almost sole benefit of the nation. There are military men who hold most important appointments who insist that Lord Kitchener was obtaining too firm a hold on the public, and that the authorities—fearing that their freedom of action might become affected—despatched him to India to remove him from the popular gaze. It is certain that for months past the name of Lord Kitchener has been very infrequently mentioned. He is, however, a man who works in silence, and, though, when he returns to London, the public will not have so distinct an impression of him on their mind as they had when he left for India, it will be found that he is as indispensable then as he was before. That he will be back at an early date is certain, for the Army has to be very generally reorganised, and Lord Kitchener is the man who will have to do this together with the Duke of Connaught.



The latest jewel of the series which adorn the walls of the Royal Exchange is one painted by Mr. R. A. Abbey, R.A., and given 1857 by the Merchant Taylors' and Grocers' Companies. The picture represents an interesting incident in the history of these two Companies. The Master of the Merchant Taylors is depicted presenting a loving-cup to the Master of the Grocers as a result of the award of Lord Mayor Sir John on 10 April, 1666. His lordship's award was given in a dispute that arose between the two companies as to the right of precedence

in state processions. The arbitrator ordered that the Companies should have alternate precedence of each other, and that each should ask the other to a dinner every year. This custom has been maintained to the present day and the bowl is given. Merchant Taylors and Grocers, Blinners and Merchant Taylors, cut and branch, and may be seen in the north tower. In the picture this bowl is shown held in a hand which is held up by a man. The bowl shown in the Old Guildhall near a gallery of ladies behind the date

THE DECORATION OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE: THE NEW PANEL PAINTED BY MR. R. A. ABBEY, R.A.



No doubt long before this these guns have been doubling death and destruction at Port Arthur. The Japanese receive constant reinforcements of men and guns, while the gallant garrison must every day be diminished, and their guns, once disabled or captured, cannot be replaced.

FOR PORT ARTHUR: JAPANESE HEAVY GUNS LANDED AT DALNY

Sylvestrabend

It is "Sylvestrabend," our hostess reminds us, and invites us to join in welcoming the New Year in traditional German fashion. A refusal is, of course, impossible; moreover, we are curious to see how New Year's Eve is passed in the Vaterland, so, albeit with some misgivings as to what may be expected of us, we descend later in the evening to the big "sant," where already a number of our fellow-guests at the hotel have gathered round the long table. The Herr Baron sits, of course, at the head of the board, burly, bearded, and gruff of voice as the traditional barons of legend and ballad, though happily less fierce of men and mood than those truculent heroes. To-night he is unusually genial, for the "Sylvesterpunsch" is steaming in a gossily bowl, and in his love for this beverage, at least, he comes no whit behind his

forebears. His wife and daughter, meanwhile, partake of "Glühwein" ("a hot, highly spiced drink) with many protests, but a consensus is resolved not to let any personal preferences prevent them from showing all due honours to Sylvestrabend.

The Herr Professor is here as usual, spectacles, erudition and all, but somewhat ill at ease, for he is conscious that a former meeting with the "Engländerinnen" did some damage to his reputation as an English scholar, inasmuch as he proved unable to comprehend that perplexing language "as she is spoke;" so to-night he has prudently chosen to converse in the vernacular with the Herr Doktor, a gentleman whose countenance, naturally expressive of perpetual surprise, is further embellished by numerous scars, proud mementoes of the dach of his student days. Now sitting beside us for a chat, now bustling in and out on hospitable errands lent, our hostess and her daughter come and go, smiling, courteous, most anxious to entertain their English guests,

and only regretting that the results of the Tower of Babel make a satisfactory understanding difficult. Despite this drawback, however, conversation does not flag; for, all greatly daring, we ring the changes on German, French and English, thus achieving variety, if not correctness. If we sometimes grow a trifle incoherent, begin a sentence in one language to end it in another, or even fail to understand a Teutonic version of our mother-tongue, it matters little, since no one is in a position to cast stones at his neighbour. There is much fun—not, perhaps, of a very sparkling order, but none the less appreciated for that; the Herr Baron's ponderous puns especially, though almost unintelligible to a foreigner, evidently possess all the charms of old association for most of his audience. There are occasional touches of sentiment, too, just to sustain the national character; for alcohol and sentiment, mingled in due proportion, form the German ideal of enjoyment. The Frau Baron



The Russians, when they destroy a bridge, first remove the rails, in order that, even if the damage be afterwards repaired, the Japanese shall not make use of the line. Then the bridge is blown up. Our illustration is from a photograph, copyright in the U.S.A. by the Chicago Daily News.

SECURING THEIR RETREAT: RUSSIANS DESTROYING A RAILWAY BRIDGE BELOW MUKDEN



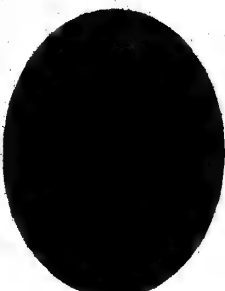
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, THOMAS BENTON  
 Our Special Artist writes:—"One evening I came across a picture of soldiers in a trench with night vision, as a Japanese War Correspondent who was telling them mortal tales of the days of the Bismarck and Old Japan. The afternoon behind the hills, formed a  
 Billowing background to the picture."  
 "FOR THE ASHES OF HIS FATHERS AND THE TEMPLES OF HIS GODS": OLD-TIME STORIES IN THE JAPANESE CAMP AT PULANTIAN







THE LATE GENERAL THIERS  
Killed at Port Arthur.



THE LATE CAPTAIN A. S. CHRISTIE  
Of the Troopship Sarah Sands.



THE LATE SIR LOWTHIAN BELL  
Engineer and Politician.



THE LATE MR. A. ARTHUR CHAPPELL  
One of the Organizers of the Popular Concerts  
at St. James's Hall.



THE LATE REV. J. M. BACON  
The well-known Astronomer.

custom proved too much for him, and last year the box was re-established, and the President's secretaries were employed for weeks sending out reply cards to thousands of obscure nobodies to whom the idea had occurred that it would be a good notion to send a card to M. Loubet.

Another category of citizens to whom the New Year in Paris is a time of harvest is the cabman. It is the custom on New Year's Day to take a cab by the day and drive round, paying New Year's visits and leaving presents. The tariff for this is twenty-five francs for the afternoon, just as on Grand Prix day. The Paris Jehu at the New Year is more exacting if the weather is bad, as this increases the competition for his services, as many of the economically inclined, who, on a few days, would try to get round by means of the omnibus and underground railway, if rain should fall have to make up their mind to expend their twenty-five francs. The Paris confectioners also reap a golden harvest, as bon-bons, chocolate, and pralines are a favorite form of present. It must be admitted that their success is well deserved, as it would be difficult to imagine anything more dainty and artistic than the fashion in which they prepare their wares.

G. S.

### Our Portraits

Sir Lowthian Bell, engineer, scientist, and politician, was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne eighty-eight years ago. One of the best known men in the North of England, he was a recognized authority on the iron and steel industries throughout the world. Sir Lowthian Bell took the keenest interest in the affairs of his native city, was J.P., and twice acted as its mayor, once in that capacity welcoming the British Association on its visit to Newcastle. More than half a century ago Sir Lowthian helped to found the famous Clarence Works on the Tyne, one of the earliest iron smelting establishments on that river, and now one of the largest concerns of the kind in the kingdom. His experimental work—notably his researches into the chemical phenomena of the blast furnace—led to many notable achievements, and his writings on the subjects are known to everyone interested in metallurgical lore. Besides being an ironmaster Sir Lowthian Bell was a coalowner and a director of the North Eastern Railway Company. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Captain John Squire Christie commanded the troopship Sarah Sands when she caught fire while conveying troops to India. The

fire broke out on November 11, 1897, when the ship was 400 miles from Mauritius. There were 300 rank and file of the 54th Regiment on board, under Lieut.-Colonel Moffatt, together with a number of women and children. It was known that the magazine on board was full of Government powder, and that the seat of the fire, which was in the same quarter of the vessel, was impossible to get at. Though the ship seemed doomed, there was not a trace of panic on board. Under Captain Christie's cool orders, rafts were prepared and the boats launched with perfect order by the crew, while the soldiers mustered on deck for special duty as if on the parade ground. Meanwhile, volunteers were clearing the magazine, and all but two barrels of powder were removed before the flames blew it up and spread the fire from the port quarter to the stern of the ship. For twenty-four hours the devoted men fought the flames unceasingly, and at last their efforts were rewarded. The fire was extinguished, but only the damaged shell of the Sarah Sands remained. To add to the danger of the situation, a gale sprang up and the ship was only kept afloat by passing hawsers under her bottom and stopping up the great hole burnt in her port quarters with sails and blankets. After twelve hours' intense anxiety, the gale abated, and the crew were able to trim the vessel to the wind. It was only after eight days' sail, however, that the crippled ship reached port in safety—without the loss of a single life. For their gallantry and resourcefulness silver medals and a special vote of thanks were awarded both to Captain Christie and Lieutenant-Colonel Moffatt by the Royal Humane Society, of which the Duke of Wellington was then president. Captain Christie was eighty-two. Our portrait is by H. Colebrook, Silbury.

Mr. S. Arthur Chappell was seventy-eight years of age. He was one of the organizers of the now famous Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, though his elder brother, Mr. Tom Chappell, had the chief interest in the venture. At the time many people commented on the fact that much of the music performed was of a distinctly unpopular character, but it has been claimed for Mr. Chappell that he changed the public taste. At the beginning each concert was devoted to one master, and at the very first concert the exponents were M.M. Wieniawski, Ries, Doyle, Schreurs, Patti, and Benedict at the piano. Santley was among the vocalists. The opening series of concerts were successful, but, as Mr. Chappell afterwards said, there was another little circumstance which gave him hopes of success. He was listening to Mozart's Sonata in D for piano and violin—Madame Arabella

Godard and Mr. Salomon were playing—when, to his great surprise, the audience concurred the second movement. It was then that Mr. Chappell decided that there was something in the idea of giving such concerts, and from 1899 to 1900 he was actively interested in the scheme. Our portrait is by Thomson, New Bond Street.

The Rev. John Mackenzie Bacon was best known as one of the most distinguished aeronauts of the day. His interest in ballooning dated from his undergraduate days, but it was nearly twenty years later before he made his first ascent. From that time he was devoted to the scientific aspects of the subject, and his painstaking and often dangerous investigations have greatly increased our knowledge. Mr. Bacon had many thrilling experiences among the clouds, several times narrowly escaping with his life. As an astronomer Mr. Bacon also took part in several of the Helix Expeditions of the British Astronomical Association, and was in charge of those sent to Buxar, India, in 1895, and to Wailuku, North Carolina, in 1900.

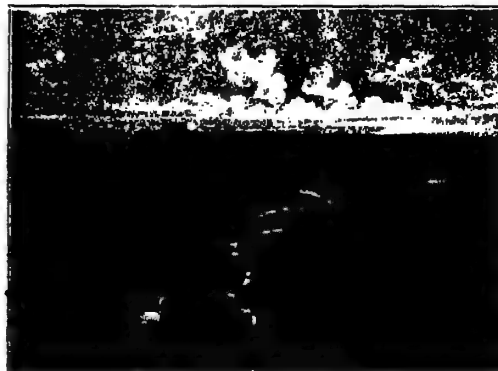
General Tserpinsky was wounded in the desperate attack made by the Japanese on Vysokii Hill, Port Arthur, on December 4. The Russians repelled three assaults, but the Japanese ultimately gained the crest. Among those wounded was General Tserpinsky, Inspector of Hospitals, and five days after the struggle General Sko and telegraphed saying that General Tserpinsky had succumbed to his wounds.

"LLOYD'S CALENDAR," which is published with the approval of the Committee of Lloyd's, furnishes a mass of information of value to officers of the Mercantile Marine, to yachtsmen and others. A glance through the contents is sufficient to show that in no other one book can such a quantity of matter useful to all concerned in shipping be found collected together. Moreover, it also contains much of the general information that one looks for in a good almanac, as, for instance, lists of His Majesty's Ministers, Foreign Ministers and Consuls in London, Government offices, etc. Of the technical portion of the book it is impossible to speak too highly with regard both to its completeness and its arrangement. The Committee of Lloyd's have had, in preparing the book, the benefit of the assistance of the Astronomer Royal, Lord Kelvin, and several other experts, and each subject is dealt with thoroughly. The flags of the International Code of signals are given in colour, and there are maps showing the positions of Lloyd's signalling stations.



OBSCURING THE ROAD TO GASTEMAN

The Bay of Chosentown, three miles from Chosentown, country, Russia, has begun to slide, and has given rise to a panic among the peasants who live near by. In a few days it had moved three-quarters of a mile, covering everything in its way with peat and water to the depth of 8 to 10 feet. Houses near by are being damaged by the peat-slides, and in others people have been so covered as to go to bed. The road



SWALLOWING UP EVERYTHING IN ITS PROGRESS

between Chosentown and French Port is completely blocked, and the bay is still filling, swallowing up everything in its path. Groups of men are employed in endeavouring to clear the roads. At present no lives have been lost, but there is much distress in the district. Our photographs were supplied by the Tropical Press Agency.

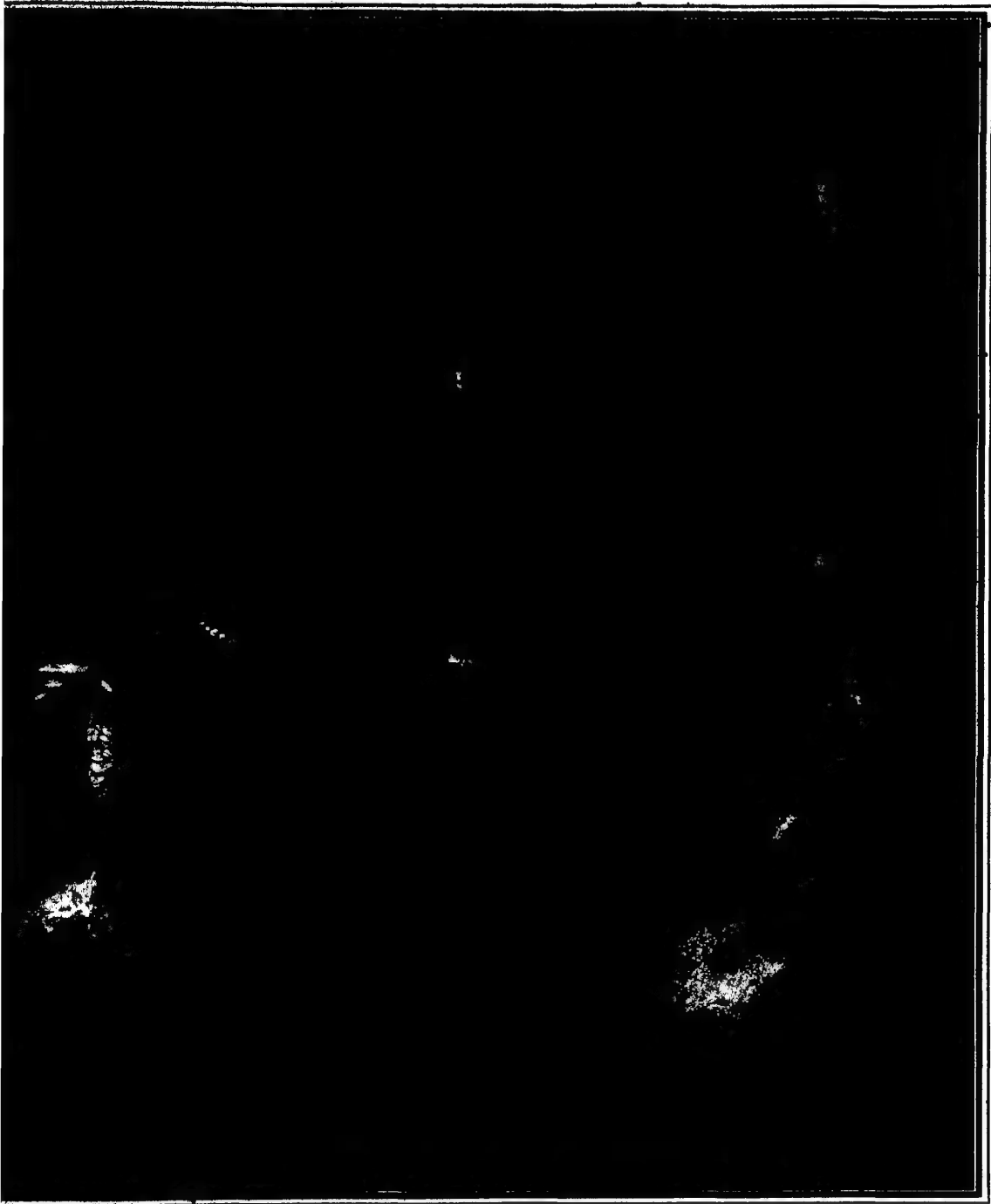
AN IRISH BOG ON THE MOVE: AN ALARMING PHENOMENON NEAR CASTLEBAR



This game affords considerable fun and requires no little skill. To begin with, sides are taken, one couple playing against another. These face each other. Behind each is a row of four oranges. It is no easy matter to carry an orange in a small spoon, and the difficulty is the pair in question started.

THE ORANGE GAME: SEA

SEA



to be picked up in a spoon by the pair facing them, while the other pair similarly devote their attention to the other row. The oranges must then be carried to the side of the room from which  
so fast that the opposing couples, in their anxiety to get their oranges home first, run the risk of jostling each other.

**THE FUN FOR CHRISTMASTIDE**

**D. C. HALL**



# Events of the Year

THE "DAILY GRAPHIC" SUMMARY OF 1904.

## HOME.

At the beginning of the year 1904 peace still dwelt with Britain, or if not altogether peace, then only such a distant rumble of war as might serve to remind us that round the great Empire the fighting, like the sea, which beats upon its coasts, is never still. It might then have been supposed that in this year, after a very long



The King speaking on the Far Eastern Crisis at the State Opening of Parliament—February 2nd

Interval, men's thoughts turned homeward by the Coronation of King Edward would rest there and would be chiefly concerned with home interests, home politics, home affairs. But it is typical of the changes that have come over, not Great Britain alone but over Greater Britain, and indeed over the whole world, that, so far from this having been the case, the focus of greatest public interest and consideration was situated, not at home, but abroad. The nature and extent of the struggle in the Far East would in any case have been such as to arouse the greatest interest and concern in all nations, but it had and has this unique characteristic—that, for the first time in nearly a hundred years, a war in which Great Britain is not an active participant is of almost as great consequence to her as if she were directly engaged in it. Moreover, for the first time in the history of the Empire, the Colonies are presented with an object lesson in the possibilities of combinations between foreign nations which would not leave them untouched; and we may be gratified in imagining that Canada and Australia, interested as they are even more than ourselves in their home politics, may be at last turning their eyes abroad, and grasping the lesson of Sea Power. To that lesson one of the latest public events of the year, the deposition of the Prime Minister on the need of Colonial support for the Imperial Navy,

drew their attention, and, we may trust, did not direct it in vain. Even, however, had there been no Russo-Japanese War, home politics in Great Britain would probably have still occupied a secondary place in comparison with the Fiscal question raised by Mr. Chamberlain, and most directly affecting the Colonies. So large did this built in the public mind that even the Home questions of Education, Army Reform, and Licensing were hardly able to divert attention from it, or to attract to themselves the public consideration which they ought to have had. Perhaps one might be justified in saying that only one Home interest remained unaffected by outside occurrences, and that was the perennial interest which a loyal public takes in the doings of the King and Queen and of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

### KING AND COURT.

Outside circumstances permit no diminution of the King's public activity, and no cessation of his many public duties. In the earliest days of the



The King Opening the New Wing of the Law Society Building, Chancery Lane—March 23rd.

year the King and Queen paid their eagerly expected visit to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth—a visit distinguished by many picturesque incidents, and a great display of enthusiasm by the people in the neighbourhood. One of the days there was spent by the Queen at the work house infirmary at Bakewell—a typical instance of that precious kindness which is ever thoughtful of the humble and the lowly. In February the King and Queen appeared in public to open Parliament, and shortly afterwards began the first of a long series of State visits to provincial towns with a journey to Cambridge where the King opened the new Research Laboratories. The next appearance of the King in public was a sadder one. It was as mourner at the funeral of his uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, who passed away, full of years and honour, to the unaffected regret of many thousands



The Visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Crystal Palace, Hammersmith, on Tulse Street. The Prince and Princess sitting the macabre in motion. The Prince and Princess sitting the macabre in motion. The Prince and Princess sitting the macabre in motion.

of people, to whom the 'old Duke' had been for time out of mind a venerable and interesting personality. The Law Society's new building in Chan-

was Montenegro and perhaps the feeling that for legal our ancient ally was the only European nation with whom we never have causes of differ-



Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck leaving St. George's Chapel Windsor after their Marriage—February 10th.

cery Lane was opened by the King in a brief ceremony and this public occasion preceded by a few weeks only the Royal visit to Ireland, where the King's constant interest in social matters was marked by the opening of the new College of Science, at Limerick Town. On the return to England after a visit distinguished by a demonstration of loyalty that were unusually free from unhappy interruption the King and Queen went to Elton to witness the pretiest of all river ceremonies that remain to any of the ancient English foundations—the Froving of Beasts. In London the new buildings of St. Bartholomew's Hospital were opened and it was the last ceremony of metropolitan importance in which the King took part before setting out on the Northern tour which embraced Liverpool and North Wales. At Liverpool the King honoured both Church and University by laying the foundation stone of the new Liverpool Cathedral and in Wales he set in motion the new scheme at the Great Elan Valley Dam which will convert for Birmingham a new supply of the purest water. In the autumn the King's review and inspection of the Royal Artillery at Woolwich and of the Royal Engineers at Chatham are still fresh in the memory, and have hardly been obliterated by the more imposing ceremony consequent on the visit of the King and Queen of Portugal.

### THE KING OF PORTUGAL'S VISIT

It was once said by the Tsar Alexander II that Russia had only one real friend in Europe, which

once lent warmth to the flattering reception which awaited the visit of the King of Portugal to London in November. He was greeted with an enthusiasm which is usually reserved for our own Sovereign.



Queen Alexandra's Visit to Chatsworth—January 10th.



The King and Queen at the Banquet to President Loubet, the President, Rome—April 23rd.





The Czar Welcomes to President Loubet on his Visit to Rome—April 26th.

It was unnecessary to discuss Fiscal Reform, seeing that no proposal to that end would be brought before the present Parliament. That estricated the Government, and has, more or less, represented their non-committal attitude since. The contention is justified in substance and in fact; for there is no denying that at the moment the Fiscal question is in abeyance in the country as in the senate. The situation, however, in view of several rather disturbing losses at by-elections, could not be wholly satisfactory to Unionist members, and a new solution, suggested by Mr. Chamberlain during August, when a vote of censure introduced by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman was under discussion, was welcomed as a valuable expedient. Mr. Chamberlain suggested a Colonial Conference to consider the question of an Imperial Tariff scheme, and the suggestion has won support in the colonies. The Prime Minister, speaking at Edinburgh in October, expressed the view that if a Unionist Government were again returned to power at the next election they should call an Imperial Conference to discuss the subject, and to hammer out a scheme which could be submitted to electorates of the several portions of the Empire. Mr. Balfour added that he would

have no part in a Protectionist Government. Mr. Chamberlain, in the Luton speech, made in October, also disavowed Protectionist aims, and did not appear to regard Mr. Balfour's utterance as indicating any vital difference of opinion between the Prime Minister and himself. From this fact the inference has been drawn that Mr. Balfour is relaxing his attitude of condemnation of a tax on food-stuffs, since the taxation of food-stuffs must be one of the demands of Colonies who want to the Home Country these commodities as their chief exports. It is, however, possible, since the question of an Imperial Navy is to be discussed at any Colonial Conference which can be assembled, that some other consideration may be proffered to the Colonies than this one. Mr. Chamberlain has many times declared that one of the chief objects of his policy is to form a basis of union, and some exchange of Colonial contributions to naval expenditure in return for fiscal advantages may be one of the subjects of discussion at the Conference.

#### ARMY REFORM.

This year's tremendous object lesson in the advantages which the command of the sea confers

has once again directed the chief interest of the nation to the Navy; and the reforms which attended Admiral Sir John Fisher's appointment as Chief Lord, especially those associated with Lord Balfour's Memorandum on the redistribution of the Fleet, have been received with an amount of attention and intelligent appreciation which would have been impossible a few years ago. But in the earlier part of the year the cogency to naval development—increased efficiency and decreased expenditure in the Army—were the objects of much lively interest and criticism. The first steps were taken in the publication of the report of Lord Selborne's Committee which was published in three parts. The first part recommended the formation of a permanent Defence Committee with the Prime Minister at its head, the institution of an Army Council similar to that of the Admiralty Board, the decentralization of executive command, with the substitution of an Inspector-General for the office of Commander-in-Chief. In the second part of the Committee's recommendations the formation of a General Staff was urged; and emphasis was laid on the necessity of separating executive from administrative military functions. In the third part the Committee elaborated their scheme in detail, and in a summary of their own work declared that by the adoption of its recommendations a Defence Committee would be formed to deal with national defence, and to adapt it to the needs of the future as well as the present; that an Army Council would be provided to direct military policy, foresee military requirements, and frame measures of organization against warlike necessities. They added that the machinery of inspection would be more complete and competent to reveal defects, and that efficiency and economy would be promoted by entrusting to the General Officers Commanding the task of training and preparing the troops for war, while eight Major Generals of districts undertook the work of administration.

#### Mr. Arnold-Forster's Scheme.

After the declaration of the Faber Committee much interest was naturally felt in the methods by which the Government would give effect to them; and the statement of Mr. Arnold-Forster, who had followed Mr. Hindle in the difficult part of an Army reformer, was awaited with something approaching excitement. The interest was not diminished by the fact that it was an late in lamp reads as to awaken suspicions of a division of opinion in the Cabinet with regard to it. When at last it was made, Mr. Arnold-Forster's scheme revealed itself as a proposal to divide the Army into a general army, serving nine years with the colours and three years in the first class reserve, and a home-service army composed of battalions of 600, serving two years with the colours and six years in the first-class reserve. The linked battalion scheme

was to be abolished, fourteen battalions and five garrison battalions were to be gradually suppressed, and a striking force was to be kept always ready at Aldershot. Some time before the publication of Mr. Arnold-Forster's scheme the War Office Commission had recommended a measure of conscription. This was ignored by Mr. Arnold-Forster, in whose scheme there was a proposal to reduce the Volunteer in number, and to erect a higher standard of efficiency for part of them. The basis of the scheme met with anything but general approval on the part of those at whom it was aimed. Mr. Arnold-Forster claimed that he was providing the battalions of infantry with a large reserve. No specific proposals were made with regard to the Militia or cavalry;



The Coronation of King Peter of Serbia—September 21st.

the artillery changes were to correspond with those of the infantry, 100 batteries being assigned to general service and seventy nine batteries to home service. The Engineers remained unchanged. The Militia was to be part of the home army, a variation, it was imagined, on Mr. Arnold-Forster's original plan of making it the home army. The scheme is still awaiting reproduction in fact, though an Army Order has been issued making future enlistments such as the War Secretary projected.

#### EDUCATION.

The Passive Resistance movement died down, but did not die out. In Wales the Nonconformist local

# BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

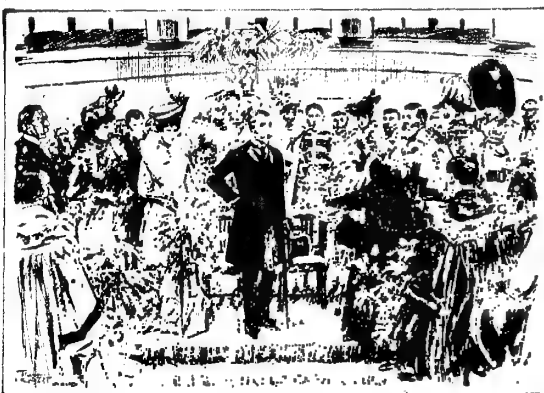
## The FESTIVE SEASON.

A Dish of Bird's Custard and Tinned Fruit is always received with acclamation at Children's Parties.

Rich and Creamy, yet will not disagree.

Produces Delicious Custard without Eggs. The unfailing resource of every Successful Hostess when catering for large or small Parties.

**NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!**



The Prince and Princess of Wales Opening the Bradford Exhibition—May 4th.

education authorities refused to administer the Education Act. The Government, by way of meeting the refusal, brought in a proposal to enable the Board of Education to take the place of local authorities in maintaining schools in any area where those authorities had failed to carry out the proper

had doubted whether it would be possible to interfere with the inquiry made without necessarily offending the sense of the educated community in endeavouring to avoid breeding on the face of a powerful interest. The object of the Bill which the Government introduced was to enable municipalities to diminish the number of public houses without making the taxpayer responsible for the cost of the compensation paid for extinction of licences. Accordingly the Bill provided that where

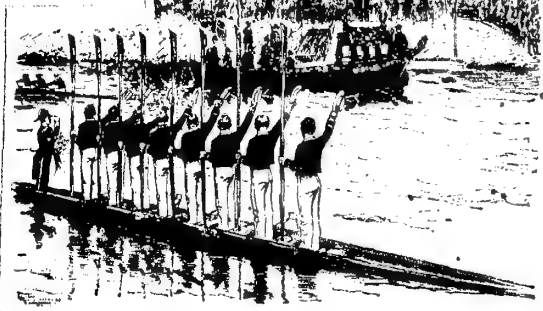


The Meeting between King, Mr. Fisher and the House at the House of Commons.

sale of the general Education Act. The expense was to be met by debiting the expenses from the Parliamentary grant to the defuncting authority. The Bill was carried through Parliament with the aid of the Clerical. The helpings of the Bill can be imagined. The Nonconformists called a Convention of education authorities in October, and resolved to make the Act unworkable by refusing all responsibility for the maintenance of all schools in any area where in the Board of Education's powers should be exercised. In order to give effect to their resolution they called on Welsh parents to remove their children from denominational schools, and declared their intention of opening new free schools at Nonconformist chapels and schoolrooms. Thus no grant would be earned, and the Board of Education would have no fund to draw on to pay for the teaching it might propose to furnish.

#### LICENSING.

The Government's Licensing Bill came as a surprise to friends and foes alike, for even the Government supporters



The King watching the Proceeding of Laying the Stone June 12th.

the Government was strongly urged to insert a time limit. The Government, however, adhered to their scheme, which, while not being a "whole hog" plan, may be expected to do something substantial for the cause of temperance.

#### LAW AND POLICE.

If there have been no law cases of the character generally classified as "crimes of passion," there have been, nevertheless, several of capital importance, and, in one case at least, of tragic interest. The case to which we allude was that of the trial of Mr. Whitaker Wright for frauds connected with the Cable Corporation. His trial and condemnation were followed by his suicide. Almost as he was being led from the court where sentence of imprisonment had been passed on him he contrived to swallow a pellet of potassium cyanide, and he died a few



The King of Italy at the opening of King Humbert's coffin in the new tomb in the Pantheon, Rome—June 24th.

minutes later while smoking a cigar, and apparently discussing with calmness the question of an appeal which his solicitors were to make. Next in importance to this was the sensational revelation of the Beck case, in which it was conclusively shown that an innocent man had been twice found guilty of offences committed by another man who only superficially resembled him. Mr. Beck was released from prison, and was offered a free pardon for offences of which he had been guilty, as well as £2,000 compensation for a broken career. A commission appointed to inquire into the circumstances of his conviction blamed the Recorder at the Old Bailey for refusing to state a case when asked to do so by Mr. Beck's counsel, condemned the legal department of the Home Office for slackness and incompetence in dealing with the case, but practically exonerated the police. The interest in the Beck case was shortly afterwards transferred to the trial of Morris Hoadley and Lawson at the Old Bailey on a charge of fraud in connection with share transactions. After a long trial Mr. Hoadley was acquitted. Mr. Lawson was convicted on one of the counts, and sentenced to twelve months' hard labour, but was released on



The King Laying the Foundation stone of the new College of Science, Limerick Town, Dublin—April 24th.

had pending an appeal on a point of law. Other cases of interest during the year were the Slater case, in which certain members of what was known as Slater's Detective Agency were indicted for conspiracy in connection with a divorce case; the trial of Frank Rodgers for the murder of his sister; a singular breach of promise case, in which the plaintiff was a lady whose chances were prejudiced by the fact that she had suffered a term of imprisonment; the Vandalia trial case; and a surprising case in which an officer was charged with seducing his employee, the secretary of the Australian Electric Lighting and Traction Company, with an axe. Mr. Robert Sierren, a bookmaker, but known to fame as the owner of the mare Septima, brought an unsuccessful action for libel against Sir James Duke, and a very singular and mysterious disappearance of £12,000 of banknotes ended in the conviction of Mr. Marshall, a solicitor, who asserted that he had been robbed, for embezzlement.

**DISASTERS AND ACCIDENTS.**  
The tales of the year's disasters maintained that immutable law of averages which rules man's affairs



The Visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Westminster Municipal Buildings—May 8th.

by natural law. There were several disastrous or fatal fires, the chief of them in London being in Judd Street, near King's Cross; in Ivy Lane, City, close by Paternoster Square; and in the Minors, where many warehouses were burnt down. A gross explosion of dynamite wrecked part of the works of the National Explosives Company, at Hayle, in Cornwall, killing or injuring a number of people; and two railway collisions—one at Walsoken, and one on the extension to Llanelli, where a Great Western express was wrecked—were costly in lives. There were the almost annual floods at Windsor; and among the curiosities of the year must be reckoned the gutting of a shop in Westbourne Grove by a January gale, and the ignition of a gas main in Piccadilly, which flared for half a day, but did little harm beyond that of paralysing the traffic.



The King inaugurating Birmingham's new Water Supply at the Swan Valley Works—July 24th.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Among the miscellaneous events of interest during the year we must record the visit of the German squadron to Plymouth and of United States warships to Gravesend. Our American cousins were as first neglected by a city which in August and September chooses usually to consider itself "out of town"; but the King's example, quickly imitated by loyal people, and, we believe, aided by the publicity given to the claims of the visitors by the Daily Graphic, soon made amends. In the City one of the chief events of the season was the address which Lord Curzon delivered on India—a speech splendidly delivered and of statesmanlike value. It was while Lord Curzon was still in the full tide of popularity which his oratory no less than his more substantial merits had won for him that his wife was taken ill. She is now, happily, recovering, a circumstance on which the whole nation was ready to offer its congratulations.



The King laying the Foundation stone of Liverpool Cathedral—July 12th.



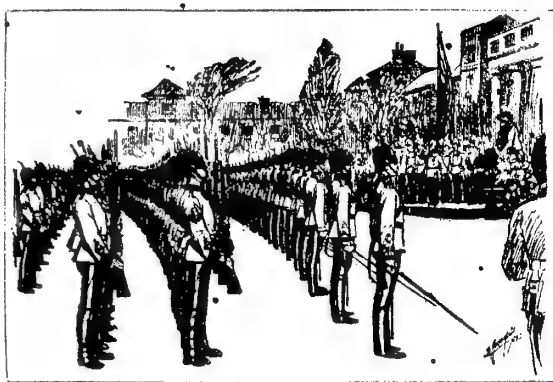
# ABROAD.

## THE FAR EASTERN CRISIS.

The history of the year in its world-wide aspects has been dominated by the great war in the Far East. Rumours of strained relations between Japan and Russia were prevalent throughout the autumn of 1903, but very little precise information as to the questions at issue between the two Powers was available. The crisis had been precipitated as far back as the previous July by the evident determination of the Russian Government not to fulfil its pledges in regard to the evacuation of Manchuria. Owing to the conclusion of the Treaty of Alliance with Great Britain in 1902, Japan was now relieved of any fears of a coalition against her such as had taken place after her victorious war with China. Accordingly, when the evacuation of Manchuria was stopped, and steps were even taken to reoccupy Mukden, Japan at once asked for explanations at St. Petersburg. From the first the Russian Government seems to have misunderstood the attitude of Japan. The idea that any Asiatic State could deliberately contemplate dictating terms to the Great White Bear was openly scouted in St. Petersburg. The Russian Foreign Office was under the impression that the

real object of Japan was to arrive at some compromise by which Korea should be secured to her in exchange for her recognition of the Russian hold on Manchuria; and it was not until the middle of January, when the Tokyo Cabinet peremptorily intimated that it adhered to its demand for the complete fulfilment of the Tar's pledges, that the real danger of the situation dawned upon the Russian Foreign Office. Even then the Jingo party, headed by Admiral Alekseeff, continued to counsel a policy of bluff, and, unhappily for the peace of the world, this counsel was listened to. In pursuance of it, Admiral Wirovsky, who, with the Russian Mediterranean Squadron, was cruising in the Levant, was ordered to enter the Suez Canal, and Russian troops were sent into Northern Korea, ostensibly to guard a timber concession which had been acquired in that region by Russian subjects. On February 5th M. Kurino, the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg, was instructed to break off negotiations and apply for his passports.

Even then, according to official statements made by the Russian Government, the conversation prevailed among the Chinovniks in St. Petersburg and Port Arthur that Japan had merely played her last card in a daring game of bluff. This delusion



The Imperial Russian Navy fleet at sea, with the ship at Changhai, October 21st.

was destined to cost the Empire dear. When at midnight on February 8th Admiral Togo's squadron appeared off Port Arthur, the town was gaily illuminated, and the officers of the garrison were celebrating, in fancied security, the birthday of Admiral Stark. This gave the Japanese commander an opportunity of which he promptly availed himself. His torpedo boats steamed on, and before the Russians were aware of the danger threatening them two battleships and a cruiser had been disabled. The following day the attack was renewed, with the result that one more battleship and three cruisers were put out of action. On the same day another Japanese squadron, consisting of two battleships and the cruiser Kikuzuki, entered the harbor of Port Arthur, and destroyed them. The success gave the Japanese an initial advantage which has ever since governed the whole course of the war. The margin of naval strength between the two Powers was dangerously narrow at the outbreak of hostilities, but Admiral Togo's successes at Port Arthur and Changhai so substantially widened this margin as to give Japan an unquestionable supremacy in the Far Eastern waters.



The review of the Russian fleet by the King at Changhai, October 21st.



The Prince of Wales receiving guests at the laying of the Foundation Stone of the Union Jack Club, Waterloo, July 21st.

It now became the task of Admiral Togo to battle

## AMONG THE IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE YEAR

has been the recording of **MADAME MELBA'S** voice on the **GRAMOPHONE**—also the recording of the **HIGH MASS** at **ST. PETER'S, ROME**, in the presence of His Holiness **POPE PIUS X.**, on April 11th, 1904, by **THE GRAMOPHONE & TYPEWRITER, Limited.**

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- 05017 "Ah Fors e l'ul" (Adante) ... Verdi
- 05026 "Ah Fors e l'ul" (Allegro) ... Verdi
- 05021 "Sweet Bird" ... (Played by Miss Gaudet, of the Opera, Paris.)
- 05027 "Three Green Bombs" ... Guy d'Hardelot
- 05028 "Caro Nome" ... Rigolotto
- 05019 "So Saran Rose" ... Arditi
- 05025 "Mad Scene" ... Hamlet Part 1 (with Orchestra) ... Ambrose Thomas
- 05024 "Mad Scene" ... Hamlet Part 2 (with Orchestra) ... Ambrose Thomas
- 05015 "Mattiata" ... F. Paolo Tosti
- 05016 "Nymphs at Syrinx" ... Benberg
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- 05028 "Forgi d'Amor" ... Mozart

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- 04759 Credo (in Part)
- 04760 Credo (in Part)
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- 04764 Hae: Die: Dei Veretti: Confrontum di Pasqua

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up the Russian fleet  
to try to secure the  
transport which  
were pouring in  
to Korea by the  
naval attack and  
partly to prevent an  
eventual junction  
between the Russian  
fleet and any



The Russian fleet at the mouth of the Amur

other naval force that Russia maintained  
in the Far East. As the Russian fleet  
kind was on the sea, it was repeated with a  
which has few parallels in the world.  
Owing to the various and numerous

the ship of the Russian fleet, the addition  
of the Russian fleet, the Russian fleet  
kind was on the sea, it was repeated with a  
which has few parallels in the world.  
Owing to the various and numerous



The Russian fleet at the mouth of the Amur

of Adm. Makarov  
was the Russian fleet  
kind was on the sea, it was repeated with a  
which has few parallels in the world.  
Owing to the various and numerous



The Russian fleet at the mouth of the Amur



King and Queen of Portugal visiting the Russian fleet at the mouth of the Amur

**Morok's Victorious Advances.**  
Morok's advances to the Japanese military concentration in  
Korea was proceeding rapidly. By a treaty with the  
Emperor, Korea itself had been transferred into a  
virtual Japanese Protectorate and the Emperor had  
become the ally of Japan in the war. While this  
preparatory work was in progress the Russians had  
invaded the country from the north and north-west  
and for a time were in uncontested possession of



The Russian fleet at the mouth of the Amur

the whole of Northern Korea. This state of affairs  
was completely changed towards the end of March  
when General Kuroki at the head of a strong force  
began his advance towards the Yalu. The Russians



The Russian fleet at the mouth of the Amur

treble task of transporting a sufficiently large army  
and of keeping it fed and adequately equipped. The  
first serious indication of disaster among the mili-  
tary chiefs showed itself when the landing of Japanese



The Russian fleet at the mouth of the Amur

one troops at Port Arthur we made it clear that a land  
ward siege of Port Arthur was in contemplation.  
General Kuroki's military instinct was in favor of a concentration on the railway  
line between Lushan and Liao yang. The Coun-



The Russian fleet at the mouth of the Amur

cl of Grand Duke at St. Petersburg attaching  
more importance to questions of prestige, permitted  
the Tsar to order an advance from Tachiao for  
the relief of Port Arthur. This enterprise unwise



The Russian fleet at the mouth of the Amur

read with the serious fighting and took  
position on the river which they  
strongly felt was not until the end of  
April that the Russian fleet was  
towed to the defense of the Russian fleet.  
The Russian fleet was commanded by Gen-  
eral Kuroki and was completely surprised both by  
the strength of the Russian fleet and by the  
superiority of the Japanese fleet.  
The Russian fleet was completely surprised both by  
the strength of the Russian fleet and by the  
superiority of the Japanese fleet.

**The Tsar's Mailed Fist**  
It was a decision that Japan would not  
allow was made by the equally erroneous  
policy of the Japanese fleet. The Russian fleet  
was completely surprised both by the strength  
of the Russian fleet and by the superiority  
of the Japanese fleet. The Russian fleet was  
commanded by General Kuroki and was com-  
pletely surprised both by the strength of the  
Russian fleet and by the superiority of the  
Japanese fleet.



The Floods at Wundoo and Kiao—February 6th.

his conception was further vitiated by the tardiness with which it was undertaken. The Japanese, advancing rapidly on Port Arthur, attacked the position with crushing force at Kinshan stormed their defenses at Nankai and drove them into their second line of fortifications capturing seventy-eight guns and inflicting upon them terrible losses. Having thus secured the land investment of the fortress they turned their attention to the advancing relief force and in two days fighting in the middle of June completely routed it. It was not, however, until the main forces of the Mikado advancing simultaneously from Kunliencheng and Keping completely cut the Russians off from communication with the sea that the siege of Port Arthur really began.

#### Liao-Yang and the Shahe

The military operations from this date were exceedingly simple. In the north they consisted in moving up the Russan army along the railroad while its left flank was continuously threatened by General Kuroki. Towards the end of June the Japanese captured the important passes of Fou-shu-hing Mo-tan

ling and Tai-ling. This left the Russian headquarters at Liao-yang uncovered and General Cossh Koller was ordered to retreat the Mo-tan ling at all costs. A desperate attack was made on the Japanese positions but it was repulsed with heavy loss. General Koller himself being killed. A succession of brilliant victories now marked the advance of the Japanese and on August 24th both their armies concentrated on Liao-yang. During his retirement northward General Kuroki had received enormous reinforcements and he now felt strong enough to make a stand against Muralatovskaya, who had meanwhile been appointed Commander of the Mikado's army in Manchuria. Liao-yang itself had been surrounded by the Japanese on the left, and the Russians were overwhelmed by the attack. The battle raged without intermission for days and once more the situation of the Russians was disastrous. On the 26th they were ordered to retreat and the Japanese followed and outflanked by the superior artillery of the Japanese it was only by a splendid display of tactical skill at the last moment that General Kuroki managed to withdraw the bulk of his

army in safety. When the issue of the battle was still in doubt, General Kuroki commanding the Japanese right succeeded in crossing the Tai-tse river and made a dash to cut off the Russian line of retreat. The peril was imminent and serious but General Kuroki was equal to it. He at once threw a strong force against Kuroki and managed to hold him in check while under cover of night he evacuated Liao-yang and without losing a gun retreated on Mukden. The next day the overwhelming force besieged over Liao-yang. The battle was one of the bloodiest of modern times over twenty thousand casualties being reported on both sides. The Russian retreat was arrested under frightful hardships and had they not been so exhausted to pursue very little would have remained of General Kuroki's army. At first indeed it was nearly impossible to retreat as far north as Harbin but when it was found that the Japanese remained at Liao-yang with their outposts at Yotai a new line began to inspire the Russians and they halted at Mukden. Within a few weeks their retreat was completely arrested chiefly owing to the arrival of fresh reinforcements and on October 13 General Kuroki announced that the world by using an Order of the day which he announced that the military had arrived in



The Russian Retreat at the Nankai Bridge. The Russian Retreat at the Nankai Bridge.



The Russian Retreat at the Nankai Bridge. The Russian Retreat at the Nankai Bridge.



## WINTER.

The spirit of Winter is upon you,  
Cold Winds, Cold Rain, Frosts,  
Damp Thaws and Fogs prevail  
Protect yourselves and nullify the  
effect of this changeable wintry  
weather

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is by inhalation, and the mouth  
makes the best inhaler.

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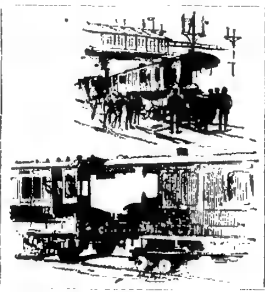
Mr. Chamberlain addressing a meeting in the House of Commons.

Days later the advance began, and a fresh battle was fought which, in magnitude and in cost of human life, completely overshadowed the battle of Tsin-tang. Once more the hopes of the Russians were shattered. At every point they were defeated and they were eventually compelled to fall back upon Mukden, with a loss of forty guns and forty-five thousand men of whom thirteen thousand were left dead on the field. The total Japanese



The loss of seven lives by fire in Duke's Head Passage, near St. Paul's Cathedral—February 25th.

Arthur. In the event of the plan failing, the Port Arthur ships were to make for Kiao-chow or any other convenient port at harbour, where, of course, they would be safe from the Japanese so long as they allowed themselves to be destroyed. On our point the order was peremptory. Under no cir-



The fatal railway collision at Waterloo Station—May 21st.

circumstances were any of the ships to return to Port Arthur. The sortie was duly made, but, owing to the vigilance of the Japanese, the Russian plan completely failed. Admiral Togo attacked in force, and after a short engagement inflicted severe damage on the Russian vessels. Admiral Wilgoff,



The Great Warehouse Fire in the Moiries, London—April 25th.

who was in command, was killed, and his flagship, the Tzarevitch, only just managed with great difficulty to reach Kiao-chow. The cruiser Ashkold took refuge in Shanghai, and the Novik escaped; but the other ships, in a damaged condition, were forced back into Port Arthur. Not less disastrous was the sortie from Vladivostok. The Russian ships were intercepted by Admiral Kusunoki, who sank the Kurik and almost completely disabled two other cruisers, the Rosia and the Gromoboi. A few days later two Japanese warships discovered the Novik near Kuroshiro, and destroyed her. The Russian Far Eastern Fleet had now ceased to be of any use for offensive purposes, and both in Port Arthur and Vladivostok the naval authorities confined themselves to repairing the vessels, so that they should be ready to co-operate with the Baltic Fleet when it should arrive in the China seas. The Japanese operations against Port Arthur thenofore resolved themselves into a race with the Russian Baltic Fleet, which, under the command of Admiral Rozhdestvensky, left Kronstadt towards the end of



The new Army Council—Appointed February 12th.

October. Rapping and mining operations on a great scale were undertaken against the strongly fortified hills to the north-east and north-west of the fortress. These culminated in the capture, at the end of November, of 203-Metre Hill, a position which dominated almost all the Russian defences, and played the harbour at the mercy of the besiegers' guns. From this eminence the Japanese now rained shot and shell upon the entirely helpless and exposed Russian fleet. One by one, the battleships and cruisers and smaller craft were disabled and sunk or set on fire. Only one vessel, the Sebastopol, managed to escape into the outer roadstead, where, however, in the middle of December, she was attacked by Admiral Togo's torpedo boats and disabled. This crushing disaster has rendered it necessary for the Russian Admiralty to reconsider its plans. Admiral Rozhdestvensky is no longer strong enough to cope with Admiral Togo, and reinforcements are consequently being got ready at Kronstadt to despatch to him.

#### British Shipping Harassed.

Despite the efforts of the Great Powers to maintain a strict neutrality, and to insulate the war within its original limits, the danger of fresh complications arising out of it has more than once manifested itself during the year. This has arisen chiefly from the frequent collision of British and Russian interests, and from the tendency of public feeling in both countries to take an impassioned view of its rights. There can be little question that, in its exercise of the right of search on the high seas, the Russian Admiralty was actuated far less by any fear of contraband reaching the Japanese than by a desire to make itself as disagreeable as possible to British shipping. In this it was favoured by the total inadequacy of maritime law to the conditions of modern naval warfare. Thus, instead of confining its operations to the actual theatre of war, where, indeed, the Russian flag could no longer show itself with safety, it pelleted the Mediterranean

and the Red Sea, where it carried on a harassing and irritating campaign against the British mercantile marine. Affairs reached a dangerous crisis, when, in July, the Malacca, carrying warlike stores for the British Government, was seized in the Red Sea, and taken by a prize crew under the Russian flag to Sumatra. This high-handed proceeding was aggravated by the fact that the cruiser making the capture had originally come from the Black Sea, whence, in defiance of treaty obligations, they had emerged disguised as merchant vessels. The incident caused great popular excitement in Great Britain, and a strong protest was lodged in St. Petersburg. The Malacca was released, and assurances were given that the commissions issued to the offending cruisers would be withdrawn. Nevertheless, these vessels continued to make captures, and it was not until they were overhauled by a British warship, which conveyed to them the Tsar's orders to desist from interference with neutral shipping, that the incident was safely closed. The arbitrary seizure of other British vessels in the Far East, and their condemnation under a strained definition of "absolute contraband," also caused profound dissatisfaction in this country. Popular indignation was further stirred by the sinking of two British vessels, the Knight Commander and the Hipsing, on the mere suspicion of carrying contraband. Happily in most of these cases the



Mr. Austen Chamberlain introducing his son Augustus—April 19th.

Appeal Prize Court of St. Petersburg overruled the Vladivostok Court, and gave satisfaction to the British owners.

#### The Dogger Bank Outrage.

The most serious conflict between the two countries arose, however, out of circumstances which had nothing to do with the contraband question, although its gravity was much intensified by the sense of irritation with which the high-handed action of the Russian cruisers had been followed



The accident to Mr. Egan's car in the Gordon Bennett Eliminating Trial, Douglas—May 12th.

in England. On the morning of October 26th the whole world was electrified by the news that the Russian Baltic Squadron, which a few days before had left Kronstadt for the Far East, had committed a wanton and unprovoked attack on a fleet of Hull

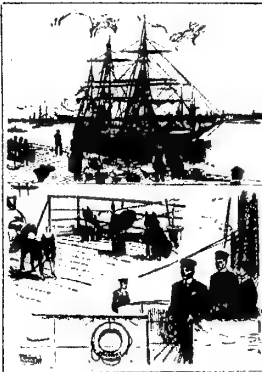


The luncheon given by the Mayor of Plymouth to the officers of the Russian fleet—July 19th.



Lord Curzon receiving the Freedom of the City—July 20th.

trawlers peacefully fishing off the Dogger Bank, in the North Sea. It appears that about midnight on the preceding Friday the Russian warships had come up with the trawlers, and after examining them with their searchlights, had bombarded them for twenty minutes. One fishing vessel was sunk, several were riddled with shot, two of the fishermen were killed and a number of others were



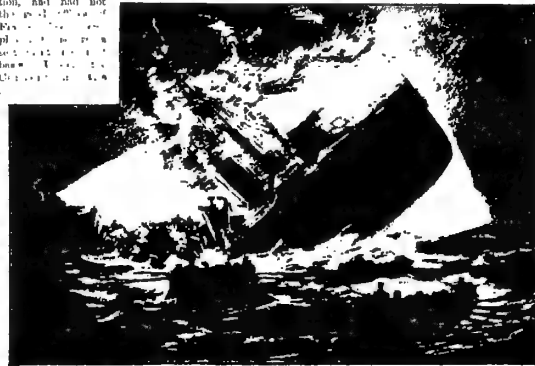
The Return of the Atlantic Ship Discovery to Portsmouth—September 20th.

wounded. Having committed this outrage, the Russian admiral steamed away, without making any effort to save the victims of his attack, and without even sending any message explanatory of his action. The British ports he shortly afterwards passed. Popular indignation throughout Great Britain at once rose to fever heat. No one doubted that the outrage was intentional, and a loud clamour for immediate satisfaction was sent up by the newspapers, and echoed with every sign of deep conviction throughout the length and breadth of the land. The silence of the Russian admiral, and the professions of ignorance of the incident received from St. Petersburg, still further exasperated public sentiment. Lord Lansdowne sent a

strongly worded demand for immediate reparation to St. Petersburg, and orders were issued to the Channel and Mediterranean Fleets, which virtually meant that they were to be ready at any moment to intercept Admiral Rozhdestvenski's squadron. The tension was slightly relaxed on the 20th, when it was announced that the Tsar had sent a telegram to King Edward, expressing his regret for what had happened, and promising adequate reparation as soon as the facts had been ascertained. A similar statement was made by Count Lamsdorff to the British Ambassador in St. Petersburg. The following day Admiral Rozhdestvenski arrived at Vigo and gave his version of the incident, which was to the effect that he had been attacked by Japanese torpedo boats in the North Sea. And that if, in the fighting, any British fishing vessels had been injured, he was unaware of it.

#### Negotiations with Russia.

The extravagance of this story gave a fresh impulse to the bellicose feeling in England, since it was regarded as merely a disingenuous attempt on the part of the Russian admiral to escape from the consequences of his unwarranted action. It speedily became clear, however, that in spite of its extravagance, the story in its main lines was put forward in all sincerity. Before the departure of the Russian admiral it had been warned by his chief making secret agents that Japanese torpedo boats were being harboured in British ports, and that attempts had even been made to mine the narrow seas leading out of the Baltic into the North Sea. In consequence of these reports the Russian Government had applied to Germany to be permitted to send the fleet through the Kiel Canal, but had been refused on the ground that such a concession would constitute a breach of neutrality. In these circumstances there could be no question but that the collision was an accident due to the demoralising fears of the Russian officers and the inexperience of their crews. Nevertheless it is probable that Great Britain would have adhered to her demand for immediate reparation had not the Russian Government appealed to the Hague Arbitration Convention, and had not the Convention, which had not then been in force, been invoked.



The Sinking of H.M. Destroyer Prey after collision with H.M.S. Arctur off the Bally Isles during the Naval Manœuvres—August 22th.

signatory Powers had virtually bound themselves to refer disputes arising from differences as to the facts to an International Commission of Enquiry. Owing to the contention of the Russian Government that disguised Japanese torpedo-boats were with the British fishing fleet when the collision took place, and to the further suggestion that the Russians were probably in league with the Japanese, the dispute resolved itself into precisely one of those cases of



The Lord Mayor formally opening the New Footway on the completion of the London Bridge Widening—March 20th.

difference as to the facts contemplated by the Convention. On October 28th Mr. Balfour announced in a speech at Southampton that the basis of an Agreement had been arrived at with Russia, who, besides making an apology and promising adequate pecuniary compensation, had agreed to an International Court of Enquiry, and

who were said to be concerned with facts from the Russian point of view. This "settlement in principle" was far from giving satisfaction in England, and the subsequent negotiations, in which

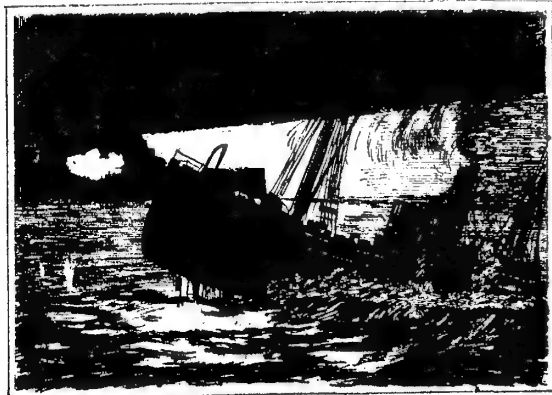


A train crossing a suspension bridge during the Lake of Geneva—September 14th.

Russia attempted—and to some extent with success—to evade her pledges still further tried British patience. When eventually the Agreement providing for a Commission of Enquiry was signed, very little of the original British demands remained. The fever heat of popular anger had, however, passed away, and the settlement was accepted with but little criticism.

#### The German Boycot.

The subsidence of popular passion was to no small extent assisted by a suspicion that Berlin intrigues had had something to do with the North



The Sinking of the British Trawler Crane by the Russian Baltic Fleet off the Dogger Bank—October 2nd.



The Return of a Trawler to Hull from the scene of the North Sea Outrage—October 14th.



Sea incident, and that a war between this country and Russia would be a playing into the hands of the common German enemy. Whispers to this effect were opportunely uttered in St. Petersburg and Paris, and they found a ready hearing in this country. An intense anti-German feeling has, in-



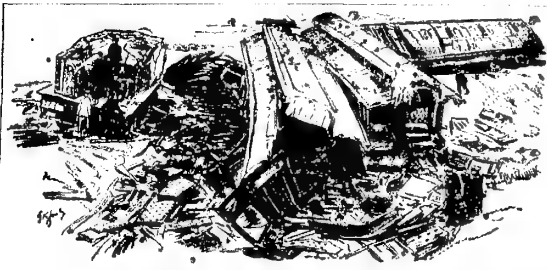
The fire by which six lives were lost at Judd Street, King's Cross—October 14th.

dead, prevailed in Great Britain throughout the past year. It has had nothing tangible to feed upon, for the relations of the two Governments have been absolutely untouched by controversial questions. In default of real provocations, canards making for bad blood have been welcomed in



The Opening of the Board of Trade Inquiry into the North Sea Outrage at Hull—November 14th.

England with an alacrity which would be astonishing were it not for the memory of the unfriendly attitude of the German people during the Boer war which has never ceased to rankle in the British mind. The resentment was, moreover, deepened by a conviction that Germany was interpreting her neutrality in the Far Eastern war with an unfair



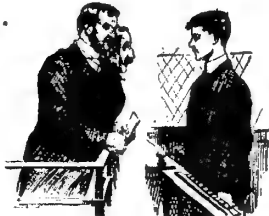
The Accident to an Express, involving the loss of three lives, on the Great Western Railway near Reading—October 1st.

bias in favour of Russia, and that it was in pursuance of some secret arrangement between the Courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg that the Rus-



The scene of the extra ordinary explosion in Southampton Row, London—December 14th.

sian Government was enabled to denude its eastern frontier of troops. The result was a nervous tendency to see German intrigue in every source of anxiety which the history of the year developed. While the Anglo-French negotiations in regard to Morocco and Egypt were in progress every hint was attributed to Germany. As a matter of fact, it turned out afterwards that Germany had refused to assist Spain in opposing the Agreement, and when it was concluded she readily



Appleton and Broucher committed charged in connection with the Vauxhall Blast Case, Westminster. Full Court—May 12th.

ascended to the Egyptian clause, without stipulating for compensation. When the Russian fleet attempted to escape from Port Arthur, and some of the vessels found a refuge at Kiaochow, a rumour became current that a secret treaty had been concluded between Russia and Germany, by which the Russian ships should be received in Kiaochow and afterwards used for intelligent purposes.



Ride and Seals committed for trial for the Bull Ring Jewel Burglary at Marlborough Street—March 14th.

against Japan. Though this allegation was categorically denied both in Berlin and St. Petersburg, it found many believers. Germany was also so



Mr. Whitaker Wright declaring his innocence after being sentenced to Seven Years' Penal Servitude for issuing Palm-Blow sheets—January 20th.

caused of having attempted to persuade China to refuse ratification of the Anglo-Tibetan Agreement, but this, also, was found to rest on a very insecure foundation. The Governments of both countries have done their best to bring about a better state of public feeling, but with small success. Early in the year King Edward paid a visit to the German Emperor at Kiel, and was received with the utmost cordiality and splendidly entertained. An attempt



The sequel to a Currier's Branch of Promises Andros: The Forgery Charge at Bow Street—April 24th.

was also made by Count Von Bismarck to reassure public opinion by means of a statement published in the "Norddeutsche Zeitung," in which emphatic assurance was given of the friendly disposition of the German Government towards this country. It is, however, easier to make quarrels than to mend them, and, however, regrettable it may be, there



The sequel to the Follard Divorce Case: The Four Prisoners committed with Carter's Agency charged with conspiring to defraud the ends of Justice—Bow Street, April 2nd.

can be no question that popular distrust of Germany has become deeply rooted in this country, and will have to be seriously counted with in all future international calculations.

#### The Anglo-French Agreement.

While thus both the reality and the spirit of war have played a large part in the history of the year, Peace has happily not been without its triumphs. Indeed, the very gravity of the dangers by which the world has been threatened has stimulated statesmen to consolidate the peace of so much of the world as remained directly unaffected by this war.



Lord Lansdowne, committed for trial for the Murder of John Bull, at Bow Street—April 24th.



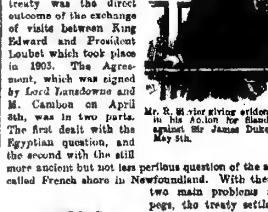
The Sultana of Mr. Whitaker Wright at the Law Courts—January 20th.

The result has been a far more substantial record in international agreements making for the general



Messrs. Hooley and Lawson charged with conspiring to defraud Mr. Tinn.

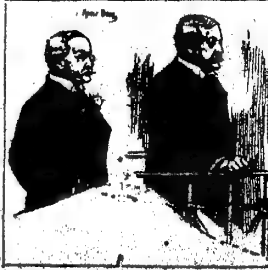
peace than any previous year has been able to boast. The most signal achievement in this direction has been the Anglo-French Agreement, by which all the controversies which have ragged between the two countries since 1898 have been happily settled. This epoch-making treaty was the direct outcome of the exchange of visits between King Edward and President Loubet which took place in 1903. The Agreement, which was signed by Lord Lansdowne and M. Cambon on April 24th, was in two parts. The first dealt with the Egyptian question, and the second with the still more ancient but not less perilous question of the so-called French shore in Newfoundland. With these two main problems as pegs, the treaty settled also a multitude of minor questions. To speak roughly, France agreed to recognise the British position in Egypt on condition that Great Britain secured to her a free hand in Morocco, while all the territorial pretensions of France in Newfoundland were withdrawn in exchange for concessions in West Africa. At the same time minor controversies in Siam, Soudan, and Madagascar were satisfactorily ended. As a practical bargain the Agreement did not give unalloyed satisfaction either



Mr. R. H. M. giving evidence in the John Bull Murder case—May 24th.



Mr. Marshall, charged with concealing British policy, to the Duke of Newcastle, before the Magistrate at Kingston—May 20th.



Mr. Arthur Boyd and William Thomas, the last of the seven who were sentenced to life imprisonment at Bow Street—July 24th.



The Seizure of the British Steamer Malacca by Russia: Entry guarding the Russian flag on board—July 1904.

In Great Britain or France, but it was generally recognised as an equitable arrangement of a very difficult and complicated situation, while the fact that it re-established the old friendly relations of Great Britain and France on a secure basis was held by all thoughtful men to compensate for all blame in detail. The Agreement was approved by the Parliaments of both countries, and has since been ratified. Throughout the year the British and French Governments have acted together in all international questions with the utmost harmony and cordiality, and it has been generally recognised that this co-operation has very substantially counterbalanced the dangers to the general peace arising from the war in the Far East. It is no small tribute to the skill of M. Delcassé's statesmanship that he has been able to pursue this co-operation without in the slightest degree weakening the alliance subsisting between his country and Russia.

**A Record in Arbitration.**

The most remarkable effect of the Anglo-French reconciliation has been the extraordinary impulse it has given to the negotiation and conclusion of treaties of international arbitration. In this respect the past year has established a record.

Whence, until the autumn of 1903, when the Anglo-French arbitration treaty was signed, opponents of this kind were exceedingly few, and it had been found impossible to negotiate one between this country and the United States of America, during the past year no fewer than twelve have been signed and ratified. In this excellent work Great Britain heads the list with six treaties. The Powers with whom they have been concluded are Italy, Spain, Germany, Sweden and Norway, Portugal, and Switzerland, and a seventh is now under negotiation with the United States. France runs very closely with five treaties, which include one with the United States, signed last November. Then follow five States—Italy, Spain, Holland, Sweden and Norway, and Switzerland—with two treaties each; and three others—the United States, Germany, and Portugal—with one each. How far these treaties will, in the future, affect the frequency of wars has yet to be fully shown; but apart from the fact that they represent a very earnest popular desire to avoid armed conflict, they are likely to operate beneficially, as the late Lord Salisbury foretold, by relieving statesmen of a large measure of responsibility in cases of international disputes. We had a striking illustration of this in the settlement of the North Sea incident, already referred to. But for the existence of the Hague Convention,

which clearly governed, that unfortunate occurrence, no British Minister could have withstood the popular clamour for a settlement by the sword.

**Peace in the Near East.**

The comparatively peaceful aspect of Europe has owed a very great deal to the absence during the year of any serious anxieties in regard to the condition of the Near East. Although but little improvement has been effected in Turkish administration, and the hardships suffered by the Armenians and Macedonians have not been substantially relieved, the Eastern Question may be said to have slumbered during 1904. This is all the more a subject for congratulation, since the preoccupation of Russia in the Far East appeared at one time calculated to give a free hand to Turkish misrule. The peril, however, was averted by the loyalty and firmness with which the Austrian Government carried out its obligations under the Mueratz Reform Scheme, and the undeviating support afforded to that scheme by the other great Powers. Early in January practical steps were



The Beginning of the Russian Revolutionary Riot at Warsaw—November 1904.



Funeral of an Iron-toothed Bonaparte in his Departure from St. Petersburg for the War—March 12th.

taken to reorganise the Macedonian gendarmerie, and at the request of the Porte the Italian Government appointed General de Giorgis to command that force. The other Powers promptly dispatched their respective quotas of subordinate officers to assist the general, and Austrian and Russian civil agents were nominated as observers to the Inspector-General of the Province. At the same time the Sultan proclaimed an amnesty to all Bulgarians implicated in the rising of the previous year. In view of these promising measures the revolutionary leaders decided to give the Reform Scheme a fair trial, and to discountenance rebel-



The Disaster to the Russian Steamer General Skochin in New York—ending the Bodies of the Thousand Victims—June 15th.

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But disturbances on any large scale. Only a few small bands remained in arms, and were it not that the Greeks, jealous of the prestige accruing to the Bulgarians through their moderation, and also severely stimulated by the Turks, committed a few attacks on the non-Hellenic population, Macedonia might be said to have spent the year in absolute tranquillity. Nevertheless, the reforms have made but small progress. The Porte has not reformed its administrative system, and every step taken by the postmaster general has been the subject of long and irritating diplomatic negotiations. The result are all the more disappointing, since



The Mikado of Japan.

In so far as the Muersteg scheme has been carried out, it has proved its efficacy in a most plainfaring way. The districts in which the European officers have been able to work unhindered have been completely pacified, confidence has been restored to the local population, and it has been shown that the people only require an equitable administration and adequate securities for their persons and property to become contented and law-abiding. Unfortunately these districts are very few, and constitute but mere specks on the broad expanse of Macedonia. Their good fortune has only excited the jealousy and impatience of the less fortunate districts, where, consequently, an outcry against the slowness with which the reforms are being ca-



Watching the Opening of the First Naval Attack on Port Arthur from the s.s. Mongolia—February 8th.

and Greece, the outlook is undoubtedly grave, but it is hoped that the great Powers will be able to adopt timely measures for averting what would be a reopening of the Eastern Question in a very real form.

#### The Unwilling of Tibet.

The history of Greater Britain during the past year has, except in one particular, been comparatively uneventful. Only in Somaliland and in India has the peace been broken. The fighting in Somaliland was little more than an expiring flame of the Dervish rebellion of the previous year, and it came to an end early in 1904 with a crushing defeat of the Mullah's forces and the capture of his strong hold at Afg. The war in which our Indian dependencies have been engaged has been far more interesting, indeed, in many respects it is the most interesting event in a year full of dramatic movement. The foe has been the long secluded and mysterious State of Tibet. For centuries Tibet has been one of the closed kingdoms of the world, barred against all intruders by the singular inoperability of its Government, and people, and veiled in a semi-mystical romance which commanded the

Curious, he persisted. The Tibetans were, however, still resolved to hold no parley with the intruders. They strongly fortified the Jomg at Gyantse, and fired the town with armed men. Here heavy fighting took place, and it became clear that unless the British force were strengthened further progress towards Lhasa would be impossible. Colonel Younghusband consequently entrenched himself, while supplies and men were being hurried up from



Gurkhas storming the breach at the capture of Gyantse—Jomg—July 6th.

ing took place, and it became clear that unless the British force were strengthened further progress towards Lhasa would be impossible. Colonel Younghusband consequently entrenched himself, while supplies and men were being hurried up from



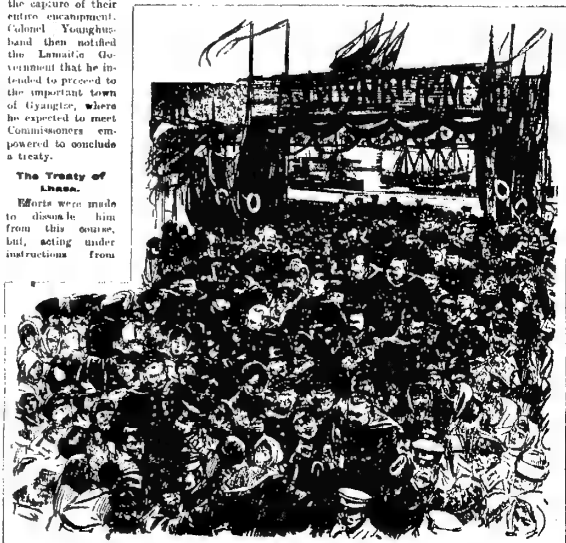
The sinking of Admiral Mahan's Flagship Potomac off Port Arthur—April 13th.

Tibetans responded by a surprise attack upon the British while the negotiations were still in progress. A severe fight ensued, in which the Tibetans were routed with a loss of between three and four hundred killed and the capture of their entire encampment. Colonel Younghusband then notified the Lhasa Government that he intended to proceed to the important town of Gyantse, where he expected to meet Commissioners empowered to conclude a treaty.

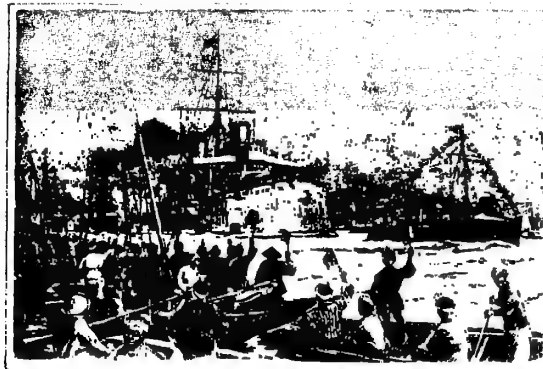
#### The Treaty of Lhasa.

Efforts were made to dissuade him from this course, but, acting under instructions from

the frontier. For nearly two months he remained at Gyantse, fighting nearly every day. Early in July the Tibetans realised that their resistance was hopeless, and envoys were despatched from Lhasa



March of Chompa: The Reception of the Survivors of the Tibet's GYAS at Gyantse—April 1st.



The Cruiser Nishin and Japanese, brought by Japan at Yokohama—February 11th.

tended, has made itself heard. Hence the situation is again becoming somewhat menacing. The Bulgarian revolutionists declare that the time cannot last very much longer, and that unless the military movements of the Porte are finally hastened by the Powers there will be a renewal of the insurrection in the spring. Since this is likely to lead to a triangular war between Bulgaria, Turkey,



Coffin containing the body of Mr. Kruger in the Mortuary at Pretoria—July 1st.

and of half of Asia. Of late years, however, a glimpse of the great political drama unfolding itself in the Middle and Far East seems to have reached the Lamas, and, whether from ambition or fear, they appear to have decided to take a hand in the game. The spirit of their awakening was a policy of very distinct hostility towards Great Britain and a corresponding policy of friendship with Russia. Since Tibet nowhere touches Russian territory, while in the south its frontiers march for many hundreds of miles with those of the British-ruled Provinces of British India, it was impossible for us to tolerate this attitude, and a mission, half diplomatic and half military, was organised to bring the Tibetans to reason. The primary object of the expedition was not to fight but to negotiate a treaty, and at first the Lamas professed their entire willingness to meet it and discuss an arrangement with the British envoy, Colonel Younghusband. The Tibetan diplomats, however, proved a very choice quantity. At the pre-arranged meeting-places they could not be found, and the search for them took the expedition far on the road to Lhasa. Towards the middle of March it became clear that the Lamas had no intention to negotiate at all, and that they were collecting large armed forces with a view to annihilating the British expedition. On the road between Tuna and Guru the attitude of the Tibetan





Finding Bodies of Russian Sailors at Port Arthur after the Sinking of the P. Trugolovsk—April 12th.

to Gyantse. They were, however, unable to accept the British terms, and on the expiry of an armistice which had been arranged General MacDonald attacked and captured the Gyantse Jung, and then set out on his march to Lhasa. The mysterious city was reached on August 3rd without further opposition. It was found that the Dalai Lama had fled, and consequently it became necessary to negotiate with the Chinese Amban and the Assembly of Tibetan Notables. On September 7th a treaty was signed with great solemnity in the Dalai Lama's own apartments in the famous Potala Palace. The exact terms of this instrument have not yet been officially disclosed, pending ratification by the Chinese Government, but they are understood to provide for the payment of an indemnity, the increase of trade facilities with British India, and the exclusion of other countries from diplomatic relations with Tibet, and from territorial and economic concessions in that country, unless the consent of Great Britain is first obtained. The terms of the treaty have been much criticised, and stress has been laid upon the absence of any security for their faithful observance, but there can be no real doubt that they constitute a signal triumph for Great Britain in Central Asia. The proof that the long arm of the Indian Govern-

ment can reach Lhasa whenever it pleases, and that no other power is in a position to afford Tibet armed assistance is a sufficiently effective guarantee of the observance of the treaty.

#### THE YELLOW MAN ON THE RAND.

The remainder of the King's dominions beyond the seas have for the most part pursued a career of tranquillity during the past year. The chief exception has been South Africa, where the task of repairing the ravages of the war has proved both difficult and disappointing. In the Transvaal a new element of discord has developed itself in the shape of the labour question. The deficiency of native labour, by restricting the output of the mines, seriously affected the financial position of the new colony, and it became necessary to entertain proposals for the importation of coolies from China. The scheme was violently opposed by the Boers and Boeropolis, although, for the most part, South African opinion was in favour of it. Early in January a draft Ordinance providing for the employment of Chinese was published by the Transvaal Government, and a Labour Bill was passed by the Legislative Council. While in South Africa this scheme was only opposed by irreconcilable malcontents, in England, and also in many of the

Colonies, it was severely criticised. The idea that it involved the creation of a Yellow South Africa became very prevalent, and was strongly and sincerely resented in many influential quarters. Keen as the London County Council elections this autumn played a considerable role, while in the Colonies Mr. Boddin proposed that a joint protest should be sent to London from Canada and Australia. The Imperial Government, nevertheless, had the courage to support the Transvaal Administration, as it was quite clear to any unbiased mind that without Chinese labour South Africa would soon become bankrupt, while the dangers of over-running the colony with yellow men were amply provided against. The Transvaal Ordinance was amended in March; a treaty with China providing for the supply of the necessary coolies was signed in May; and in the following month the first shipment of Chinese arrived at Durban. So far the experiment has proved a decided success. Not only has the output of the mines been increased, but the employment of white labour has steadily gone



General Andrieux, French Minister for War, surrounded by M. Bismarck in the Town Chamber, November 14th.



The Remarkable Action fought between Colonel Younghusband's Men and the Tibetans at the Tank Hot Springs, March 21st.

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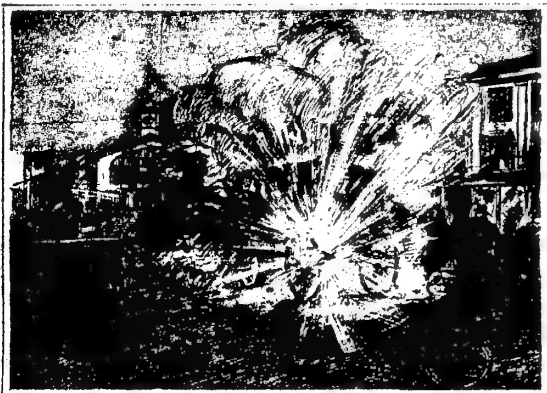
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The Opening of the Land Campaign: The Crossing of the Yalu River by the First Japanese Army—May 1st.

up in proportion to the increase of the Yellow element. The work of pacifying and restoring the conquered Colonies has proceeded slowly, and the

elections in July most of the Bundles were defeated, and the Governmental majority was increased to eleven.



The Assassination of M. de Plehve, Russian Minister of the Interior, St. Petersburg—July 28th.

extreme Boers have lost no opportunity of attempting to discredit the Administration. Still, distinct progress has been accomplished, and there is no fear of political discontent extending on any formidable scale outside the knot of Boer irremediableness. The confidence of the Government in the essential stability of the new order of things was testified towards the end of the year by the permission it gave to have the remains of ex-President Kruger interred in Pretoria. In Cape Colony the year has been more hopeful. A Progressive Cabinet, under Dr. Jameson, has succeeded the Bond Ministry of Sir Gordon Spragg, and at the by-

#### THE DOMINION AND THE COMMONWEALTH.

The history of the remaining over-sea dominions of the King has recently reverted from the normal course of things. In Canada an unfortunate disagreement between the Government and Lord Dunsford, the officer commanding the Militia of the Dominion, created some sensation, owing to the charges brought by Lord Dunsford against members of the Cabinet in regard to army administration. There can be no doubt that Lord Dunsford's action, from the point of view of military discipline, was without justification, and his dismissal only evoked protest from the political opponents



The Assault and Capture of Kinchen Heights by the Japanese under General Ota—May 21st.

of the Government. A General Election took place in November, and resulted in the return of Sir Wilfrid Laurier to power with an increased majority. Ministerial crises have largely occupied the attention of the Australian public, both in the Federal Government and in the separate States. Owing to the large increase in the Labour vote in the Federal House of Representatives, that party found itself at the outset of the year in a position to hold the balance between the Ministerialists and the regular opposition. On April 31st the Deakin Government was defeated, and Mr. Watson formed

State Legislatures, where changes of Government have been numerous during the year. Some anxiety has been felt throughout Australia at the slow growth of the white population, and it is feared that the Immigration Restriction policy of the Labour party may still further retard the development of this most important form of national wealth. In this respect Australia offers a striking contrast to Canada, where a well-advertised and skilfully-managed scheme of immigration has been in active and successful progress throughout the year.

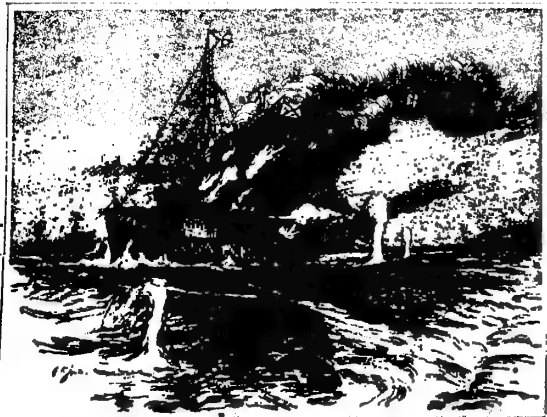


The Loss of the Eastport-ship Scorp, with about 500 lives, at Rockall, off the Coast of Scotland—June 23rd.

a Labour Cabinet. His position proved, however, not less insecure than that of his predecessor, and after two defeats he resigned. Mr. Reid then succeeded in forming a Coalition Cabinet with the assistance of some of the Deakinists, and thus secured a working majority. The situation is, however, still very unstable, and has extended to the

#### AUTOCRACY AND REPUBLIC.

European domestic politics have found their most dramatic developments in Russia and France. In Russia the question of constitutional reform has reached a more advanced stage than has ever been known in the country since the era of the assassination of Alexander II. The sacrifices entailed by



The Last Sortie from Port Arthur: The Dispersal of the Russian Fleet by Admiral Togo's Squadron—August 10th.



The Capture of the Key to the Russian Position in the Russian Hills by the Japanese—August 20th.



The Tzar Redrawing a Brigade of Russian Infantry on the Eve of their Departure for the Far East—February 1st.

the war, following on the oppressive policy pursued by M. de Pélissier, caused the profoundest dissatisfaction, which eventually manifested itself in the resignation of the Minister of the Interior. This crisis was the climax of a whole series of attacks on public men, in the course of which the Governor-General of Finland, General Bobrikoff, had also lost his life. It was then perceived that the public discontent was not confined to the Social Democrats and other odious classes. The attempts of M. de Pélissier to restrict the activities and reduce the privileges of the Senate, or Provincial Assemblies, had aroused the whole body of more or less conscious Liberals in the Empire, and these constituted the bulk of the intelligent and moneyed classes. In becoming a successor to M. de Pélissier the Tzar found himself confronted by the dilemma of having to declare whether he intended to continue the policy of autocratic repression, or to inaugurate an era of reforms. At any other time the choice would have been easy, although the Reform movement had reached a more formidable stage of development than had ever been known before; but with a great war in progress in the Far East, the prospect of having to deal with a serious domestic crisis at the same time restrained the Tzar's autocratic ten-

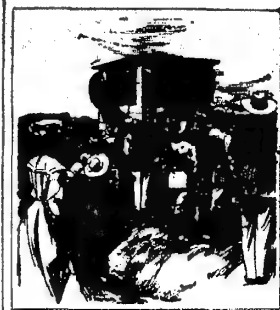


The Defeat of the Somali Mahdi's Forces by General Kitchener at Jiddah—January 11th.

ments. He selected for his new Minister of the Interior Prince Sviatopolk-Mirski, a statesman of strong liberal views, who had been markedly opposed to his consolidation of the Police to the Ministry of the Interior. Since then a severe struggle has been proceeding between the Reactionaries and the Reformers in the Tzar's entourage, and it is feared that the victory is likely to remain with the former party.

#### ANTI-CLERICALISM IN FRANCE.

In France the struggle between the Radical Government of M. Combes and the Clericals has reached a stage of almost unprecedented bitterness. Nevertheless M. Combes, until near the end of the year, commanded a large and compact majority in the Chamber, which, according to the testimony of the provincial municipal elections held in May, was far from representing the views of the country as a whole. The anti-clerical tendencies of the Government would perhaps have been less aggressive had it not been for the unwise action of the Vatican. The sermon in which the Pope protested against the visit of President Loubet to Rome and his subsequent attempt to punish bishops without consulting the French Government led first to a rupture of diplomatic relations between France and the Holy See, and afterwards to the formal adoption by the French Government of the Socialist policy of separation of Church and State. Though supported by a large majority in the anti-clerical attitude,



The Unveiling of the Monument to Major Wism and the Shagreen Horse in the Metropole—Jan.

the Combes Cabinet was less fortunate in minor questions. The income tax scheme was unfavourably received, and its authority was severely shaken by the discovery of a system of "détournement" or secret denunciation, by which, with the aid of the French Masonic Lodges, the War Office spread on the private lives of officers holding Conservative or Clerical opinions. The revelation led to angry debates in the Chamber, and to the resignation of the Minister of War, General André. Even then the Opposition were not appeased, and in a confidence-vote the Government only gained the day by a majority of six.

#### THE DEATH ROLL.

The obituary of the year has been above the average, although not unusually heavy. Among Royal personages who have passed away are the Duke of Cambridge and the Prince of Leiningen, King George of Saxony, the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, the Princess of the Asturias, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Duchess Alexandrine of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, and Princess Mary of Hannover. To this list may be added the names of the King of Cambodia and of ex-President Kruger, who for so many years figured among the world's Heads of States. The death roll of politicians includes Sir William Harcourt, Mr. James Lowther, Lord Northbrook, Sir Graham Berry, ex-Premier of Victoria, Sir John Scott, Judicial Adviser to the Khedive, Prince

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Madame Antoinette Fleming—  
Died January 1st.



Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry  
Keppel—Died January 17th.



George, Second Duke of  
Cambridge—Died March 17th.



Sir Ed. in Army, Post and  
Journalist—Died March 24th.



Ex Queen Isabella of Spain—  
Died April 9th.



M. Vassili Vassilievitch, Rus-  
sian War Painter—Drowned  
in the sinking of the Peter-  
gorsk, April 19th.



Dr. Samuel Butler, Author of  
"Hull-Mag"—Died April 19th.



Sir Henry Thompson—Sur-  
geon—Died April 19th.



Miss Nellie Farrer, Actress—  
Died April 24th.



F. Henry de la Roche, Ex-  
plorer—Died May 10th.



The Grand Duke of Mecklen-  
burg-Strelitz—Died May 10th.



Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.—Died  
July 1st.



Ex-President Kruger—Died  
July 19th.



Mr. Wilson Barrett, Actor—  
Died July 22nd.



M. de Plehve, Russian Minister  
of the Interior—Assassinated  
July 29th.



Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A.—  
Died July 29th.



M. Waldeck-Rousseau, French  
Politician—Died August 10th.



Dr. S. R. Holt, Dean of Ro-  
chester—Died August 21st.



The Rt. Hon. James Lowther,  
M.P.—Died September 13th.



Prince Herbert von Bismarck—  
Died September 14th.



Sir William Harcourt, M.P.—  
Died October 1st.



King George of Saxony—Died  
October 14th.



Mr. Charles Morton, "Father  
of the Minto Mills"—Died  
October 14th.



Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wood—  
Died October 16th.

Herbert von Bismarck, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, M. de Plehve, General Babrikoff, and Dr. Beral, the interesting organizers of the Zionist movement. In the military and naval list we have the names of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Norman, Admiral Sir H. Kippel, Field-Marshal Count Von Waldessee, and Admiral Makharoff. Literature and science have lost Sir Leslie Stephen, Sir Edwin Arnold, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, Dr. Samuel Butler, Mr. Clement Scott, Her Majesty John, Sir H. M. Stanley, Mrs. Bishop, Sir Henry Thompson, and Herr Friedrich Siemsen. Among artists who have died we have Mr. J. P. Watts, R.A., Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A., Mr. Val C. Prinsep, R.A., M. Versteegh, Her Franz Von Leubach, M. Leon Geym, and M.



Mr. Dan Leno, Comedian—  
Died October 21st.



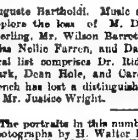
Mr. Val C. Prinsep, R.A.—  
Died November 11th.



Lord Northbrook—Died No-  
vember 13th.



Viscount Ribblesdale—Died  
November 15th.



Auguste Bartholdi. Music and the drama have to  
deplore the loss of M. Dvorak, Miss Antoinette  
Sterling, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. Charles Morton,  
Miss Nellie Farrer, and Dan Leno. The ecclesiastical  
list comprises Dr. Riddell, Bishop of South-  
wark, Dean Hole, and Cardinal Clemens; and the  
Bench has lost a distinguished Judge in the person  
of Mr. Justice Wright.

The portraits in this number are reproduced from  
photographs by H. Walter Barnett, Parkside; Bas-  
sano, Old Bond Street; Zillnik and Fry, Baker  
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#### OBITUARY OF THE YEAR.

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to Forget.



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of old age  
is merely the  
fruits of  
memory."

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SKETCHES ON THE OPENING DAY AT THE CIRCUS



STREET IN THE LATER PART OF THE CIRCUS



THE NEW SCOTLAND AT THE HIPPODROME - THE FINAL LAUREL IN THE CIRCUS - CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS IN LONDON

DRAWN BY A. C. H. 1904-1905

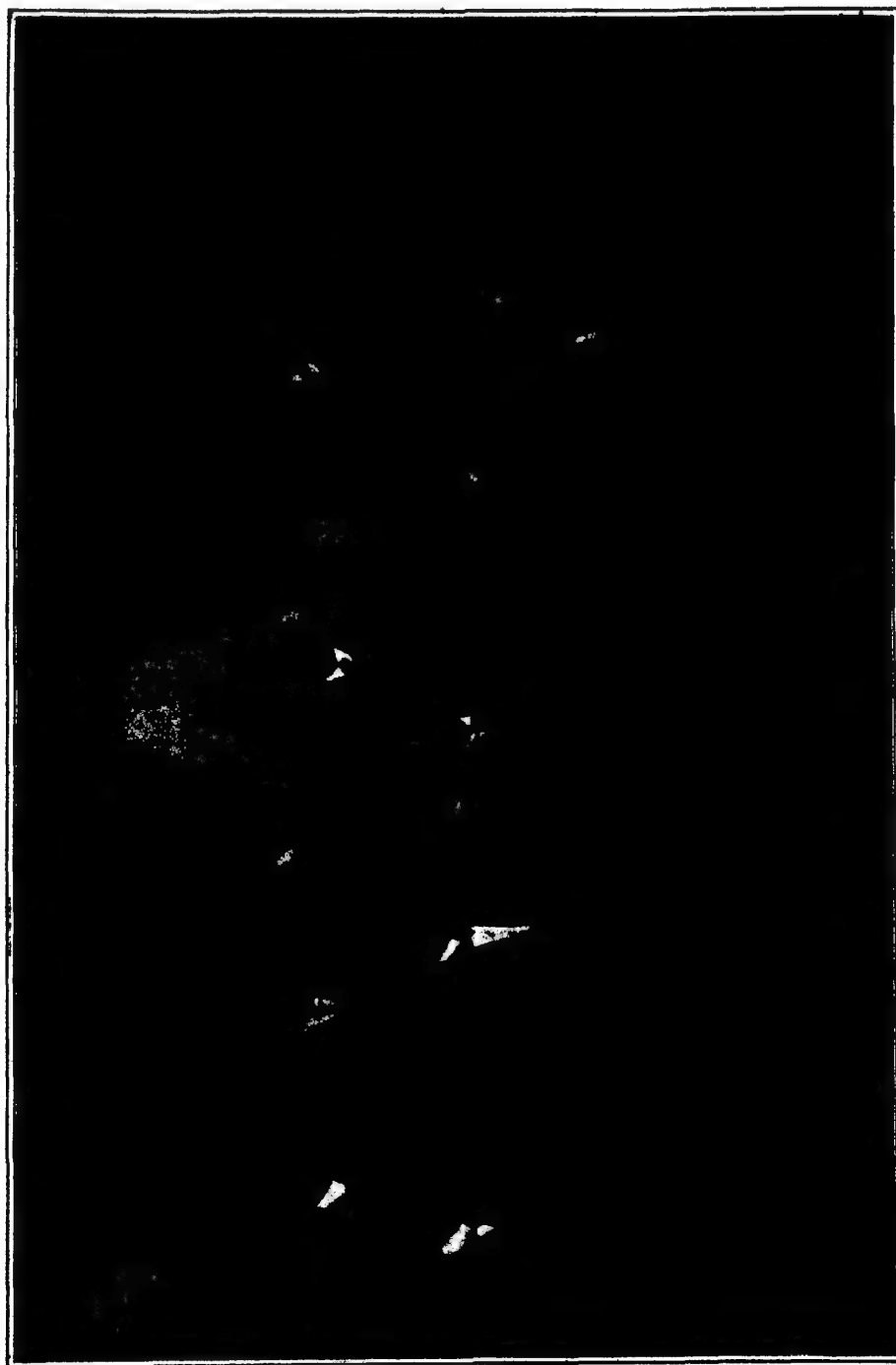


DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY MR. DAVY, FOR MANY YEARS POSTMAN TO THE KARAI OF THE ARABIA OF AFGHANISTAN

"In and around Karul there are many fruit shops, where cups of tea can be had, as well as fruit, sweets, nuts and cakes. These shops are not always in tents as in the one which commands a view of the British Agency. From such a vantage ground a shrewd proprietor may have other means of making a livelihood than that of selling fruit or making cups of tea for the few passers-by. The visitor may come to his shop for other purposes besides drinking a friendly cup of tea. Many people will take a longer road, rather than pass the 'Agency.'"

LIFE IN KARUL: A "DOUBLE-DEALER" OUTSIDE THE BRITISH AGENCY



JAPAN'S RELATIONS WITH THE WORLD: THE MINISTERS OF THE POWERS IN TOKIO

H. Poh Woon  
(Korea)Donata d'Arco Valley  
(Germany)

**L. N. LaPointe**  
(Ph.D.)

Don L. de la Barrera y Echeverría  
(Bogotá)

Bombos J. B. de Freitas  
(Portugal)

Baron S. de L. Weybork  
(Method)

M. C. A. Pereira  
(Brazil)

(unpubl.)  
Ochs-Stern J.

M. A. d'Ambrosio de Adamasso  
(Austro-Hungary)

**J. Hammond**  
(Edmonton)

10

Baron Albert  
(1811-1871)

Mr. Claude MacDonnell

1

Mr. Lloyd C. Griscom

1





MR. MANARD



MR. MENARD



MR. SYVETON



MRS. LARK H. SYVETON

## THE SYVETON TRAGEDY

## "The Graphic" Diary of the War

The capture of 203 Metre Hill at Port Arthur has enabled the Japanese to destroy the Russian fleet. One battleship, the Sevastopol, escaped gun fire by sheltering on the harbour, only to fall a victim to Togo's torpedoes. The *Kaga*, *Tungkwanshan*, and that has lately been carried by the Japanese, is one of those that form part of the Kikawshan group in the inner ring of forts, on the northeast of Port Arthur. Despatches have reached Chifu, brought by an officer from Port Arthur, who ran the blockade in a sailing boat. On the Shaho, the two armies are stretched out in a sailing boat. On the Shaho, the two armies are stretched out in a sailing boat. On the Shaho, the two armies are stretched out in a sailing boat.

NOVEMBER 20.—The supreme Naval Prize Court at St. Petersburg confirmed the condemnation of the British steamer *Cheltenham*, seized by the Russians early in July.

NOVEMBER 28.—General Kaubius left Odessa to take up the command of the Third Manchurian Army.

NOVEMBER 29.—It is officially announced at Tokio that the attacks on 203 Metre Hill, at Port Arthur, resulted in the capture of Russian trenches near the summit. The Japanese also succeeded in

At the

NOVEMBER 30.—The Admiral commanding at Kronshtadt received orders from the Tsar to have a third squadron ready to go to sea in April.

Rear Admiral Charles H. Davis appointed American Commissioner for the inquiry into the North Sea incident.

The Japanese, after making several assaults, which began on the 24th, captured 203 Metre Hill on the west side of Port Arthur.

DECEMBER 2.—It is reported that the Russians made an attempt to recapture 203 Metre Hill, but were repulsed.

DECEMBER 5.—Warships in the harbour of Port Arthur heavily bombarded. Several ships damaged.

Bombardment of Russian warships at Port Arthur renewed. The *Pobieda*, *Poltava* and the *Rekvis* were hit several times. A powder magazine south of Poyushan was struck and exploded.

A portion of the railway between Kharin and Mukden destroyed by Chinese.

A telegram from Mukden stated that an artillery duel lasting four days has failed to make any alteration in the situation on the Shaho.

DECEMBER 6.—Russians stated to have made several attempts to retake 203 Metre Hill.

The Russians abandoned 203 Metre Hill (Port Arthur) in consequence of the galling fire of the Japanese on High Hill. Observation from 203 Metre Hill showed that the *Pobieda* had been sunk, and that the *Rekvis* was being considerably to port.

DECEMBER 7.—Further bombardment of Russian warships at Port Arthur. The *Peresvet* caught fire, went down at the stern, and sank later, and the *Pobieda* was observed to have a list to the starboard. Further observation from 203 Metre Hill showed that the *Rekvis* was resting on the bottom.

The Bayan was set on fire.

DECEMBER 8.—According to telegrams from Mukden, the Japanese opened a bombardment at night on the Russian positions east of the railway, but the Russians turned on their searchlights, which they were using for the time in this quarter, and repulsed the Japanese with a well-directed fire.

DECEMBER 10.—A body of Russian infantry attacked Peh-tai-shan (on the Shaho), but was repulsed.

DECEMBER 11.—It was reported in Tokio that on November 30 the Japanese cruiser *Sakura* struck a mine near Port Arthur and sank. 191 officers and men were rescued, but thirty-nine were lost, including the Commander, Captain Tajima.

Throughout the day the Japanese heavy siege guns bombarded the interior of Port Arthur, causing heavy damage to the battleship *Poltava* and the torpedo transport *Ansur*, and also the wireless telegraph station at Golden Hill, besides setting fire to the arsenal.

Twenty degrees of frost reported from the front in Manchuria.

DECEMBER 12.—A Japanese torpedo division, under Captain Kasuma, attacked the battleship *Sevastopol*, which was sheltering outside the harbour at Port Arthur, without result. Another division attacked later, but, apparently, with no better success, and, later, two more unsuccessful efforts were made to torpedo the battleship.

DECEMBER 14.—Renewed efforts made by the Japanese torpedo squadrons to torpedo the *Sevastopol*. The attacks were repeated, and in the early hours of the 15th it was seen that the *Sevastopol* had been sunk. The *Sevastopol* was the only Russian warship which had hitherto escaped destruction.

DECEMBER 15.—Captain Klado, one of the officers of the Baltic Fleet, left behind to give evidence before the North Sea Inquiry Commission, who was arrested and sentenced to a fortnight's house detention for his articles on the necessity of despatching another fleet to the Far East (which it is alleged contained false statements), released.

DECEMBER 15-16.—Interchange of notes between General Stoessel and General Nogi. The former complained that the Japanese were firing on hospitals in Port Arthur flying the Red Cross flag. General Nogi replied saying that the Japanese had never once intentionally turned their guns on any building or ship flying the Red Cross. He added that no part of the interior of the fortress was inviolable, the flight of their shells was not always absolutely accurate. General Stoessel asked that the Japanese should refrain from firing on the whole of the new town and on the north-east of the old town. The Japanese replied that it was impossible to assent to such limitations, whereupon the Russians promised to submit a map showing the position of the hospitals.

DECEMBER 17.—Commander Mitzenoff, who was wounded at 203 Metre Hill, arrived at Chifu with despatches, having managed to escape from Port Arthur in a sailing boat.

DECEMBER 18.—The battleship *Sevastopol* reported to have been successfully torpedoed ten times, and to be aground and apparently completely disabled.

A great explosion, caused by the Japanese, took place at the North Port of Tungkwanshan at Port Arthur, which they afterwards carried by assault. Five guns, two machine-guns, and large quantities of ammunition were captured.

A despatch from General Stoessel received at St. Petersburg describing the fighting at 203 Metre Hill. The fighting lasted continuously from November 20 to December 6, and was described by General Stoessel as the most severe of all the attacks on Port Arthur.

Admiral Birleff left St. Petersburg for Lihau to superintend the formation and despatch of a third Russian Squadron to the Pacific.

DECEMBER 19.—Admiral Rozhdestvensky's division of the Baltic Fleet passed Cape Town.

The Japanese cruiser *Toshima* seized the British steamer *Nigeria* off Ulsan, Korea, bound for Vladivostok. Examination of her cargo showed that it contained a large quantity of contraband. The *Nigeria* is stated to have had on board the Captain of the Russian destroyer *Gromov*. The British steamer *King Arthur* was captured by the guardship *Asagiri* while she was attempting to escape from Port Arthur.

DECEMBER 20.—Three of the North Sea Inquiry Commissioners, Vice-Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont (Great Britain), Admiral Kaznakov (Russia), Admiral Fournier (France), were received by President Loubet and subsequently by M. Delcandé. Admiral Davis (United States) had not arrived.

Determined attack made by the Russians on Lamontun, on the Shaho, repulsed by the Japanese.

DECEMBER 22.—The right wing of the Japanese Army before Port Arthur dislodged the Russians from the high land north of Hoo-sanyang-tai, near Pigeon Bay, and drove them from the Pigeon Bay promontory.

A despatch received in Tokio from Admiral Togo says that constant attempts are being made by the Russians to pump out the *Sevastopol*, "but in the circumstances her repair is hopeless, and she is certainly unfit to fight or to navigate."

A Japanese squadron of powerful cruisers, under Admiral Kamimura, stated to have started to meet the Russian fleet under Admiral Rozhdestvensky.

Admiral Davis, the United States Commissioner, reached Paris and was received by President next day.

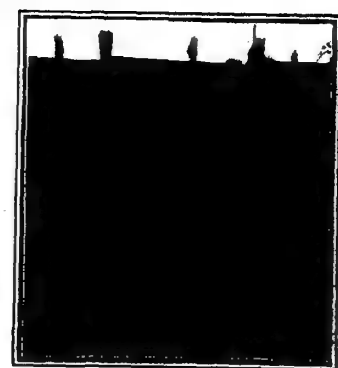
DECEMBER 23.—The North Sea Inquiry Commission met at the Foreign Office in Paris. Admiral Kaznakov in the chair. Admiral Fournier was proposed as President until the arrival of the Fifth Commissioner. Subsequently the Commission unanimously selected Admiral Baron von Span as Fifth Commissioner. The sitting was then adjourned until January 9.

DECEMBER 24.—Further Russian positions on the Japanese right at Port Arthur captured, the most important being Ho-yang-shu-kao, a hill a mile and a half to the south of 203 Metre Hill.

DECEMBER 25.—Tokio reported to be a great military camp, thousands of recruits and reservists assembling in the city, and drilling as reinforcements for Marshal Oyama.

## The Syveton Mystery

All Paris is occupied with *l'affaire Syveton*, and the plot thickens day by day. The *juge d'instruction* who is investigating the case decided upon a reconstruction of the tragedy, and three hours were spent by him and certain experts in going through the scene of death. M. Syveton, it will be remembered, is supposed to have died from the effects of suffocation by gas. The room in which he died was arranged exactly as it was when his body was found. A dog was fastened down on the gas stove, the chimney of which was partially stopped with a newspaper. The dog's snout was placed over a gas jet, and his head covered with a newspaper, as had been M. Syveton's method, according to his wife's statement. The dog was suffocated in a few minutes according to one account, but, according to another, died in terrible agony, which lasted forty minutes. The theory put forward on one side was that M. Syveton must have been rendered unconscious by a narcotic before he inhaled the gas. M. Beaumont, the *juge d'instruction*, however, is convinced that M. Syveton committed suicide, and that nobody is to blame but M. Syveton himself. The portraits are those of M. Syveton, his wife, and his step-daughter and her husband, the principal people concerned in the domestic scandal which ended in the tragedy now being investigated.



300 AVENUE DU NOUVEAU, PARIS, THE REMINDER OF M. SYVETON

THE QUEEN'S HALL.—The programme of the concert arranged by Mr. Wood for Monday will astonish those who are not intimately acquainted with the list of Wagner's works, for it contains no fewer than three overtures by him, none of which have ever been played in England before. The score of "Rule Britannia" was, it will be remembered, recently discovered at Leicester. It was written in 1836, and was sent by its composer to the London Philharmonic Society in 1840, after which it was lost and was only discovered a few months ago. "Polonia" was written in 1832—in the same year, that is to say, as his symphony in C. Wagner himself said of the symphony that he took Beethoven and Mozart as his models, so we may expect to find the influence of these two composers in the overture. The original score is at Bayreuth. The "Columbus" overture was written at Magdeburg, in 1835, and was played several times. The last known performance of it was at Paris, in 1841; after this date the score disappeared completely and has only lately been found again. Those who wish to hear more of these overtures may be reminded that the excellent Queen's Hall analytical programmes are now published a week before each concert, a most commendable arrangement, of which full advantage ought to be taken.





## Our Bookshelf

## "THE GARRICK CLUB"

A very delightful volume, both to those who have some inner acquaintance with it and also to the mere outsider, is Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's story of "The Garrick Club" (Elliot Stock). The Garrick, it is significant to note, was started with the object of founding a society "in which actors and men of education and refinement might meet on equal terms." A hope was also entertained that it would promote "easy intercourse between artists and patrons." We have gone a long way since 1831, when this was written, but the Garrick, whatever its ambitions, speedily became a success, and from the first has enjoyed a splendid membership roll, including always the foremost actors, literary men, and humorists of the day. Again, it is almost unique among Clubs in boasting of a really fine portrait gallery of actors, and these the work of famous artists. The portrait which we reproduce is one of the many painted by that brilliant artist, William. One of the most distinguished members of the Club was, of course, Thackeray. Dickens was a member too, but his connection with the place was severed twice, and was not wholly pleasant while it lasted; and, as Mr. Fitzgerald says, the Thackeray tradition is a "precious asset." It seems a pity, though, that his association with the Club should have been marred by the unpleasant *contretemps* with Edmund Yates which led to the latter's resignation. Yates may have been reckless and foolish, but Thackeray undoubtedly forgot his dignity, and acted in a manner which did him.

have an historical value.

## "A BOOK OF GHOSTS"

We should have thought it hardly possible to have found so much variety of idea and treatment for any twenty ghost stories from the same pen as Mr. S. Haring Gould has found for the twenty and one over of his "Book of Ghosts" (Methuen and Co.). The creepy style is efficiently represented by "A Dead Finger"—a new and quite original sort of vampire; the poetical by "The Mother of Tansies," an excellent variation of the fantastic legend of the woman who, by employing witchcraft to save her from motherhood, was guilty of the murder of unborn souls; the grotesque; the purely fanciful; and even the sheerly farcical, as in the case of the Irishman and the Strachan, both cut in two by grave shot, whose ghosts, by an extravagant combination of circumstances, were reduced to the torso of the latter and the legs of the former. There is, moreover, humour as well as force in the ghosts, he and she, who relieved their haunted victims by an eloquent; and on the whole we find Mr. Haring Gould successful in proportion as he makes his spectres the vehicles of parable in nature, as in the instance of "H.P." or *Homo Phosphoricus*, the vitalised skeleton of a primeval cave-dweller. This is no doubt equivalent to saying that his ghost stories are not of that highest order in which the Ghost is self-sufficing—its own beginning, whole *raison d'être*, and end. But in the order that admits of motives and morals, the present collection—allowing for inevitable variety in point of merit as well as of subject and style—must be put high.

## "IN THE STRAITS OF HOPE"

The familiar quotation as to the near alliance of "great wit," or, as we call it, "genius," and madness, and the thinness of the partitions that divide them, is no mere trite commonplace in the case of Adrian Bourke, the principal figure in Eleanor Cooper's novel (John Murray). The partitions grow so exceedingly thin that, had he lived to carry out his intention of suicide, there is no coroner's inquest that would not have found them ignorable. As things were he was saved from intentional death in one form by accidental death in another. His trouble was a haunting dread lest he should be unable to develop his unquestionable genius without falling into the habits of a drunken mother; while his occasional lapses under the influence of his psychological inheritance (a subject which seems to exercise a chronic fascination over

view, ample amends. The idea of a loveable fore-doom hanging over the career of the weak-willed man of genius, is opposed to the more freely flowing courses of ordinary lives in an exceedingly interesting way.

## "THE CELESTIAL SPOON"

Miss F. F. Montefiore's new story (Edward Arnold) is much better told than imagined or constructed. It depends far too much upon an aggregation of separately improbable coincidences to be convincing, and lacks anything in the nature of a central interest. But the picture is, generally speaking, excellent; and if the varied material complications, natural, step, and quasi-adoptive, that beset Miss Jeronim De Groochy, otherwise Duclos, otherwise Joy, then Mrs. Knight, and probably Mrs. Mavis, no distant date, are somewhat perplexing, there can be no mistake about the sympathy that is certain to gather about so engaging a heroine.

The plot, being without definite incident, is not, as will have been already gathered, of the kind that can be summarized in a sentence, or, indeed, in a good many sentences. The title, suggested by Stevenson's poem of the same title, with which it has no other perceptible connection, is not, as the reader is duly warned, meant to refer to a very un-ostentatious surgeon, Dr. MacIlvert, a blackmalling scoundrel, who none the less judiciously credited with many good points, and so rendered a more rational and convincing piece of human nature than the villain of fiction is accustomed to be. The novel, despite its evident imperfections, is unquestionably very far above the average, and will be read with interest and pleasure.

## "THE RED DERELICT"

There is much that is good, and not a little that is very good, in "The Red Derelict," by Bertram Mitford (Methuen and Co.). The scheme of identifying the destinies of a historic house with a nameless wreck adrift in the Southern Atlantic is impressive, and for the most part adequately developed; the hero is a real hero, even to the capacity for actual martyrdom; the heroine is unusually lovable for a girl in that perilous position, and all the more so for her membership of a scampish family from whom it would be as likely to expect a Della Calmour as a diamond from a dust-heap—which, of course, is not to deny the possibility. Indeed, the extraction of the diamond from the dust-heap is, in Della's case, one of the best points of an otherwise decidedly interesting novel. Interesting, that is to say, up to a certain point, for it must be owned that, after the hero's terrible experiences among a

his work can account for an author's having recourse for his *unwinding* to so hackneyed and easily anticipated a device as the discovery that an alleged bigamous marriage was valid on the ground that the really bigamous marriage had been the woman's first and not her second, her first *quasi* husband having, unknown to her, a live, lawful wife at the time. We cannot help thinking that the family solicitor would have been a better adviser of the Waymans of Hilvers—the great and ancient house aforesaid—than Mr. Mitford. And, having said so much in the way of fault finding, we are the more anxious to close our remarks with an emphatic confirmation of the merit-finding with which we began.



MURPHY'S PORTRAIT OF GARRICK  
From "The Garrick Club." By Percy Fitzgerald. (Elliot Stock.)

novelists generally, bring about a separation from his wife, with whom respect is a necessary condition of affection. This is all *somewhat* enough. But it by no means represents the general tone of the story, or rather compilation of stories, taken as a whole. Keen and clever talk and lively pictures of art and student life in its attractive phases are quite as important ingredients in the novel as the tragedy of its unhappy hero, for whose fate an ample amount of happiness for others makes, from the ordinary reader's point of

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## "THE LAND OF PAGODAS"

Though it can well stand comparison with Japan in its beauty, its art and the picturesque-ness of its people, Burma has been strangely neglected by the travelling Briton, and Mr. Scott has rendered a service to his countrymen in publishing these two handsome volumes, which reflect in every page the fascination of what he well calls "one of the fairest and most attractive provinces of the Empire." *The author spent several years in Burma, and travelled through the length and breadth of the land, yet his narrative has all the freshness of a book of first impressions, and gives a vivid picture of that sensuous East which Rudyard Kipling's soldier "hehrl" a-calling," its wondrous charm, its quaint art, its gorgeous colours and natural beauty. Nothing worth seeing in Burma has escaped the author's eye, but he is at his best when describing that epitome of things Burmese, the marvellous Schway Dagon, pronounced by the Marquis of Dalhousie to be "the fairest in India and worth seeing, the Taj alone excepted." Standing on an eminence overlooking Rangoon, towering to a height greater than St. Paul's, covered with pure gold from base to summit, with its spirelet vanes hung with hundreds of gold and silver bells, which make perpetual music, surrounded with innumerable chapels and shrines, intricately carved and coloured with vermilion and gold, green and purple, the great pagoda deserves to be counted amongst the wonders of the world, and the author happily in its site, so splendid with its gold, so open to the universal life." The people, good natured, light hearted and leisure-loving, he aptly describes as a nation of artistic philosophers, and, like many others who have visited Burma, he has come to the conclusion that "of all the peoples of the earth the Burmese are probably the happiest." The Burmese, moreover, are shown to be no whit less pleasing and pretty than the Japanese, and the author writes with sympathy and understanding of that much misunderstood individual, the Burman, who, stout bodied and muscular and full of the joy of life, has yet been generally accused of laziness by Western critics. As the author observes, "his being is permeated with a philosophical contempt for the accumulation of material things," a state of mind which to the European is hardly comprehensible, but surely not therefore to be condemned. The book is admirably illustrated with several hundred reproductions of photographs and a number of excellent coloured plates which convey something of the light and colouring of the Golden East.*

## THE ADVENTURES OF KING JAMES II. OF ENGLAND

Although the author of this work makes no attempt to "white wash" King James, at the same time he regards him in a more favourable light than do the majority of historians. He says in his Preface:

Most readers of English history have decided that James II. was a failure, many of them that he was a fanatic, and not a few that he was a fool; such charges having been mostly founded upon his claim as a King that it is to say upon his doing during little more than two of the sixty-eight years of his life. This general opinion has been one of the chief causes of his being so generally misunderstood.

There is no doubt that James was a capable commander, both on

"The Silent East: A Record of Life and Travel in Burma." By V. C. Scott (Oxford, Two Vols. (Hutchinson and Co.)

"The Adventures of King James II. of England." By the Author of "A Life of Sir Kerstin High." (Longmans.)

sea and land. Before the Restoration he took part in several campaigns under Turenne against Condé, and, later, against Turin, when serving under Condé. He was equally successful as a Lord High Admiral when fighting against the Dutch. Shortly before the Restoration he met and fell violently in love with Anne Hyde, the daughter of Clarendon. He went through a form of marriage with her, at which, when it came to be known, the King, the Queen Mother and Clarendon were deeply incensed. The author says:—

According to Marples, James and Anne were privately married on September 1, at Worcester, where Clarendon at that time had a house, but there seems to be some doubt as to the exact date and place of the marriage ceremony.

Many of those about the King were determined that Anne Hyde should never be acknowledged as Duchess of York. "Fivings and lawyers were produced," says Lingard, "and great learned causes, who maintained, in presence of the Duke, that no private contract of marriage on his part could be valid without the previous consent of the Sovereign."

A still more objectionable device was adopted by Charles Berkeley and others, and this was to suggest that Anne was unfaithful to James. The latter believed these calumnies at first, but when Anne gave birth to a son, who, had he lived, would have become heir to the throne, Berkeley confessed that his accusations were false, and the Duchess of York was reconciled to her husband, the King, and the Queen Mother. In comparing the characters of Charles and James, the writer says:—

Unlike most of the members of his brother's court, James was not, for his times, temperate; he never used bad language, he hated gambling, and he was careful and prudent in money matters. Even his enemy, Bishop Burnet, was careful and prudent in money matters. Even his enemy, Bishop Burnet, was careful and prudent in money matters. Even his enemy, Bishop Burnet, was careful and prudent in money matters.

With few natural abilities, Charles had more firmness and strength of character. James liked work; Charles only cared for play. Charles made friends quickly and was forgetful; James was slow in making a friendship, but once he had made it, he trusted his friend beyond the bounds of prudence, and never looked back unless his infidelity was proved beyond all possibility of doubt.

The volume is certainly an excellent study of the character of the last of the Stuarts, and deserves the attention of students of history.

## "WANDER-YEARS ROUND THE WORLD"

Mr. Pincock's volume is little more than a glorified guide-book, but one which cannot but prove of great value and interest to those who are looking forward to a similar journey. The author has no discoveries of which to tell, nor did he and his companion meet with any startling adventure; he merely relates his experiences of a pleasure excursion in distant climes, which took him two years and a half to complete. The author and Miss Fanny Bates left England in October, 1901, for the West Indies, and after seeing all the sights and visiting the principal islands and towns they sailed for the American continent. Having passed through Mexico to San Francisco, they crossed the Pacific to Japan, and after a visit to Yokohama, proceeded by way of China and through the Torres Straits to Sydney, whence they made their way to the Fiji Islands, New Zealand, and Tasmania to Melbourne. When they had seen the wonders of India and Burma, they set sail for Zanzibar, and came home by way of the Mediterranean. During their travels the voyagers stayed at 113 different hotels, and made use of thirty-two different steamers, all of which are named in the appendices. The book, which is fully illustrated from photographs, will recall many a pleasant trip to old travellers, and will give prospective ones some idea of the pleasures to come.

"Wander-Years Round the World." By James Pincock. (Witwin.)

## "THE REMINISCENCES OF A FIERY WHISPERER"

An eminently charitable book, seeing that the proceeds are to be divided between an old hunt servants' and an excellent institution, Mr. Ord's beautifully produced volume scarcely calls for literary criticism. It will, no doubt, be read with much interest by all Durham hunting men, while the mere Southern will find plenty of names and places mentioned which are more or less historic.

USEFUL POCKET BOOKS.—From Messrs. Walker, Walker and Co. we have a copy of their "Perpetual Diary," which is so arranged for daily notes that it will last five years, the space under each day being divided into five, and the year date to be added by the diarist. The book is handsomely bound in leather. The same firm also issue "The Golfer's Diary," which will doubtless be popular with the devotees of the "royal and ancient game."

FROM Messrs. Horace Marshall and Son we have received "The Newsagents', Bookellers' and Stationers' Guide for 1915."—A well-arranged publication, very useful to those for whom it is intended.

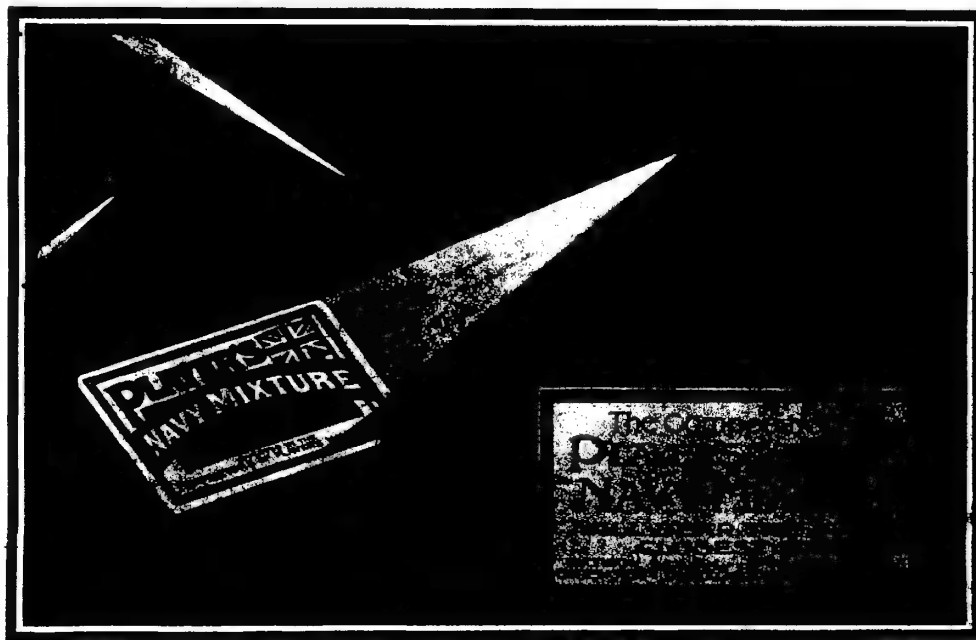
## London's Gift to the Goslong Fire Brigade

Only four of the original sixty-four members of the Goslong Volunteer Brigade, which was founded in 1854, are now living, three in Australia, and one in London. The shield, after being submitted to His Majesty, was shipped on the 24th inst. to arrive in Australia in time for the Brigade's Annual March Competition. The Alexander Clark Manufacturing Co., Messrs. Elkington & Co., and Messrs. Spink & Sons have each furnished special designs for this trophy, which is of sterling silver, and of exceptional size—41 in. by 21 in., mounted on polished oak, and handsomely chased with plate-glass front. The subscription list, which was limited to 100, includes many of our leading citizens, bankers, merchants, shipping companies, and other prominent City firms. The Lord Mayor formally presented the gift on behalf of the 210 donors (which list included himself and the Lady Mayors), at the Guildhall, to the British representative of the Brigade, Mr. Walter M. Hitchcock, one of the four survivors, for transmission to Goslong. (Copyright photographs.)



leading citizens, bankers, merchants, shipping companies, and other prominent City firms. The Lord Mayor formally presented the gift on behalf of the 210 donors (which list included himself and the Lady Mayors), at the Guildhall, to the British representative of the Brigade, Mr. Walter M. Hitchcock, one of the four survivors, for transmission to Goslong. (Copyright photographs.)

"The Reminiscences of a Fiery Whisperer." By Richard Ord. Third Edition, New and Revised, with Additional Stories and Notes. (Darrington: Wm. Denton and Sons.)



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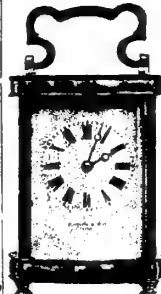
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## Paris Greetings

OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Christmas in Paris was formerly a dull season. All that people did was to give themselves indulgence by eating *boudin noir*, a sort of black pudding calculated to test the strongest digestion, and to go to church, beginning, of course, with the midnight mass on Christmas Eve. They still do both these things, but they have found other ways of celebrating Christmas. Since the war of 1870 there has been a steady influx of Paris of Abolitionists from the lost provinces. These brought with them the German fashion of celebrating Christmas, with its Christmas trees, its giving of presents and its Christmas dinner. Then the fashion for things English brought the Christmas card, so that now a larger section of the population celebrate the festival with the same enthusiasm as English or Germans. In some few details the ceremonial differs. For instance, the children lay their shoes instead of their socks round the fire-place, and the emissary who tills them is called *Père Noël* instead of Santa Claus. The trees, too, are small and dense. Instead of the streets of Paris bursting out in green, as if Birnam Wood had come to Dunsinane, as they do in Berlin or any German city, the trade in trees is confined to the central markets and a few other centres.

The midnight service in the churches still keeps its hold on the population. The French may be as anti clerical as they please 364 days in the year; on Christmas Eve every church is crowded. Certain Paris churches, such as the Madeleine, St. Eustache, and St. Augustin are fitted to overflowing an hour before the Mass begins. This is due to the fact that they have a well-deserved reputation for the excellence of the music performed, the solos being sung by singers from the Opera. On the other side of the water the Churches de Ste. Gertrude, in the church of that name, always bring together a large congregation. In fact, unless one takes the precaution of obtaining a ticket beforehand, the chances are that one will not find even standing room. The Churches de Ste. Gertrude are celebrated for their rendering of Palestrina's music. Many thousands also make an annual pilgrimage to the Church of the Sacred Heart on the summit of Montmartre. The service in the Sacred Heart is on such occasions impressive in the extreme, as the talking leads itself excellently to imposing ceremonial of this kind. Exteriorly the Church of the Sacred Heart is not very striking, but nothing can be said against the interior.

After the midnight Mass is over thousands of people betake themselves to the boulevards, where they invade the principal restaurants. These have permission to remain open all night, and are generally crowded till dawn with people making themselves ill with *boûtre* *notre*. Another section of the population of the French capital which welcomes Christmas are the hundreds of people who own the bouillabaisse along the boulevards. These make their appearance a few days before Christmas, and remain open till after the New Year. In fact, they should close on January 2, but it is one of the privileges of the wife of the President of the Republic to obtain from the Prefect of Police a prolongation of the concession, and Mme. Loubet never fails to exercise it. Mr. Lefèvre, the auxiliary Prefect, does not, I imagine, take much pressing, as he

himself takes great interest in the *harques du Nouvel An* and their tenants. Some years ago, with a view of encouraging the trade, he inaugurated the annual toy exhibition, and gave valuable prizes for the most striking novelties. This exhibition, which began recently in a room in the Prefecture of Police, "caught on," so that the following year more commodious premises had to be found for it, and nothing less than the Petit Palais is required to house it.

One of the proofs that France no longer clings convulsively to the Russian Alliance as her only salvation is seen in the candid way in which the Press refers to Russian shortcomings and to the signs of the coming cataclysm in the Empire of the Tsar. Five years ago it would have been regarded as unpatriotic to unveil a single source of weakness in the northern ally. Russia and things Russian had to be regarded with a sort of fetish-like worship. Now, however, France does not feel so dependent on the union with the Muscovite Power, and she therefore discusses her internal affairs with a candour which cannot be altogether welcome on the banks of the Neva. M. Galiziel Mourey, for instance, who has been sent by the *Journal* to Russian Poland to study the state of things prevailing there, draws a graphic picture of the oppression and subservience of the Government which is not calculated to increase the popularity of Russia in the French capital.

Inhabitants in the French capital who live on the fourth and fifth floors (that is to say, more than two-fifths of the population) have just been consoling for their hard life by that eminent medical authority who signs "Docteur Os" in the columns of the *Alain*. He declares that if one desires to avoid consumption one must inhabit the upper stories of Parisian houses. The reason for this is that the streets of Paris are so narrow, and the houses are so high, that air and sunlight do not penetrate the lower stories, and it is only when the fourth floor is reached that the inhabitants enjoy the proper proportions of oxygen. Some interesting statistics have been established in this regard by M. Julliat. He collected data of the cases of consumption in the year 1903 in 1,500 houses of six stories. The population in them was 93,060, and the number of cases of consumption was 1,487, or a proportion of 1.70 per cent.

The first four floors had a population of 48,000, and a consumption of 1.8 per cent. The fifth and sixth floors had a population of 45,000, and a consumption of 1.56 per hundred. And yet, as the lower floors cost much more rent, we may conclude that their tenants were more wealthy and more able to provide themselves with creature comforts than those on the upper floors. If, then, consumption was less prevalent on the fourth, fifth, and sixth floors, it was because they have the proportion of fresh air and sunshine, which are the greatest enemies of tubercular disease. This thought may console those who have to toil up the steep ladder-like stairs of the Parisian flats. But if they are saving their lungs they may suspect that they are contracting heart disease. All they can do is to possess their souls in patience, and await the day when every Parisian house will have its lift.

The choice of Maistre, the Provençal poet, as the recipient of the Nobel prize has naturally given great satisfaction in France, the more so as it is the second time French literature has been thus honoured, M. Sully Prudhomme being the first poet to receive the recognition of his genius. The choice of the Nobel Committee shows a certain largeness of views, for the "man in the street" might be inclined (unjustly) to deny the wisdom of the choice. Maistre, writing as he does in a form of French that is a school book to all but the people of the Midi and the rare scholars who take the trouble to learn Provençal. But there is no doubt that he is a true poet and a great poet, and one who is an honour to his country. Thanks to him, the literature of Provence has been given a fresh lease of life and an interest in it revived in a degree that would have appeared impossible twenty years ago.

THE FIRST MOTOR-CAR IN MADEIRA.—The island of Madeira would, by those who know it, be deemed the last place on earth for the successful use of the motor-car; for, until recently, it did not possess a single wheeled vehicle. Now, however, it appears probable that this lovely spot will become the happy hunting-ground of the motorist, as Mr. Harvey Foster has published an interesting account of his six months' successful motoring experiences in Madeira, during which time he made the steepest gradients—and they are steep gradients—subservient to the powers of his car. The roads are unspeakably bad, yet he dwells eloquently upon the joys of his rides. His car was fitted with Dunlop motor non-skid tyres, and commenting upon these, Mr. Foster remarks, "They stood marvellously well, never having one puncture over these the most awful roads a motor has ever travelled over. The small sharp stones with which the roads of the island are paved would have proved, one would think, a veritable holed of punctures, yet the tyres, carrying a heavy motor and passengers, ran over them scathless for six months."

AN IDEAL WINTER TOUR.—Everything points to a brilliant touring season this year in the West Indies, and there is no reason why a great number of people, who think it necessary every winter to fly from the fogs and east winds of this country to Monte Carlo, should not go further afield and examine one of the most beautiful districts of the Empire. Not only does the Royal Mail offer every encouragement by means of all-round trips at £1 a day, which enable the visitor to see every island in turn, and by also providing all sorts of amusement on the voyage, but the new Imperial Direct steamer, the Port Kingston, accomplishes the journey to Jamaica in ten days, and Jamaica, after all, the island one would like to see first and give the most attention to. The Santa Cruz Mountains have been described as a land of perpetual June, where the sun shines brilliantly for three hundred and fifty days during the year, and where the atmosphere is exhilarating and the nights cool but not cold. It is probable that at no very distant date Jamaica will be recommended as an ideal place for all people who have delicate lungs. But the West Indies are not limited to Jamaica. When that island has been thoroughly explored, there are the other two important islands, Barbados and Trinidad, full of objects of interest, while for beauty of scenery Dominica and Grenada are probably unsurpassed, unless by Trinidad.

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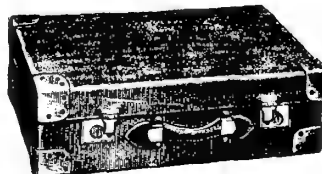
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## The Rural Year

THE SEASON

Considered in comparison with other seasons, 1904 has been marked by a warm and dry summer, and by a gradual absorption into the upper soil of that greatly superabundant moisture that lay left in the soil. That these processes, though natural, and connected with a preponderance of fine weather, have not been altogether favourable to agriculture is evident from the Government returns of the crops. Wheat has seldom been so small a yield to the acre, nor do the returns of the other crops warrant one pronouncing 1904 a good agricultural year. The agricultural chemist speaks of 1903 having washed the nitrates out of the soil, and certainly it would seem, in less technical language, that more than one season is needed before the country can recover from such a year as 1903. The importance of the supply of nitrogen for crop-yields is incapable of exaggeration, but we are still far from having mastered how to obtain from the air, of which nitrogen makes up three quarters, that supply which, once imparted in right measure to the vegetable world, makes the fields fat with increase and the granary of the farmer full. The luckiest thing about the season was, the timely rainfall for the grass crop being succeeded by equally timely sunshine for the flowering of those grasses. From this auspicious combination came an excellent hay crop up to a full average in quantity, and of more than average succulence, flavour, and nutritive value. The fruit season was better than usual, though it did not fulfil "the promise of May."

## AGRICULTURAL PROS

The price of bread has remained steady at fivepence the quarter loaf for the most part, though there have been local fluctuations. At the present time the difference between the price at Birmingham and the price at Norwich represents 8s. per quarter on wheat, which is four times the difference between Birmingham's utmost projected financial change. These internal price differences seem to be seriously ignored by both political parties, yet if we could establish

at Birmingham the prices of Norwich—and both places are under free trade—we could raise fifteen millions sterling by taxes on foreign corn, and still have Birmingham better off than it is to-day. And in Scotland bread is even dearer than it is in Birmingham. Scotland is more particular about its bread than England, and as it grows practically no wheat the importers are able to form a ring without fear of its being broken by free deliveries from the farmers. As regards wheat, it is 3s. to 5s. per quarter dearer from a year ago, and but for the extremely small yield farmers would be making a profit. Unfortunately the fall in production exceeds the rise in price. Barley shows 3s. rise on the poorer sorts, but fine quality is not dearer from a year ago. This is a peculiarity which seems to call for explanation. Malt is a flour cheaper than last season, which is so much in the pockets of those struggling men, the brewers. This is dearer for poor sorts, cheaper for fine, the quality of 1904 oats being much superior to that of 1903 produce. A good feature of the year, from the farmers' point of view, is the big rise in wool; but values are low for hay and straw and depressed for fruit. Potatoes are extremely variable in price; good seed types have gone to unprecedented values, while common sorts are pressed on sale at low quotations.

## AGRICULTURAL INVENTIONS

The year has been comparatively uneventful in agricultural inventions. Perhaps the most striking changes have been in the minor industry of beekeeping, the labours of the bees being now supplemented by artificial "foundation" building, was preparatory, and by a control of the births of drones as compared with neutres. The fine summer of 1904 brought previous theories to a test, and the simple vindication of the new methods may be held to have established them. The electrical and other motors, as applied to agriculture, have made little headway, and there is general disappointment over the failure of the great automobile industries to help agriculture as they have helped pleasure locomotion. The steam tractors, however, show great advance, and the moving of roots, flour, and other heavy agricultural loads is increasingly accomplished by road and steam

THE GRAPHIC, DECEMBER 31, 1904

power. An old invention, the Steam Digger, has gained ground in 1904. It is dear, but pays for the money invested; and if farmers' societies spent a little more on helping their members to acquire good implements, the Steam Diggers would undoubtedly be much in request. Among "innovations" may be classed the *Gladioli* and other fancy potatoes which have been a feature of the year. The horticultural has been busy, and is now able to give us not only a new strawberry-raspberry and a white blackberry, but he has been successful in establishing in this country three or four hardy sorts of American dewberry, the fruit of which is said by good judges to be of splendid flavour. No new types of seed have come under our notice.

## THE GARDEN IN 1904

The early spring was harsh and unfavourable to bulbs, but the show of daffodils and narcissi in gardens where these flowers were a speciality was very remarkable. The gardeners have latterly gone in for size, and magnificent trumpet-like daffodils, fully two and a half feet high, were to be seen in favoured spots. There is a difficulty, as these big growths cannot be forced, and need the open air, but proper fertilizers and a favourable aspect will do a great deal. The fine summer favoured roses, and it has been a great rose year. Lilacs, on the other hand, have been very capricious. A dry July gave us an exceptional show of margolids, a flower which gardeners, since 1901, have done much to develop. The cinna this year were magnificent, but they are, for some reason, out of fashion. Dahlias were sold by the early autumn, but the severe cold of ten days in November sharply decided the fate of the chrysanthemums, the earliest and latest varieties having been good, while the medium were much injured. Hydrangeas have done well. If *grandiflora*, being good to force, and also fine as a standard, has come much into fashion. Clematis, we notice, is increasingly grown as "a bed" instead of being confined to use as a creeper; it is also of great use where *pergolas* are in fashion. The revival of these Italian structures, so light and summery, is much to be recommended. A creeper which has, appropriately, "caught on" is the *Priglesia spiralis*. It is not nicely named—few new plants are—but it grows fast, clings tight, has pretty white flowers and very green leaves.

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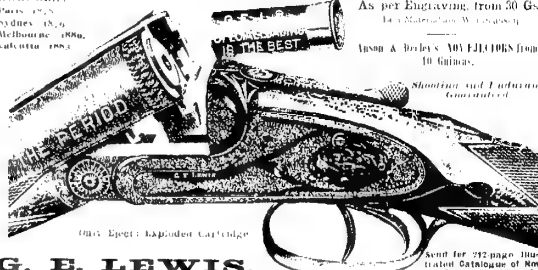
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